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The DIARY

VOLUME NINETEEN NO. 1
January 1987

A Church Newsletter Serving the Old Order Society

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A CHRONICLE

Of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, crop and community notes, historical events, geneology and articles of general interest.

This Month

17 Indexes of 1986
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The Diary was organized in 1969, by a group of Amish brethern in Lancaster County, Penna. Dedicated to the preservation of fundamental movements of our church in America as well as Old Order religious literature and its virtues.

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AS DARTING SWALLOWS:

As swallows dart beneath the beams
So swift and silently it seems,
Do years slip by — and soon behind
Is time and life for all mankind.

Beneath the ceiling in a shed
They carry mud and sticks and thread,
And soon the swallows ere you know
Have made a place where they can go.

They've built a nest, secluded here —
As rest eternal, year by year
Is built by man; while darting by
Is time — as swift as swallows fly.

And as the twigs with mud inlaid
Are woven, so man's hope is staid;
His deeds, through fleeting years, will be
Revealed at judgment day to see.

May they be woven for our rest,
As tiny twigs in swallows nest;
Then records kept by God will tell
Our destiny — for rest or hell.

Thus, as we see the swallows dart
Be this instilled in every heart —
To use the *time* with which we're blest;
Preparing our eternal rest!

Oh longed for rest! Oh Heaven's peace! . . .
When time, and hope, and faith, shall cease;
When prayer to praise will then be changed;
And faith to sight, and rest arranged —
By Him who lived, and bled, and died,
And for my sins was crucified.

— George Knaus, Knob Noster, Mo.

REPORTS OF

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1986	DECEMBER					1986
● NM 1 30	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	◐ FQ 8	○ FM 16	◑ LQ 24

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

CALENDER SCHEDULE

A monthly Schedule for Annual Items

February .... Emergency Telephone Numbers
March .... National Migration List
May .... Ordinations
June .... Senior Members ....
July-Aug .... Zip Codes-Addresses?

Months apply to the months as dated on front cover of The Diary.

Ordinations, Baptisms and Migrations will be entered any month that our reporters send them in. Other items will be held over to this schedule. If we do not get new items from your area, we may print the old one unless we are informed differently by the reporter.

Editoral Notes! The 5th of each month is editing day at The Diary unless it falls on a Sunday. Naturally that puts it off till the 6th. Later reports must be held over to the next Month.

A note to our subscribers. When a delay occurs of two or three months to renew The Diary, we take the liberty to send the delinquent back copies and hold the former expiration date unless we are informed otherwise.

Reporters Note! Sometimes we recieve reports of Senior Members and Widows in off-months mail. As much as we appreciate them all, we cannot use such reports on other than months as scheduled above and we do not save them because they may be seriously out-dated by the time the right month comes. We can only publish these items once a year.

BIRTHS

Newport New York
Renno Joshua P. (Sylvia Swarey) a son Abie J.
Rennselaer Fall New York
Miller Dannie M. (Annie Miller) a son Henry 12-25
Conewango Valley New York
Hershberger Joe M. (Emma A. Byler) a dau Amanda 12-07
Hostetler Noah J. (Mattie L. Miller) a dau Katie 12-11
Miller Andy E. (Mattie N. Raber) twins Danny & Anna 12-19
Miller Robert J. (Fannie Shetler) a son Jacob 12-13
Raber Crist N. (Emma Miller) a dau Ella 12-14
Slabach Andy D. (verna Miller) a son David 12-24
Correction from last month.
Shetler Emanuel J. (Saloma Miller) a son Johnie 11-25 instead of (Rachel Miller)
Mercer County Penna.
Byler Andy A. (Annie A. Byler) N. Wilming. a son Amos 12-18
Byler Jacob F. (Bena J. Byler) N. Wilmingt. a dau Annie 12-09
Hochstetler Daniel (dec.) (Cora a dau Judy 12-12
Hostetler David Y. (Lizzie M. Byler) Volant a dau Nancy 12-03
Sugar Grove Penna.
Detweiler Levi L. (Mary E. a dau Amanda 12-15
Yoder Bennie A. (Rebecca E. a dau Barbara 12-30
Spartansburg Penna.
Byler Danny A. (Rosalie Gingerich) a dau Alma 12-10
Byler Ervin A. (Barbara Miller) a son Danny 11-15
Byler Monroe R. (Laura Miller) a dau Dorothy 12-22
Byler Wallace R. (Kathy Gingerich) a son Reuben 11-20
Kuhns Albert A. (Alma Miller) a dau Emma 12-03
Lee Lester S. (Mary Troyer) a dau Rebecca 12-04
Miller John A. (Martha Miller) a dau Linda 12-16
Mifflin County Penna.
Kanagy Levi (Salinda Zook) Belleville a son Reuben 12-23
Peachey Enos (Sara Swarey) Belleville a son Moses 12-06
Swarey Samuel (Linda Peachey) Belleville a son Benuel 12-08
Lebanon County Penna.
Stoltzfus David J. (Mary Peachey) Lebanon a son Daniel 12-18
Dauphin County Penna.
Petersheim Melvin (Elizabeth Stoltzfus) a son Christ 12-22
Path Valley Penna.
Swarey Ben C. (Sarah Zook) Dry Run a son Daniel 12-14
Zook Jonas (Sadie Swarey) Dry Run a dau Sarah 12-29
Lancaster County Penna.
Beiler David H. (Katie Beiler) Ronks a dau Lena Rose 12-03
Beiler Ephraim (Lydia Fisher) Lancaster a dau Elsie 12-08
Beiler Israel S. (Mattie Fisher) Christiana a son David 12-28
Beiler John K. (Lydiann Fisher) Narvon a son Michael 12-22
Blank Amos S. (Emma Smucker) Lanc. a dau Malinda 12-22
Byler Dan E. (Emma Beiler) Paradise a dau 12-01
Ebersol Isaac F. (Elizabeth Fisher) Gordonville a son 12-17
Esh Aaron H. (Mima S. Stoltzfus) Gordonv. a dau Katie 12-06
Esh Abner S. (Lovina Stoltzfus) Paradise a dau Barbara 12-
Fisher Benuel L. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Ronks a dau Rachel 12-19
Fisher Elam S. (Sallie Fisher) Christiana a dau Annie 12-04
Fisher Ephraim S. (Barbara Esh) Cochranville a dau 12-15
Fisher Henry K. (Annie King) New Holl. a son Samuel K. 12-09
Fisher Isaac (Leah Kauffman) Lancaster a dau Esther K. 12-14
Fisher J. Elmer (Mary Ebersol) Christiana a son Stevie 12-12
Fisher Moses F. (Nancy Riehl) Gap a dau Lena Rose 12-01
Fisher Steven (Marianne Esh) Bart a son 12-18
Glick Elmer K. (Fannie Zook) Gap a dau Fannie 12-10
Glick Lloyd J. (Anna Mary Esch) Witmer a son 12-26
Glick Omar (Barbara Stoltzfus) Gap a dau Sarann 12-07
Glick Stephen R. (Rachel Beiler) Leola a son Emanuel 12-22
Kauffman Omar S. (Annie Esh) Honey Brook a son Elvin 12-28
King Benjamin F. (Sadie Stoltzfus) Gordonville a son 12-18
King Gideon S. (Rachel Fisher) Kirkwood a dau 12-20
King Jesse K. (Katie Fisher) Quarryville a dau Rachel 12-15
King John E. (Emma Stoltzfus) Willow Str. a son Christy 12-16
King John L. (Sadie King) Leola a son Alvin 12-05
King JohnL. (Rebecca S. King) Leola a dau Ruth K. 12-27
King Jonas K. (Elizabeth Fisher) Paradise a dau 12-08
Lantz Amos J. (Anna Fisher) Paradise a dau Elizabeth A. 12-22
Lapp David S. (Lydia Lapp) Kinzer a dau Anna 12-08
Lapp John K. (Mary Zook) Ronks a dau Miriam 12-19
Miller John (Mary Glick) Oxford a son 12-08
Smucker David K. (Rachel Kauffman) a dau 12-30
Stoltzfoos David (Mary Glick) Christiana a son Aaron 12-20
Stoltzfus Amos (Edna Stoltzfus) Gap a son Amos 12-15
Stoltzfus Andrew K. Jr. (Rachel Kauffman) Kirkwood a dau Emma 12-11
Stoltzfus David L. (Elizabeth Esh) Morgantown a dau 12-22
Stoltzfus Elam S. (Sally Stoltzfus) a dau 12-15
Stoltzfus Eli B. (Mima Stoltzfus) Gap a dau Anna 12-30
Stoltzfus Elmer L. (Naomi Lapp) Leola a son James M. 12-12
Stoltzfus Enos K. (Katie Lapp) Kirkwood a son 12-19

Stoltzfus Jacob S. (Mary Ann Dienner) Gordonv. a dau 12-16
Stoltzfus Jacob S. (Rachel King) Quarryville a son Daniel 12-12
Stoltzfus Jonas S. (Barbara Esh) Christiana a dau 12-06
Zook Elam (Leah Glick) Ephrata a son Lamar G. 12-21
Zook Isaac (Rachel Fisher) Christiana a dau Mary 12-29
Zook Joshua (Malinda Petersheim) Gordonville a dau 12-15
*Esch David (Lizzie Beiler) Willow Street a dau Katie 11-15
*Stoltzfus Stephen (Fannie Esh) Kinzer a dau Lavina 11-22
*Zook Benjamin B. (Martha Fisher) Christiana a son Elam 11-24
*Zook Leon (Emma Kauffman) Kinzer a dau Lillian 11-10

Clinton County (Sugar Valley) Penna.

Stoltzfus John S. (Annie Lapp) a dau Lydia 12-27

Beaver Springs Penna.

Weavèr Mart (Erma Troyer) a dau Rebecca 12-12

Montour County Penna.

Fisher Benuel Jr. (Hannah Stoltzfus) Bloomsb. a son Jonas 12-16
Lapp David (Mary Beiler) Watsontown a son Moses 12-05
Zook Alvin (Mary Stoltzfus) Watsontown a son Israel 12-10
Zook Levi (Naomi Stoltzfus) Danville a dau Katie 12-20

McClure Penna.

Hostetler Samuel J. (Nancy Hostetler) McClure a dau Barbara Nancy 12-20

Snyder County Penna.

Troyer Cornelius S. (Esther Troyer) a dau Rachel 12-02

Ethridge Tennessee

Gingerich Andy J. (Katie Gingerich) a dau Amanda 12-18
Gingerich Daniel M. (Fannie Hostetler) a dau Lydia 12-29
Gingerich Jacob J. (Emma Hostetler) a son Joseph 12-26
Gingerich Levi E. (Sarah Yoder) a son Levi 12-05
Miller Jonas A. (Ella Mast) a son Paul 12-19
Miller Neal A. (Susie Troyer) a dau Anna 11-27

Marion Kentucky

Miller David (Erma Yoder) a dau Laura 11-28

Guthrie Kentucky

Kanagy Marvin (Margaret Graber) Guthrie a son Wilbur Allen
Swarey Daniel (Loretta Graber) Trenton a son Paul Sam. 12-22

Stockport Ohio

Hershberger Wm. J. (Emma J. Borntrager) a dau Millie 12-08

Geauga County Ohio

Detweiler Melvin (Vera a son Matthew 11-29
Gingerich John (Mary a dau 11-27
Gingerich Jonas (Sadie a son Jonas Jr. 12-25
Hershberger Bob (Sarah a dau
Hostetler Harley (Martha a dau Elizabeth
Miller Dan L. a son
Miller Levi (Elmina a son Joseph 11-28
Miller Menno (Betty a dau Rhoda
Troyer Mose R. (Lydia a son Donny
Troyer Peter (Lena a dau Sherley
Wengerd Eli (Lydia a son Enos 11-28
Yoder Dan (Clara a dau Sara Ann
Yoder Dave J. (Rachel Yoder) a dau Leona

Holmes and Wayne Counties Ohio

Erb Dan R. (Ada Yoder) a son Reuben 12-06
Hershberger Andy E. (Mary Miller) Dalton a dau Maryann 12-10
Hershberger Eli E. (Barbara Hershberger) Dalton a dau Malinda 12-20
Lehman Mervin (Effie Troyer) Baltic a dau Miriam 12-12
Mast David R. (Amanda Swartzentruber) Dundee a son Menno 12-17
Miller Andy Ray (Lizzie Yoder) Baltic a son Marvin 11-21
Miller LeRoy M. (Fannie Yoder) Baltic a son Reuben
Nisley Melvin J. (Betty Yoder) Baltic a dau Ruth 12-01
Raber Harvey P. (Esther Erb) Sugarcreek a dau Marie 12-05
Swartzentruber Andy J. (Katie Stutzman) Navarre a dau Lydia 12-15
Troyer Ben J. (Esther Miller) Baltic a son Allen 11-20
Troyer Elmer (Malinda Kempf) a dau Anna 11-17
Troyer Levi J. (Linda Kline) Baltic a son Junior
Yoder Amos N. (Lizzie Miller) Baltic a dau Leah 11-26
Yoder David M. (Bertha Miller) a son Mike 11-25
Yoder Melvin (Elizabeth Miller) a dau Susie

Etna Green Indiana

Borkholder Simon (Emma Miller) a son John 11-21
Chupp Lyle (Mary Chupp) a son Nathan Lynn 11-27
Farmwald Merle (Anna Marie Borkholder) a son Leonard Devon 11-23
Helmuth Don (Carol Graber) a son Thomas Lamar 11-12
Hochstetler Allan (Sharon Slabach) a dau Roselind Kay 11-11
Kuhns Omar (Lydia Raber) a son Glenn Jay 11-25
Miller Harlan (Ruth Wingard) a dau Cheryle Ranee 11-16
Miller Lonnie (Sue Gingerich) a dau Marlene Sue 11-18
Miller Marelin (Frieda Miller) a dau Charlene Kay 11-14
Yoder Mark (Dandra Yoder) a dau Mary Marie 11-19
Yoder Marvin (Emma Sue Whetstone) a dau Laura Beth 11-16

Fredrickstown Ohio

Fisher Allen (Lizzie Mullet) a dau Nancy
Gingerich Mahlon (Rebecca Byler) a dau Ida 12-?

LaGrange County Indiana

Beechy Amos A. (Wilma E. Whetstone) a dau Ruth Ann 12-02
Bontrager David Gene (Irene Lehman) LaGrange a dau Lavera Mae 11-28
Bontrager Kenneth (Tressie Lambright) LaGrange a dau Elmina 11-30
Eash Henry J. (Eileen Fry) Topeka a dau Mary Edna 12-20
Fry Wayne (Marlene Wingard) a son Dennis Dean 11-30
Hochstetler Ervin J. (Ida M. Lehman) LaGrange a dau Amy Sue 12-04
Hochstetler Ira L. (Rosie M. Miller) Wolcottville a dau 12-06
Hochstetler Wilbur L. (Lavera S. Yoder) Topeka a dau Marla Renee 12-02
Kauffman David A. (Mary H. Miller) LaGrange a dau Sarah,June 12-04
Kuhns John A. (Susie Schrock) LaGrange a son Devon J. 12-13
Mast Wilbur L. (Marlene Kay Gingerich) Topeka a son Anthony Ray 12-15
Miller Ernest (Lizzie Mae Eash) Shipshewana a son Lavon Jay
Miller Ernest E. (Mary A. Bontrager) LaGrange a son Andrew E. 12-16
Miller LeRoy E. (Ada M. Lambright) LaGrange a son Aaron L. 11-30
Miller Nelson (Ada Petersheim) a dau Ruby 10-12
Miller Perry L. (Ester Hostetler) a dau Betty Irene
Miller Vernon (Carolyn Miller) a son Jeremiah Lynn 11-30
Miller Wayne (Karen Yoder) Ship. a son Lewayne Lynn 12-10
Miller Willard (Luella Mast) a son Loretta Fern
Raber Levi H. (Irene H. Miller) Ligonier a son Edith
Slabach Edward Jr. (Mattie Schlabach) a dau Eva
Troyer Perry J. (Esther Bontrager) a son Dewayne 12-18
Yoder Eugene (Ruth Miller) a son 12-01
Yoder LeRoy (Ida Mae Beachy) Topeka a son Tobias LeR. 12-16

Hamilton, Steuben County Indiana

Schwartz Jake N. (Mary Wagler) a son David 11-
Schwartz Pete (Margaret Schwartz) a dau Barbara 12-08

Allen County Indiana

Graber Victor (Lori Schwartz) a son Jason 12-16
Lengacher Jonas (Rosemary Raber) a son Jonas 12-10
Schmucker David (Barbara Schmucker) a son Amos 12-14

Daviess County Indiana

Eicher Joseph (Orpha Raber) a dau Loretta 12-16
Graber Ernest (Sarah Knepp) a dau Darla 12-17
Knepp John Ray (Vera Knepp) a son Marlin Jay 11-27
Lengacher Joe Jr. (Dena Raber) a son Keith Joseph 11-30
Stoll Larry (Esther Knepp) a son Anthony Willis 11-28
Wagler Harvey N. (Barbara Ann Graber) a dau Dorothy 12-15
Wagler Joseph Ray (Verda Graber) a son Verlyn Wayne 12-08
Wagler Wilmer L. (Lydia Mae Lengacher a dau Rita M. 11-28

Montgomery Branch County Michigan

Schwartz Joel N. (Anna S. Schwartz) a dau Esther 12-01
Schwartz Reuben S. (Katie J. Eicher) a son Jacob 11-24

Buchanan County Iowa

Gingerich Rudy (Anna Yoder) a dau Emma 12-04
Miller Toby (Emma Gingerich) a son Ammon 12-25
Nisley Andy (Irene Kauffman) a dau Rachel Ann 11-27
Raber Andy (Freda Yoder) a dau Katie 12-27
Yutzy John Jr. (Emma Miller) a dau Rosanna 12-06

Bloomfield Iowa
Eash LaMar (Jo Anna Graber) a dau Regina 12-16
Helmuth Kenneth (Rosa Hershberger) a son Kenneth Jr. 12-03
Yoder Ervin J. (Karen Sue Eash) a son Darrell Dean 12-22

Evansville Wisconsin
Helmuth Wilbur (Susie Detweiler) a son Michael J. 06-17
Mast Paul (Mary Ann Helmuth) a son Danny 01-10
Miller Howard Glen (Catherine Mast) a dau Marlene R. 04-30
Miller William (Rebecca Hershberger) a son Joseph 03-
Mullet Chester (Miriam Mast) a son Laverne 02-04

Amherst Wisconsin
Miller Henry (Edna Miller) a son Glenn 12-04
Mullet Menno (Ruby Schmucker) a dau Erma 12-23

Blair Wisconsin
Borntrager Henry (Ida Helmuth) a son Joseph 12-09
Lambright Lester (Esther Miller) a dau Maryann 12-26

Cashton Wisconsin
Borntrager Rudy (Ella Schrock) a son Reuben 12-29
Detweiler Jake (Fannie a son Owen 12-01
Hershberger Alvin (Emma Yoder) a son Abner 12-24
Hostetler Rufus (Fannie Sommers) a dau Clara 12-22
Mullet Ivan (Emma Hershberger) a dau Malinda 12-26
Nisly Emanuel (Catherine Helmuth) a dau Ada 12-16

Wilton Wisconsin
Miller Amos (Elva Bontrager) a son Sammy 12-14
Miller Levi (Lizzie Borntrager) a son Joni 12-25
Miller Sammie (Mary Miller) a dau Lydia 12-25
Yoder William (Lydia Borntrager) a son William Jr. 12-18

Augusta Wisconsin
Borntrager Felty F. (Alta Stutzman a son Amos 11-28
Stutzman Aaron (Fannie Borntrager) a son Joseph 12-17

Chetek Wisconsin
Lehman Dennis (Emma a dau Mary E. 10-29

Harmony Minnesota
Miller Menno (Edna Miller) Still born dau 12-12
Schrock Gideon (Elizabeth Zook) a dau Deliah 12-14

Arthur Area, Illinois
Gingerich Freeman (Anna Gingerich) 12-08
Helmuth Williard (Dorothy Plank) a dau Leanna Kay 12-18
Miller David (Barbara Kaufman) a son Phillip 12-11

Jamesport Missouri
Detweiler William F. (Rosanna Kurtz) a son Robert 12-25
Kauffman Sylvanus N. (Margaret Graber) a son Johnie m 12-02
Kramer Noah A. (Martha Gingerich) a dau Susan 11-27
Troyer Henry J. (Edna Kramer) a son Jonas 12-23

Clark Missouri
Borntrager Noah B. (Lena U. Gingerich) Clark a dau Verna 10-18
Burkholder Eli S. (Edna M. Yoder) Clark a son Eli Jr. 12-19
Yoder Samuel F. (Fannie J. Miller) Clark a dau Lydia 09-

Marshfield Missouri
Detweiler John Ray (Laura Raber) a dau Suzanna 12-04

Desboro Ontario Canada
Yoder Ezra D. (Malinda Miller) a son Joni 12-14

BAPTISMS

Lancaster County, Pennsylvania
Leola, Talmage District by Samuel Lapp, on Sept. 14
Abram, son of John and Rebecca (Stoltzfus Beiler
Elam, son of John and Rebecca (King) Miller
Mary, dau of John and Barbara (Fisher) Stoltzfus
Leah, dau of Abram and Katie (Fisher) Stoltzfus
Sarah, dau of Henry and Lizzie (King) Stoltzfus
Mattie, dau of John and Barbara (Fisher) Stoltzfus

Evansville, Wisconsin
Sept. 28, by Adin C. Miller
Carol, dau of Adin C. and Barbara Ann (Bender) Miller

Marriages

Conewango Valley, New York

Lee-Kauffman - Albert, son of John Lee, Mayville, N.Y. to Esther, dau. of Dea. Noah C. and Lydia (Shetler) Kauffman on Nov. 4, by Rudy N. Shetler of Union City, Pa.

Mast-Hostetler - Yunie, son of Pre. Urie E. and Amanda (Wengerd) Mast, to Mary, dau. of Pre. Josie Z. and Anna (Yoder) Hostetler on Nov. 20, by Menno E. Miller.

Miller-Yoder - Raymond, son of Uria E. and Ada (Yoder) Miller, to Fannie, dau. of Dea. Joe J. and Amanda (Hostetler) Yoder on Nov. 13, by Noah B. Detweiler.

Nittany Valley, Penna.

Byler-King - Rufus, son of Adam and Nancy Byler, to Elizabeth, daughter of Daniel and Sadie King on Dec. 30.

Sugar Valley, Penna.

Stoltzfus-Esh - Tim, son of Christ J. and Fanny (Zook) Stoltzfus, to Lavina, dau. of Ben and Katie (Kauffman) Esh on Nov. 18, by Samuel K. Fisher.

Esh-Stoltzfus - John, son of Ben and Katie (Kauffman) Esh, to Malinda, dau. of Lydia and the late Stephen Stoltzfus on Nov. 4, by Levi Stoltzfus.

Lebanon County, Pennsylvania

Fisher-Zook - Eli, son of Levi and Rachel (Miller) Fisher, Nittany Valley, to Miriam, dau. of Samuel and Mary (Stoltzfoos) Zook, on Dec. 2, by Samuel K. Fisher.

Stoltzfus-Lantz - Stevie, son of Reuben G. and Fanny (Zook) Stoltzfus, to Agnes, dau. of Aaron K. and Mary (Peachey) Lantz on Nov. 20, by David L. Smoker.

Stoltzfus-Lapp - Johnny, son of Eli and Lizzie (Peachey) Stoltzfus, to Miriam dau. of Isaac (dec.) and Annie (King) Lapp, on Nov. 6, by Amos G. Esh.

St. Mary's County, Maryland.

Stoltzfus-King - Henry, son of Daniel M. and Sarah (Lapp) Stoltzfus, Mech. to Veronica, dau. of Samuel Z. and Elizabeth (Yoder) King, Mech. on Dec. 4, by Bishop Benjamin K. Fisher.

Milroy, Penna.

Hostetler-Hostetler - Emanuel B., son of Isaac S. and Leah (Yoder) Hostetler to Franey N., dau. of Samuel R. and Emma L. (Zook) Hostetler on Nov. 13, by Bishop John J. S. Yoder.

Hostetler-Yoder - Reuben D., son of Jeff S. and Miriam (Hostetler) Hostetler, to Katie E., dau. of Moses S. and Rebecca (Yoder) Yoder on Dec. 9, by Bishop Solomon C. Hostetler.

Speicher-Zook - Yost J., son of Joas M. and Dena (Speicher) Speicher, to Franey E., dau. of Christ C. and Elizabeth L. (Hostetler) Zook on Nov. 20, by Bishop Solomon C. Hostetler.

Belleville, Penna.

Swarey-Wengerd - Joshua, son of Dea. John D. and Mary (Renno) Swarey, to Mary, dau. of Eli and Mary (Zook) Wengerd on Dec. 4, by Bishop Shem Swarey.

Path Valley, Penna.

Mast-Stoltzfus - Eli, son of Jacob B. and Lena (Byler) Mast, Dry Run, to Naomi, dau. of John and Fannie (Hostetler) Stoltzfus, Spring Run on Dec. 9, by Bishop Amos M. Stoltzfus.

Stoltzfus-Beiler - Amos, son of Sam and Annie (Miller) Stoltzfus, Willow Hill, to Nancy, dau of Daniel Z. and Mary (Stoltzfus) Beiler, Spring Run on Dec. 16, by Bishop Sam J. Stoltzfus.

Wengerd-Beiler - Sam, son of Andy and Annie (Kanagy) Wengerd, Mifflintown, to Emma, dau. of Daniel Z. and Mary Beiler, Spring Run, on Dec. 16, by Bishop Sam J. Stoltzfus.

Southern Mercer Co., Penna.

Byler-Yoder - Harvey, son of Dan A. and Sylvia W. (Byler) Byler, to Sally, dau. of Urie S. and Mary V. (Byler) Yoder on Dec. 23, by Jacob M. Hostetler.

Yoder-Byler - Mose, son of Noah and Lizzie V. (Byler)

Yoder, to Mary, dau. of John U. and Lydia J. (Wengerd) Byler on Dec. 11, by Andy J. Byler.

Union City, Penna.

Gingerich-Shetler - Eddie, son of Dannie E. and Mary (Shetler) Gingerich, to Katie, dau. of Levi N. and Emma (Slabaugh) Shetler on Dec. 23, by Bishop Rudy Shetler.

Middlefield, Ohio.

Miller-Byler - Marvin, son of Mrs. Melvin (Katie) Miller, to Barbara dau. of Ervin Bylers on Dec. 18.

Fredricksburg, Holmes Co., Ohio.

Schmucker-Miller - Eugene M., son of Mahlon E. Schmucker, to Elsie, dau. of Joas J. Millers, on Dec. 6, by Bishop Robert N. Troyer.

Shipshewana, Indiana.

Barkman-Yoder - Peter, son of the late Pete Barkman and Miriam Barkman, to Mary, dau. of Ora and Wilma (Lambright) Yoder on Nov. 20, by Alvin Lambright.

Lehman-Lambright - Norman, son of Elmer and Edna (Eash) Lehman, to Katie, dau. of Chris and Anna Mae (Bontrager) Lambright on Nov. 25, by Sam Lambright.

Schwartz-Yoder - Duane, son of Walter and Arlene (Kemp) Schwartz, to Vera, dau. of Ora and Wilma (Lambright) Yoder, on Nov. 27, by his father.

Etna Green, Indiana.

Miller-Miller - Homer Lee Jr., son of Homer and Freida (Mullet) Miller, to Naomi, dau. of Joseph and Annie (Mullet) Miller, on Oct. 23, by Lonnie Slabaugh.

Daviess County, Indiana.

Graber-Stoll - Simon, son of Willie and Susie (Wagler) Graber, to Alma, dau. of Paul and Marie (Lengacher) Stoll on Nov. 13, by Paul Stoll.

Wagler-Yoder - Louis, son of Amos and Susanna (Graber) Wagler, to Ruth Ann, dau. of Lester and Marie (Raber) Yoder on Dec. 11, by Levi Graber.

Yoder-Knepp - Wayne, son of Ora and Ada Marie (Lengacher) Yoder, to Sylvia, dau. of Amos and Margaret (Graber) Knepp on Dec. 21, by Fred Knepp.

Buchanan County, Iowa

Nisley-Yoder - Henry, son of Pre. Levi and Lizzieann Nissley to Elizabeth, dau. of Henry and Barbara Yoder on Oct. 20.

Stutzman-Gingerich - Daniel, son of Pre. Jerry and Emma Stutzman, to Bertha, dau. of Joe and Elizabeth Gingerich on Oct. 13.

Medford, Wisconsin.

Borntreger-Mullet - Alvin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ira A. Borntreger, to Anna, dau. of Mr. and Mrs. Enos Mullet, on Nov. 8.

Miller-Miller - David, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra J. Miller, to Alma, dau. of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Miller on Nov. 11.

Augusta, Wisconsin.

Borntreger-Yoder - Ben, son of Harvey and Mary Borntreger, to Sarah, dau. of Willie I. and Anna Yoder on Dec. 4, by Bishop Willie Yoder.

Evansville, Wisconsin.

Miller-Plank - Wallace Miller, widower, to Clara, dau. of the late Sam Plank and Katie (Kauffman) Plank of Goshen, Ind. on Dec. 14 at Plain City, Ohio where she resided.

Gladwin, Michigan

Stutzman-Troyer - Rueben, son of Joe and Katie (Zook) Stutzman, to Mary, dau of Eli D. and Ada (Miller) Troyer on Nov. 20.

Troyer-Yoder - Abe, son of Pre. Dan and Anna (Miller) Troyer, to Lovina, dau. of Pre. Mose D. and Katie (Gingerich) Yoder on Dec. 4.

Troyer-Yoder - Harvey, son of Eli D. and Ada (Miller) Troyer, to Amanda dau. of Pre. Mose D. and Katie (Gingerich) Yoder on Dec. 9.

Troyer-Stutzman - Henry, son of Eli D. and Ada (Miller) Troyer to Susan, dau. of Joe and Katie (Zook) Stutzman on Nov. 13.

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LANCASTER COUNTY MARRIAGES

Allgyer- Lapp: David F., son of Stephen and Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Allgyer, Gap; to Kathryn, dau of Alvin M. and Fannie (Stoltzfus) Lapp, Gap, Oct. 30 by Benjamin Allgyer

Beiler- Ebersol: Daniel S., son of Henry K.and Katie (Stoltzfoos) Beiler, Christiana; to Anna K., dau of John Z. and Sarah (King) Ebersol, Christiana, Nov. 20 by Enos M. Beiler

Beiler- Ebersol: Wilmer J., son of Eli and Mary (Beiler) Beiler, Gordonville; to Lydiann, dau of Amos and Katie (King) Ebersol, Quarryville, Nov. 11, by Jonathan King

Beiler- King: David J., son of Amos M. and Verna (Beiler) Beiler, Bird-in-Hand; to Rachel Z., dau of Emanuel B. and Sarah (Zook) King, Kirkwood, Dec. 9 by Benjamin Fisher

Beiler- King: Melvin D., son of Elam K. and Mary (Dienner) Beiler, Coatesville; to Anna Mae, dau of Samuel and Rebecca (Lapp) King, Kinzers, Oct. 28, By John F. Glick

Beiler- Stoltzfoos: David M., son of Aaron Y. and Lena (Stoltzfus) Beiler, Bird-in-Hand; to Verna, dau of Elam B. and Priscilla (Fisher) Stoltzfoos, Leola, Nov. 4 by Aaron Y. Beiler

Beiler- Stoltzfus: Aaron E. Jr., son of Aaron E. and Elizabeth (Esh) Beiler, Christiana; to Katie F., dau of Joseph E. and Lydia (Fisher) Stoltzfus, Peach Bottom, Dec. 4 by Elam K. King

Beiler- Stoltzfus: David G., son of Levi r. and Rebecca (Glick) Beiler, Gordonville; to Linda L., dau of Melvin J. and Barbara (King) Stoltzfus, Lititz, Nov. 4 by John D. Troyer

Beiler- Stoltzfus: David S., son of Jacob S. and Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Beiler, Paradise to; Priscilla, dau of Benuel S. and Barbara (Beiler) Stoltzfus, Kinzers, Nov. 4 by Henry S. Fisher

Beiler- Stoltzfus: John Lee, son of Jonas F. and Elizabeth (King) Beiler, Kinzer to; Rachel M., dau of Amos L. and Susie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Gap, Nov. 13, by Allen Miller

Beiler- Stoltzfus: Samuel L., son of John I. and Fannie (Stoltzfus) Beiler, Gap; to Sylvia Ann, dau of Samuel E. and Elsie (Beiler) Stoltzfus, Gap, Dec. 16, by Amos L. Beiler

Beiler-Esh: Wilmer J., son of Eli and Mary (Beiler) Beiler, Gordonville; to Lydiann, dau of Amos and Katie (King) Ebersol, Quarryville, Nov. 11, by Jonathan King.

Blank- Kauffman: Samuel E., son of Benuel S. and Annie (Esh) Blank, Narvon, to Susie E.. dau of Samuel S. and Sarah (Esh) Kauffman, Christiana, Nov. 6, by Benjamin Allgyer

Blank- Stoltzfus: Elam G., son of John (dec.) and Barbara (Glick) Blank, Christiana; to Mima J., dau of Chester and Mary (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Ronks, Nov. 25, by David Blank

Blank- Zook: David S., son of Henry K. and Naomi (Stoltzfus) Blank, Bird-in-Hand; to Thelma J., dau of David B. and Lydiann (Beiler) Zook, Kinzers, Nov. 18, by David K. Blank

Ebersol- King: Eli K. son of Isaiah and Malinda (King) Ebersol, Leola, to Fannie K., dau of Aaron F. and Emma (King) King, Gordonville, Nov. 6, by Jonas Ebersol

Ebersol- Lapp: Benjamin K. son of John Z. and Sarah (King) Ebersol, Christiana; to Annie K., dau of Isaac K. and Lydia (Kinsinger) Lapp, Holtwood, Nov. 13, by Ezra Beiler

Ebersol- Petersheim: Christian R. son of Samuel S. and Leah (Stoltzfus) Ebersol, Ronks, to Sylvia L., dau of Melvin R. and Rebecca (Lapp) Petersheim, Christiana, Nov. 27, by Jonas Ebersol

Ebersol- Stoltzfus: Henry E., son of Jacob B. and Rebecca (Esch) Ebersol, Peach Bottom; to Mary S., dau of Abraham (dec.) and Hannah (Smoker) Stoltzfus, Ronks, Nov. 11, by David L. Smoker

Esh- Beiler: John G., son of Daniel L. and Rebecca (Glick) Esh Intercourse, to Fannie, dau of Elam F. and Susie (Stoltzfus) Beiler, Gordonville, Nov. 4, by Jonathan King

Esh- Beiler: John L., son of Henry S. and Katie (Lapp) Esh, Ronks, to Mary Ann, dau of David K. and Sarah (Stoltzfus) Beiler, Narvon, Dec. 9, by Aaron Y. Beiler

Esh- Fisher: David L., son of Aaron K. and Sylvia (Lapp) Esh Quarryville, to Mary Z., dau of Aaron L. and Susie (Zook) Fisher, Paradise, Dec. 4, by Samuel Kauffman

Esh- Fisher: J. Samuel, son of Amos A. and Leah (King) Esh Bird-in-Hand; to Esther L. dau of Christian L. and Sarah (Lapp) Fisher, Ronks, Nov. 25, by Amos Lapp

Esh- Glick: John K. Jr., son of John K. and Hannah (King) Esh Kirkwood; to Annie S., dau of Jacob S. and Mary (Stoltzfus) Glick, Quarryville, Nov. 6, by Stephen E. Stoltzfus

Esh- Huyard: Henry S. son of Amos L. and Annie (Stoltzfus) Esh Lititz, to Ruth B., dau of Elam and Sarah (Bawell) (dec.) Huyard, New Holland, Dec. 2, by Levi E. Stoltzfus

Esh- King: Levi A. Jr., son of Levi A. and Naomi (Lapp) Esh Ronks, to Sadie L., dau of Christ S. (dec.) and Katie (Lapp) King, Paradise, Nov. 18, by Samuel Lapp

Esh- King: Stephen S., son of Emanuel Jr. and Katie (Stoltzfoos) Esh Ronks, to Elizabeth E., dau of Alvin S. and Naomi (Esh) King, Leola, Nov. 4, By Amos L. Stoltzfus

Esh- Stoltzfus: Emanuel S., son of Daniel and Elizabeth (Stoltzfus) Esh Paradise to; Mary Ann, dau of Levi (dec.) and Katie (Beiler) Stoltzfus, Narvon, Oct. 28, by Jonas E. Fisher

Esh- Stoltzfus: Jonathan M., son of Michael S. and Sadie (Miller) Esh Strasburg, to Emma L., dau of Amos S. and Rachel (Lapp) Stoltzfus, Nottingham, Nov. 2, by Elam K. King

Esh- Zook: John J., son of Abner K. and Annie (Stoltzfus) Esh Lancaster, to Sadie Mae, dau of Amos B and Rachel (Lapp) Zook, Bird-in-Hand, Nov. 11, by John F. Glick

Fisher- Kauffman: Noah J. son of David H. and Elizabeth (King) Fisher, Ronks, to Anna B., dau of Elmer and Lizzie (Beiler) Kauffman, Christiana, Nov. 13, by Israel M. Beiler

Fisher- Kauffman: Samuel K., son of Omar S. and Rebecca (Esh) Fisher Ronks, to Linda K., dau of Christ and Mattie (King) Kauffman, Honey Brook, Nov. 20, by Gideon King

Fisher- King: Amos L., son of Amos E. and Rachel (Lapp) Fisher Ronks, to Mary B., dau of Elam S. and Barbara (Blank) King, Atglen, by Samuel U. Stoltzfus

Fisher- King: Emanuel S., son of Amos C. and Rachel (Stoltzfus) Fisher Strasburg, to Lydiann, dau of Levi S. and Rebecca (Smoker) King, Gordonville, Nov. 11, by Amos E. Stoltzfus

Fisher- King: Samuel E. Jr., son of Samuel E. and Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Fisher, Gordonville; to Sarah L., dau of Christ K. and Barbara (Fisher) King, Leola, Oct. 28, by Levi S. Fisher

Fisher- King: Samuel S., son of Levi S. and Lizzie (Smucker) Fisher Strasburg, to Sarah S. dau of Enos Jr. and Rachel (Stoltzfus) King, Quarryville, Nov. 6, by Henry S. Fisher

Fisher- King: Stephen U. Jr., son of Stephen U. and Sarah (Stoltzfus) Fisher, Gordonville; to Anna Mae, dau of Abram S. and Esther (Fisher) King, Gordonville, Nov. 4, By Daniel S. Fisher

Fisher- Lapp: Eli B., son of Emanuel and Katie (Beiler) Fisher, Christiana; to Mary K., dau of Daniel E. and Lydia (King) Lapp, Strasburg, Nov. 6, by John F. Glick

Fisher- Miller: Aaron S., son of Jacob M. and Arie (Stoltzfoos) Fisher, Christiana; to Eva G., dau of Henry R. and Lydia (Glick) Miller, Leola, Nov. 18, by Samuel S. Fisher

Fisher- Stoltzfoos: Jacob E., son of Gideon E. and Rebecca (Esh) Fisher, Ronks, to Rachel S., dau of Samuel K. and Arie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfoos, Christiana, Oct. 30, by Samuel U. Stoltzfus

Fisher- Stoltzfus: Aaron S. Jr., son of Aaron L. and Rachel (Stoltzfus) Fisher, Ronks, to Sarah L., dau of Levi (dec.) and Sarah (Lapp) Stoltzfus, Nov. 4, by

Fisher- Stoltzfus: Christian K. Jr. son of Christian K. and Katie (Allgyer) Fisher, Kinzer to; Linda K. dau of Isaac S. and Rebecca (King) Stoltzfus, Gap, Nov. 27, by Henry Fisher

Fisher- Stoltzfus: Elam S., son of Amos C. and Rachel (Stoltzfus) Fisher, Strasburg, to Malinda S., dau of Amos E. and Mary (Fisher dec.) Stoltzfus, Gap, Nov. 27, by Harry Stutzman

Fisher- Stoltzfus: Henry F. Jr., son of Henry F. and Mary (Stoltzfus) Fisher, Willow Street, to Sarah S., dau of Henry B. and Mary (Swarey) Stoltzfus, Christiana, Nov. 27, by Henry L. Stoltzfus

Fisher- Stoltzfus: Jonas Z., son of Benjamin K. and Rachel (Zook) Fisher, Kirkwood; to Annie S. dau of Emanuel F. and Sarah (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Honey Brook, Nov. 27, by Benjamin Fisher

Glick- Stoltzfoos: Amos K., son of Abner R. and Fannie (King dec.) Glick ,Gap; to Elizabeth F., dau of Elam B. and Priscilla (Fisher) Stoltzfoos, Leola, Nov. 4, by Aaron Y. Beiler

Glick- Zook: John E., son of Samuel and Hannah (Lapp) Glick, Gordonville; to Priscilla, dau of Amos B. and Rachel (Lapp) Zook, Bird-in-Hand, Nov. 11, by John Glick

Huyard- Zook: Amos L. son of Amos S. and Levina (Fisher) Huyard, New Holland; to Miriam, dau of Levi K. and Mary (Beiler dec.) Zook, Gap, Nov. 6, by Stephen U. Zook

Kauffman- Lapp: Elam P. Jr. son of Elam P. and Sadie (King) Kauffman, Honey Brook; to Rebecca K., dau of John E. Jr. and Malinda (King) Lapp, Gordonville, Nov. 11, by Elam P. Kauffman

Kauffman- Stoltzfoos: Benjamin M. son of John S. and Emma (Stoltzfus) Kauffman Paradise to; Anna D. dau of Jacob B. and Naomi (Beiler) Stoltzfoos, Strasburg, Dec. 2, by Samuel Kauffman

King- Beiler: Benuel L., son of Elam K. and Emma (Lapp) King, Ronks; to Ruth S., dau of Josiah K. and Anna (Stoltzfoos) Beiler, Christiana, Nov. 18, by Elam K. King

King- Beiler: Daniel Jay, son of Daniel F. and Hannah (Lapp) King, Quarryville; to Lydia S. dau of Joseph F. and Sadie (Smucker) Beiler, Gordonville, Nov. 20, by John Yoder

King- Beiler: Levi E., son of David S. and Rebecca (Esh) King, Gap; to Mary Ann, dau of Jacob K. and Annie (Glick) Beiler, Gap, Oct. 28, by Amos E. Stoltzfus

King- Esh: Amos S., son of Levi S. and Sylvia (Lapp) King, Lititz; to Naomi K., dau of Reuben F. and Mary (King) Esh, Gordonville, Nov. 20, by Amos S. Lapp

King- Esh: John G., son of Daniel B. and Rebecca (Glick) King, New Holland; to Susie K., dau of John K. and Hannah (King) Esh, Kirkwood; Nov. 18, by John S. Glick

King- Fisher: Elam L., son of Elam K. and Emma (Lapp) King, Ronks; to Barbara A., dau of Reuben B. and Emma (Stoltzfus) Fisher, Paradise, Oct. 30, by Elam K. King

King- Fisher: Enos K. Jr. son of Enos K. and Barbara (Stoltzfus) King, Paradise; to; Lena L., dau of Isaac S. and Fannie (Lapp) Fisher, Gordonville, Nov. 20, by Jonas E. Fisher

King- Fisher: Henry S., son of Jacob S. and Mary (Stoltzfus) King, Quarryville; to Bena G., dau of Joseph S. and Lizzie (Glick) Fisher, Ronks, Nov. 18, by John K. Beiler

King- Fisher: Jacob B., son of Elam F. and Barbara (Blank) King, Atglen; to Malinda E. dau of Jacob M. and Arie (Stoltzfoos) Fisher, Christiana, Nov. 25, by Benjamin Fisher

King- Fisher: John S., son of Benjamin E. and Lizzie (Stoltzfoos) King, Quarryville; to Rebecca S. dau of Henry S. and Emma (Stoltzfus) Fisher, Paradise; Nov. 6, by Levi S. Fisher

King- Kauffman: Abram P. Jr. son of Abram P. and Fannie (Fisher) King, Gordonville; to Marian, dau of Christ J. and Anna (Flaud) Kauffman, Paradise, Nov. 25, by Daniel S. Fisher

King- King: Amos K., son of Samuel S. and Fannie (King) King, Drumore; to Arie E., dau of John K. and Arie (Esh) King, Strasburg, Nov. 11, by Jonathan King

King- Lapp: Stephen L., son of Daniel E. and Mary (Lapp) King, New Holland; to Sadie E., dau of Amos L. and Annie (Esh) Lapp, Ronks; Dec. 11, by Christ L. King

King- Smucker: Alvin J., son of Christ F. and Anna (Lapp) King, Leola, to Malinda S. dau of Levi E. and Barbara (Stoltzfus) Smucker, Ronks, Nov. 4, by Elam K. King

King- Smucker: Jonas S., son of Benuel K. and Barbara (Stoltzfus) King, Bird-in-Hand; to Fannie S. dau of Levi E. and Barbara (Stoltzfus) Smucker, Ronks, Nov. 4, by Elam K. King

King- Stoltzfus: Allen F., son of Emanuel S. and Malinda (Fisher) King, Gordonville; to Naomi M., dau of Samuel L. and Annie (King) Stoltzfus, Gordonville, Nov. 13, by Daniel S. Fisher

King- Stoltzfus: Henry K., son of David (dec.), and Malinda (King) Miller, Bird-in-Hand; to Barbara E., dau of Jacob L. and Salome (Esh) Stoltzfus, Paradise, Nov. 18, by Amos L. Stoltzfus

King- Stoltzfus: John P., son of John F. and Annie (Petersheim) King, Christiana; to Elizabeth E., dau of John D. and Mary (Esh) Stoltzfus, Quarryville; Nov. 13, by Isaac F. King

King- Stoltzfus: Omar F., son of Samuel B. and Lydia (Fisher) King, Ronks; to Rachel S., dau of Stephen (dec.) and Emma (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Gordonville; Nov. 13, by John L. Stoltzfus

King- Stoltzfus: Samuel J., son of Jonathan S. and Hannah (Stoltzfus) King, Gordonville; to Susie Ann, dau of Abner F. and Mary (Fisher) Stoltzfus, Quarryville, Nov. 6, by John S. Glick

King- Stoltzfus: Stephen S., son of David S. and Annie (Stoltzfus) King Gordonville; to Catherine S., dau of Samuel K. and Susie (Stoltzfoos) Stoltzfus, Atglen, Nov. 25, by Jonathan King

King- Zook: Elam E., son of John K. and Arie (Esh) King, Strasburg; to Hannah L., dau of Daniel B. and Ruth (Lantz) Zook, Gordonville, Nov. 25, by Amos G. Esh

Lantz- Blank: Benjamin G., son of David P. and Emma (Miller) Lantz, Gordonville; to Anna E., dau of Benuel S. and Annie (Esh) Blank, Narvon, Dec. 4, by Levi E. Stoltzfus

Lantz- King: Amos B. Jr. son of Amos B. and Katie (Stoltzfus) Lantz, Leola; to Linda E. dau of Jacob M. and Emma (Esh) King, Narvon, Nov. 13, by Christian Esh

Lapp- Beiler: Leon S., son of Noah B. and Katie (Stoltzfus) Lapp, Lancaster; to Mary Jane, dau of Isaac and Lavina (Beiler) Beiler, Kinzers, Oct. 30, by Christ K. King

Lapp- Glick: Daniel E. Jr., son of Daniel E. and Lydia (King) Lapp, Strasburg; to Sadie B., dau of Daniel S. and Barbara (Stoltzfus) Glick, Bird-in-Hand, Nov. 27, by Amos S. Lapp

Lapp- King: Alvin L., son of J. Elmer and Sadie (Beiler) Lapp, Coatesville; to Ruth E. dau of Levi A. and Sadie (Esh) King, Gap, Nov. 13, by Jonas E. Fisher

Lapp- Petersheim: Daniel P., son of Amos M. and Lydia (Petersheim) Lapp, Kinzer; to; Annie M., dau of Enos and Sadie (Stoltzfus) Petersheim, Gordonville, Nov. 6, by Amos L. Stoltzfus

Lapp- Stoltzfoos: Gideon Z., son of Amos S. and Katie (Zook) Lapp, Strasburg; to Katie, dau of John K. and Barbara (Glick) Stoltzfoos, Holtwood, Nov. 25, by Daniel B. Fisher

Lapp- Stoltzfus: Isaac F., son of Jesse J. and Barbara (Lapp) Lapp, Ronks; to Sadie S., dau of Joseph E. and Lydia (Fisher) Stoltzfus, Peach Bottom, Dec. 4, by Elam K. King

Miller- Fisher: John K., son of Christ S. and Sarah (dec.) (King) Miller. Paradise; to; Emma K., dau of David F. and Mary (King) Fisher, Oxford, Nov. 11, by Jacob M. Stoltzfus

Petersheim- King: Samuel S., son of Daniel B. and Barbara (Stoltzfus) Petersheim, Christiana; to Barbara B., dau of David K. and Anna (Lapp) King, Lititz, Nov. 13, by Amos Lapp

Riehl- Stoltzfus: Ephraim D., son of Christ E. and Priscilla (Petersheim), Riehl; Leola, to Rebecca, dau of Eli K. and Barbara (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, New Holland, Oct. 30, by Stephen E. Stoltzfus

Riehl- Stoltzfus: Levi E. (Widower) Narvon, to Malinda K., dau of Christ L. and Mary (King) Stoltzfus, Narvon, Oct. 2, by Amos E. Stoltzfus

Smucker- Stoltzfus: Amos S., son of Jacob S. and Malinda (Stoltzfus) Smucker, Leola; to Marian S., dau of Menno M. and Fannie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Leola, Nov. 11, by Levi E. Stoltzfus

Smucker- Stoltzfus: John S., son of Jacob E. and Malinda (Stoltzfus) Smucker, Leola; to Anna S., dau of Samuel S. and Annie (Stoltzfoos) Stoltzfus, Christiana, Oct. 30, by Levi E. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfoos- Miller: Henry K., son of Jacob B. and Naomi (Beiler) Stoltzfoos, Strasburg; to Ida R., dau of Aaron K. and Sarah (Fisher) Miller, Gordonville, Oct. 28, by Amos Lapp

Stoltzfus- Beiler: Bennie L., son of Levi (dec.) and Sarah (Lapp) Stoltzfus, Kirkwood; to Sarah Ann, dau of Ira S. and Linda (Fisher) Beiler, Paradise, Nov. 13, by Amos L. Beiler

Stoltzfus- Beiler: Henry Z., son of Benjamin E. and Elizabeth (Zook) Stoltzfus, Peach Bottom; to Naomi G., dau of John L. and Sylvia (Glick) Beiler, Christiana, Nov. 18, by Isaac F. King

Stoltzfus- Beiler: Leroy P., son of Henry L. and Lydia (Petersheim) Stoltzfus, Gordonville; to Sadie Mae, dau of Jacob K. and Katie (dec.) (Beiler) Beiler, Holtwood, Nov. 18, by Jonas Ebersol

Stoltzfus- Blank: Allen L., son of Elmer B. and Naomi (Lantz) Stoltzfus, Gap; to Martha L., dau of David F. and Rebecca (Allgyer) Blank, Gordonville, Oct. 30, by Amos E. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- Ebersol: John B., son of B. John (dec.) and Lydia (Petersheim) Stoltzfus, Gap; to Linda J., dau of Leon F. and Nancy (Stoltzfus) Ebersol, Narvon, Nov. 18, by Benjamin Allgyer

Stoltzfus- Esh: Amos G., son of Gideon B. and Mary (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Gordonville; to Martha A., dau of Daniel S. Jr. and Amanda(Miller) Esh, Bird-in-Hand, Nov. 27, By Amos E. King

Stoltzfus- Esh: Levi S., son of Samuel M. and Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Honey Brook; to Susie S., dau of Christian P. and Rachel (Glick) Esh, Ronks, Nov. 25, by Jacob P. Esh

Stoltzfus- Fisher: Amos E., son of John U. and Katie (Esh) Stoltzfus, Honey Brook; to Mary L., dau of Amos E. and Rachel (Lapp) Fisher, Ronks, Nov. 4, by Samuel J. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- Fisher: David S., son of John K. and Rachel (Fisher) Stoltzfus, Christiana; to Rachel S., dau of Jacob M. and Arie (Stoltzfoos) Fisher, Christiana, Nov. 25, by Benjamin Fisher

Stoltzfus- Fisher: Henry L. Jr., son of Henry L. and Fannie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Kirkwood; to Lydia M. dau of Samuel F. and Susie (Miller) Fisher, Ronks, Dec. 2, by Henry L. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- Fisher: Isaac F., son of Amos S. and Rachel (Lapp) Stoltzfus, Nottingham; to Malinda B. dau of David S. and Barbara (Blank) Fisher, Strasburg, Nov. 27, by David K. Blank

Stoltzfus- Glick: Jacob S., son of Henry B. and Mary (Swarey) Stoltzfus , Christiana; to Bena S., dau of Abner S. and Levina (Stoltzfus) Glick, New Providence Nov. 11, by Israel M. Beiler

Stoltzfus- King: Amos S., son of Amos E. and Mary (dec.) (Fisher) Stoltzfus Gap; to Barbara E., dau of David S. and Rebecca (Esh) King, Gap, Nov. 20, by Amos E. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus-King: Daniel S., son of Elam S. and Sarah (Beiler) Stoltzfus, Conestoga; to Malinda S., dau of Benjamin E. and Lizzie (Stoltzfus) King, Quarryville, Nov 13, by Samuel S. Fisher

Stoltzfus- King: Jacob S., son of Jonathan A. and Katie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Ronks; to Mary Ann, dau of Amos E. Jr. and Sadie (Esh) King, Ronks, Nov. 18, by Jonas S. Lapp

Stoltzfus- King: Levi S., son of Daniel L. and Katie (Smucker) Stoltzfus , Bird-in-Hand; to Sadie K., dau of Amos K. and Malinda (Kauffman) King, Gordonville, Nov. 13, by Amos L. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- King: Reuben J., son of Jacob K. and Annie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Leola; to Rachel F., dau of Jonathan G. and Sarah (Glick) King, Witmer, Nov. 13, by David L. Smoker

Stoltzfus- Lantz: Eli S., son of John D. And Katie (Smucker) Stoltzfus, Leola; to Barbara G., dau of Reuben K. and Anna (Fisher) Lantz, Gordonville, Nov. 20, by John L. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- Lantz: Daniel S., son of Stephen and Nancy (Blank) Stoltzfus, Bird-in-Hand; to Anna Mary, dau of Benjamin and Emma (Lapp) Lantz, Gap, Dec 9, by Moses K. Blank

Stoltzfus- Lantz: Isaac E., son of Jacob L. and Barbara (Smoker) Stoltzfus, Honey Brook; to Ada S., dau of David K. and Leah (Stoltzfus) Lantz, Leola, Nov. 11, by Samuel K. Lapp

Stoltzfus- Lapp: Henry S. Jr., son of Henry S. and Annie (Glick) Stoltzfus, Christiana; to Saloma K., dau of Joseph S. and Fannie (Kauffman) Lapp, Ronks, Nov. 13, By Samuel U. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- Miller: Levi S., son of John S. and Fannie (Hostetler) Stoltzfus, Spring Run; to Mary F., dau of Jacob K. and Sarah (Fisher) Miller, Quarryville, Dec. 4, By Amos M. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- Smucker: Sylvan L., son of Aaron F. and Sadie (Lantz) Stoltzfus, Leola, to Sadie Mae, dau of Daniel (dec.) and Annie (Beiler) (Smucker) Glick, Gap, Nov. 18, by Levi E. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- Stoltzfoos: John F., son of Joseph E. and Lydia (Fisher) Stoltzfus, Peach Bottom; to Barbara, dau of David S. and Sadie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfoos, New Providence, Oct. 28, by Levi E. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- Stoltzfus: Eli B., son of Henry S. and Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Lititz; to Marian, dau of Daniel L. and Mary (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Ronks, Oct. 28, by Aaron Y. Beiler

Stoltzfus- Stoltzfus: Henry F., son of Israel S. and Suvilla (Fisher) Stoltzfus, Kirkwood; to Katie S., dau of Samuel L. and Rebecca (Stoltzfoos) Stoltzfus, Oxford, Oct. 30, by Benjamin Fisher

Stoltzfus- Stoltzfus: John B., son of Samuel B. and Priscilla (Beiler) Stoltzfus, Bellefonte; to Nancy Ann, dau of Amos T. and Rebecca (Stoltzfoos) Stoltzfus, Gap, Nov. 6, by Jonas Beiler

Stoltzfus- Stoltzfus: John S., son of Sol J. and Anna (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Gap; to Betty A., dau of Elam B. and Arie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus, Gap, Dec. 4, by Amos E. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus- Stoltzfus: Samuel Z., son of John K. and Rachel (Fisher) Stoltzfus, Christiana; to Bertha M., dau of Enos B. and Katie (Miller) Stoltzfus, Christiana, Nov. 20, by Samuel F. Fisher

Stoltzfus- Zook: Leon K., son of Daniel S. and Miriam (King) Stoltzfus, Narvon; to Emma S., dau of Samuel K. and Annie (Stoltzfoos) Zook, Paradise, Nov. 11, by Benjamin Allgyer

Zook- Beiler: John E., son of Elam K. and Mary (Beiler) Zook, Christiana; to Sarah K., dau of John S. and Rebecca (King) Beiler, Leola, Nov. 20, by Joel Zook

Zook- King: Widower John K. Zook, Lancaster, to Widow Susie K. King Ronks, Oct. 30, by Elam P. Kauffman

Zook- Zook: Jonas L., son of Jonas K. and Fannie (Lapp) Zook, Loganton; to Sarah, dau of Moses (dec.) and Katie (Zook, Zook) Lapp, Allenwood,

MIGRATIONS

Ray J. Miller, and wife Edna, and Ray's father, Joni B. Miller, moved close to Kingston, Wis. on Dec. 2 from Topeka, Ind. Their new address is: R1 Dalton, Wisconsin.

Andy E. Yoders moved from Union City, Penna. to Greenville, Mich. on Dec. 4.

Emanuel R. Hershbergers moved from Fryburg, Penna. to Union City, Penna. on Dec. 11.

Mrs. Amelia Mast moved from Charlotte, Mich. to Blair, Wisconsin.

Mrs. William Yoder and family moved from McRae, Ark. to Augusta, Wis. on Dec. 22.

Bishop Joni B. Miller and son, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Miller moved to Kingston, Wisconsin from LaGrange County, Indiana.

Sam Kanagys moved from Little Falls, New York, to Mill.creek, Penna. on Nov. 4.

MARRIAGES continued from page 5

Desboro, Ontario, Canada

Stutzman-Swartzentruber - Eli, son of John N. and Caroline (Zook) Stutzman, to Anna dau of Sam L. and Fannie (Miller) Swartzentruber on December 4, by Sam L.

Now boys and girls there is a God
Who watches through the night
And we must give account some day
For all that is not right.

OBITUARIES

Beiler, Mattie L., 36, Loganton R1, Clinton County
died at 2:20 p.m. Thursday at Jersey Shore Hospital, where she had been a patient since Tuesday. She had been in failing health since July, 1986.

Born in Bart Township, she was a daughter of David K. and Emma (Lapp) Fisher, Loganton R1. The wife of Ezra E. Beiler, a farmer, she lived in the Loganton area for the past 10 years.

In addition to her husband and parents, she is survived by two sons and four daughters: David, Aaron, Emma, Rachel, Barbara, and Annie, all at home. Also surviving are a brother, David L. Fisher, Loganton R1; and maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron K. Lapp, Kirkwood.

Beiler, Infant son, Buena Vista Road, Gap R1
was stillborn at 12:30 a.m. at Community Hospital of Lancaster. He was the son of Abram and Sarah (Dienner) Beiler.

Surviving besides his parents are two brothers, Joseph and Abram Jr., both at home; paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Christian F. Beiler, Kinzers R1; a maternal grandfather, Abram Dienner, Gap R1; and a maternal great-grandmother, Sara Dienner, Gap R1.

Bontrager, Ida Fern, 65, Haven, Kansas
died at her home on Tuesday, December 16, of a heart ailment She had been in the hospital 4 days in November but was at home again.

She was born October 15, 1921, near Hutchinson, to Perry and Mary (Schrock) Troyer. She married to Ben H. Bontrager, October 21, 1943. He died April 6, 1982. She was a lifetime resident of the Haven-Yoder community.

Surviving are 1 son, Bennie Jay, married to Lousie Knepp, who resides on the home place. Also three daughters: Mrs. William J. (Karyn) Bontrager, Hutchinson; Francis Halstead, Constantine, Michigan; Mrs. Dennis (Mary Ellen) Miller, Arthur, Illinois; 1 brother, Albert P. Troyer, Shipshewana, Indiana; 3 sisters, Mrs. Dave (Mabel) Jones, Hutchinson, Kansas; Mattie Mast and Fannie Blucker both of Arthur, Illinois; 15 grandchildren and 1 great grandchild.

Funeral services were held at the home on December 19 by Minister Samuel T. Petersheim and Bishop Jones P. Bontrager both of the home church and Mose N. Yoder, Chouteau, Okla. and in the Doddy house by Eli S. Schrock, Abe M. Yoder and Floyd E. Schrock. Burial in Amish Cemetery east of Yoder.

Borntrager, Ben C. Borntrager, 77, died on August 30, 1986.

Borntrager, Ira A. Borntrager, 58, died November 4, 1986.

Byler, Miriam, 1 month, 5 days, Rt. 2, Centerville, Pa.
died on December 30. She was born with an enlarged heart and was not healthy in her short stay on this earth. She was preceeded in death by a brother, Robert, who died on January 19, 1986 from the same illness.

Surviving are her parents, David U. and Margaret (Byler) Byler, grandparents, Urie J. and Ida Byler and Andy B. and Kathryn Byler and quite a few aunts, uncles and cousins.

Byler, William J., 90,
died Friday evening, October 3 at his home, after a lingering illness.He was born April 12, 1896 in Lawrence County, Pennsylvania. He was a retired farmer. In January, 1918, he was married to Malinda D. Byler who died May 14, 1964.

Survivors include his sons: Ervin, Dan, and William of Middlefield and Jake of Burton; daughters: Mrs. Dan (Martha) Fisher of Middlefield and Mrs. Lester (Katie) Miller of Burton; 34 grandchildren, also great-grandchildren. Burial was in Hayes Corner Cemetery in Middlefield.

Fisher, Mary E., 7 weeks, 2966 Shiprock Rd., Willow Street
died at 5:00 a.m., Saturday, December 13, at her home. She was the dau of David S. and Barbara E. (Esh) Fisher. She had been ill since birth. She was born in Lancaster.

Surviving in addition to her parents are a brother, Henry F. and a sister, Malinda E., both at home. One brother preceeded her in death.

Also surviving are paternal grandparents, Henry F. and Mary L. (Stoltzfus) Fisher, Willow St.;maternal grandparents, Christian G. and Malinda K. (Esh) Esh; paternal great-grandmother Emma B. Fisher, Ronks, and maternal great-grandparents David S. and Katie (Glick) Esh, Gordonville; and John P. and Sarah King Esh, Bird-in-Hand.

Sevices were held by Benuel Esh and Bennie King. Burial in Bunker Hill Cemetery. Pall bearers were two uncles: Reuben and Amos Fisher.

Graber, Anna Barbara, 50, Montgomery, Indiana
died at her home at 1:00 a.m., Wednesday, December 24, from cancer.

She was born February 12, 1936 to Joel and Margaret (Raber) Graber.

Surviving are her father, five sisters and five brothers, Mrs. John N. (Elizabeth) Graber, Mrs. Joe N. (Mary Margaret) Graber, Mrs. Henry G. (Pauline) Knepp, Lousie, Rachel, Joe, Enos, Glen, Jerome and Verlyn Ray Graber all of this area. Also surviving is a step-grandmother Mrs. Fannie Raber.

Funeral was held at 9:00 a.m. Friday at the family residence by Dewey Gingerich of Bloomfield, Iowa and Vernon Yoder of Kalona, Iowa, at his brothers house by William Eicher of Allen Co. and Ervin Schrock of Ill. Burial was in the Stoll Cemetery.

Hostetler, Dave, an old man, Dry Run
died at his home on December 5. He had his second marriage to Ivy N. Lee. Watch for more details in next month's report.

Lapp, Annie, 67, Clearview Drive, Quarryville, R4,
died unexpectedly Tuesday, December 23, of natural causes. The wife of the late Joseph Lapp, who died in March 1980, she was a daughter of the late Isaac S. and Rachel (Blank) King.

Surviving are five children: Daniel K., at the home farm; Isaac K., Holtwood R1; Jonas K.. Quarryville, R1; Mrs. Amos E. (Rachel) Beiler, Kirkwood, R1; and Mrs. Moses (Hannah) Renno, Mifflintown, R2; 36 grandchildren, four brothers: Joseph King, Lancaster; Aquilla King, Quarryville; David King, Christiana; and John King, Paradise; and 2 sisters: Mrs. David (Salome) Lapp, Myerstown; and Mrs. Amos (Mary) King, Lebanon.

Lapp, Johnnie, 83, Oakland, Maryland
died November 1. He was staying at the Noah Zook home, his sister. He was taken to Lancaster, Pa. for further services and burial.

Miller, Jerry P., 87,
died Monday, December 15th, at his home after a long illness. Born February 2, 1899, in Holmes County, Ohio, he was an 85 year resident of Middlefield. He was married to Mary Detweiler on November 28, 1919, who died April 15th, 1966.

Survivors include 7 sons, Dan, Joe, Jonathan, Jerry, Albert and Eura of Middlefield, and Crist of Guys Mills Pa.; 3 daughters: Mrs. Dan (Emma) Miller of W. Farmington; Mrs. Simon (Martha) Yoder of Middlefield and Mrs. Dave (Saloma) Miller, Corey, Pa; 3 brothers: Jonathan and Gid of Middlefield and Joe of Huntburg; 79 grandchildren, 174 great-grandchildren, and 3 great-great-grandchildren.

Services at 9:30 Tuesday morning at the family residece 16920 Peters Rd., Middlefield. Burial in Hayes Corner Cemetery, Middlefield.

Riehl, Elam S., 83, of Gap R1,
died unexpectedly Saturday evening. He was the husband ofAary (Esh) Riehl.
Born in Christiana, he was the son of the late Moses P. and Elizabeth (Stoltzfus) Riehl. He was a self-employed farmer and painter. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church.
In addition to his wife he is survived by nine children; Amos E.; Steven E.; and Jacob E.; all of Lancaster; Samuel E., Mrs. Elmer F. (Annie E.) Beiler; Moses E.; and Daniel S. (Elizabeth Mae) King; all of Gap; Aaron E., New Holland R2; and Ephraim E., Kinzer, R1.
He is also survivied by 37 grandchildren, 42 great-grandchildren, and these brothers and sisters: Gideon Riehl and Aaron Riehl, both of Lancaster; Emma Stoltzfus, Fairmont Resthome, Ephrata; Christiana, wife of John Dienner, Gap R2, and Rachel, wife of Paul Z. Martin, and Miriam, wife of Richard Trego, both of New Holland.

Schrock, Mrs. Mahlon (Mary Ann), age 78, died December 10.

Stoltzfus, stillborn son, RD 2, Spring Mills, Pa.
was born to Danuel U. and Suvilla Stoltzfus on Tuesday, December 16 at home.
In addition to his parents he is survived by four sisters: Mrs. Joe (Barbara) King, Sadie, Elsie, Rachel, and 3 brothers: Amos, Elmer, and Ervin at home. Paternal grandparents Jacob M. and Lydia Stoltzfus, Star Rt., Rebersburg, Pa. and maternal grandmother Barbara B. Stoltzfus, Honey Broo, R3, Pa.

Troyer, Jonas M., 84, Jamesport, Missouri
died early Wed. morning, Dec. 24 at his home east of Jamesport. He was born at Huntsburg, Ohio on May 18, 1902, a son of Moses and Amanda (Yoder) Troyer. He was married Feb. 23, 1928 to Katie Farmwald who survives.
Also surviving are four sons and four daughters. Emma, wife of Raymond Miller, Holmes Co., Ohio; Ferman, married to Esther Stutzman; Verna wife of William Lee Hostetler; Betty, wife of John N. Kramer; Vernon, married to Mary Hershberger; Esther, wife of Orley Schrock; Henry, married to Edna Kramer, all of Jamesport, Mo. and Leon, of the state of Washington. 45 grandchildren, a number of great-grandchildren, one sister: Sarah of Plain City, Ohio.
Funeral services were held at the Ferman Troyer home on Dec. 26 by Jonas Kurtz and Bishop Tobias Detweiler.

Wittmer, Lena, 68, Montgomery, Indiana
died at her home Saturday P.M., December 27 after a long illness.
She was born Janurary 8, 1918, to Amos and Mattie (Graber) Wittmer.
Surviving are two brothers and one sister: Noah, Joe and Mary all of the home area.
Funeral services were held at 9:00 a.m. Tuesday at the family residence. Burial was in the Stoll Cemetery.

Yoder, Katie, 65,
died very suddenly and unexpectedly of a heart attack Monday evening, December 8. She was born September 8, 1921 to Min. D.K. and Mary (dec) Bontrager. Her father, D.K. Bontrager, is 95 years old and will be 96 on January 8. She was married to Bishop Sam J. Yoder, November 28, 1946 in rural Haven and was a Haven resident all her life.
Surviving are her husband, 2 sons: Glen and Allen; 2 daughters: Mrs. Lynn (Laverda) Bontrager; and Mrs. Ernest (Mary) Eash of the home, all of Haven. Also surviving are her father, David K. Bontrager, 4 brothers: Eli of Burrton, Ks.; Enos of Hutchinson, Rudy and Jonas both of Haven; and 4 sisters: Mrs. David (Lizzie) Hostetler, Nappanee, Ind.; Clara and Mary Bontrager of Haven and Susie Bontrager of Hutchinson, and 15 grandchildren.
Funeral services were held Friday at the home. Officiating were Bishop Jonas P. Bontrager and Levi Schrock, Ind. and Mose Yoder of Leon, Ia in English. In small house were Bishop Christ Miller, Chouteau, Okla., Ervin R. Bontrager and Jr. Mast of Ind. Burial in Amish Cemetery. Pall bearers were Enos Miller, Elton Miller, William Miller, and Roy Bontrager.

Yoder, Malinda J., 1 yr., 2 mo., 9 da.
died Friday, December 19 of cancer. She is survived by her parents, Pre. Joe S. and Mattie (Gingerich) Yoder and 8 brothers and 6 sisters.

Yoder, Susie, 69, R1, Baltic
died Saturday, December 6 at Wooster Community Hospital following a brief illness.
Born in Clark Twp. a dau of the late Andy N. and Maryann (Schrock) Raber. She was married to Levi L. Yoder on February 4, 1937.
Surviving in addition to her husband are 6 sons and 1 dau: Andy L., R1 Sugarcreek; Roy, Albert and Levi Jr. of R1 Baltic; Noah L., Henry L., and Mrs. Jonas L.M. (Cindy) Miller, R5 Millersburg; 6 brothers and 1 sister: Melvin A. Raber, R4 Millersburg; Elmer B., Berlin; Noah, Charm; Henry A., Albert A., Andy A., and Mrs. Crist L. (Lucinda) Yoder all of R1, Baltic.
1 sister and step-mother are deceased. Also surviving are 33 grandchildren and 6 great-grandchildren.
Services were held December 9, Bishop Neal C. Miller officiating. Burial in Yoder Cemetery.

A BRIGHTER HOPE BEYOND

"There remaineth therefore a rest
to the people of God." Heb. 4:9

Today as I sit alone with my thoughts,
And think of days gone by,
It was spring, them summer, now winter,
And another years, gone by.

I cannot keep up with the pace today,
I care not to join the throng;
I'd much rather walk the narrow way,
Though it may seem tiresome and long.

At the farthest end of the winding pathe
There shines a becknoning light,
Where a family is waithing there for me.
And it makes my hopes grow bright.

The home is lonely without them here;
We see their vacant chairs;
And as we gather around the table,
We bow our heads in prayers.

But through the clouds shines a sunbeam
That reminds us of someone *who cares;*
If we put our faith and trust in Him,
He will unite us again up there!

-Opal S. Jones

COMMUNITY NOTES

Middlefield, Ohio - Senior Minister Expires
Jerry P. Miller, 87, Died at his home December 15.

A long time resident of Geauga County, he was the son of the late Peter E. and Emma (Miller) Miller. In 1919 he was married to Sarah, daughter of Noah and Elizabeth (Byler) Detweiler also of Middlefield. In 1947 he was ordained to the ministry. For details of the family see obit.

Middlefield, Ohio - Member Reaches Ripe Age
William J. Byler, 90, died at his home on October 3. Born in Geauga County, Ohio, he was a son of the late Jacob Y. and Sarah (Detweiler) Byler. In 1918 he was married to Malinda D. Byler, Daughter of Daniel C. and Anna (Kauffman) Byler also of Middlefield. For details of the family see obit.

Oakland, Md. - Lancaster County native dies

John F. Lapp, 83, died on November 1, at the home of his sister Katie, wife of Noah Zook. Noah and Katie moved to Oakland, Maryland in the 1930s. A resident of Lancaster County nearly all his life, John was a son of the late Stephen and Katie (Fisher) Lapp. He died single.

A Revision from last month

We have recieved a good report of the death of Elizabeth Otto:

Elizabeth Otto, 90, died November 5, at Arthur, Illinois. She was born in that area and lived there most of her life. She has some children in Kokomo, Indiana, where she sometimes stayed briefly, which likely accounts for the error in last month's Diary report. She was a widow of Bishop Jerry Otto, of the Arthur area. Thanks for the right report.

Lovington, Arthur Area, Illinois - Henry R. Yoder
There was a sorrowful funeral here in this community. Jerry Diener and wife with some others went to South Dakota to chiropractors. Jerry was out on a walk and didn't return at the expected time so by inquiring and investigating they found him laying beside the path and life had fled. Elsewhere there will be an obituary of Jerry.

Jerry had a large new machine shop which replaced the one the burned down in the summer of 1985.

Church Districts Divided

Andrew and Steve Kaufman divided their churches this fall bringing the total number to 18. Will Mast also divided in 1986.

The month on December goes on record as a most uniform temperature. The coldest was around 6 degrees, but most of the month it was around 26 to 32 degrees in morning and in p.m. 36 to 40 degrees. Most days were cloudy with also many foggy days. The farmers' work is well kept up.

There was very little grain moved to markets in December. The price isn't very attractive at this time. The same goes for soybeans. The price of soybeans dropped off around $.20 per bushel since the first week of December and corn about the same.

Cattle market hasn't changed much, also the hog market is about steady. Demand is still good for feeder pigs.

Haven, Reno Co., Kansas - Mrs. Enos Schrock

Our community was saddened by the sudden death of our Bishop Sam J. Yoder's wife, Katie, age 65, who died very unexpectedly Monday evening around 5:30, December 8, 3 months after her birthday. They enjoyed their 40th wedding anniversary a few weeks earlier.

Then again the death angel came and took the life of Ida Fern, widow of the late Deacon Ben H. Bontrager. She died during the night 2 months and a day after her 65th birthday. She was found Tuesday morning, December 16, by the daughter-in-law living in the big house. (See Obituaries.) These two grandmas' both had 15 grandchildren. They will be greatly missed at their homes, church, and by the whole community.

Enos E. Schrock had eye surgery done on his right eye, removing a cataract and putting in an implant on December 18th. He is getting along well. He had the left eye done 4 years ago with good results.

The last days of 1986 are here and we are ready to step into the new year of 1987. We wish everyone a good year.

The fall crops are all harvested and most of the butchering is done for this year. We are having beautiful weather with temperatures of 13 to 50 degrees. We did have quite a lot of foggy mornings throughout the month. We had very little snow this winter so far and not enough wind to run the windmills for the stock water supply the last week. Christmas day was nice with 52 degrees weather and beautiful sunshine.

Conewango Valley, NY - Moses D. Stutzman

December was a nice winter month. We had a few spells with 3 and 4 inches of snow, also rained a few times. Most of the snow is gone again. It was quite icy over Christmas with 10 to 14 degrees a few times. We didn't have much sunshine, mostly steady cold and frozen.

Car-buggy Accident

On Dec. 19, Menno Jr. Hershbergers were hit on the front wheel head by a car after dark. Two fellows had been drinking and said they didn't see the buggy. The gears were torn off and the top upside down with the family in yet. Susie and the baby were in the hospital a few days but with no serious injuries. Menno and dau. Lizzie were also treated and released. The horse got loose and ran off but was found in a field about a mile from the accident.

A CORRECTION FROM LAST MONTH: A false report. Emanuel Y. Miller did not have another blood clot in his leg that they took out. He came home after a 2 week stay in the hospital.

Dewittville, Mayville Dist. NY - Salome J. Byler
November started in nice. We had some rain on the morning of the 2nd. It was nice again with temperatures from 30 to 40 degrees in the morning. We had rain again on the 9th but it got nice then it cooled off and got windy on the evening of the 10th with the temperature at 29 degrees. It was 30 degrees the morning of the 11th, the first snow came on the 12th, it snowed the 13th and 14th. It was 18 degrees on the morning of the 14th. 22 degrees the next two mornings but it warmed up and the snow melted. It snowed again on the 18th, and was 18 degrees the morning of the 19th, also some snow flurries. The 21st to 23rd were nice and in the 40's. The 24th was dreary and damp, the 25th was nice, and rainy on the 26th, then like summer the rest of the month.

December started in with a cold wind and rain or snow. On the 2nd it was rainy, on the 3rd snowy and stormy, on the 4th it snowed a little, on the 5th and 6th it got nice, on the 7th and 8th the snow melted, and it was rainy on the 9th. 20 degrees and snow on the 10th, sunny on the 11th and it snowed a little on the 12th and 13th but it was still nice. It was 14 degrees the morning of the 13th and 14th. Then it was nice again till on the 18th we had some snow. The rest of the month was mostly around 30 degrees and dreary except for the 22nd and 29th which were nice and sunny. It was rainy on Christmas Day and there is a light cover of snow on the ground today.

Moses S. Hostetler, Dewittville, fell around 20 ft. while helping tear down a barn. He saw that a rafter was about to fal on somebody so he grabbed for it and lost his balance. X-rays showed no broken bones but he hurt his back.

Dannie, 9, son of John D. Kurtz, Stockton, was bitten in the face by a horse while standing in the barn after church services. But it wasn't serious and he was able to be in school the next day with a band aid on it.

Norfolk, New York - Sue Wickey

December came in with rain and sleet the second evening, by the evening of the 3rd we had 2 inches of rain. We had 3 mornings of around zero, the 8th, 9th and the 13th. We got rain and sleet the 10th and 11th and have had some icy since. Some days it would warm up enough to melt over the top and get more slick. We had a few days that the sun shone but very little. The last week the temperature hung around freezing most of the time, some times a little above or a little below.

Dau. Susan (Mrs. Pete Schwartz) and 5 youngest children were here to visit 5 days, the first time for the children since the moved a year ago.

James Wickeys had a few accidents in the family, their little first grader, 6 year old Barbara some way got a cut through her eye lid, also cut the eye ball, she needed stitches on Sat. eve. after a sled riding accident. And Sunday while mother and a few of the younger ones were home with Barbara, James, 1year old spilled hot water over himself. They used home remedies of flour and lard and he seems to be coming along fine.

Happy New Year to everyone!

Rensselear Falls, New York - M. E. Shetler

December was cold the first week or so but warmed up with rain and a lot of ice. If you can't decide what the weather will do, just keep an eye on the barnyard rooster. Wann der hona kraet uff ein haufa misht, enert das wetter sich oder es bleibt wie es ist. Also a good sign to dehorn cattle is when the temperature is very low to lessen the bleeding, and then only if the cattle has horns.

Newport, New York - Sarah Renno

We had several inches of snow which lasted a week or 2, and we also had rains and lots of mud around. Coldest for the month was 8 degrees.

Weather for December was about average. Ground was mostly covered with snow, but roads are bare again. Temperature was down to zero a few mornings. We had very few sunny days.

On Monday, Dec. 29, Miss Lizzie Peachey from Path Valley came up to be at Joshua Rennos for a while, since Joshua's have a little boy since Dec. 27, weighed 4 1/2 lbs. Enos and Lydia Swarey and 2 children came along up, and returned home the next day.

Little Lavina, 4 mo. old dau of Jacob Peacheys seems to be improving since they have her back on similiac with iron and was able to to along to church on Sunday.

The Sam Kanagy family moved back to Pa. after living here 4 1/2 yrs. This settlement started in 1979. 3 families moved in that spring and 1 more in the fall. 4 more families moved in "80. 1 in 1981, 2 in "82 and 1 in "83. No more families moved in since, (3 young couples married within this time.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kurtz from Lawrence Co. were in this area, looking at farms and have spotted one. Plans are to move sometime in March.

Seneca Falls, New york - Mrs. Noah S. Byler

Dec. 30 - December started in with nice sunshine and breezy. But we had very little sunshine the rest of the month, altho on the 29th we had nice sunshine all day again. But then dreab again.

We had about 4 in. of snow at the most, but did not last long. Had quite a bit of rain tho.

Temperature ranging from high of 42 degrees on Dec. 3rd, to a low of 13 degrees on dec. 13th. Most of the time in the 30's or high 20's.

Sure have had a mild winter so far.

We are coming to the end of 1986 and entering another year. Makes a person wonder what it may hold. Which only the Lord knows. All Have a Happy New Year.

December was a mild month. Mostly cool and cloudy days while others were nice and sunny. Three days were rainy and a light snow on the 30th. So far it has been a mild winter although we had more snow in November than in December.

Howard, Nittany Valley, Penna. - Henry M. Glick

December was mostly mild with a few colder spells. The coldest being from 10 to 15 degrees. A lot of cloudy days with a fair amount of rain and very little sunshine.

Dauphin Co., Penna. - Mrs Benuel B. Fisher

We've had a lot of damp and cloudy days thru Dec., and very few days of all sunshine. The farmers had been watching their chance to get corn fodder in, but it wasn't fit. Very little snow. On the 11th a light coat of snow fell, but was soon gone, ground isn't frozen yet. Men are hauling manure and stripping tobacco. A lot of sick people with a flu over Christmas.

Myerstown, Lebanon Co.,. Penna. - Levi S. Hing

December in general was mild and rainy with some snow on the 18th. The coldest for the month was 6 or 8 degrees on the 21st. A lot of nice days for hauling manure and plowing if the person didn't care to plow a little wet. Some tractor farmers were seen plowing on New Years day as the ground is still not frozen. There are still some fields of corn and soybeans that have low spots with water standing in them which are probably waiting on solid frozen ground to be harvested. More and more large buildings are going up in our neighborhood as housing for broiler hog, steer and turkeys, with a lot of manure available free for hauling.

LANCASTER CO., PENNSYLVANIA - REPORTS

White Horse Area - Mrs. Stephen Stoltzfus

Steven age 16, son of Leroy G. Stoltzfuses, has an injured eye from a nail hitting him in the eye.

Mascot Area - Mrs. Ben B. Esch

Dec. 8 - Sammie Glick came home from Phila. hospital from his kidney transplant. Returned on the 15th as kidney not working with his body. Came home Dec. 26 again. He is slowly improving.

Dec. 19 - Christ Ebersol, son of Samuel Ebersol's had a mishap with a manure spreader while fixing web, mules started to go, this caused a big dash deep in his leg. Was in hospital a few days. Is getting around on crutches.

Eli Miller, husband of Lydia (Beiler) missing in church since communion church due to his Pachens disease.

Dec. 29 - Bertha Miller, wife of Sammie Miller went to the hospital again at last reports.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

December has been rather mild in temperature, with a lot of rain. Not much snow so far until on Tues. a few flurries, enough to cover the ground for a day. Melted all away yesterday, now this eve it started again, will we get a blizzard?

Christ Fishers moved away from the Strasburg area to Cattail area on Dec. 5.

Paradise Area -

Mrs. Christ L. Kauffman, 70, 19A N. Belmont Rd., Paradise, Pa 17562, fell and broke her hip. She went in the hospital and they put a new hip socket in. She was in the hospital for 5 days. She is at home now and is walking with a walker. They have no children. So let's us friends help pass her time with cards and letter's. She is glad for company.

Centerville Area - Susie L. Petersheim

Levi R. Beiler, 225-A N. Hollander Road, Gordonville, Pa 17529 was injured while hauling manure on Nov. 7, 1986. He has a broken vertabrae and was almost completely paralyzed at first. His feelings and movements are gradually coming back. He was released from the hospital on Dec. 24. He still has to go in for therapy. He had attended the wedding of his son 3 days before the accident.

Solomon H. King 3735 Ridge Road, Gordonville, Pa 17529 was admitted to the hospital on Nov. 20, 1986 with a heart attack. On Dec. 8 he had open heart surgery for by-passes. He was released from the hospital on Dec. 16. On Dec. 22 he was admitted again with pains and a possible stroke. He came home again on Dec. 29 and seems to be doing alright at this writing.

Christiana Area - Mrs. John Stoltzfus Jr.

The old year has passed, A New Year has begun. May everyone have a Blessed and Prosperous New Year.

December has been mild and a lot of damp weather. Only a little snow fell during the month, but as the New Year begins, it is snowing, giving everything a clean and pure look, which makes a person feel to try harder to keep it from becoming stained. Flue is making its round thru the school children, but so far it didn't seem to mean much.

Nine Points Area - Mrs. Ben S. Beiler

December still mild winter weather. The 11th brought our first snowfall that covered the ground. Then again Tuesday Dec. 30, enough to cover the ground and last a day. New Year's Day we had rain during the night.

Mary, wife of Dan M. Stoltzfus was in Ostepathic Hospital from Dec. 5 to 17, due to heart problems and also had head ache at times, when Doctors said she was in stage of having another stroke. She's slowly improving now but still weak and not at work.

Lord, through another year,
if thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue,
The true and Living way.

Peach Bottom Area - Christ Zook

Again we had a nice amount of rain in December. This is Jan. 2 and is snowing, real winter weather.

Samuel Fisher, son of Dan Fisher's had a few days stay in the hospital from a freak accident involved with a mule.

Coatesville, Chester Co., Penna. - J. Elmer Lapp

The weather was on the wet side quite a few cloudy days. The heaviest rain being on the night before Christmas when it rained 1.5 inches. The coldest morning was on the 14th, temperature was 12 degrees. It snowed a few inches on the 11th. Not much frost in ground yet, some farmers would still like to bale corn fodder. The weather hasn't permitted it for awhile. hay and straw prices have risen considerable again. Good quality alfalfa being over $150. per ton and straw over 100. Firewood is still between 80. and 90. a cord, split and delivered.

St. Marys County., Md., Amos R. Stoltzfus

We had a lot of rain in December, no snow, and not much freezing. The day before Christmas it rained over 3 inches causing some high water. It was a cold miserable day for the school programs.

Rebecca, wife of Isaac Hertzler, was in the hospital for 2, weeks due to her diabetes. She had a very sore foot. She is at home now and can be on her feet some again but her eyes are failing now. Address is Mechanicsville, R.3.

Jacob, 18, son of Jacob and Sylvia Stoltzfus, had a appendictis operation at Leonardtown Hospital on Dec. 21.

Mt. Pleasant Mills, Penna. - Sam M. Troyer

December has been milder than normal, according to my records the temperature averaged around 6 degrees warmer than last December. And we had around 4 inches of rain and very little snow. We are still using greens out of the garden.

There were quite a few visitors here over Sunday from Adams County, Indiana. A van load stopped at Cornelius Troyers and a Stationwagon at our place, and were all at Mose Troyers on Sunday for a singing.

McClure, Snyder County, PA - John Y. Speicher

Dec. 31. The last day of 1986, Lord willing it will soon be 1987. The month was changeable with very little snow but much rain at times. Some fall plowing was done. We had many cloudy days with not much sunshine days for over a week. Colds and flu are making its rounds, very sick children with high fevers. On Jan. 2 it is snowing and is around 6 or 8 inches deep. The forecast is for 12 inches. Morning temperature for the month was a low of 4 above and a high of 40 degrees.

Wishing everyone a God blessed New Year with good health in body and spirit!

Beaver Springs, Penna. - Emery A. Weaver

Month of December was nice winter weather plenty of rainfall, but hardly any snow yet. Our group is rather hard hit with the flu.

Troyer's sawmill is shut down today, all of our group got their deer except husband Emery. Lots were shot and still a lot around, were 6 behind Wayne's house last eve.

Belleville, Mifflin Co., Penna. - Catherine Swary

December started in wet, rainy, with December 4, 5, 6, sunny, but cool. Snowflurries Dec. 10, 11, 12. Dec. 13, 14, sunny but col temperature down to 8 degrees the lowest for the month. Dec. 15, 16, 17, beautiful like Indian Summer, Dec. 24 rain nearly 2 inches and very icy, but was mostly melted till eve. The last week was cloudy with predictions for snow but had very little temperature ranging from 22 degrees to 30 degrees.

Landisburg, Perry Co., Penna. - Lydiann Fisher

December was a very mild month, but also brought us a lot of replenishing rains which are a blessing. We only had one snow shower which barely covered the ground, until New Years night and the next day brought us 8 to 10 inches of wet snow, making some very happy children. There was no ice skating in Dec. which is different from the past years. The mild weather seems to be just right for flu germs to fly around. We escaped it so far, but its on all sides of us. Mens work is cutting and hauling firewood and hauling manure etc. Women are busy wiping noses, giving out cough syrup etc. and sewing, or just plain keeping house. Here on the produce farm we are browsing through the seed catalogs and thinking spring.

Gettysburg, Penna. - Elizabeth A. stoltzfus

The month of December was mild and wet. We had 6.2 inches of rain throughout the month. Also almost an inch of snow on the 11th. We had 9 mornings wth temperature in the twenties. One morn with 16 degrees which was on the 14. We had 48 degrees on the 3rd and 40 degrees on the 18. Our other mornings had in the thirties.

Moses and all 6 of our sons each got a deer this year from off our farms. Deer seemed more plentiful this year, and were in areas when they were seldom seen before. There is still corn to be picked and corn fodder to bale. But fields are too wet to go and get it. 1986 had what we thought a summer of dry weather. It seems the later corn was planted, the better it yielded this year and we had a good crop of corn. Potatoes did very well too. Hay yield was below normal. All fruits were plentiful.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. David J. Byler

The coldest we had this month was on Sunday, 14 degrees, the warmest we had was in the 50's.

Bill Fisher's baby is home from the hospital, it came home December 16. It had a seven week's stay in the hospital. It is doing good the last I heard.

There was a mishap on Sunday, December 14, Steve, son of Tobias Byler and Enos, son of Jonas Kurtz, Steve was on the horse and fell off and hurt his foot, was out deer hunting that Monday could hardly walk but he is on the go again. Enos wanted to jump on the horse and went over it instead of on it and broke his collar bone and he is wearing a brace. Didn't hear how he is.

Smicksburg, Penna. - Mrs. David E. Schlabach

The coldest in December was O degrees which was on the 21st. The ground was covered with snow twice and just stayed a day or so. Had a glare ice and icy rain on the 24th. Today, on Jan. 2nd we have eight inches of snow and its still snowing.

Mrs. Ervin (Ada) Schlabach Jr. is laid up with a cast on her leg. On Dec. 20th she was taking mail out to the mailbox when she slipped and fell down some icy steps. Her ankel broke in 2 places and has to wear a cast for 6 weeks. They have 2 daughters, ages 3 and 1 1/2 yrs. Address: R.D.#1 Smicksburg, Pa 16256 Windows Rd.

Somerset County, Penna. - Mary A. Kinsinger

The weather for December has been mild but damp and cloudy weather, quite a bit of rainy days and several were quite icy. The day before Christmas was real icy and it didn't really melt till Christmas day. We have had only enough snow to track rabbits and even that didn't last long. Practically no snow over deer season. Temperature ranges from the low 20's to high 30's. Farmers can keep the manure piles down pretty good so far. It seems there are lots of sick people at this time with colds and stomach flu etc.

Floyd, 7 or 8 week old son of Dan F. Brennemans is till kept under some oxygen. He spent 6 weeks in the hospital and now stays at the Drs. Maternity home. That is cheaper then the hospital and still has that type of oxygen that he needs. It was said he had a ruptured lung from the respirator. His mother is constantly with him to care for him. I feel the family needs the prayers and encouragement to keep going, expenses are high. They have 2 boys and one daughter, all healthy children. Let's shower them with mail. Their address: Star Rt. Springs, Pa. 15562.

Oakland, Maryland - Mrs. Atlee Hershberger

We are still having open weather. Had our first snow on Nov. 13, and again some flurries on Dec. 5 but got warmer again and no accumulation of snow. Several mornings the ground was frozen and very frosty. Lots of rain last night.

Freda Lichty, 67 is in Garrett Co. Memorial Hospital two weeks now with cancer. She was anointed since in the hospital.

Southern Mercer Co., Penna. - Eli H. Kurtz

December started in cloudy, rain all day on the 2nd and 3rd, sunshine on the 4th and a few snow flurries, 5th cloudy, snow flurries, 6th sunshine, then 3 days rainy weather, cloudy on the 10th, sunshine on the 11th, then cloudy and some snow flurries for 2 days. 15th mostly cloudy, 16th cloudy and snow flurries, 17th cloudy, 18th rain, then 2 days cloudy, 21st a nice sunshiny winter begins, 2 days sunshine followed by 2 rainy days, 26th a few snow flurries, 29th sunshine. Daytime temperature mostly 20 to 38, although had 5 days 40 to 42 with one day at 50 on the 9th. Morning temperature mostly from 20 to 38 except 3 days in the teens the middle of the month. Also 3 mornings in the 40's on the 3rd, 9th and 18th.

Mrs. Emma M. Byler, widow of Wallie R. Byler is again in bed and not very well.

Eli Y. Byler, 73, New Wilmington, Pa., R.1, spent a few days in the hospital just before Christmas but was brought home again the day before Christmas. She is not gaining and children were called home on the 17th, but is not bedfast. His brother also arrived for a visit but left again.

Mrs. John D. Mast, new Wilmington, R.1, had a siege of lobar pneumonia, as far as I know is getting better.

Susan, 1 yr. old, 9 mo. invalid dau of Amos D. and Mattie Hostetler, New Wilmington, R.2, spent about 10 days in the hospital at Youngstown and had pneumonia on both sides. Is home again and seems to be about like usual.

Mercer, Mercer County, Penna. - Dan J. Troyer

December was mild with very little snow. We had rain on the 2nd and 3rd, also on the 6th and 7th. It was colder with about 2 inches of snow the 13th with temperature at 10 degrees the 13th and 14th. It is warmer again and cloudy with a little rain on the 18th turning to snow in the evening , only got a little skiff. We had 15 degrees the 22nd then warmer again with rain on the 24th. Mostly cloudy the rest of the month with temperatures around 30 to 35 degrees.

Spartansburg, Penna. - Thomas E. Miller

December was a wet, rainy month. We did get some snow during deer season but we had rain just before Christmas and melted it all and made it pretty muddy. Towards the last of the month. It got colder with rain and for a week it was very slippy. The ground was frozen solid. Ice on the ponds is thick enough for skating which the young generation is making good use of it.

Linesville, Crawford Co., Penna. - John C. Miller

So far we have had a very mild winter. We had snow a few different times but it would leave again. Quite a bit of rain on Christmas Eve took away all the snow we had leaving us with a green Christmas. The coldest for the month was about 10 degrees one morning. Deer season opened on Dec. 1 - 13 for buck and 15 - 17 for doe. Lucky hunters were Roman Schwartz, an 8 pt., John Delegrange Jr. an 8 pt., Danny Schwartz - Spike, Raymond Schwartz, Andy Schwartz, Marcus Schwartz, and Susie Schwartz a doe. Raymond Schwartz, Pete Schwartz, John Delegrange Jr., David Schmidt all got one for crop damage before season opened.

The day after the season was closed, Josiah Eicher and his dog went back to check on some fence near the woods. At one point the dog was acting funny, so upon investigating he found a doe stuck in the mud. One leg had been shot off during hunting and the other was stuck. Not expecting to do any hunting he had no gun or knife and quite aways from the house. So he discovered a 2 x 4 and a broken glass jar will do the same job.

Sugargrove, Penna. - Joe A. Byler

Very little snow in December, ground was frozen much of the time which is unusual for here, rain on the 24, 25, icy from the 27 to Jan. 1.

Union City, Penna. - Levi D. Stutzman

We had above normal temperatures in December. The first part was more changeable with frequent rain and snow. The last two weeks were more dry with the temperature hanging around 30 degrees. We have very little snow on the ground but not enough thawing to melt the ice.

Middlefield, Geauga Co., Ohio - Eli E. Miller Jr.

December had very little cold weather, lowest was 15 degrees in some places alittle colder, had some snow about 4 inches but didn't stay long. From the 13th till the last temperature stayed from 25 to 35 with some rain but fields with no cover are froze to haul manure, had very little sunshine, is starting to snow tonight, Jan. 1st, temperature at 31 degreees.

Milk is up a littleover $11.00 per cwt. at cheese plant, hog prices have gone up a little between $55.00 and $60.00 per cwt. feeder pigs average per cwt. $82.00.

Navarre, Ohio - Mrs. Sam J. Hershberger

December brought us no snow to speak of and it was mild with many cloudy days and plenty of rain. The three days before Christmas were very nice with sunshine except some rain on the 24th. On New Year's Day it started snowing in the afternoon and by the next morning it was about 6 inches deep with the woods, buildings, fences and all making a beautiful sight all covered with such a coat of pure whiteness.

This is January 2nd and its been snowing off and on since yesterday p.m. We have about 6 or 8 inches of the clean fluffy snow. Its clinging on the trees, fences etc. and it looks very beautiful. We didn't have any snow to speak of in December, but had mild and cloudy days and muddy Christmas.

People are getting their butchering doned. Some are making bologna.

Mrs. Noah Y. Hershberger has cancer and is taking treatments.

Henry A. Miller of Freeport also isn't well and has a cancerous tumor.

Fredericksburg Area - Eli E. Hochstetler

Dec. 1, a dreary, cool 29 degrees and good deer hunting weather and quite a few taken. Good moisture with heavy dew and foggy mornings the first 2 weeks. Not much rain but more freezing the last 2 weeks. Many fox, coon, possum, and muskrats were taken by local hunters and trappers. Still a few corn shocks out. Cattle mostly on dry feed and doing quite well. Stored apples not keeping as well as some years, probably due to heavy rainfalls. Road Crews put up some snow fence this winter. Dec. has been a pleasant and beautiful fall weather. With not so cold and not much snow. School Christmas Programs were enjoyed by many. Ice fishermen are wishing for colder weather. Fox hunters wish for snow. Dec. 30, 28 degrees and snowing briskly. A joy for fox hunters.

John S. Miller had a Cataract operation and an implant put in his right eye recently. Is coming along good.

Mrs. Perry (Sarah) Stutzman had cancer surgery a few weeks ago and is at home and gaining. She was a former Diary subscriber.

Millersburg, Ohio - Raymond S. Weaver

December was very mild with the morning temperature averaging about 30 degrees for the month. Our lowest recording was 16 degrees one morning.

We had hardly any snow, but abundant rain throughout the month.

Some farmers are still shredding corn fodder as weather permits.

There is much flue around and it seems to affect the younger children the worst.

Baltic, Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

For our concluding months of 86. We had mostly damp and cloudy weather. Not to many days with sunshine, but temperature not at zero yet. And very little snow. Ample moisture springs are at a good flow, a few farmers have corn fodder on shock yet. Butchering is on the list at present. Hog prices are dropping but pigs sold over a dollar a pound at a local sale today. Grain prices are still down. Hay prices still a fair price. At local sales, straw prices are higher.

Sugarcreek, Ohio - Jonas N. Bontrager

Winter has been mild so far. The ground was frozen a bit a few times. 12 degrees was the coldest so far. The temperature for December was mostly arond freezing, with some rain and no snow over Christmas, just nice winter weather.

The crops are nearly all in, some corn shocks are out yet. Markets seem steady, with hogs at $.50 and milk abover $11.00 per hundred.

Mrs. Jonas N. Borntrager was hospitalized on Christman day with arthritis Bursitis and lower back problems. She is in traction but is improving and expected to be home on December 30. She has not had severe pains for a few days now. We will have to get a hospital bed for her.

Fredericktown, Knox County, Ohio - Sarah Mille

We had mild winter weather through December, with just a few snow flurries. We we didn't have much snow so far this winter. The coldest we had was 8 degrees. We had quite a bit of rain this month. The sun didn't shine much through December.

Mrs. Sam Hilty had an operation to remover a few tumors, and had quite a time to recover, but she is doing okay now. Minisher Elmer Brenneman was also in the hospital again for a week. Atlee, son of Levi Millers, was very sick with double pneumonia. A lot of people are sick with the flue or colds.

Sullivan, Ohio - Jonas A. Hershberger

December broke a record, bringing less than an inch of snow. Three deer were shot during the season by the Amish. Jacob H. Swartzentruber, Jacob J. Yoder and Andy J. Yoder were the lucky ones.

Dannie, son of Alvin L. Keims, received a deep cut just above his knee when he slipped at the buzz saw and got too close to the saw. His knee joint was open and a chip broken off the bone. He is healing up again.

Levi J. Swartzentrubers bought a farm adjoining theirs. They want to put a new set of buildings on and their son Jonas will move on it.

Stockport, Ohio - Warren L. Fussner

December 1st was opening day of dear season. A new law permits hunting with a pistol this year. The first day was fair, but the 2nd was rainy all day, the 3rd dreap and 4th was nice until the 6th and 7th when it rained most all of both days. Was fair for several days, then got cold on the 14th. Damp and drizzly then 16th and 17th. Colder on the 18th, with some snow flurries in the air. Nice then until it started raining on the 24th and rained all day. Christmas was fair, but muddy. Fair then until the 30th when we got a light snow. Fair on the 31st. Another year is now history.

Mrs. Eli L. Beechy was poorly the last couple of days. She has a small lump or growth on her head which has the doctors puzzled. She passed out Tuesday evening and spent a few hours in Marrietta Hospital Emergency Room.

Ervin J. Hershberger's had a frolic Tuesday a week ago to put up a 24' x 60' hog house.

Levi H. Miller has a barn raising planned for the fore part of January.

Some prices from 1976 3.5% grade B. Milk sold at $8.50 a hundred. Hatching eggs at 85 cents a dozen. Wool 34 cents a pound. Wheat $3.15 a bushel. Maple Syrup $10. a gallon. 40# feeder pigs $27. a head. Ear corn $2.54 a bushel. 3 in 1 Mineral Blocks $2.78 each. - 3 horsepower Briggs and Stratton, 2 cycle motor $62. 1 yr. subscription to Draft Horse Journal. $11.00. One set Barn Door Trolleys (National) $5.32. 14ft. Metal and Wooden Gate. 27.50, 50# 8b nails, $15.34. Canning peaches $6.95 a bu. 5 year Diary $1.99, Size 10 Workshoes $19.70.

December, 1986 prices

Grade B. 3.5% milk $11.50. Farm Eggs 75 cents a dozen. Ear corn from Picker $1.40 a bushel.

Nunnely, Tennessee - Lester Graber

David and Polly Bontrager left here on the 2nd with team and wagon (closed) for Valdosta, Georgia. Just past Birmingham, Alabama a man bought their wagon, so their contact in Georgia picked them up, and they arrived in Valdosta in time for Chistmas afterall.

On the 9th, breakfast visitors with Samuel D. Borntragers were Ivan Shetlers of McRae, Arkansas; David J. Yoder, Dan Yoders and Andy Shetler of Utica, Minn. They were on their way to Ky. where Ivans plan to move to in the near future.

Tanglewoods school had a Christmas program on the 23. Teacher Clara Mast left for home at Huntingdon the next day. She came back on the 30th, but we had one more day of school in 1986, but school was closed on the first again.

Rudy and Sadie Borntrager and several children left here on the 24th for Glasgow, Ky. area where both have family connections. They stayed till the 29th when the rest of the family went up to spend the day and all came home in the evening.

Church at our place on the 28th was well attended with the ones still at home around here and Samuel Girod of Bowling Green, Mo. who arrived here the evening before.

Polly D. Borntragers have gone into the salvage grocery business, buying the remains of a store in Nashville that had fire.

Weatherwise December has been mild; coldest was around 15 degrees on two mornings. We had quite a bit of rain but no snow yet. Firewood is a hot selling item.

Ethridge, Lawrence Co. TN - Daniel M. Gingerich

So far our winter has been more on the mild side, with a lot of damp weather. We had a total of approx. 6 inches of rain scattered throughout December. The temperature dropped to 20 degrees above on the 6th and again on the 20th. Otherwise during the cooler parts of the days it ranged from 22 to 60 degrees most of the time it was above 30. Christmas day was nice and clear but no snow.

Our family was blessed with a new addition on the 29th. Another little dishwasher. This makes 2 girls and 3 boys for us. We named her Lydia after her grandmother Hostetler. I noticed that there was a lot of deer news last month. So I'll add a little too. Not having time to hunt this fall I don't remember the hunting season dates, so about all I could do one morning was stand and stare when 6 deer crossed the road within shooting distance of our house. Of course they were all does. Later I decided that they were probably headed to the corn field to gather corn. Which is what some times happens when a man leaves his corn out until the middle of winter.

Pleasantville, Tennessee - Miriam Miller

We had quite unusual weather this year. Had a very dry summer, and wet fall. In November beginning of hunting season my 2 cousins from Millersburg, Ohio, Davide and Steve Miller and their friend Homer Wengerd came for about 5 days to hunt. They went home empty-handed. Was rainy the whole while they were here. Then also 4 men from Dayton, Ohio the area where my brother Tim stayed a few months this summer came to hunt also. They also went home empty-handed. Yet a few boys from the community got several deer. One got a 10-point buck one morning, He later got a 6 -pointer also. Another young boy Rufus Shirk bagged up 4 bucks the first 2 weeks of buck season!

I'm at present staying with one of my married sisters; Sarah, the Joseph Beilers. She has a bad case of low blood sugar and is quite weak. Helps her alot to have some one here. She has 3 small children and has quite a responsibility. The baby being 5 mo. old.

The flu is making its round in the community. Some folks had quite a bad case of it. Otherwise most people are doing well.

Dan Coblentz from Belle Center, Ohio arrived at the Joseph Miller home December 25th to spend a week there visiting and probably hunting deer too. Also, Mervin and Abner Allgyer are expected at the Joseph Beiler home tomorrow the 27th.

Visitors are quite plentiful this time of the year! Nice to meet new folks tho.

Sammie Eichers and 5 children, Ruth Schmucker,, Owen, Ruby and Nancy Yoder from Belle Center stopped by about 2 weeks ago - Mom and dad hadn't met them for about 25 years!

In closing I wish each one a Happy New Year - And the only way we can be truly happy is through Jesus Christ. This is also a lasting happiness - God be with you all.

Marion, Kentucky - Samuel Hertzler

Our mild weather continues. About 50 percent of the mornings it was above freezing. There have also been many days that there was no sunshine. There have also been days of rain, but not near to the extent of cloudy weather. No snow yet, except a few flakes.

A van load left on Tues. for Gradyville to help relatives from Del. move in to where a new settlement is starting. It is about 200 miles southeast from here.

During the year there were 4 weddings, 15 babies were born, with one being stillborn.

Guthrie, Todd Co. Kentucky - Jessie D. Peachey

We still haven't had any snow and not very much cold weather this winter so far. 20 degrees was the coldest and then not for long. Beans are mostly harvested now, although many were wet yet, also the fields.

On Sunday evening as Eli Hostetler and Wilma Schlabach were on the way home from the singing, while attempting a left hand turn off the 181, they were struck by a car trying to pass them. The buggy was flipped around in the other direction, landing on its side with very little damage to the box. The horse ran off with the shafts, breaking them badly. Also one front wheel was smashed. The car's front and rear windows were broken out with marks on top as though it had passed underneath. No one was injured.

Dunnville, Kentucky - Marie Schlabach

December was a beautiful fall month. We had between 4 and 5 inches of rain for the month. Temperatures ranged from

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* * *

WILL THIS YEAR BE THE LAST?

It may be the last of the years quickly flying,
It may be the last when the master will come
When the land of the holy, for which we are sighing,
Will burst into view _ the Father's glad home,
It may be the last of the earth's checkered story,
The last of the furnace, the desert, the thorn;
The last, too, of service in weakness, then glory,
The Lord will have come, the star of the morn!

It may the last time on earth to awaken,
To finish the story of sorrow and toil;
Oft feeling unloved, neglected, forsaken,
Of treading in earth's thorn-covered soil.
It may be the last! Then all mystery ending
In radiant light from the sunshine of God!
And, oh, what a welcome, as we are ascending!
'Twill more than make up for the difficult road!

THE NEW YEAR

I cannot lift the viel which hides the future;
I may not see the path which must be trod;
I only know the "way of faith" leads upward,
And ends at last in light and love and God.

I cannot tell how many rugged mountains,
Or shadowed valleys I shall have to cross;
I only know the Lords, my hand enfolding,
And leading me, the way will not be lost.

The New Year all unknown, but ever trusting
In Him who lived this life and knows the way;
I surely know His Word and presence always
Will courage give, and strength for each new day.

COMMUNITY NOTES continued from page 16

20 to 58 degrees in the morning and as high as 75 degrees during the day. We had 4 different mornings with 20 degrees. The rains were on the 8th, 9th, 23rd, and 24th and a light shower the 30th with a few snow flurries at one time. Small pigs were way down Christmas week but other weeks they were still over $1.00. Beef is the same.

New Haven, Allen Co., IN - Mrs. John Schmucher

Another year almost past and how this time has a way of slipping past.

The weather was mostly mild for Dec. Had a lot of dreary weather and some fog and very little sunshine. Had very little snow at beginning of months and had a green Christmas.

Mrs. Clara Miller, 89, attended our Christmas church with her dau. Mrs. Lorene Schmucker and when eating dinner she choked and had to wait a little while until she could finish again.

Hog House Destroyed by Fire

On the morning of the 23rd the hog house of Aaron Lengachers burned down. It was starting to burn pretty good already when she first saw it. A few sows and feeder pigs stayed in.

On Sunday the 28th, Aden Schwartz's left for dinner and while they were gone, their house was broken into and ransacked and some cash was taken. Otherwise they couldn't see that anything was gone.

Shipshewana, LaGrange Co,Indiana - Anna Eash

We had no zero weather to report but has been in the teens a few times but not higher than in the 40's, I don't think. We had real nice soft snow on Dec. 4 about 4 inches but did not accumulate and had some since but did not give us occasion to shovel or sled. It has been cloudy much of the time, however we had near perfect days on 21 and 22nd.

We hear reports of people having flu enough to keep doctors busy.

On Christmas day it was cloudy but not cold.

Seems everybody is busy, factories are running full schedule minus vacation for the holy days. Others are leaving for Florida, some for Arizona.

Praying that the Lord will be with us all during the New Year ahead.

Nappanee, Indiana -Joni D. Gingerich

December was a little unusual. The temperature was very mild with quite a few damp and foggy days. We had 19 days without sunshine and only two days of all sunshine, and a few of the remaining days were mostly cloudy. The temperature dipped down to 22 degrees on the 10th. It held very even for the whole month, mostly in the 30's, sometimes it ventured up in the low 40's, and the high mark was 48 degrees on the 15th. The Goshen weather station recorded a little more than 4 inches of snow. 1.5 inches was the most at any one time and that lasted only a day or two. The ground hasn't been frozen very hard. Crops are almost all gathered in in this area, although a few tractor farmers still have beans and corn out where the ground has been to soft for their heavy machinery to get them out. There has been some flu around, but supriseingly little considering so much damp weather that we've had. Carpenters have been taking advantage of the mild weather, also the farmers have been doing repair work on buildings and fences and cutting wood, and doing other odd jobs.

We have had a few funerals in this area but I suppose they will be reported by the other reporter.

Etna Green, Indiana - Menno Schwartz

The skies have been overcast with some rain. Much foggy weather already in December.

Hamilton, Steuben Co., Ind. - Emanuel B. Eicher

December was mostly foggy, damp and rainy very few sunshine days.

Our baby Henry was in the hospital 2 1/2 days of broncolitis and is getting better again, is a lot of bronicol flu around as most of our little ones had a bad cold and coughs.

Kokoma, Howard Co, Ind. - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

We had a mild December with plenty of precipitation, so days of sunshine were very rare. Decemer 10th was our coldest day of 14 degrees and nice sunshine then but as soon as it warmed up it was cloudy again. The fields are frozen enough that farmers busy hauling manure. Buthchering is also being done. Carpenter work is slowing down, some with mostly remodeling jobs to keep them going. We had our first snow that covered the ground the 29th. The 30th it was aboe freezing again so the children didn't have much time to really enjoy it.

Daviess Co., Indiana - Elizabeth Mae Raber

December had 22 cloudy or partly cloudy days but not very much rain and hardly any snow. High temperature for the month was 52 degrees on the 8th and low was 10 degrees on the 13th.

Henry Knepps had an accident with their preserve water tank, as the preserve went to high and it blew out through the roof of the building about 50 or 60 feet away. Nobody was near or in the building so they were very lucky that nobody was injured.

Jamesport, Daviess Co., MO - Amos W. Yoder

We had quite mild weather through December with 4 inches of rain the first part of the month and no snow. The last half of the month we had much fog and cloudiness. The temperature was mostly from 20 to 30 degrees.

The corn is nearly all husked, but lots of soybeans are in the field yet, and some of them are down quite bad.

Joseph, 5 year old son of Jonas Hostetlers, was kicked in the forehead Sunday morning, December 14, after Jonas had unhitched in church, breaking his skull in about 1/2 inch. He was rushed to a Kansas City hospital, where he underwent surgery to repair his skull. He is at home now again and doing fine.

Windsor, Missouri - Monroe J. Hershberger

December: We had some rain the 2nd. There was some snow in the air the 8th but none stayed on the ground. We had enough moisture throughout the month, and not enough freezing temperature to allow a lot of harvesting yet. There are still beans and corn out. Crops were real good this year and we had moisture and sunshine as we needed it until at harvest time, when it turned wet.

Our Christmas program atthe schools was the 23rd and then they had of 3 days, beside Christmas, for vacation.

Our former neighbor, the Ervin Herschbergers of Arthur area, visited here 5 days. They came to make arrangements to sell their acreage to Rudy Troyers, of here. The last 3 days of 1986 were moderately warm, and sunny.

Mrs. Henry Mast (Edna) had surgery to remove tumors around the heart and elsewhere. She is gaining as well as can be expected.

Maywood, Missouri - Moses J. K. Burkholder

December was a relatively mild month for this area. The temperature was around 20 or 40 degrees most of the time. Only small amounts of snow or rain was revived and also only a small amount of sunshine the last part of the month.

John T. Burkholders were to northern Indiana the latter part of the month to visit her sister, the Joe Chupps of Nappanee area, and also her step-mother, Mrs. Sam C. Chupp.

Our bird watch for 1986 ended with 82 different species identified, and a number were seen that were not indentified. Quail are quite numerous this year in our area. Last year they were very few and far between. Wild turkeys are fairly plentiful too.

Canton, Missouri - Jacob D. Hochstetler

December was mostly mild. We had a cold spell the week of the 10th, when it went down to 5 degrees. But it warmed up nicely since. We had 2 weeks of real nice weather. We had snow for a day or so during the cold spell, but it was all gone before Christmas.

Most of the crops are harvested. People are cutting wood and there is still some building and repairing going on.

Prairie Home, Missouri - Phineas A. Mast

December has been very nice with very little freezing weather and no snow to speak of. There are still some crops in the fields waiting for the ground to freeze up.

A Prairie Home man and boy's buggy was hit by a car on December 24 after dark when Mark Yoder and his 2 school boys were going home on Rt. 87 . A small car coming from behind claims they did not see them. They were hit full speed and it looks as if the car hit the buggy just on one side. The buggy looked like a total wreck but no one was hurt seriously, only a few bumps and scratches. The buggy was picked up on Friday and found still to have some salvagable pieces.

Clark, Audrain Co., Missouri - Samuel D. Beachy

The month of December was more on the mild side. From the 10th to the 14th it got close to 0 in the morning. The ice on the ponds got about 2 or3 inches thick, but they were hardly froze over since. About three days before Christmas it was very foggy in the mornings, so that it stayed till about noon. We did not have any rain since the first of the month but the fields remained very soft about all month, but they are more solid now. Many are still husking and also shredding. More plowing is being done the last days. We had no snow so far that covered the ground.

Joe, 16, son of Elmer W. Bontragers, was admitted to the Shrinners hospital in St. Louis to have back surgery to correct a problem he has had all his life. Surgery is to take place January 3rd.

Several farms have changed hands recently recently, a total of five hundred acres to five different buyers: E.J. Miller bought a 100 acre farm from Eli W. Bontragers and the other buyers are Clarence Bontragers, Levi F. Millers, Eli L. Bontragers, and Henry T. Millers, buying farms from outsiders in the N.E. church district.

Bloomfield, Davis Co, Iowa - Mrs. Daniel D. Yoder

On the 10th of December we had a light blanket of snow which was the only snow we had for the month. On the 11th the temperature was around 0 being our coldest so far. The last two weeks we had lots of foggy weather with very frosty mornings making a beautiful sight when the sun came out, which was rare! In general we've had a mild winter so far.

Mrs. Gid Yutzy, Anna, isn't very well at present. She has cancer. They are our oldest members.

Johnson County, Iowa - Duane Borntrager

The weather through December has been mild with the temperature hanging between 25 and 30 degrees with mostly cloudy weather. During the second week it cleared off and got colder for several days, it being zero one morning. We have seen some snow in November but it all melted away so the ground is bare right now.

On November 30th Mrs. Chester Yoder fell and broke her hip but refused to go to the doctor until several days later when she couldn't walk anymore. She was then taken to the hospital and had to stay over a wek until she could come home. She is now improving rapidly.

Paul Beachy was out in the barnyard chasing a calf when he stepped sideways and broke his leg just above the ankle. He has got it wrapped and can do most of his chores himself.

My Grandma, Mrs. Eli S. Bontrager, is improving from her broken knee cap. She stays at our house for the present time.

Church District Divided

The North church district was divided into two church districts this month with Bishop Truman Miller taking care of the two churches.

Buchanan County, Iowa - Clara Nissley

We had a nice December, except for the cold snap in the middle of the month. We had a lot of fog the last two weeks, but is staying right around freezing. Lots of times fog was "thick as pea soup" as the saying goes. Lots of cold and coughs going around. On Dr. said 70% of the people have walking pneumonia and don't know it.

The funeral of Mrs. Levi (Lydiann) Hershberger was on December 1 and approximately 400 people attended. Was a nice, warm, and sloppy day.

Dan R. Gingerich hasn't been well lately and after taking numerous tests they found his liver wasn't working right and also has something wrong with his bowels or intestines. He is watching his diet and is better at the present time.

Andy Kurtz, Sr. is very low and is not expected to live long. At one time he didn't know what was going on about him, but he did name some of the relatives that were there to visit him December 28. The grandchildren are taking turns to take care of him at night. His age is 91.

Fred Gingerich was also in the hospital a few days, due to pneumonia, but he is better again.

At the present time we have 7 churches, 7 widows and 2 widowers. We have had one death in 1986, 8 marriages, 35 births, (18 girls and 17 boys,1 boy being stillborn.) Have 80 young folks, 45 girls and 35 boys.

Harmony, Fillmore Co., MN- Mrs. Criss Stutzman

The first 3 days in December were mostly cloudy with over an inch snowfall. From the 9th on we had a week of sunshine, but more cold. Zero a few mornings and some had 19 below zero the 13th. Since then we had mostly in the twenties or low thirties. From the 22nd to the 30th we had mostly dreeb and foggy and hardly any sunshine. The week of Christmas the trees, fences and shrubs were ladden with frost from the fog. Still quite a bit of snow at places, like north side of buildings and in fields, but had a real nice winter so far. Butchering is on the go and men getting more wood in.

Pine City, Minnesota - Phineas Borntreger

Weather wise we didn't have much winter so far, on Dec. 10th we had 14 below zero and on the 13th we had 13 below, some had 16 below. Since then we had from around 10 above or higher, lots of foggy weather. Still quite abit of corn to pick. Work among the men is mostly chores. I guess butchering will start next week. Milk prices close to 12.00 per hundred. The weather we have saves alot of fuel don't seem much like winter. On Dec. 22 we had one day of sunshine so it went above the freezing mark. Mostly cloudy since again, also some flu going around with earache, etc.

Chetek, Wisconsin - Mrs. Henry Lehman

We've had unusual mild weather during the months of November and December. Had a few days each month that the temperature went alittle below the zero mark. Although one day in December it dropped to 26 below, but went right back up to upper 20's again.

We've been having lots of cloudy and damp and foggy weather the last 2 weeks of December.

Lots of corn has been husked out during these nice days we've been having .

Wisconsin - Levi J. Borntreger

December was extra mild with quite a bit of cloudy weather. The week of the 8th we had colder, with temperature dropping to zero and below, but since temperatures were mostly in teens and up, we had several new snows. The week of Christmas we had foggy and damp weather, which made beautiful scenery, being the trees, brushes, etc. were frsoty. On Christmas morn it was most beautiful, which no human hands could have done.

Mrs. Harvey Stutzman had a mishap of falling when coming down the stiarway breaking 4 ribs. She seems to be gaining, but will time and rest.

Ammon Miller is fairly good again since his last heart attack. He is enjoying his scrapbooks, he received from the church, and school, and his family. Quite a few visitors were in our area over the holidays including Felty Borntragers of Indiana who were visiting home folks, sisters, and brothers. Felty got sick on the night of the 27th and was taken to the hospital by ambulance. Dr. thinks its epelecptic fits. He is also diabetic. Have not heard yet if he was dismissed or not.

Wilton, Wisconsin - Ben C. Borntreger

December was a mild month although we had a few below zero mornings around the 15th. But the last 2 weeks were real mild, had quite a few foggy days and not much sunshine. The woods were a beautiful sight over Christmas every thing was covered with frost on account of the foggy weather. I think most all crops are gathered, corn was of exceptionally good yield and quality. Woodcutting and butchering is the main work at present. We have a nice cover of snow about 4 to 6 inches on the level which we got the 1st part of December.

Medford, Wisconsin - Clarence J. Miller

We're having very nice mild weather in Dec. with only a few days zero or below the second week. Had mostly cloudy though and quite a few foggy and frosty days, which made some beautiful scenery.

Cashton, Wisconsin - Joe C. Bontrager

The weather through December was mostly mild, we had one morning at 3 below zero and some had as low as 20 below, the week of the 10th but warmed up before Sunday the 14th since then it was mostly in the 20's to a high in the 40's during the day time, the south slopes are quite bare, but still a nice layer of snow elsewhere. Also some ice in yards.

Greenwood, Wisconsin - Jonas P. Bontrager

December was mostly mild with only 4 days of zero degrees or colder, with the coldest being 20 below on the 13th, after the 15th we had a lot of fogy and frosty weather with temperature mostly in the 20's, we had only 3 in. of snow.

With the nice weather we had, most farmers are done gathering their corn which was a real good crop. Now a lot of buthering and wood cutting is being done.

Blair County, Wsconsin - Mrs. Moses S. Miller

December had milder weather than Nov. did. We had quite a bit of snow but a lot has melted since we have our mild December weather. have enough snow for younsters to slide down the hills. Skating is pretty good. A lot of cloudy days, with a sunny day now and then.

Perry A. Lambrights went to Bertha, MN to visit a brother Henry Lambright who is not well.

Yost N. Hochstetler who had a blood clot in his let is at work again.

Mrs. Amelia Mast of Charlotte, Michigan has moved in the new house built for her at her daughter and son in law's the Perrry J. Lambrights.

Augusta, Wisconsin - Joseph W. Schrock

December was a mild month very little snowfall and the temperature the last few week was 25 to 30 degrees, range day and night alot of foggy days. We now have about 2 or 3 in. snow and the south slopes are bare. Temperature today was 37 degrees.

Evansville, Wisconsin - Mrs. Ivan Bontrager

1986 was a good crop year for our community, though wet to harvest it until in November. In mid-November we had a couple of surprise attacks of zero weather (5 below the coldest) December has been very mild with snow on the ground since Dec. 7; sledding and skating about all month.

In this last year there were 5 births and 2 deaths, Both deaths were from accidents and a big shock to the community. Both happened in Feb. Elmer Plank, age 28, died after his head was shattered by a big chunk of frozen silage which fell on him when he was tossing down silage one Sunday eve. This fall his widow (the former Cindy Kramer and her 6 children moved to Texas).

Ernest Detweiler, age 15, died after apparently being thrown off his pony again a cement wall. he was the oldest child of Rudy and Amanda (Miller) Detweiler, who have 7 children living.

Wallace Miller, who was a widower around 20 months, was remarried at Plain City OH, on Dec. 14 to his first wife's niece, Clara Plank. He brought her here to her new home two days before Christmas. His children; Melvins and Wm. Millers, Ben Yoders, Rudy Detweilers, Barbara, Susan and David Miller; also Andy planks and Emma Gingerich all went to Ohio for the wedding.

Vernon Detweiler, Lucinda Schwartz, and Wilbur Helmuths, have gone to Jamesport, Missouri to Levi Kurtzes for over New Years.

Joe Borntregers have gone to LaGrange County, Indiana Barbara and Susan Miller went with the load to Missouri.

Becky (Mrs. Wm. Miller) slipped on the ice and broke her left arm. She is coming along okay, but is handicapped in caring for the children and doing housework. Mrs. Ben (Rachel) Yoder broke her arm several years ago. She has had surgery 3 times, but the break doesn't heal. On Dec. 17 they put a battery-powered contraptio on her arm which sends a regular current through her arm to aid circulation and healing.

Emanuel Helmuths, Neil Hostetlers, Leroy Ottos, Andy Planks, Ben Yoder, Rudy Detweiler, and Adin Miller attended the funeral of Jerry Diener at Arthur, Illinois.

This community started in 1975 as primarily a dairying community. As of now, among the 22 families here, there are 9 dairy herds, 6 veal calf operations, 6 men in the carpentry trade, 9 men who either have shops or are employed in shops, and 1 man employed on a non-Amish furniture shop, horse-shoeing, and a leather and wood-working shop, the last being recently started by Chester Mullet. On Dec. 5 equipment was put in and are preparing for veal calves, making the 6th operation here.

We have 2 schools with 33 pupils in all. Teachers are Susan Miller and Mrs. Wilbur Helmuth.

Bronson, Branch County, Michigan - Ora Graber

The month in general was springlike, with very little cold, or moisture. We had a little snow the first week, but melted within a few days again. There were a few light rains near the middle of the month. The coldest was also in the first week of about ten above one morning.

The crops are all harvested, and were one of the best for this area. Some oats yielded over 100 bushel per acre. Hay was plenty, but some got washed a little too much. Corn yielded well all over.

Now the problem is, the elevators are full, farmers need money and have surplus crops, but are offered only about a dollar a bushel after deductions for corn. Maybe it would be advisable to go back to general farming, and with less acres and machinery.

The insult to the small operater is that large operator's have the advantage edge by receiving government subsidy's, by set asides, and sign ups to the dozens, so that they get over three dollars a bushel for corn, plus some other subsidy's the small farmer is not able to cope with.

Montgomery, Michigan - Mrs Noah N. Schwartz

December has been fair with only one snow storm so far. We had many foggy, cloudy days, but not so cold. We had a green icy Christmas. Temperatures were mostly around 30 degrees. The ground was covered with snow on the 30th. Wood houses are being replenished.

Scottsville, Michigan - Marvin Yoder

We had a little snow left on Christmas. We had several thawing days in December which melted a lot of the snow.

The hog lots were muddly quite often in Dec.

Feeder pigs at the last assembly were $53. for 40 # pigs and 40 cents per lb. over 40 lbs.

Sow prices are down to 35 cents.

Corn crept up $1.60 per bu. plus trucking.

The Jacob Beacheys and sons Jerry and Ervin left for Dublin, Texas the middle of December. They plan to hold a wood-cutting job down there till spring.

Different ones here have been having some back trouble lately.

Stanwood, Michigan - John Y. Schwartx

The first half of December was colder with a nice amount of snow. The last half was mostly cloudy with almost no rain, snow or sunshine, the mercury was lazy and stayed in the range of 28 to 36 degrees for the last two weeks. We still have a thin blanket of snow.

Corn fields are pretty well cleaned up and some plowing is being done.

Jonas Brenneman had to make some quick trips to the doctor and hospital after getting his fnger in too close contact with the dado saw. It required some stitches, so that his finger will be stiff as too much of the tendon was missing to sew it together again.

St. Marys, Ontario, Canada - David S. Graber

December was rather a pleasant winter month. The temperature was hanging mostly aroung the freezing point, with a low of around 4 below. We had just enough snow for sleighing through the woods and fields, ideal for cutting wood for next winters supply.

Realestate on houses in town and small lots has picked up considerably and are in demand. But farms are still slow. Dairy cows and heifers are selling higher, and hogs are still strong. Beef is also selling higher.

Desboro. Ontario, Canada - Noah J. Stutzman

December brought us mostly mild winter weather, with only a few cold mornings. December 1st and 6th it was 9 degrees, and the rest of that week was mild. On the 8th it was 4 degrees, on the 13th it was 3 below, the coldest so far this winter. The balance of that week was mostly in the teens. The morning of the 14th was 12 degrees and the evening of the 20th was 14 degrees, amd the rest of that week was in the 20's to low 30's. On the 22nd it was 10 degrees and the rest of the week was mostly in the mid 20's to low 30's.

It started raining and snowing on the 2nd and 3rd. It snowed and blew on the 4th, as if winter is here. We had a bit of snow every day until the 14th. (Also had some rain on the 9th.) On the 15th mild weather set in with 6 inches of wet snow on the 18th. It rained again on the eve before Christmas, and the next morning everything was loaded with several inches of wet snow again, and we had no snow since. Sleighs had been the main way of transportation till a few days before Christmas the paved roads became bare. Now they are nicely covered again. On the level there was about one foot of snow, but there isn't that much anymore.

Manure hauling is still done with spreaders, but an extra horse is needed to pull it.

Laplata, Macon County, Missouri - Neil Kauffman

December was a mild month, with morning temperatures from 27 to 40 degrees. We had a few foggy days and then a few clear ones, seemingly taking turns throughout the month. Also we had a few rainy days. On the 10th it was 10 degrees and on the 13 it was 5 degrees and clear.

We have no snow at the time being, and only a few flurries throughout December. Very different from last year's cold and ice.

Lewis Kauffmans attended the funeral of Jonas Troyer of Jamesport area, on December 26.

Revere, Clark County, Missouri - Jacob A. Mast

We had mostly very niceweather through December. The coldest was on the morning of the 13th. The temperature was around 2 degrees but it warmed up again to around freezing the rest of the month.

The men had frolics a few days to put our barn up altho it has plenty of work to do inside yet. At present the men around here are tearing down a big building in Ft. Madison where the rafters and joists are tightly nailed together so that it takes a lot of tearing.

On December 7, in the p.m. John Yoder had a light stroke which affected his left arm and leg, now on the 30th he also had a stroke in the a.m. which affected his tongue so that he can't talk, also he couldn't eat or drink anything yet. 2 of their daughters, Lydia and Susie, the Jonas Nolts and James Mazelins from Scottsville, Ky. are here a few weeks.

Marshfield, Missouri - Rueben Yoder

The temperature was very mild and steady throughout the month with a range from 18 to 50 degrees. The last 3 weeks we had a lot of fog almost every day, which resulted in many frosty trees. It is always marvelous to me how beautiful the Lord makes the countyside.

Precipitation was light with all of it falling as rain in the first half of the month. We haven't had any snow at all.

On December 3 our 11 yr. old spilled some hot soup on her leg and foot, getting some in her shoe which resulted in a very tender foot, the worst being on top of her foot. She lost over three weeks of school but it has been healing nicely all the time, and has only 2 small spots that need to skin on it yet.

Dublin, Erath County, Texas - Andrew B. Beiler

We've had cloudy and wet weather most of December. From December 5th to December 24th we've had very wet weather. Nearly every day it was cloudy and rained or drizzled. Most of it came slow and soaked in deep. It was hard for a lot of people to not condemn the weather just a little. Most would say, "We don't want to complain, because we've seen too many dry times."

On December 12th we awoke to a clear sunny day with 6 inches of snow on the ground. It was a wet snow, and stuck to the trees making an unusual sight for this area. Most of it was gone before the day was over. Last winter we only had a few visible flurries. After Christmas it has been sunny and warm. A heavy frost is usual in the morning, then it will go into the upper 60's.

We appreciate theis nice weather so much the more after all the days we hadn't seen any sun. Melvin Ray Miller will especially appreciate the sunny days again. Isn't that right, Melvin? The high humidity weather will put him down occasionally. This time it was more like pneumonia. He spent several days in the hospital. In his condition he favors dry warm weather. When others seem to think we need rain, he's satified the way it it.

Four families have moved in the area this past month. Alva Masts and Andy Jess's form Illinois, Jake Beachys from Michigan (Luddington area) Lloyd Ropps from Kalona, Iowa. The house at Melvin Ray's is getting to be crowded on church day. So far there has always been enough room for everyone.

True facts: 1: Birds migrate for food, not for warmth. 2: It takes one second for the wings of a hummingbird to beat 70 times.

Riceville, Mitchell Co. Iowa - Dan C. Bontrager

December has brought us some mild weather although we had a colder snap around the 10th but it didn't last long. The last half of the month was very mild with temperatures in the morning around 20 degrees and few in the 30's.

This morning, New Years, it was at 18 degrees. We also had quite a bit of foggy and frosty weather. Over Christmas we had a frost which made a nice scene. We also have a layer of snow, not very deep. Nice for hauling manure, cutting wood, etc. Corn was a good crop and picking is nearly completed.

We got a message from Topeka, Indiana, of the death of Dan A. Miller. A few from here plan on attending the funeral. We also heard that Widower Eli M. Shrock of Riceville, Ia. and Lizzie Lee of Bowling Green, Mo. are published to be married next Sunday, January 4th, at Bowling Green.

Utica, Winona Co., Minnesota - Atlee J. Shetler

December wa not cold on an average. The 2nd week was on the colder side but from the 15th on nearly every morning it was 20 or 30 degrees and stayed that way all day. It did not thaw enough to melt our 6 inches of snow that we got in November. The natives say they have never seen such a mild December. The 15th and 16th, also the 23rd and 24th, were very foggy all day which made a perfect, frosty Christmas Day.

Ich vinch euch alla ein gutes, glickliches, gnadichs, kachlich, reiches Neu Yahr.

Pardeeville, Wisconsin - Joe E. Bontrager

This has been a mild winter so far. There is lots of flue going around here.

Mervin Mast, 47, spent 2 days in the Portege Hospital due to bleeding ulcers at the out let of his stomach. His blood count was low and they gave him some blood but he has too rest up and make his own blood now. He's coming along quite well, but of course gains slower than he'd like too.

Uriah Beechy, 10 year old son of Freeman and Edna Beechy, got both bones of his right arm broken close to the wrist. It happened in a sled accident at their Christmas program at school. He had it set at the hospital and was released to go visit his grandmother for Christmas at Medford, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Elton Jr. Miller (Rosanne Schmucker) spent 3 days at the hospital with bladder infection. She's getting along better now.

Stanwood, Michigan - John Y. Schwartx

The first day of December was cold with a nice amout of snow. The last half was mostly cloudy with almost no rain,. snow or sunshine, the mercury was lazy and stayed in the range of 28 to 36 degrees for the last two week105

Gladwin, Michigan - Mrs. Dan Troyer

We had a mild December. The last half of it was mostly around 30 degrees in the morning and not much higher than 40 degrees in the daytime. But not much sunshine was seen the last couple weeks. We have had some snow but no drifts so far. We had a couple inches of snow again on the evening of the 29th. The lowest we had so far was 4 degrees. It was cloudy today; the last day of the year.

The 4 weddings are now over and most people are getting back in their normal pace again. The newlyweds all have a place to settle down. Henry E. Troyers are living at the same place Henry had been working. Reuben Stutzman built a shop at his parents place and moved in it. Abe D. Troyers are in the process of building a small house to move into and work for an English party in the southern end of our settlement. Harvey E. Troyers moved in with Andy E. Troyers and wants to do the farming there. They also want to build something to move into later on.

Dan J. Stutzmans are building a hog shed. Noah E. Swartzentruber from Wayne County, Ohio, was here the first of December to build a small shed on the farm they bought close to his parents. They have plans to move up by spring.

THE NEW YEAR

I cannot lift the viel which hides the future;
I may not see the path which must be trod;
I only know the "way of faith" leads upward,
And ends at last in light and love and God.

I cannot tell how many rugged mountains,
Or shadowed valleys I shall have to cross;
I only know the Lords, my hand enfolding,
And leading me, the way will not be lost.

The New Year all unknown, but ever trusting
In Him who lived this life and knows the way;
I surely know His Word and presence always
Will courage give, and strength for each **new day**.

HENRY and GREAT THE SOCIETY

CHAPTER 5 - *Henry's Society*

By H. L. Roush - *By Permission*

Social life was varied and sufficient. Their schedule was measured in days, not hours; and Saturday and Sunday were happy days. On Saturday, after the morning chores, the grey mares were hitched to the wagon or sleigh and, when all were loaded, they moved out the lane to follow Salem Pike's carefree way to Willoughby. Brent, Jeff, and Hilda soon knew every house along the seven-mile trip and each of its occupants by name. They noticed every new-born calf or colt along the way, and even noticed when Mr. Simpson replaced 13 pickets in his ailing fence. They took turns commenting on every new crop along the way and no newly painted building, litter of puppies, fresh cow, or weedy garden escaped their notice. They also kept a running tally of groundhog holes along the road, wren's nests, snakes, rabbits, toads, turtles, woolly worms and chipmunks. The boys always took a turn at driving those proud grey mares, and while one gee'd and haw'd, the other pretended he was riding shotgun on the Pony Express to Abilene. Henry and Esther talked of the things they would buy at Wigal's and the people they would meet.

While Henry loaded the feed, wire and hardware items, Esther took her eggs and cream to trade with Mr. Wigal for the kind of things men couldn't understand . . . thread, binding, staples, lye, and always at the end of trading a poke (as Mr. Wigal always called it) of pink lozenges or black sticky licorice for the kids. Sometimes they bought overalls for the boys and Henry, and new dresses for Esther and Hilda.

Henry liked to sit outside on the porch of the store in the sun and talk, or drift to the field across the road where a perpetual horseshoe game was carried on. No one seldom threw less than double ringers, so they were exciting as were the softball games that seemed to materialize, like clouds of a summer storm, out of nowhere. Usually they ended up being played between the old men and young men, and, when they were over, the men were red-faced and panting and the boys sweaty and victorious.

Saturday nights often saw socials sponsored by the M.E. Church or by the Farm Womens' Club, at which time there was homemade vegetable soup, ice cream and pop in tubs of ice, candy and fresh baked cakes and pies to be sold and consumed. Then there were other times, when there was visiting at the neighbors with the adults sitting on the porch talking and laughing, the kids sneaking around listening and laughing at the old folks or mocking them to the happy giggling of those they wanted to impress. There was hide-and-seek in the yard or hiding games in the hay mow with the old folks always worried about them falling out, which they seldom did, and when they did no one ever told. These wonderful times saw budding romances that became the topics of whispered and giggled conferences for weeks between the children.

Sundays there was church morning and evening, with the afternoons for visiting and games. The mingling of the young people before these meetings was a special time, and occasionally the permisson to walk home together along Salem Pike in the moonlight was a treat long remembered. Their shouts and laughter filled the evening air, and life somehow seemed good and full of promise. Once or twice a year a protracted meeting saw meetings every night, and many visitors saw Willoughby making the trip by wagon and an occasional four-wheeled jeep.

Summertime had its share of family reunions at which everyone ate too much, talked to long and got sunburned playing softball or pitching horseshoes. There was the annual Willoughby homecoming with its speeches, ice cream turned on the grounds, fried chicken, pie, cake, and the annual sermon by the town minister. Best of all was the long wagon ride home from Simpson's grove amid the fragrance of fresh mown clover; and while the children fell into an exhausted sleep, Henry and Esther sat together behind the plodding team and dreamed, talked, lived and loved.

When serious illness or death came to Salem Pike, there was that strange fellowship of neighbors that seemed to fill the house with baked goods and to rally to a hayfield that needed to be put up, or a woodshed that needed to be filled. No one seemed to organize itself. Folks just did naturally what naturally had to be done. There were fumbling expressions of sympathy that never seemed to be adequate; but when it was over, the bereaved and needy knew that someone cared and were concerned and that somehow, they were not alone.

Henry and Esther never seemed to accumulate any great amount of money; but when a cow was fresh, or a calf big enough to veal, or the chickens laid well, there was enough for the extra needs and even some put away for that "rainy day" everyone expects in life. Henry liked to tell Esther that they had everything they needed, and with food and raiment and shelter they had found the true secret of contentment, as the Bible says. Henry, on their long walks through the fields on a Sunday afternoon, would remind Esther how God's word says that godliness with contentment was great gain and that by this standard they had gained a lot. They had a little money saved and felt they could always manage it "if something happened," for Henry remembered his father saying, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

Henry would talk often of the day when Brent and Jeff would take over the farm when he was not able, and he could sit on the porch in the same rocking chair his father had rocked in while Henry worked the farm. Jokingly Henry told Esther that he was looking forward to that, so he could boss a little the way his dad had done. "Whispering Pines will never change," he often said, "and the life we have known here will never change. unless we change."

One spring morning, when he had persuaded Esther to walk over the hill with him to see about a new calf, he took her by the hand and together they walked to a favorite hill of Henry's. There, with the wind blowing lightly threw Esther's hair, they could see the length of Salem Pike and the whole valley with its green and brown fields stretched before them. They sat beneath the towering pines on that point Henry had named "Shiloh"; for he explained, it means "rest." The wind sighed through the branches of the trees as though in prayer; and Henry hallowed that spot by obtaining the pledge from Esther that when he was gone she would bring him to Shiloh, and there beneath the pines, overlooking his beloved valley, he could rest from a life well lived. When Esther said he was too somber, he kissed her and holding her close said, "That time is a long way off. We have this moment to love and live and nothing can change that. I remember the lines of that poem by Robert Frost which I love to read before the fire. Shall I quote it for you?" And then looking deep into her eyes, he said:

"The woods are lovely, dark, and deep
But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep."

The rushing wind through the pines seemed to groan now as though the words of Henry's poem had become a prophecy of things to come.

To be Continued

A Gentle People

CHAPTER 8 - Happy Holidays

By Erma Lapp Myers

By the middle of November the corn cribs were full of golden corn. Dat and the boys had managed to go over the upper fields picking the corn by hand. The boys helped after school for an hour and a half each evening until chore time.

It was a busy time in the Amish community, for November was the month of weddings, and Tuesdays and Thursdays were the traditional days they were held.

With Rachel and David's wedding over, Mam and Dat had two more weddings to attend before the end of the month.

The first three weeks of November were filled with blue skies and balmy days. Most mornings were crisp and cold but the golden warmth of the afternoon sun spread itself like a toasty blanket across the countryside. The last week of the month brought the cold rains. The skies turned from blue to gray and there were days when great black, threaterning clouds rolled across the heaven and the rain poured down.

The only leaves remaining were on the oak trees who retained many of their leaves through the winter. Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon the family would take a walk and Mam would say, "Listen, children, the oaks are talking to each other!" As the wind rustled through the leaves, it did indeed sound like loud whisperings, and Nancy wondered what they were saying. She thought it might be something like, "Why are we blest with leaves to keep us warm over winter, while others lose their leaves and shiver in the cold?"

Thanksgiving Day dawned wet and rainy with thin fog covering the landscape. Nancy was filled with excitement, for not only were Doddy Beilers invited for dinner, but also Uncle Jonas and his family.

The kitchen was filled with the delicious smells of roasting chickens, firmly stuffed with Mam's own stuffing recipe. Sweet potatoe croquets were ready to slip into the oven when it was time, along with the corn waiting in the baking dishes. Out in the washroom the small tabletop was almost filled with pumpkin and mince pies.

Doddy's arrived at 8:30. Grossdoddy Beiler was with them and looking forward to the delicious dinner. Shortly after they arrived, Jonas and Rebecca, with their children, drove in the lane.

"Little Jonas does look better," thought Mam as she noticed a bit of color in his cheeks. She had told the children of his illness and of her talk with Uncle Jonas. They hadn't said much, though Nancy had remarked later that she guessed that was why he had seemed so tired at Doddys. He really was sick.

Today he joined the others in their games, but Aunt Rebecca insisted he rest awhile in the afternoon.

It proved a very enjoyable day for all the family. Grossdoddy reminded them of the many blessings they had and how thankful they all should be for the freedoms they enjoyed every day of the year in this great country! Doddy said they should not forget the early settlers and the extremely hard times they had had to go through. Dat recited the poem he'd had to learn as a little boy in school. It was written by Lydia Maria Child, and told about the cold ride over the river and through the woods to Grandma's house on Thanksgiving Day; of the fun they would have, and even mentioned the pumkin pie! The children loved it.

All too soon, for Nancy, the guests said good-bye and were homeward bound. Nancy thought back over some of the things Grossdoddy and Doddy had said. She wondered what that first Thanksgiving had really been like. For several weeks the children at school had been studying about the Pilgrims and Indians and how the Pilgrims had set aside a special day to give thanks for the blessings God had given them, though they had gone through severe hardships since leaving the old country. Lindy told Nancy about the stories they read from their school readers. She also shared the story Mary had told them yesterday at school.

It was a true story about a little Amish boy who had gone to Church with his family. The Indians had come and killed everyone in the church except this little boy who had crawled under a bench and somehow been missed by the Indians. They then set fire to the church. The little boy waited as long as he dared, then fled from the burning building into the nearby woods. Several of the Indians gave chase but he eluded them and found refuge inside a hollow log. In their attempt to find him, the Indians came to the log and sat down on it, possibly discussing where the boy could have gotten to! He waited until the Indians left, then ran to the next house or settlement where he was taken in.

According to Mary, the boy was quite young, and Nancy thought much about him, wondering what she would have done if she had been in that situation.

The day after Thanksgiving, winter came howling up the hollow bringing snow flurries and cold weather.

With November behind, Mam set to work in ernest, getting ready for Christmas. During the afternoons while Nancy and Sarah napped, she made little dresses and shawls for the new dolls they had bought for the girls.

She also made a dress for herself from the rose material she'd bought at Stoltzfus' in October. She wanted to keep the new dress should they take that trip to Doddy Zooks after Christmas.

Then it was time for Christmas cookie baking. All kinds of cookies! Big fat sugar cookies with colored frosting spread on top. Sand tarts in all shapes and sizes. There were stars, Christmas trees, bells, hearts, and big fat santas--all decorated with colored candy bits, walnuts, or sprinkled with sugar and cinnimon. Another favorite was the raisin filled cookies Mark was so fond of, but the molasses cookies were Dat's favorite. He made numerous trips to the house the day Mam made them! They were soft and big, with just enough molasses but not too much. Mam made them early and then stored them in big lard cans to be served over the Christmas Season.

About two weeks before Christmas, on a very cold and blustery evening, Fred and Janice Martin, neighbors and good friends to Dat and Mam came over, and while the men talked farming, Mam and Janice made O'Henry candy. Meanwhile the children played, Button, Button, who has the button? After the candy making was finished, Mam served her delicious chicken salad sandwiches and lemonade. For each two quarts of water Mam used the juice of two lemons and one cup of sugar. She also added thinly sliced lemon rinds. Then Mam brought out a plate of the freshly baked Christmas cookies. Eventually the candy was divided and the Martins left for their three minute drive home.

As Mam and the children waved good-bye from the door, she thought how glad she was they didn't need to go out on this cold winter's night. The stars were keeping watch tonight, but Janice had said there was snow in the forecast within the next few days. "Well, snow will be nice for Christmas time," thought Mam, as she helped a sleepy little Sarah to bed.

The children pulled names at school, and there were gifts to buy for Doddy Beilers and Doddy Zooks. So the Friday evening before Christmas, the Martins stopped at the Beilers and the two families piled into the the Martins' big station wagon and set out Christmas shopping. Nancy loved this evening. In their home they hadn't any Christmas decorations, so on this particular evening, Nancy's eyes were wide in blue-eyed excitement.

The city stores were aglow with colorfully lighted Christmas trees and shiny tinsel. The square was lighted with the white clear bulbs that were becoming so popular everywhere. On the street corners, the bells of the Salvation Army rang out in the night and carols played continuously in the stores. There were so many things, so attractively displayed, that Nancy hardly knew where to look!

Gifts were chosen for their schoolmates and a gift for the teacher.Mam bought several other things she needed to complete her shopping and then helped the girls with a few presents they wanted to buy.

The men and boys had gone their own way some time before. They were walking down one of the city streets when suddenly Dat stopped short, hardly able to believe his eyes. There in the store window of a used furniture shop was a rocker exactly like the one which had been smashed by the storm when the side porch had been destroyed!

The store was closed but Dat knew he'd find an excuse, and transportation back to town tomorrow. He checked the store hours for the next day before turning away. He had to have that rocker for Mam for Christmas!

The children's Christmas program was held Wednesday afternoon, the day before Christmas. The week before, the children had taken a hand written invitation home, inviting their families to attend the program.

On Wednesday morning the children went to school as usual but lessons were not on the agenda. Instead they practiced the entire Christmas program from beginning to end.

The school room was festive with cutout colored paper Christmas bells and candles taped to the windows. Red and green paper chains were hung across the front and sides of the schoolroom and all over the walls hung the best of the artwork the children had made thus far in the school year. Three poinsettias, a red, a white, and a pink, graced Mary's desk which had been pushed to a corner at the front of the room making more space for the coming program. The children happily set up extra chairs for the expected visitors.

On the middle blackboard at the front of the classroom was a picture of the nativity scene drawn in colored chalk. In the manger, filled with sweet hay, lay tiny baby Jesus with Mary and Joseph watching nearby. Kneeling in joyful adoration were the humble shepherds. Sharing the stable was the faithful donkey and several cows. Overhead in the dusty rafters, sleepy doves nestled peacefully. One of the shepherds held a tiny lamb in his arms. Near the stable door lay a couple of sheep looking on contentedly.

Much of the scene had been created by Jonathan with help from several of the other students. He had caught the peacefulness of the stable, yet there was a wonderous excitement in the faces of the shepherds as they knelt before the King.

Promptly at twelve thirty the program began with a Welcoming poem to the assembled families.

WELCOME!

Welcome, friends, to our one-room school, Where we are taught to live the Golden Rule. At this wonderful Season of Love and Cheer, We hope you will enjoy your visit here. We've songs to sing, stories to tell, And we worked very hard to learn them well! So, to begin our program and to each person here- We wish you a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Next came the Christmas Story of Old from the second chapter of the Gospel of Luke, verses one thru twenty. This was read in German, by Mark, who was a bit nervous in the beginning but his voice steadied as he read.

The plays and poems which followed were a delight to the parents and younger children. Some were done in German and some in English. The Christmas carols rang through the school as the children sang in happy unison.

After the children finished, home-made Christmas cookies and candy of all kinds were served along with coffee and apple cider. Oranges and tangerines were handed out along with the cookies. These refreshments were contributed by the parents attending the program.

Mary received many compliments on her work in her selection of material and her supervision of the children in learning their parts. It was an afternoon of good entertainment which helped get the families set for the Christmas day on the morrow.

A shout of glee rang out as the first family opened the door to step out to go home. Snow! Snow for Christmas! Even the parents felt an additional joy as they drove their carriages homeward through the snow.

And then it was Christmas Day! A white Christmas, too! True, there were only a few inches of snow on the ground, for the snow which had begun during the Program the day before had stopped in the early evening hours.

"Such a beautiful morning," thought Mam as she filled the feeder and then watched from the window as the birds flocked back to their interrupted breakfast.

The girls were still snuggled warmly in their beds for this was the one day of the year when they had to wait for Mam to call them!

After David and Jonathan left the house to do their barn chores, Mam brought the Christmas presents from the living room where she and Dat had put them the night before. Then she placed them together according to whom they were for. They were not wrapped so that was the reason the girls waited until Mam called them to come downstairs. Mam knew they could hardly wait to come down and once she thought she heard footsteps on the stairs. She kept a careful eye on the stair door.

Mam began breakfast and then filled six plates with homemade cookies, candies, and an orange, each. Over all she scattered nuts and old-fashioned hard candy. There was a plate for each child. This was a tradition she was handing down to her children as it had been handed down by her mother.

Mam watched the window carefully and the first glimpse she had of the boys leaving the barn sent her to the stairs summoning the girls downstairs. She threw a cover over the childrens gifts, turned breakfast on low, and helped Sarah get dressed.

The quiet of the morning was broken and the excitement of Christmas morning had begun.

It was understood the boys and Dat first wash and change clothes and then gifts could be opened, after which breakfast was eaten.

As Dat entered the house he cautioned, "Sally, your gift is in the washroom. Please don't go there."

Mam wondered briefly what Dat had gotten her.

The little girls exclaimed happily when they saw their new dolls and doll clothing. Lindy received books to read. There were paper dolls for Nancy, and several coloring books for Sarah.

The twins were thrilled with their skates. Jonathan received fresh art supplies and David, several wood-working kits.

Mark was anxious to try his new sled, but just now he was already settled back against the warm chimney examining his new books.

While everyone was busy with gifts Dat slipped out to the washroom and returned with the rocker he'd bought just a few days before.

Mam turned as he entered the door. "Oh, Aaron," she said softly, as he carried the chair over to her. "You've had my porch rocker repaired! It looks good as new!"

"No, Sally, your old rocker was smashed to bits. I found this one in the window of a used furniture store the evening we went shopping with the Martins," explained Dat as Mam settled down in the rocker.

"It feels the same as my old one," she said. "Thank you, Aaron" and Mam closed her eyes and rested her head against the back as she began rocking slowly.

"Oh!" said Mam, quickly rising from the rocker. "I have a gift for you, too." She hurried into their bedroom and returned with a box which she handed to Dat.

Inside he found a pair of warm work gloves, a pair of comfortable driving gloves, a new white shirt Mam had made, and a heavy robe for the carriage.

It was time for breakfast and the hurry and scurry of the day began.

With the animals taken care of and the kitchen set to rights, the family set out for Doddys to spend the day with the large Beiler family. It was a cold morning with the temperature in the mid-twenties. The breath of the horses floated out in the air into nothingness. Dat was driving one carriage and Mark, the other for two were needed to carry the whole family plus numerous packages. Everyone was Warmly wrapped in robes and soon the girls were singing the carols of Christmas with Mam and Dat joining in.

Mark had placed several bells to the harness of the horse he was driving, in keeping with the Season. The horses made a picturesque scene as they swiftly carried the family over the snow-covered country roads.

What a gathering it was! All Mam's brothers and sisters were home for Christmas with the exception of Abram and his family, who lived in Virginia, and Steven and his wife Elizabeth. The grandchildren were all there, too. except for Rachel and David.

It was while they were eating Christmas dinner that Steven came, running up to the house. He burst in the door to the welcoming cries of "Merry Christmas".

Steven was all smiles as he told Mommy the babies had been born.

"Babies?" questioned Mommy.

"Oh, yes," replied her youngest son. "A girl and a boy, named Amy and Andrew! What do you think of that? They came a few weeks early but the doctor says they are fine. Elizabeth is fine, too. Now it can snow and snow for the babies are here and I am relieved!"

"You and Elizabeth have twins?" asked Naomi in disbelief.

"Born at nine this morning. We were surprised, too, for the doctor didn't even know there were twins!" answered Steven.

"Come, sit down and have some dinner with us," invited Mommy. And so Steven joined the family for Christmas dinner.

After dishes were finished the whole family gathered in the big living room where Doddy read the Christmas Story from the old Family Bible. The gifts were given out and the younger children enjoyed games from Mommy's cupboard. In a corner by a window a huge puzzle was holding the interest of some of the grown-ups.

Mid-afternoon saw Mam and Dat with their family starting out for home. It was hard to leave this close-knit family but the chores back home needed to be done.

Mam and Dat discussed the news they had heard that day and also the arrival of the new twins. How very well Mam knew the joys and trials of twin babies! She must go over and offer her services several days in the coming weeks.

"Isn't Little Jonas looking well?" Mam asked Dat.

"Yes, I noticed that. Rebecca seems like her old self, too," responded Dat. "What do you think is going on there?" he asked.

"I believe God is working out His will and purpose in the life of Little Jonas through prayer and faith," answered Mam. "Only He knows what that purpose is," she added.

"I hope you aren't too disappointed about our not being able to take that trip we had planned tomorrow, to visit my parents," said Dat.

"I was wanting to go," Mam answered. "I know the Martins are sorry, too. Perhaps we can go later when they have their station wagon repair work all finished."

"You can count on it," promised Dat.

"The holidays had been happy ones," thought Nancy as they rode home." It Was such fun to get together with the cousins, some of whom she didn't see very often. She was anxious to see the new babies who had been born today, on the day they celebrated Jesus' birthday! Mam had promised they would go to Uncle Stevens in a few weeks to visit the babies. She hugged her own new baby doll closer and drifted off to sleep.

SELECTED GEMS

From Lancaster Newspaper - 1911

Ida Lewis Dies in Lighthouse Home

"GRACE DARLING OF AMERICA" PASSES AWAY AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS. HAD SERVED AS KEEPER OF THE LIME ROCK LIGHT, NEAR NEWPORT, R. I., FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY----FIGURED IN MANY THRILLING RESCUES.

In the little bed room of Lime Rock lighthouse off Newport, Rhode Island, on Tuesday night at 6:15 Ida Lewis died. With her at the time were her brother, Rudolph Lewis, Mrs. Davie, a niece; Mrs. Edward W. Shaw and Mrs. Edward J. Kerr.

The brother rowed ashore to notify Dr. Sherman of his sister's death and friends hastened to the lighthouse.

Ida Lewis, the Grace Darling of America, became the keeper of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, in Narrangansett bay, when she was 18 years old. She is now 72. By act of Congress 32 years ago she was made the official keeper, the only woman to hold such a position, and since that time she had been in charge of the lighthouse she made famous by many daring rescues. She celebrated her golden anniversary as light keeper in 1907, and in the same year she was placed on Andrew Carnegie's private pension list, $30 a month being what he awarded her. Of late years she has been assisted by her brother.

During her long term of service as light keeper Ida Lewis became one of the best known women in America. Every seafaring man knew on the New England coast knew her, and every summer resident at New Port and Narragansett. Pier was proud to boast of her friendship. She earned the title of Grace Dariling of America by her rescues, and by some she was considered even a greater heroine that the real Grace Darling, who saved only five lives in England, while Miss Lewis saved 18.

Miss Lewis went to Lime Rock lighthouse when she was 15 years old. Her father, Captain Hosea Lewis, had been appointed its first keeper. Rheumatism made it practically impossible for him to perform all the duties in connection with the lighthouse, and his young daughter, Ida, became his assistant. Her father died when she was 18, and her knowledge of his duties kept her in the position.

Ida had the care of an invalid family on her hands. She was the oldest child and in order that her sisters and brothers might have proper schooling she rowed them back and forth from the lighthouse every day.

In the first year of her service as lighthouse keeper Miss Lewis rescued four students. They had been capsized in a cat boat in a squall on the harbor. In the face of a sea that threatened to swamp her little craft the dauntless girl rowed to the men who were clinging to their overturned craft.

During the winter of 1868, while a blizzard was raging, two troopers were being rowed back to Fort Adams. Within a short distance of Lime light Rock their boat capisized. Their cries for help were heard above the wailing of the wind by the keeper of the light. She went to the rescue and managed to pull the benumbed bodies of the soldiers into her boat, but their boatman was lost. After returning to her lighthouse home she worked over the prostrated forms of the two men for more than an hour after she was able to bring them back to consciousness. For this stirring rescue the men at Fort Adams subscribed a purse for her.

About the same time the people of Newport, by popular subscription, raised a fund with which a fine rowboat was purchased and presented to the mistress of Lime Rock. In this event General Ulysses Grant participated. The presentation was a gala occasion in Newport, for the boat was placed on wheels and, with Miss Lewis in it, was drawn through the principal streets of the city.

The Rhode Island Legislature adopted complimentary resolutions and sent her an engraved cup.

When Miss Lewis was 26 years of age she saved three sheep herders, who had gotten into a dangerous predicament in the harbor. That same year two seamen owed their lives to the watchfullness of the brave lighthouse keeper. At the age of 36 she once more leaped into public notice by the heroic rescue of three sailors. When over 65 years of age Miss Lewis accomplished her last rescue. This was made in 1906, the rescued being a woman friend, who was on her way to visit the lighthouse. She was nearing the light from a small boat from shore. Miss Lewis had seen her coming, and was waiting at the door of the light. As the woman rowed to the entrance she fell overboard. In an instant Miss Lewis was in her own boat and alongside her struggling friend. She assisted her into the boat and then, rowing out, picked up the drifting craft.

In the Lime Rock lighthouse can be found medals and trophies of all sorts. Among them is a silver medal from the New York life saving association and a silver medal from the Massachusetts life saving society. Perhaps her most cherished possession is a gold medal she received by an act of Congress in recognition of the rescues made up to that time. Another token of which she was proud is a silver tea pot which the soldiers of Fort Adams sent to her. In 1907 she received from the American Cross of Honor society at Washington its cross of honor and membership in the order. She is the first American woman to receive such a tribute.

(Some interesting facts of long ago

Solomon Miller of near Mt. Hope Ohio, was killed in the year of 1815 or 1816 by a fallen tree. The Coffin he was buried in was hewn and put together with wodden pegs.

Solomon was a brother of Isaac Miller who married Polly Frey, Isaac was born in 1821. Polly Frey was the daughter of John Frey born in 1801 in Germany. The brothers Isaac and Solomon were the sons of Isaac J. and Catherine (Beechy). Isaac was born April 9, 1791 and possibly born in Germany.

See Hugh Gingerich Genealogy no. ML2286+

Here is an incident took place in the year 1880. While Cornelius S. Beachy (my wifes grandfather) was working on the Casselman River Place north of Grantsville Md. Cornelius and Bob Weilman a none amish were cradling oats on the grandfather place, just south of our place on the Keyser Ridge Farm. They had encountered a rattle snake in the oats filed and killed it. Bob an English boy, not so young, was afraid of rattle snakes. Later they became on another rattle snake, Bob backed away and set his cradle down with the blade in such a manner that it was dangerous. In battling with the second snake, Bob in some way back down hill, he slipped and fell in such a way that he hit the blade on the cradle, cutting a deep gash in his leg, that he soon died from the loss of blood. Cornelius not being of age yet and was the only one with him.

His funeral was held in the school house on the pike a mile north and 5 miles west of Grantsville.

By Dan A. Hochstetler.

This Cornelius Beachy later moved with his parents, Samuel L. & Elizabeth (Yoder) Beachy, to Midland, Va., where he was ordained a minister in the 1890's. He later moved to Plain City, OH.

Fort Blocker Boys

By Lewis B. Miller

A Continuation of CHAPTER 10

Mrs. Dayberry hesitated. "All right, then. Go ahead, if nothing else will satisfy you! But whatever you do, don't you venture close to any Indians! Do you hear me, Thaddy Dayberry?"

This word of warning was shouted after him. For at the first word of permission Thad had set off at a run.

While climbing the hill he was joined by Charley Dick.

"What you got to fight with?" he demanded.

For answer Charley Dick merely turned his back. At one side of his belt hung a six-shooter and at the other a butcher-knife. The six-shooter he had borrowed from Mrs. Weese, their next-door neighbor, whose husband was away from home.

When the two boys had gained the top of the hill, they saw that all the men on foot had stopped only a few hundred yards beyond. On overtaking the party, the boys learned that the first men to climb the hill had seen the Indian horsemen plainly. The Comanches were retreating, however, and the mounted men from the fort were already half a mile away, riding in swift pursuit.

"Makin' right straight t'wards Williams Creek, the red boogers air," one man remarked.

"Better look sharp, the boys had. Might be a big bunch of varmints over there," said another man. "Them five might just have been sent out to tole us whites into a trap."

"Cap Totty, he won't be easy toded into narry trap, I 'low,' spoke up a third man.

"Cap'n Graham wouldn't either, if he was here," somebody else remarked. Only that morning Captain Graham had ridden away with a squad of scouts.

Soon the men on foot advanced about half a mile farther. There they stopped and waited till dusk. Then they returned to the fort. Not long after nightfall the mounted men also came back.

They had failed to overtake the Indians. In fact, they had not got within rifle-shot of them. It was understood that the raiding party would be pursued when daylight came again. But all knew how useless that was likely to prove. By morning the Comanches, foreseeing pursuit, would be many miles out in the wild country, on the way to their villages.

After the excitement had partially subsided, Mr. Dayberry and Thad went out to the cow-pen to milk. With the aid of a lighted candle they examined Specklesides. Her wound was bleeding freely, but proved to be not very serious. The arrow had run along under the skin on her shoulder till it struck a bone. They succeeded in working it out, steel spike and all. The cow limped for a few days, but the wound healed quickly and was soon entirely well.

"The reason the boogers made bold to venture so close to the fort was because night was at hand. They knowed they could dodge us in the dark," Mr. Dayberry said, while he and his family were at supper.

"Looks to me like the scouts could keep 'em out if they tried harder," his wife answered, half resentfully. She was thinking of Thad's recent narrow escape.

"Easy enough to say that, ma. But when fifteen or twenty men have got thirty miles of unsettled country to patrol, it's mighty hard for 'em to be everywheres at one and the same time. And they've got hawks' eyes, the red varmints have. They lay on some high p'int and watch the scouts ride past. Then up they bounce, the sly creechers, mount their horses and push on into the settlements. And so the thing goes."

Early next morning a party from the fort set out to find and follow the raiders' trail. After an absence of three days they returned, without so much as having caught a glimpse of a redskin.

Indian raids were so common that the settlers had long since become hardened to them. For a day or two after a raiding band was known to be in the country, people would be a little more cautious when venturing far from home. But very soon they would be going about their business as usual.

Even on the day the white party started out in pursuit of the Indians, Mr. Dayberry and Thad drove up to their farm to work. And they kept going for several days. Their corn was now big enough to cultivate, and they were plowing and hoeing and thinning it at the same time. Charley Dick Sheegog was also busy helping his father with farm-work.

One night while this farming was going on, the Dayberry family, as well as others in the fort, were awakened by the loud, pitiful bleating of a calf. The cries came from somewhere down in the woods, west or southwest of the fort.

Both Mr. Dayberry and Thad sprang out of bed while still half asleep. Rushing out into the back yard, they began to yell. They knew well what was the matter. A wolf, or possibly some other beast of prey, had pounced upon the calf. Other men and boys were shouting, and many dogs were barking.

All the calves were outside now, to graze, the cows being kept in the pens at night. None of the people knew what particular calf was calling for help. But there was one that did know its voice--the mother cow. In every pen around the fort cows were rushing from side to side, bellowing defiance. There was bellowing in the Dayberry pen also, but with it was heard the crash of falling rails, and then the rapid beating of hoofs mingled with the loud ringing of a bell.

"Specklesides has jumped the fence!" cried Thad.

"Reckon it was little Frizzly we heard bl'atin'?" asked is father.

"It might have been. But whether it was or not, Specklesides will make the vermint skedaddle when she gets there!"

The bleating could no longer be heard, and the bell also soon ceased to ring. The boy and his father walked out as far as the cow-pen, to put up the fallen rails. Then they came back to the house and went to bed again.

"Rather guess that's the last we'll see of our bell-cow," Thad remarked, after they had lain down.

"Yes, like as not she'll make back to the prairie, now that she's out with her calf," his father answered. "But with the bell on she won't be hard to find. We'll ride out and round her up ag'in."

But Specklesides did not go back to the range. Next morning she was in the pen, and little Frizzly was with her. The calf was lying stretched out on the ground in a fence-corner, and the cow was standing overhim.

Poor little Frizzly was badly wounded. There was an ugly hole eaten in one thigh; and several other wounds, looking as if made by a sharp knife, but in reality gashed by wolf-fangs, were scattered over his small body.

No human mother ever watched over her sick baby more carefully, anxiously than Specklesides watched over Frizzly. She knew well enough that something was seriously wrong.

From time to time, with her nose held close to his nose, she would utter little plaintive sounds, half of sympathy, half of distress. When anybody went near, she seemed well pleased, as if hoping that somthing could be done for her calf.

All day long the cow stood guard over her wounded offspring. Scarcely once did she get as far as a yard from him. Usually her nose was held close to his nose; but sometimes she would lift her head high and bawl loudly, dolefully again and again.

The whole Dayberry family were very sorry for little Frizzly, and so were the neighbors, and particularly the neighbors' children, the more so, perhaps, because they had made so much fun of him before. Both Thad and his father stayed at home, erecting the walls of their smaller cabin instead of going up to the farm. They protected the calf's wounds from flies, some of which would produce screw-worms. But that was all that could be done. The younger Dayberry children, and also Marzee and Florence, lingered near the calf constantly. When the sun rose high enough to be uncomfortably warm, Thad cut a pole and some brush and made a shade over the calf. The children also pulled the greenest, tenderest grass they could find and laid it at Frizzly's nose. And they brought fresh, cool water from the spring and offered it to him in the wash-pan.

But poor little Frizzly was forever past eating and drinking. He died just at sunset.

The children were very sad; and so were the rest of the family. Specklesides was inconsolable. All night long she could be heard bawling out her grief loudly, drearily. Next morning she was still standing over her dead calf.

Her signs of distress were touching. Sometimes she would lick the little cold body, and sometimes she would put her nose against the calf's nose and low to him with pathetic tenderness. She fully realized that something serious was the matter, without knowing what. Scarcely for a moment did she cease her efforts to arouse her calf. Failing to call forth any response to her pleadings, or any sign of life, she would raise her head and bawl out her grief so dolefully that those who heard could scarcely keep the tears out of their eyes.

"Beats all, the way she does take on! Makes a feller feel mournful to listen to her," declared Charley Dick, one of the numerous boys and girls who came for a look at little Frizzly.

All day poor Specklesides stood over her dead, voicing her sorrow. Thad wanted to pull grass for her, and to bring her a bucket of water. But his father advised him not to do that.

Late in the day, which was rather warm, thirst drove her to the creek for a drink. It was the first time she had left the calf since rescuing him from the wolves. Taking advantage of her absence, Mr. Dayberry and Thad lifted up poor Frizzly, one by the hind legs and the other by the fore legs, and carried him more than half a mile up the north branch. There they hid him in a thicket. From the many buzzards seen circling above the spot not very much later, they guesed that his funeral would be largely attended.

Specklesides never found her dead calf. But she seemed to believe that he was still alive, and had merely got up and wandered away during her absence. For days she went here and there, looking, looking, always looking for him. If she saw a calf, whether with its mammy or alone, she would hurry to it, evidently hoping to find little lost Frizzly, alive and running about. Every calf she saw she must approach and smell, to make sure it was not hers. Finding it was not, she would wander on.

Several persons who saw her out on the prairie reported that she was wandering from one bunch of cattle to another, and always seeking her lost calf. She seemed to spend little time grazing or resting, and soon grew thin and gaunt-sided.

Every day or two, especially when the accumalated milk made her uncomfortable, she would return to her accustomed pen. And Thad--his father was now away with the scouts--would hurry out and milk her. He had already taken her bell off and put it on another cow. But as soon as the milking was finished, Specklesides would wander off again.

"Poor old Specklesides! I do believe she's going to keep on mourning for little Frizzly and hunting for little Frizzly till she dies of grief," the boy said, on coming in from milking her one afternoon. "I never saw such a cow."

"She's certainly something unusual," his mother answered. "I'm sorry for her, and I'm sorry we have to lose her milk. But now that her calf's gone, I wish she'd forget him and act like other cows. Maybe she will--I rather think she will when she dries up."

But Specklesides did not dry up. Though her milk was much reduced in quantity from what it had been in Frizzly's lifetime, that was mainly from her refusal to graze.

Once she came home at the night milking-time, and they shut her up in the pen, leaving her to spend the night with the other cows. She did not jump out; but she seemed very restless, and bawled loudly and constantly all night long. They did not keep her in the pen again.

For several days longer the cow came to the pen from time to time to be milked. Then she wandered away, and day after day passed without bringing her back. Both the family and the neighbors speculated as to what had become of her.

Late one night, more than a week after the cow had last been seen, a party of scouts returned to the fort, and Mr. Dayberry came with them. From being awake late, the family slept till broad daylight next morning. They were aroused by Marzee Wilkins's voice calling excitedly, almost screaming, from the cow-pen:

"Thad! Thad Dayberry! Run out here just as quick as you can! Run out here and see what Specklesides has brought home!"

Springing from the trundle-bed, the boy jerked on his buckskin pantaloons, slipped the buckskin "galluses" over his shoulders, and was off for the cow-pen. Soon his voice was heard calling loudly, excitedly:

"Pa--ma--children--everybody! Run out here just as quick as you can, and see what Specklesides has brought home!" Thad was not easily excited. But his voice was so charged with excitement now that the whole family were soon up and dressed and out at the cow-pen. All the Wilkinses were already there.

"Well, no' don't that beat everything!" exclaimed Mr. Dayberry, after staring a few moments at the cow.

Specklesides was standing near the bars, and a hump-shouldered little animal, of about the same size and age as Frizzly, was sucking her as hard as he could. The cow, with a satisfied look on her face, was licking the little fellow; and he was switching his stubby tail in a way to express delight both with his breakfast and with the licking.

"Pa, what in the world is that funny thing?" exclaimed little Carrie Dayberry.

"That's a calf, Carrie--a buffalo calf."

"And where did Specklesides find it, pa?"

It was Mrs. Wilkins that answered: "As to that, you'll have to ask Specklesides, child."

The cow and calf were driven into the pen, and the calf was left there during the day, with the other calves. The news quickly spread that the Dayberrys' disconsolate cow had brought home a young buffalo; and during the day probably every person in the fort came for a look at the little humpback. The younger children surrounded the pen and gazed at him by the hour.

While nobody would ever know certainly just how the cow had come to find and take up with the little buffalo, the explanation was not hard to surmise.

Thirty or forty miles farther west, and not far beyond the Cross Timbers, began the unsettled wilderness. There buffaloes could nearly always be found. Some of the animals occasionally strayed down into the settlements, often to get shot. Probably the mother of this calf had been killed, and the calf had wandered away. Finally, by some lucky accident, the motherless calf and the calfless cow had met, and adopted each other, to their mutual satisfaction, and even delight.

No more wandering or grieving for Specklesides after that. Whether she believed that the little buffalo was Frizzly come to life, or her strong mother instinct had merely driven her to adopt the orphan, could, of course, only be guessed. But from this time on she seemed perfectly contented.

Very glad were the Dayberrys for the cow's sake, and also to have their best milker again. They kept the calf in the pen in the daytime. Specklesides came home to the little buffalo as regularly as she had to her own calf, and seemed fully as fond of him_fonder if possible. Soon her gaunt sides filled out, and she was giving as much milk as ever. Now the cow-bell was buckled on her neck again.

The little buffalo was an object of general curiosity in the fort, and especially to the younger boys and girls. They soon named him Humpy. And they never seemed to tire of watching the little crooked-back as he played with the other calves after the night milking, racing here and there. Sometimes they played just outside the fort, and sometimes in the very square.

It was only a few days after the coming of Humpy that Charley Dick and Thad left Fort Blocker for a two-weeks' absence, during which they would pass through some very exciting experiences.

At the Catamount Branch Sheep-Camp

Thad, how would you like to go with me over to Uncle Dan Bedford's and help me herd his sheep for a while?"

"For how long, Charley Dick?"

"While Uncle Dan's out on the scout. About two weeks I reckon it'll be. Uncle Dan had a herder hired, but the feller got tired and went back down into Fannin County, where he'd come frum. Herdin' sheep by yourself is the lonesomest, tiresomest work that ever was. I know--I've tried it. But two of us together could have a bully time."

"That we could!" agreed Thad. "But I doubt mightily if pa and ma will let me go. I almost know they won't for as long as two weeks."

"S'pose you go and ask 'em, Thad. Uncle Dan sent word for me to git some other boy to come with me if I could. He'll pay us big, Uncle Dan will_pay us in wool. That's the main thing that's takin' me. I'm needed here, but ma needs the wool worse. She says if she don't git another piece of cloth in the loom before long, the patches will be three deep on me_if there's anything left to patch with." Charley Dick gazed down at his patched and repatched knees, and then felt the seat of his faded, homespun pantaloons, where a big, freshly dyed homespun patch was clinging.

At the first mention of wool, Thad's face had brightened hopefully. Obtaining wool enough to weave cloth for the family's clothes during the coming winter was, he knew, one of his mother's present worries. She, too, was eager to get busy with her cards and wheel, and later with her loom.

This coversation had taken place at the spring. On coming back to the square, Charley Dick stopped at Thad's door and set down his water-bucket. Then the two boys put the momentous question.

As Thad had foreseen, both his father and his mother were unwilling for him to leave the fort for so long. But the wool wages changed their minds. Mr. Dayberry would not have to go scouting for about two weeks yet, and Thad would not be greatly needed at home.

"All right," said Charley Dick, after the details of the matter had been arranged. "I'll be ready to start just as soon as I can eat my dinner." He caught up his bucket of water and hurried away homeward.

An hour and a half later the two boys were mounted and riding out of the fort, Thad on his young horse, Ped, and Charley Dick on Bob. Many cautions and warnings to be ever on their guard for Indians were ringing in their ears. As they were passing out of the square, between the two corner houses, a girl appeared in the door on their left.

"Good-by, Marzee! Look after Humpy while I'm gone!" Thad called back.

"Good-by, Thad_and Charley Dick! I will if the little rascal will let me!" she answered.

Charley Dick's uncle lived over beyond Clear Creek, at the far edge of what was known as Willa Walla Valley. His house stood several miles from Fort Blocker, and a few miles in the Cross Timbers. Willa Walla was a wooded valley, without a creek to drain it. After rainstorms the water ran wherever it could.

As the two boys were riding up Blocker, and after they had passed Parson Witt's place, Thad glanced at the gun slung to Charley Dick's saddle-horn and inquired:

"Well, did that shooting star fetch along your rifle at last?"

Charley Dick made a wry face. "Naw! This is pap's rifle." Soon he added, with some resentment in his tones: "Shootin' stars ain't what some folks thinks they air. They shoot and shoot, but never hit anything! Hain't got much use for 'em myself. Fact is, they're not much punkins. Feller that figgers on a shootin' star fetchin' 'em things is leanin' on a broken stick."

"I've never tried any yet," the other boy remarked. "I've never seen one since I told you I would."

"Then, don't. I've tried 'em, and mighty good and all I guess. I've got to find some better way to git hold of a rifle."

"Ma says that shooting-star business is all foolishness."

"And your ma's just right. Foolishness it is. I give one star a good, fair chance to fetch along sumpn for me; but the onery thing just sneaked off like a suckaig dog with his tail between his laigs, and never done me a hand's turn. Never so much as fetched me a ramrod or a box of caps, let alone a rifle with double triggers! Don't say shootin' star to me! I'm down on 'em."

After following up the Blocker Creek valley till they came to Mr. Dayberry's farm, they struck across the high prairie to the west and at length entered the Cross Timbers. It was near the middle of the afternoon when they rode up to where Charley Dick's uncle lived.

Mr. Bedford had been one of the first settlers here, and had better improvements than most of these pioneers could boast of. And he was better prepared to defy the savages. All his buildings were surrounded by a stockade-- a wooden wall twelve feet high.

The two boys hitched their horses to trees, then opened the gate and went in. Thad had never been here before, but he was soon acquainted with Mrs. Bedford and the girls. Charley Dick's uncle was now over near the edge of the prairie, at what was called the Catamount Branch sheep-camp. He had left word for Charley Dick to come on over there.

Mrs. Bedford detained them till she could cook provisons enough to last them two or three days. These she put into haversack, which Thad tied behind his saddle. Then the boys mounted and rode away.

Charley Dick had been at the sheep-camp often before, and had no trouble finding it. The place was out on the prairie, half a mile or more from the edge of the forest. In years past some settler had built a one-room cabin at the top of a high hill which sloped steeply down to a branch--Catamount Branch. The cabin had long been abandoned, and Mr. Bedford had built a big pen near it for his sheep. They were kept out here most of the time, especially during the spring and summer season. His flock now numbered about two hundred and fifty head.

From the house a path led down the hill-side to the branch, where a pretty spring bubbled out from under the bank. Most of the first houses in every new country are built near springs. It was from the running stream below the spring that the flock was commonly watered.

Dismounting, the boy entered the house and hung their sack of provisions over a peg. On a shelf by the door was a water-bucket, with a gourd in it. Besides these things, a canteen was hanging against the wall, a skillet and frying-pan were on the hearth, by the fireplace, and a roll of quilts and blankets lay in a back corner, on the puncheon-floor.

Afterwards the boys went out and walked around the rail-pen. Charley Dick remarked:

"That's the kind of a fence you hear about."

"What kind? What do you mean?"

"Why, the kind that's pig-tight, horse-high and bull-strong. Made it that a way to keep the wolves out, Uncle Dan did. It don't al'ays keep 'em out, though."

The sheep and their owner could be seen half a mile or so away on the prairie. The boys soon mounted and rode on out there. They found Mr. Bedford sitting on the ground, with a dog lying close by. His saddled horse, with lariat trailing, was grazing fifty yards away.

"Well, got here, have you, boys?" the man remarked, springing to his feet.

"Yes, here we air, Uncle Dan. And I've fetched Thad Dayberry along to help me herd."

"Mighty good idy, that. Glad you brought 'im. If you'd come by yourself, we'd have had to move the flock over close to home. But I'd lots ruther leave 'em here. Reckon vou two won't be skeered to stay out here, will you?"

"Skeered! Not us, Uncle Dan. We'll knock along all right_won't we, Thad?"

"Guess we will."

"And you'll know what to do if the red men come, won't you?"

"You're mighty right we will!" grinned Charley Dick.

And Thad added: "We'll jump on our horses and scratch heel-dust in their eyes!"

"That's the caper!" chuckled the man. "Never mind about the sheep. The reds may scatter 'em fur and wide, but they ain't noways likely to do 'em so overly much rale damage. Anyhow, a boy's worth more than a sheep. 'Twouldn't be the first time this flock has been scattered by the red boogers, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered Charley Dick.

"Whatever you do, boys, don't both go off and leave the sheep at the same time, 'specially at night. It's even worse while they're in the pen than if they was foot-loose. Out on the open prairie they'd have a chance to run for their lives. But shut up in the pen, no tellin' how many throats the wolves would cut if they got a whole night at 'em."

"We'll stay with 'em day or dark, shower or shine," Thad promised.

The flock's owner now gave the boys specific instructions as to how to take care of the sheep--when to drive them out to grass, when to water them, and when to pen them for the night. Then he mounted his horse.

"I've got orders to ride with the scouts to-morr' mornin'. I'll be gone two weeks, and maybe a few days longer. I'm dependin' on you boys not to desert the sheep till I come to relieve you, or send somebody."

"We'll be right here when you come back, Uncle Dan, unless we have to skedaddle from redskins.

"All right. Then I'll leave you two and Watch in full charge. Keep your horses saddled when you're away from the house. When you eat up what victuals you've got, one of you will have to ride over to the house for more."

He trotted away toward home. The young herders sat in their saddles till he was out of sight. Then they unslung their rifles, dropped their lariats loose, and dismounted.

First they took a stroll around the grazing flock. Later they sat down in the shade of a lone hackberry bush and talked. When the sun was only about an hour high, they and the dog went round the sheep and started them toward the cabin; but they allowed them to graze back. Sunset found the flock watered and penned for the night.

As darkness settled down, the two young shepherds could not help feeling lonely; the more so after living in lively, noisy Fort Blocker. The nearest settler was now a few miles away. They sat on a bench by the door and ate their supper from their haversack, tossing bones and scraps and pieces of dried beef to the dog.

After hanging their provision-sack back on its peg, they went down to the spring for a bucket of fresh water. Later they sat in the door, listening to the cries of the whippoorwills, to the barking and howling of wolves, and to the quarrelsome screaming of two wildcats down in a thick tract of woods on the far side of the branch. Boys unaccustomed to such sounds might have felt nervous; but Thad and Charley Dick had been rocked to sleep in their cradles to this music, and they scarcely noticed it now. There were real dangers enough here, without worrying over things that would not really harm them.

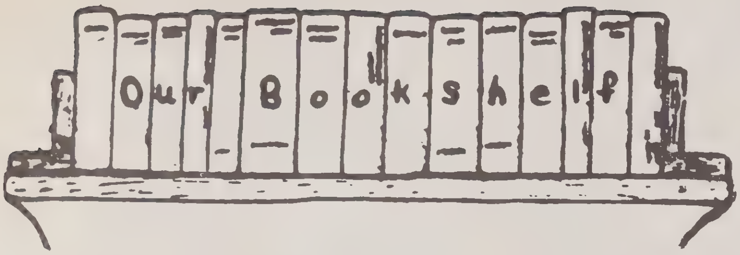
When sleep-time came, they unrolled the quilts and blankets and made their bed on the floor. Watch was lying just outside the door, on the saddle-blankets. Being more or less anxious about the sheep, the boys slept rather lightly, and were awake from time to time. But the night passed peacefully enough. Soon after sunrise the herders had eaten their breakfst and saddled their horses, and had the sheep grazing away from thepen.

All day long the two boys moved slowly about over the prairie, allowing the sheep to wander where they would. Their horses were kept saddled, and their rifles were seldom out of reach. At noon Charley Dick rode to the house for the sack of provisions and a canteen of spring-water. Dusk found the sheep shut up in their pen, and the two young shepherds eating another cold supper on a bench by the cabin-door.

They went to bed earlier to-night, and slept more soundly. But well on in the night they awoke suddenly, to hear Watch growling and barking furiously.

"Some booger among the sheep, Charley Dick! Grab your gun and let's get out and kill it!"

To be continued



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The DIARY

VOLUME NINETEEN NO. 2
February 1987

A Church Newsletter Serving the Old Order Society

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A CHRONICLE
Of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, crop and community notes, historical events, genealogy and articles of general interest.

This Month

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5 Baptisms
5 Marriages
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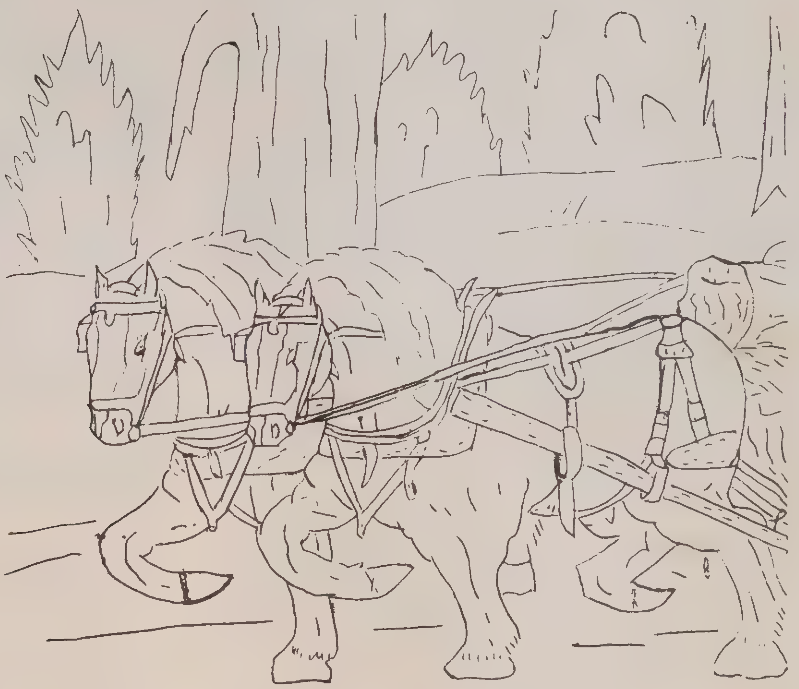

The Diary was organized in 1969, by a group of Amish brethern in Lancaster County, Penna. Dedicated to the preservation of fundamental movements of our church in America as well as Old Order religious literature and its virtues.

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The publication no. is 043430.

IT IS UP TO YOU

God gave you this day to do just as you would.
You can throw it away — or do some good.
You can make someone happy, or make someone sad.
What have you done with the day that you had?

God gave it to you to do just as you would.
You could do what is wicked, or do what is good;
You can hand out a smile, or just give them a frown,
You can lift someone up, or push someone down.

You can lighten some load, or some progress impede,
You can look for a rose, or just gather a weed.
What did you do with your beautiful day?
God gave it to you. Did you throw it away?

REPORTS OF

1987 **JANUARY** 1987

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

CALENDER SCHEDULE

A monthly Schedule for Annual Items

March .... National Migration List
May .... Ordinations
June .... Senior Members ....
July-Aug .... Zip Codes-Addresses?

Months apply to the months as dated on front cover of The Diary.

Ordinations, Baptisms and Migrations will be entered any month that our reporters send them in. Other items will be held over to this schedule. If we do not get new items from your area, we may print the old one unless we are informed differently by the reporter.

Editoral Notes! The 5th of each month is editing day at The Diary unless it falls on a Sunday. Naturally that puts it off till the 6th. Later reports must be held over to the next Month.

A note to our subscribers. When a delay occurs of two or three months to renew The Diary, we take the liberty to send the delinquent back copies and hold the former expiration date unless we are informed otherwise.

Reporters Note! A number of our reporters are catching up to a wise idea--to use a rubber stamp, with their name and address and stamp each item on a sheet. That saves us much time besides the risk of getting items misplaced or lost. When a number of items are written on one sheet, they must be cut apart and sorted to category. It is best to use a single sheet for each item and have each sheet marked with your name and address. Paper is inexpensive compared to many things you buy. Otherwise you may have to ask why your report was not in the Diary last month or why so and so was at the wrong place. Best regards to you all. *The Editor.:*

BIRTHS

Mt. Elgin Ontario Canada

Borntrager: David (Martha Miller) a son Chrissie 12-30
Borntrager: Phenias (Polly Miller) a dau Katie 1-22
Kaufman: Toby (Mary Yoder) a son
Miller: Toby (Malinda Yoder) a son Henry 1-24
Swarey: Soloman (Fannie Borntrager) a dau Lydia 1-19

: Conewango Valley New York

Burkholder: Jonas E. (Katie D. Miller) a son Eli 1-15
Hershberger: Menno J. (Anna Miller) a dau Cassie 1-07
Hostetler: Eli C. (Rachel I. Miller) a son Crist 1-24
Miller: Atlee Y. (Drucilla A. Miller) a son Emanuel 1-05
Miller: Jacob L. (Mary J. Wengerd) a son Andy 1-11
Wengerd: Levi E. (Lizzie Shetler) a son Joely 1-22

Dewittville (Mayville) New York

Hostetler: John B. (Lizzie Ann Byler) a son Eli 1-06

Dundee New York

Mast: Eli (Sarah Ann Mast) a dau Mary Susan 1-09

Somerset County Penna.

Fisher: Amos L. (Lydia Zook) Meyersdale a dau Lillian 1-02
Peachey: Olen S. (Barbara Ann Bender) Springs a son Mark 1-24
Yoder: Albert W. (Clara E. Mast) Meyersdale a dau Margaret 1-28
Yoder: Pete C. (Lydia C. Brenneman) Salisbury a son Nathan 1-13
Yoder: Simon C. (Ruth E. Brenneman) Salisbury twins Lewis & Elizabeth 1-02

Troutville Penna>

Miller: Eli (Amanda Miller) a son Daniel 12-24

New Wilmington Penna.

Byler: David R. (Laura Hochstetler) N. Wilmington a dau Ada 1-19
Byler: Mose C. (Rachel R. Byler) Volant a dau Emma 1-03
Hochstedler: Dan D. (Jemima Yoder) N. Wilmington a son Freeman 1-11
Hochstedler: Steven A (Lizzie B. Shetler) N. Wilmington twins Mose & Mattie

Smicksburg Penna.

Byler: Alvin A. (Laura J. Sommer) a son Andrew 1-13
Byler: Dan R. (Sarah Byler) a dau Clara 12-21
Byler: Joe J. F. (Ella Byler) a dau Saloma 1-28
Miller: Allen W. (Sarah D. Miller) a dau Malinda 1-12
Miller: Dan L. (Sarah W. Byler) a dau Martha 1-24
Troyer: Joe C. (Clara E. Hostetler) infant son 1-11
Yoder: Freeman M. (Fannie Miller) a son Mahlon 1-16

Guys Mills Penna>

Detweiler: Andy C. (Irene Bontrager) a dau Amanda Irene 1-11
Hershberger: Crist M. (Linda Kauffman) a dau Mary Ellen 1-16
Mast: Christy D. (Ruth Graber) a dau Laura 1-23

Spartansburg, Penna.

Byler: Daniel D. (Mary Gingerich) a son Daniel 1-13
Miller: Alton D. (Esther Troyer) a son Alton Jr. 12-30
Miller: John J. (Susan Miller) a son David 1-06

Union City Penna.

Gingerich: Atlee D. (Susie Troyer) a dau Emma 1-29
Hochstedler: Rudy M. (Emma Miller) a son Urie 1-09

Brush Valley Penna.

Stoltzfus: Daniel U. (Suvilla Stoltzfus) Spring Mills stillborn 12-16
Swarey: Elvin (Ruth Zook) Rebersburg a son Jacob 1-14
Swarey: Shem (Katie Glick) Rebersburg a son Samuel 12-15

Mifflin County Penna.

Kanagy: Aquilla (Susie Swarey Mill Creek a son Melvin 1-16
Swarey: David I. (Katie Yoder) Belleville a son Christopher 1-08

Junaita County Penna.

Peachey: Aquilla (Barbara Weaver) McAlisterville a son Andy 1-01
Swarey: Jonas (Gertrude Pieght) Mifflintown a son Benuel 1-14

Path Valley Penna.

Swarey: LeRoy (Malinda Peachey) Dry Run a son Andy 1---

Lancaster County Penna.

Beiler: Aaron J. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Ronks a son John 1-22
Beiler: Benjamin S. (Mary Stoltzfus) Christiana a dau 1-24
Beiler: Elam M. (Rebecca Zook) Ronks a dau Rachel 1-14
Ebersol: Amos B. (Lydia King) Ronks a son John K. 1-23
Ebersol: David D. (Naomi Stoltzfus) Christiana a son Abner 1-09
Esh: Aaron J. (Ruth Ann Esh) Gordonville a dau Rebecca Rose 1-11
Esh: David S. (Fannie Stoltzfus) Leola a dau Mary S. 1-21
Esh: Emanuel (Katie Stoltzfus) Ronks a dau Fannie 12-24
Esh: Emanuel K. (Malinda Stoltzfoos) Gordonville a son Jessie 1-14
Esh: Levi K. (Annie Stoltzfus) Quarryville twins Susan & Sheryl 1-10
Esh: Moses L. (Lizzie Lapp) Gordonville a dau Rachel 1-27
Esh: Simeon J. (Lydia King) Peach Bottom a dau Esther 1-27
Esh: Stephen K. (Lizzie Beiler) Kirkwood a dau Hannah 1-30
Fisher: Benjamin K. (Rachel Zook) Paradise a dau Bena Z. 1-09
Fisher: Elmer F. (Sadie Stoltzfus) Gordonville a dau Rebecca S. 1-13
Fisher: Levi M. (Naomi Stoltzfus) Quarryville a son Jonas S. 1-06
Fisher: Levi Z. (Sarah Esh) Oxford a son Henry 12-30

Weaver: Melvin A. (Mary Raber) a dau Amanda 1-14
Yoder: Eddie (Mary Kurtz) a dau Ruth 1-15
Yoder: Eddie (Mary Kurtz) Apple Creek a dau Ruth 1-15
Yoder: Eli M. (Lizzie Miller) Sugarcreek a dau Marie
Yoder: Lloyd A. (Katie Keim) Fredricksburg a son Roy 1-30
Yoder: Melvin D. (Clara Keim) Dundee a son Junior 1-03
Yoder: Norman L. (Freda Miller) Sugarcreek a son John
Yoder: Robert Jr. (Esther Schrock) a son Lester 1-28

Butler Ohio

Hostetler: Toby W. (Mary Nisley) a dau Ella 12-04
Miller: William (Ella Hostetler) a dau Rachel 12-09
Nisley: Crist (Susie Hostetler) a son Andrew 12-22
Yoder: Leon (Barbara Nisley) a son Dennis 1-08

Ashland County Ohio

Coblentz: Emanuel R. (Fannie Lehman) a dau Naomi 1-11
Keim: John A. (Edna H. Raber) a son Albert 1-02
Mast: Marvin A. (Ella S. Miller) a son Harvey 12-14
Schrock: Andy J. (Mattie Hershberger) a dau Miriam 12-12
Schrock: David E. (Esther W. Keim) a son David 1-17
Weaver: Aaron E. (Katie A. Raber) a dau Ada 12-20
Weaver: Roy E. (Susie R. Coblentz) a dau Mary 12-27
Yoder: Floyd E. (Amanda Yoder) a son Mervin 1-05

Nappanee Indiana

Chupp: Delbert (Ruby Stutzman) a dau Marla Kay 12-31
Schmucker: John (Donna Borkholder a son Brian Eugene 12-30

LaGrange County Indiana

Bontrager: Freeman J. (Mary Ellen Troyer) LaGrange a dau Ruth Marie 1-06
Bontrager: Orva (Ruby Yoder) a dau Alma 1-06
Gingerich: Calvin A. (Royane Miller) Shipshewana a dau Christina C. 1-09
Graber: Alvin (Anna Hochstetler) LaGrange a dau Judith Marie 1-09
Graber: Henry D. (Mary Yoder) LaGrange a son Daniel 1-13
Hochstedler: Elmer (Esther Weaver) a son Leander 1-04
Lehman: Glen E. (Nola Jean Mullet) Ligonier a dau Kathryn Sue 1-13
Lehman: Laverne (Mary Miller) a dau Laura 1-11
Mast: Samuel M. (Ruth L. Miller) Shipshewana a son Laren Dean 1-03
Miller: Eli R. (Wilma Miller) LaGrange a son Levi E. 1-03
Miller: Freeman P. (Naomi Schwartz LaGrange a son Gerald Dean 12-18
Miller: Jerry (Dora K. Bontrager) Topeka a son Lyle Dean 12-23
Miller: Joe N. (Katie I. Yoder) a dau Marilyn 12-30
Miller: LeRay (Anna Beachy) a son Joel 12-27
Miller: Monroe S. (Elsie Hochstetler) LaGrange a son Joseph M. 12-28
Miller: Norman L. (LeAnna Lambright) Millersburg a dau Sherill Jean 12-30
Miller: Wayne (Leona Fry) a dau Waneta 1-11
Smucker: Wilbur (Ruth Stutzman) Shipshewana a dau Irma Jean 1-22
Yoder: Elmer (Lizzie Yoder) Shipshewana a dau Vera Ann 1-26
Yoder: Joseph Jr. (Sue Ellen Glick) Wolcottville a son Duane 1-11

Adams County Indiana

Christner: Levi J. (Martha A. Girod) a dau Lovina 12-12
Christner: Sam J. (Emma M. Girod) a dau Verena 12-12
Eicher: Ben A. (Lydia E. Troyer) a son Benjamin 12-29
Eicher: Jake.M. (Elaine I. Wicky a son Jacob 12-02
Eicher: Pete M. (Sylvia K. Schwartz) a son Samuel 12--
Girod: Nate J. (Fannie M. Schwartz) a son 1-27
Girod: Samuel L. (Ernestine Schwartz) a son Mervin 12-30
Girod: Simon L. (Judy M. Schwartz) a dau Barbara 12--
Graber: Amos J. (Mandy Coblentz) a dau Martha 12-03
Graber: Christ S. (Lizzie I. Zook) a dau Catherine 12-01
Hilty: Jerome A. (Bertha L. Miller) a son Jerome 1-29
Hilty: Walter M. (Clara D. Eicher) a dau 1-17
Miller: Harvey (Susie R. Schwartz) a dau Rosella 12-03
Miller: Marcus M. (Rachel E. Schwartz) twins Joseph & John 1-05
Schwartz: Amos J. Jr. (Rosemary Schwartz) a dau Loretta 1-06
Schwartz: Joe E. J. (Caroline E. Wickey) a dau Emma 1-03
Schwartz: Jonas J. L. (Barbara A. J. Eicher) a dau Leah 1-11
Schwartz: Nate M. (Barbara E. Schwartz) a son Joseph 12-31
Schwartz: Sam J. M. (Anna Mae Wickey) a son Samuel 11-26
Schwartz: William M. (Christine Wengerd) a son William 12-30
Shetler: Aden K. (Ruby Wickey) a son David 11-28
Wengerd: Noah D. (Ruby F. Eicher) a dau Verena 12-15
Wickey: Joe S. (Ida Schmucker) a son Wilber 11-23

Allen County Indiana

Graber: Jonas (Emma Graber) a dau Emma 1-03
Lengacher: Louis (Mary Lengacher) a dau Anna 1-17
Schmucker: Martin Jr. (Ida Mae Schmucker) a dau Julie 1-18
Steury: LaVerne (Martha Lengacher) a dau Martha 1-25
Zehr: Joseph (Lucy Schwartz) a dau Ruth 1-12

Daviess County Indiana

Graber: Glen (deceased) Beaulah a son Delmar 12-30
Graber: Jerome (Rosemary Stoll) a dau Martha Joy 1-22
Knepp: David (Anna Mae Knepp) a dau Mary Ruth 1-07
Knepp: David Lee (Catherine Miller) a son Kevin 1-03
Knepp: James Dale (Rosetta Knepp) a dau Leanna Kay 1-05
Lengacher: Amos (Katherene Graber) a dau Wanda Kay 1-01
Raber: Jacob (Anna Knepp) a son Dallas Lamar 1-07
Raber: Titus (Miriam Wagler) a son Jonathan 1-02
Wagler: Williard (Naomi Graber) a dau Naomi Ruth 1-13

Quincy Michigan

Eicher: Neal (Leanna Steury) a dau Miriam 12-02
Graber: Mike Jr. (Edna Schmucker) a son Michael Wayne 12-19
Schmucker: Ernie (Cathyrn Graber) a son Merlin 12-06
Steury: Joe (Katherine Schmucker) a son Neal 11-29
Zehr: Lavern (Marie Steury) a son Merlin 12-07

Branch County Michigan

Graber: Peter (Margaret Girod) Montgomery a dau Katie P. 1-13
Schwartz: Levi S. (Sarah Miller) Montgomery a son Daniel L. 1-02

Stanwood Michigan

Miller: Dannie (Polly Brenneman) a dau Maomi 12-19

Buchanan County Iowa

Gingerich: Levi (Maryann Schmucker) a son Norman 1-04
Yoder: Joe C. W. (Mary Nisley) a dau Mary 1-09

Johnson County Iowa

Miller: Norman (Loretta Yoder) a dau Wava Kaylene

Evansville Wisconsin

Schwartz: Willy (Carolyn Plank) a son Duane 1-28

Pardeeville Wisconsin

Kaufman: Ben Ray (Polly Anna Miller) a dau Meriam 1-20

Medford Wisconsin

Gingerich: Perry (Sadie Miller) a son Elvin 12-27
Mullet: Noah (Susie Miller) a dau Clara 1-09

Blair Wisconsin

Bontrager: Ira Jr. (Lena Miller) a dau Elizabeth 1-10

Wilton Wisconsin

Mullet: Harley (Lydia Borntrager) a son Enos 12-30
: Harmony Minnesota
Hershberger: Dan (Anna Hershberger) a dau Susie 1-28
Hershberger: Elmer (Katie Hershberger) a son Danny 1-10
Petersheim: John (Verna Hershberger) a son Enos 12-31
Swartzentruber: Dan (Sarah Hershberger) a dau Becky 1-13

Arthur Area Illinois

Gingerich: Andrew (Ruth Rocke) a son Mark James 1-17
Hochstedler: Glen (Laura Yoder) a son Gerald Lynn 1-08
Jess: Glen (Erma Yoder) a son Jason Ray 1-08
Jess: Omar (Susanna Gingerich) a son Marvin Benjamin 1-12
Kaufman: Allen (Mary Otto) a son Richard 1-23
Kaufman: Lloyd (Mary Ellen Chupp) a dau Malinda Sue 1-09
Miller: Ervin (Nancy Otto) a dau Marnita Elaine 1-09
Miller: Levi Wm. (Irene Chupp) a son Wilber Ray 1-23
Miller: Marlin (Mary Gingerich) a son Reuben Jeffrey 1-01
Miller: Raymond S. (Marlene Hochstetler) a dau Sarah Fern 1-09
Schrock: John (Carolyn Gingerich) a son Larry Lavon 1-21
Yoder: Danny Ray (Mary Fern Miller) a son David Ray 1-18

Anabel Missouri

Borntrager: David J. (Edna Troyer) a son Johnie 1-18

Jamesport Missouri

Detweiler: Junior (Rebecca Troyer) a dau Miriam Ann 1-13
Kurtz: Perry J. (Mary Kramer) a son Aaron 1-05
Yutzi: Jonas W. (Emma Graber) a son David 1-07

Windsor Missouri

Weaver: Ivan A. (Katie Yoder) a son Luke Andrew 1-26

Glick: Daniel S. (Annie B. Esch) Willow Street a son Gideon 12-26
Glick: John L. (Fannie Esh) Quarryville a dau Naomi 1-25
Glick: Lloyd (Anna Mary Esch) Bird-in-Hand a son Wilmer Jay 12-26
Glick: Menno (Colleen Martin) Kinzer a son Merlvin Wayne 1-07
Huyard: Stephen (Elizabeth Esh) Ronks a son Ivan 1-23
King: Aaron J. (Mary Ann Stoltzfus) Leola a dau Elsie Marie 1-18
King: Abner L. (Suzanna Stoltzfus) New Holland a dau Amanda 1-18
King: Christ L. (Elsie King) Kinzer a son 1-18
King: Christ S. (Malinda Esh) Lititz a son Gideon 1-25
King: Elmer E. (Sadie Stoltzfus) Gap a son 1-18
King: Elmer S. (Naomi Beiler) Gordonville a son Daniel J. 1-11
King: Jacob S. (Mary Glick) Quarryville a son Moses G. 1-18
King: John Z. (Anna Stoltzfus) New Providence a son 1-02
King: Mervin S. (Mary Lapp) Gap a son John David 1-12
Lapp: Aaron S. (Sarah D. Lapp) Gordonville a son Samuel 1-07
Lapp: Moses L. (Elizabeth King) Gordonville a son Joshua 1-27
Petersheim: Benuel K. (Barbara King) Ronks a dau 1-17
Petersheim: John D. (Ruth King) Bird-in-Hand a dau Suzanna 12-31
Smoker: Mervin B. (Mary Beiler) Ronks a dau Katherine 1-10
Smucker: Jonas K. (Mary Stoltzfus) Strasburg a son Christian S. 1-06
Stoltzfus: Aaron F. (Rachel Esh) Nottingham a son 12-30
Stoltzfus: Ben B. (Elizabeth Stoltzfus) Ronks a dau Dorothy Sue 1-04
Stoltzfus: Benjamin (Rebecca Fisher) Christiana a son Christian 2-01
Stoltzfus: Benuel F. (Rachel Stoltzfus) Leola a son 1-18
Stoltzfus: Ivan L. (Rebecca Fisher) New Holland a son Ivan Jr. 1-17
Stoltzfus: Jacob E. (Savilla Beiler) Lancaster a son John B. 12-13
Stoltzfus: John F. (Ruth Lapp) Narvon a son 1-20
Stoltzfus: John Ivan (Mary Stoltzfus) Narvon a dau Sadie Ann 12-18
Stoltzfus: Omar Z. (Katherine Flaud) Ronks a son 1-04
Stoltzfus: Samuel (Emma Beiler) Parkesburg a dau Katie Ann 1-02
Stoltzfus: Stephen (Lydia King) Christiana a son Stephen K. 1-09
Zook: Elmer S. (Edna Stoltzfus) Parkesburg a dau 1-01

Nittany Valley, Penna.

Byler: Joe (Susie Esh) a son Jacob 1-16

White Deer Valley , Penna.

King: Ammon B. (Mattei Lapp) Allenwood a dau Anna 1-13

Montour County Penna.

Fisher: Benuel S. Jr a son Jonas 12-16
Fisher: David S. (Annie Stoltzfus) Danville a dau Rebecca 1-24
Stoltzfus: Isaac E. (Annie Fisher) Bloomsburg a dau Lizzie 1-03

LeRaysville Penna.

Miller: Daniel L. (Ruth Girod) a dau Lydia 1-16
Miller: Feldy E. (Nancy Miller) a son Mose 12-24
Yoder: Henry (Lydia Mae Detweiler) a son Chester 1-17

Dover Deleware

Byler: Allen S. (Sadie Yoder) Dover a dau Christina Marie 1-06
Byler: Daniel R. (Miriam Miller) Wyoming a son Allen 12-17
Byler: Ervin M. (Lydia Miller) Hartley a dau Mary Ann 1-20
Coblentz: Alvin J. (Bertha Yoder) Dover a dau Leona 11-21
Kanagy: John S. (Fannie Hershberger) Dover a son Merle 1-05
Mast: Dan A. (Bertha Miller) Clayton a son Henry 12-16
Mast: John H. (Iva Witmer) Clayton a son Jason Edward 1-19
Miller: Ammon D. (Lena Byler) Dover a son Crist 1-20
Miller: Ammon H. (Mary Troyer) Dover a son Jerry 1-28
Miller: Harvey E. (MIriam Miller) Dover a dau Christina 12-22
Miller: Jonas J. (Dawn Gounc) Hartley a dau Miriam Jane 12-05
Miller: Paul B. (Esther Swartzentruber) Dover a son Simon 12-02
Miller: Sam E. (Edna Mast) Dover a dau Rosanna 12-24
Miller: William W. (Sarah Ann Miller) Wyoming a dau Magdalena 1-16
Swartzentruber: Simon L. (Laura Kauffman) Dover a son Alvin 1-12
Yoder: Harvey N. (Elizabeth Yoder) Hartley a son Paul 12-30
Yoder: LeRoy L. (Katie Miller) Wyoming a dau Amanda 1-23

St. Mary's County Maryland

Lapp: Henry A. (Sarah Stoltzfus) Charlotte Hall a son Amos 1-23
Stoltzfus: Melvin (Annie Hostetler) Mechanicsville a son LeRoy 1-20
Yoder: Reuben G. (Sarah Stoltzfus) Mechanicsville a son Henry 1-30

Oakland Maryland

Schrock: Evan N. (Viola Beachy) a dau Edith Marie 1-23

Guthrie Kentucky

Kanagy: Melvin (Mary Jane Kauffman) a dau Martha 1-22
Lambright: Gerald (Arlene Kanagy) a dau Anna Mae 1-12
Miller: Abe (Esther Yoder) a son Lyndon Lamar 1-17

Dunnville Kentucky

Troyer: John (Lena a son Ezra 1-24

Geauga County Ohio

Byler: Andy (Erma Miller) a son Andrew
Byler: Bill (Valerie Byler) a son Adam 1 08
Byler: Christ (Barbara Mast) a dau Martha 12-26
Byler: Jonas (Sarah a son Jonas Jr.
Byler: Reuben E. a son William
Byler: William (Ada Miller) a dau 1-04
Detweiler: Freeman a dau Ruth Ann
Detweiler: John (Mary Miller) a dau Ruth 1-03
Gingerich: Freeman (Ella Miller) a son Aaron
Hershberger: Bill (Emma a son Billy 1-16
Kauffman: Mel (Alma Byler) a dau Lorene 12-26
Kuhns: Henry (Linda Bender) a dau
Kurtz: Dan (Katie a dau
Kurtz: Dave (Cora Miller) a dau Kathryn
Kurtz: Joe (Marie Bender) a dau Emma
Miller: John (Esther Bricker) a dau Elizabeth
Miller: Lester (Barbara Byler) a dau Marcia
Miller: Martin (Edna a dau Linda 1-12
Miller: Melvin M. a son Melvin
Shetler: Paul (Mary Byler) a son 1-12
Slabaugh: Melvin (Katie Miller) a son 1-03
Troyer: John (Wilma Glick) a dau Laura
Weaver: Dave S. a son Daniel
Weaver: Willis (Laura Mullet) a dau Ada Mae
Yoder: Freeman (Anna Weaver) a dau Nancy

Holmes & Wayne Counties Ohio

Barkman: Noah S. (Mattie Weaver) Lakeville a dau Orpha 12-26
Full name: requested next month Eli D. (Elizabe Swartzentruber) a dau Susie 1-12
Hershberger: Dea. Sam C. (Lydia Stutzman) Dalton a dau Barbara 1-23
Hershberger: Ervin A. (Susie Ann Miller) a son Bennie 1-05
Hershberger: Yost (Barbara Stutzman) a son Andy 1-14
Mast: Roman A. Fredricksburg a dau Miriam 12--
Miller: Abe C. (Esther Hershberger) Apple Creek a son Mervin 12-02
Miller: Clarence (Edna Yoder) a dau Lori 12-05
Miller: David L. (Anna Miller) a dau Marty 1-05
Miller: Eddie R. (Nettie Yoder) Dundee a son John 1-05
Miller: Eddie R. (Nettie Yoder) Apple Creek a dau Amanda 1-04
Miller: Eli R. (Elsie Miller) a dau Miriam
Miller: Harry (Mary Mast) Dundee 1-30
Miller: Ivan (Mary Miller) Fredricksburg a son Marvin 12-27
Miller: Ivan A. (Mary Miller) a son Mervin 12-27
Miller: Monroe R. (Katie Yoder) Apple Creek a son Wayne 1-14
Miller: Myron (Anna Troyer) Dundee a son LeRoy 12-24
Miller: Paul J. (Esther Miller) Dalton a dau Betty 1-08
Miller: Paul J. (Esther Coblentz) a dau Betty 1-08
Miller: Paul J. (Esther Coblentz) Dalton a dau Betty 1-08
Miller: Roman C. (Mary Ann Keim) a dau Martha
Miller: Vernon M. (Erma Raber) Baltic a son David
Mullet: David (Katie Yoder) a son Urie 1-06
Petersheim: Ezra (Katie Hershberger) Apple Creek a son Nathan 12-29
Petersheim: Ezra (Katie) a son Nathan 12-29
Raber: Henry (Mary Hershberger) Lakeville a son Andy 1-12
Raber: Wayne R. (Lydia Hochstetler) a dau Emma 1-15
Stutzman: John (Sevilla Gingerich) Dundee a dau Mary 12-10
Stutzman: Norman Baltic a dau Kathlene
Swartzentruber: Alvin G. (Lucy Troyer) Dundee a dau Amy
Swartzentruber: David L. (Lovina Hershberger) Dalton a dau Amanda 12-13
Swartzentruber: Eli J. (Sarah D. Troyer) Dalton a son Levi born & died 1-11
Troyer: Pre. James J. (Miriam Kiem) Fredricksburg a son Allan 12--
Troyer: Reuben (Mattie Kauffman) a son Martin 1-14
Troyer: Reuben (Esther Hershberger) a son Marion 11-13
Weaver: Aden B. (Emma Swartzentruber) a dau Nettie
Weaver: Alvin H. (Katie Hershberger) Fresno a son Vernon
Weaver: Henry A. a son Wayne

Seymour Missouri

Schwartz: Chris W. (Lovina Eicher) a son Daniel C. L. S. 12-27
Schwartz: Eli E. A. (Amanda Burkholder) a son Mose A. 1-15
Schwartz: Jacob E. A. (Terry Rainwater a son Christy 1-27
Schwartz: Joe J. K. (Mary M. Schwartz) a son Sammy M. T. 1-07

Clarita Oklahoma

Yoder: Elmer Jr. (Anna Mary Detweiler) Coalgate a dau Rachel Irene 10-27

BAPTISMS

Editor's Note! We are relutant to print belated reports like the following, and there is no need for this delayment. There is a deacon in every district in Lancaster County and we think it could be his duty to send in, or see that someone sends them in from his district when young folks are baptised so they can all be printed in one issue. We get many calls for back issues of Lancaster County baptisms.

Spring Garden, North District, Sept 14, by Christ King

John Zook son John and Sarah Zook
Amos Stoltzfus son of Benuel and Lizzie Stoltzfus
Lloyd Stoltzfoos son of David and Emma Stoltzfoos
Ivan Stoltzfus son of Benuel and Lizzie Stoltzfus
Martha Zook Dau of John and Sarah Zook
Ruth Stoltzfus dau of Isaac and Miriam Stoltzfus
Katie Stoltzfus dau of Benuel and Lizzie Stoltzfus
Mary Ann King dau of Christ and Elsie King

MARRIAGES

Conewango Valley, New York

Byler-Miller--Joe, son of Pre. Emanuel D. and Katie (Yoder) Byler to Katie dau of Pre. Levi O. and Rebecca (Yoder) Miller on Jan 8, by Daniel D. Stutzman of Lucknow, Canada.

Hostetler-Miller--Bennie, son of Ben (dec.) and Katie (Hershberger) Hostetler to Sarah, dau of Pre. Levi D. and eRebecca (Yoder) Miller on Jan. 13, by Eli J. Miller of Ohio.

Shetler-Miller--Eli, son of Pre. Elmer N. and Mary Shetler to Mary, dau of Pre. Jacob L. and Katie (Yoder) Miller on Jan. 22.

Shetler-Hershberger--Rudy, son of Jacob (dec.) and Emma Shetler to Alma, dau of Joe N. and Emma A. (Byler) Hershberger on Jan. 29, by Emanuel N. Shetler.

McClure, Penna.

Hostetler-Speicher--Ben S., son of Ben Y. and Barbara (Zook) Hostetler , Aaronsburg, to Nancy, dau of John Y. and Saloma (Yoder) Speicher, McClure , on Jan. 27, by Jacob Y. Hershberger.

Smicksburg, Penna.

Schlabach-Byler--Melvin, son of Mrs. John E. M. Schlabach to Ella,dau of Mattie Raber, on Jan. 12, by Mose B. Byler.

Southern Mercer County.

Byler-Byler--Dan, son of Enos S. and Katie (Mast) Byler to Ada, dau of John H. and Mary (Miller) Byler on Jan. 8, by Dan J. Byler.

Hostetler-Byler--Eli D., son of David A. and Clara (Troyer) Hostetler to Ada, dau of Dan U. and Mattie (Kurtz) Byler on Jan. 1, by Andy A. Byler of Smicksburg.

Holmes and Wayne Counties, Ohio.

Raber-Troyer--Widower Henry A. Raber to Lizzieann, widow of the late Andy A. Troyer, were married in church in Dan G. Yoder district.

Miller-Troyer--Atlee, son of Ray J. and Lizzie Miller to Anna Mae, dau of Noah J. and Anna (Miller) Troyer on Jan. 27, by Dan N. Yoder.

Troyer-Yoder--Wayne, son of Andy J. and Ada (Yoder) Troyer to Anna, Dau of Atlee L. and Emma (Stutzman) Yoder on Dec. 25, by Andy M. Miller.

Ashland County, Ohio.

Keim-Yoder--Joe J, son of John W. and Laura W. Keim to Esther, dau of Romam M. and Emma Yoder on Dec. 18, by Joe W. Keim.

Garber-Hochstetler--David U. son of Ura and Katie Garber to Barbara. dau of Ivin W. and Ada (Yoder) Hochstetler on Sept. 12, '86.

Wengerd- Shrock--Jonas A. son of Atlee V. and Mary Wengerd to Susie, dau of Melvin E. and Anna S. (Miller) Shrock in October '86, by Joe W. Keim.

Adams County, Indiana.

Wickey-Wengerd--Willis J. son of Mr. and Mrs. David A. Wickey, Bluffton, to Lydia dau Dan N. Wengerd on Nov 2.

Eicher-Schwartz--Abe D., son of Jacob J. Eicher, Berne, to Saretta, dau of Leroy L. Schwartz, Monroe, on Nov. 2.

Schwartz-Wickey--Neal J. E. son of Noah M. Schwartz, Berne to Mary M., Dau of Martin N. Wickey, Decatur, on Nov. 20.

Schwartz-Schwartz--Elmer E. son of Amos L. Schwartz, Monroe. to Anna E. dau of Henry M. Schwartz, Berne, on Dec. 18.

Quincy, Michigan.

Steury-Steury--Steve Son of Enos and Anna Mae Steury to Catherine dau of LaVerne and Irene Steury on Dec. 25. by Enos Steury.

Jamesport, Missouri.

Detweiler-Hostetler--Andy son of Freeman and Emma (Gingerich) Detweiler of Stevensville Texas, to Rosanna, dau of Henry (dec.) and Katie (Kurtz) Hostetler on Jan. 1, by Uncle Eli Detweiler of Wautoma, Wisc.

OBITUARIES

Blank, Susie B., 52, of 601 Musser School Road, Leola, died at home Friday after an illness of seven months. Born in Upper Leacock Township, she was a daughter of Daniel K. and Katie (Beiler) Blank, with whom she resided. She was a partner of the County Housewear Store, which she ran at home.

Surviving, besides her parents are two sisters: Fannie, wife of Elias Beiler, at home and Anna, wife of Omar Beiler, Leola; a foster sister, Annie, wife of Levi U. Fisher, Gap; and a foster brother, Amos Yoder, Kinzers.

Lizzie, a sister and former wife of Dea. John Y. Beiler proceeded her in death.

Funeral services were held at the home of Ephraim Stoltzfus Jr. at 11:30 A M , by Elam A. Beiler and John B. Stoltzfus. Text was John: 5. Hymn: "Gute Nacht," Page 444, by Daniel D. Beiler Cemetery hymn: "Ich hab mein Gott heimgestellt" page 386, by Elam B.\Stoltzfoos; bennadiction by Daniel B. Stoltzfus. Pallbeares:Daniel B. Beiler, Jacob B. Beiler, B. John Beiler, and Amos Yoder Jr. Burial at Myers cemetery.

Byler, Clara J. Byler, 1, Routh 2, Spartansburg, PA died on Jan. 7. She was a "special" child. She was born April 23, 1985 to John C. and Jemima (Miller) Byler.

In addition to her parents, surviving are 2 brothers, Danny and Allen, Grandparents Christ G. and Jemima Byler and John W. and Mary Miller. Also many aunts, uncles and cousins. Preceeding her in death is a sister Barbara who died June 17, 1983. Burial at Sparty Hill Amish Cemetery.

Byler, William N., 76, R.2 Spartansburg, Pa died Jan. 7, after a long illness. He was born April 19, 1910 in Middlefield, Ohio, a son of the late Noah Y. Byler. He was married to Emma Miller on Dec. 29, 1931. Surviving in addition to his wife are 2 brothers, 2 sisters, 5 sons, and 4 daughters, 46 grandchildren and 53 great-grandchildren. His children are Martin, of New Castle, Pa. Allen, Lester, William Jr. all of Spartansburg and John of Clintonville, Pa. Sarah married to Andy A. Miller, Jr., Mary married to William R. Burkholder; Betty , married to Melbern Gingerich, and Ruth, married to Joas M. Troyer. The funeral on Jan. 9, was largely attended. Ervin D. Byler of Middlefield, Ohio and Andy J. Weaver held services at the Lester W. Byler home and Bill G. Miller of Smicksburg, and Harvey W. Byler held service at the Owen L. Byler home. Preceeding him in death were his parents, 1 brother, 1 sister, 1 son, and 3 grandchildren. Pallbearers were neighbors, Mose M. Weaver, Simon D. Lee, John H. Byler and Lawrence A. Schrock. Burial at Amish Cemetery on Routh 89.

Coblentz, Lucy Ann Miller, 63 yrs., 10 mo. 21 da., R.2 Box 307 Dover, Delaware, 19901,

died Dec. 24, she was born at Applecreek, Ohio, Feb. 3, 1923. Died Dec. 24, 1986. Daughter of Benjamin D. and Lovina Miller, was married to Atlee J. Coblents, Nov. 25, 1945. Lived in matrimony 41 yrs. and 29 da. To this Union were born 4 sons and 4 daughters.

Leaves to mourn her husband, 3 sons, and 4 daughters, 18 grandchildren, mother, 2 brothers and 1 sister and 2 halfbrothers.

Funeral services were held Dec. 28 at the Simon S. Troyer home by Bennie J. King and John J. Yoder.

Esh, Ivan, 13 mo. old son of John M. and Sarah (Smucker) Esh, East Earl,

died on Dec. 31, 1986. He was buried on Jan. 2. Was a "Special" child born with a small head and lived to be the oldest of such children born with small heads. Another brother preceeded him in death with the same thing. He lived to be 4 months old.

Ivan is survived by 3 brothers and 2 sisters: Reuben, Barbara, Ruth, Elmer, and Daniel. Surviving grandparents are Elmer and Fannie Smucker of Rt#1, Narvon, and Jacob Esh's of Sugar Valley.

Fisher, Elmer F., 1 yr. old , 130 Furnace Rd., Quarryville, Pa. 17566,

died at home Sat. morn, Jan. 17th. Son of Leroy B. and Elizabeth (Fisher) Fisher. He was ill since birth.

In addition to his parents, he is survived by three brothers, Leroy Jr., Reuben and Samuel and a sister Martha all at home, paternal grandparents Elam and Florence (Byler) Fisher, Newville, Franklin County, maternal grandparents, Christ E. and Elizabeth (Beiler) Fisher, Paradise R.1 and a paternal step great-grandmother, Mrs. Fannie Fisher of Kinzers.

King, Amanda R., 1 yr., 9 mo., 18 da., of 2007 Pioneer Rd., Lancaster, Pa 17602,

died of Nemaline Myopathy. She was the daughter of Aaron S. Jr. and Rebecca G. (Riehl) King.

Survivors are three sisters; Linda R., Barbara R., and Lena R; Paternal grandparents Benjamin B. and Barbara (Glick) Riehl; and one maternal great-grandmother Fannie (Beiler) Riehl. One brother and one sister proceeded her in death.

Funeral services were held at the late home at 11:30 on January 21, by (opening) John M. Beiler; main part Abner Glick; and Ich war win kleines Kindlein (378) was read by Ammon Fisher. Pallbearers were; Stephen Riehl, David Stoltzfus, Ben Stoltzfus, and Eli Stoltzfus, Jr. Interments were in Beiler Graveyard (Ronks). Gute Nacht ihr meine lieber (444) was read at graveside by Stephen Fisher; and benediction was by Joseph King.

Furman Home for Funerals was in charge of funeral.

Lichty, Freda, 67 Oakland, Maryland, died in the hospital Dec. 11, of cancer.

She leaves a twin bro. Freeman and 3 sisters, Lucy, wife of Elmer S. Yoder Pocohantas, Pa. Lottie Peachy of Oakland and Grace of the home where Freda and Freeman lived. Her parents are deceased and also her sister Annie (Budget Scribe) who died in 1981.

Miller, Dan A., 80, of R.R.2, Topeka,

died Wednesday, December 31, in his home following an illness of 10 months. He was born in Kansas, August 22, 1906, the son of Amos T. and Barbara (Bontrager) Miller. He was married in Kansas, Feb. 24, 1927, to Sarah C. Troyer, who survives.

Also surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Alvin (Barbara) Beechy of Wolcottville and Mrs. Harvey (Susie) Miller of Ligonier; two sons, Amos Jay of Topeka and perry D. of Ligonier; a brother, Eli of Millersburg; two sisters, Mrs. Fanny Byler and Mrs. Enos (Susie) Yoder, both of Delaware; 44 grandchildren and 60 great-grandchildren.

Two sons, two brothers, and a sister, along with his parents preceded him in death.

Funeral services were held Sunday, Jan. 4, in the Amos J. Miller residence with Bishop Perry D. Hochstetler officiating. Burial was in the Miller Cemtery. Carney-Frost Funeral Home of LaGrange was in charge of arrangements.

Miller, Crist S., 88yr, 7 mo. 5 da., R#3, Sugarcreek, Ohio,

died Jan. 8.

He leaves his 3rd wife Emma (Mullet) Yoder Miller to mourn. Burial in the Fryburg Cemtery. Bishop Clarence J. Yoder officiated.

Mullet, Emma 81, of R.2 Nappanee, In.

died at her home at 10;30 Mon. Jan. 19 of an illness of 6 1/2 yrs. She was born on Feb. 12, 1905 to Moses and Lydia (Miller) Schlabach deceased. On Nov. 7, 1929 she was united in marriage to John E. S. Mullet, who died Jan. 17, 1972.

Surviving are 2 daughters, Velma Arlene Mullet, who took care of her, Mrs. Glen M. (Edna Marie) Hochstetler, of Nappanee, and 2 sons; Delmer Mullert of Nappanee and Melvin Mullet of Goshen, Ind. 16 grandchildren, 9 great-grandchildren and 1 sister, Fannie Hochstetler of Nappanee. 2 brothers and 1 sister preceded her in death.

Services were held at 9:30 Thrus. morn. Jan. 22 at the Raymond Slabaugh home by Bishop Tobias Slabaugh and Howard Schwartz.

Mullert, Emma D. (Yoder) Mullet 76,

died at 10:53 A.M. at the Elkhart General Hospital, Sat. Jan. 17. She was born Mr. 11, 1910 to Daniel V. and Mary (Borkholder) Yoder. on Mar. 19, 1935, she was married to Dan J. Mullet who survives along with 5 daughters, Mrs. Lonnie E. (Verba) Hochstetler, Mrs. Devon A. (Laura) Hochstetler, Mrs. Homar L. (Frieda) Miller, Mrs. Lisle (Mary) Hochstetler and Mrs. Owen E. (Carolyn) Borkholder all of Nappanee, Indiana, 7 sons, Glenn, Arlene, Jonas D. E., Lyle, and Homer all of Nappanee, Raymond of Goshen and Dennis Lee of Richmond, Texas. 66 grandchildren, 19 great-grandchildren, 1 sister Cara Nissley and 1 brother William of Nappanee.

Services were held at the Raymond Slabaugh home Tues. morn by Bishop Tobias Slabaugh and Lee Miller.

Burial in the Weldy Cemetery.

Schrock, Daniel J. Schrock, 89, Fountain View Nursing Home, 2400 College Ave. Goshen,

died Monday, January 26, He was born Dec. 15, 1897, the son of John and Polly (Kendle) Schrock. Schrock became a resident at Fountain View Nursing Home six years ago, moving there from the Topeka area. He was married Feb. 12, 1920 to Lydia Miller, who preceded him in death August 23, 1979.

Surviving are five daughters, Mrs. Amos (Sarah) Fisher of Millersburg, Mrs. ELizabeth Galloway of Cassopolis, Michigan, Mrs. Richard (Anna) Smith and Mrs. Elmer (Amanda) Christner, both of Goshen, and Mrs. Clarence (Ella) Yutzy of Osceola; four sons, Albert, Levi and Daniel, all of Goshen, and Abe D. of Jacksonville, Fla., a sister, Mrs. Alvin (Lydia) Bender of Middlefield, Ohio a brother, John L. of Goshen, and 32 grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Thursday in the LeRoy Nisley Residence with Bishop LeRoy Nisley officiating. Burial was in the Clinton Union Cemetery in Goshen. Miller Funeral Home of Middleburg is in charge of arrangements.

Schwartz, Reuben J., stillborn, R.2 Berne, Indiana, was stillborn to Joe A. L. and Rebecca W. (Schwartz) Schwartz on Jan. 3.

Surviving are the parents, two brothers, Joe and Levi and two sisters, Anna and Emma all at home. Paternal grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Levi D. J. Schwartz and maternal grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Schwartz. Great-grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Schwartz. A brother Andrew preceded him in death on Nov. 17, 1986.

Graveside services were held and burial was the East District Cemetery.

Schwartz, Samuel C. Schwartz, died Jan. 23, 1987. Being 74 yrs, 5 mo., and 23 da. old.

Leaving a very large family back. (have not got the correct information yet)

Shetler, Amanda A., 88 R.1 Monroe, Indiana,

died at her home on Jan. 5, following an extended illness. She was born Sept. 25, 1898 in Homes County, Ohio and was married to Jacob L. Shetler on Dec. 28, 1919. He died on Jan. 20, 1976.

Survivors include 10 children, Levi, Andrew, Mose, all of R1 Monroe, Eli of Ohio, Henry, Jacob Jr., all of R.1 Berne. Mrs. Joseph A. (Martha) Hilty, Mrs. Jacob (Anna) Coblentz of R.1 Monroe. Mrs. Alvin L. (Fannie) Hilty and Valentine of R.1 Berne. 75 grandchildren, 208 great-grandchildren and 59 step grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Jan. 8 at her residence. Burial was in the Schwartz Cemetery.

Stoltzfus, Daniel, E. 90, 168 Highland Road, Christiana,

died Fri. night, Jan. 16, at the residence of his daughter after a three-month illness. He was the husband of the late Lizzie (King) Stoltzfus, who died in 1922, and the late Lavina Smoker, who died in 1980. Born in Leacock Township, he was the son of the late Samuel E. and Annie (Esh) Stoltzfus. He was a bishop and a self-employed farmer.

He is survived by two daughters, Katie K., wife of Sam M. Stoltzfus, Christiana, and Annie, wife of John Kauffman, Loganton R.1, 26 grandchildren, 190 great-grandchildren and four great great grandchildren. Also surviving are three brothers, John, Amos and Stephen, all of Gordonville, and one sister, Lavina, wife of Eli Stoltzfus, Bird-in-Hand.

Stoltzfus, Susie E., 55, of 388 School lane Rd., Gap., R.1,

died Sunday afternoon, Jan. 25, at her home, after an illness of six months. Born in Salisbury Township, she was a daughter of Annie (Esh) Stoltzfus, Gap R.1 and the late Ephraim K. Stoltzfus.

Surviving in addition to her husband, Amos L. Stoltzfus, and her mother are; Elsie Mae, wife of Melvin Fisher, Anna S., wife of John King, Rebecca S., wife of Eli Beiler, Rachel Mae, wife of John Beiler, and Amos L. Stoltfzus, all five of Gap, Ephraim K., Narvon, Samuel S., Gordonville, Elam S., Sylvan K., and Mervin L. Stoltzfus all three at home; and 19 grandchildren.

These brothers and sisters also survive; Samuel E. Stoltzfus, Amos L. Stoltzfus, both of Gap, Elam Stoltzfus, Mill Hall, Ephraim K. Stoltzfus, Leola, Sarah E, wife of John K. Stoltzfus, Ronks, Annie E., wife of Amos B. Stoltzfus, Gap, and Aary Ann, wife of Daniel Lantz, Gap.

Swarey, Daniel Y. , 4, Newport, N.Y.

died from Snowmobile accident, when a 14 yr. old boy ran into him through a snow storm, Jan. 23rd. They kept him on a breathing machine until the next morn, Jan. 24. He was the oldest son of Henry L. and Lydia (Renno) Swarey. He was born Jan. 6, 1978.

Surviving are 1 sister and 3 brothers; Beth Shebe, 7. Gideon, 5, Toby almost 3, and Moses 5 mo., besides his parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins.

Funeral services were held Jan. 27, 9:00 A.M..

Weaver, John M., 26 of Pelton Road, Sherman, New York

died Dec. 15, '86, St. Vincent's Health Center in Erie of injuries suffered in a fall from a barn roof. He was the deaf son of Melvin and Lydia (Bricker) Weaver. He was employed at the family's lumber mill.

In addition to his parents, he is survived by 3 brothers, Wallace, Harvey and Melvin Weaver Jr. all of Sherman. A sister Jemima Miller of Clymer and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Weaver of Middlefield, Ohio, and Walter Bricker of Sherman.

Yoder, Isaac E., 4, Huey Street, Allensville, Pa, 17002,

died Jan. 7,. 1987 at the J. C. Blair Memorial Hospital. Born May 31, 1982, he was the son of Noah I. and Mattie E. (Wengerd) Yoder. He was an invalid and never a normal-healthy child.

In addition to his parents he is survived by the grandparents Eli and Mary (ZooK) Wengerd. Paternal grandfather Samuel P. Yoder.

Services were held at the home by Joseph E. Peachey and Bishop Shem Swarey. Burial in the Allensville Cemetery.

Yoder, John S., 52, R.1 Alexandria, Missouri, 63430,

died in his home Tuesday eve Jan. 27, around 10 o'clock, after having a few strokes and also being scalded from hot water.

He was born in Iowa on April 30, 1934 to Sam E. and Lydiann (Hochstetler) Yoder. He was married to Katie, dau of Mose E. and Iva (Gingerich) Troyer, who survives.

Also surviving are 4 sons and 9 daughters, Lydia, married to Jonas Nolt, Eli, married to Elva Jane Zimmerman, Iva married to Roy Brubaker, Amanda marrie to Walter Mazelin, Susie married to James Mazelin, Samuel married to Agnes Mazelin, all of Scottsville, Kentucky. Naomi, Katie, Reuben, Lena, Elizabeth, Johnny, and Saloma all at home. His mother, 3 half brothers and 4 half sisters, 4 brothers and 4 sisters.

Funeral services were held at his home Friday morning Jan. 30, by Bishop Amos Borntreger, Canton, Missouri and Bishop Peter Burkholder.

Pallbearers were Paul Eicher, Jacob A. Mast, Sam A. Mast and Johnny C. Burkholder.

Yoder, Magdalena M. Yoder, 78, of R.R.1, LaGrange

died Thursday, Jan. 15, in her home following an illness of three months.She was born in Topeka, Oct. 28, 1908, the dau of Manasses J. and Amelia L. (Bontrager) Yoder.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Joas E. (Gertie) Miller of R.R.1, LaGrange; three sisters, Mrs. Sarah Mast, Mrs. Alvin (Mary) Beachy and Mrs. Neal (Katie) Yoder, all of Topeka; a brother, Ezra Yoder of Topeka; five grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

Two brothers preceded her in death.

Funeral services were held Sunday at 9:30 a.m. in the home of her daughter with Bishop Sam J. R. Miller and Bishop Ralph Schrock officiating. Burial was in Miller Cemetery on Cr. 300W and 350S. Frurip-May Funeral Home of LaGrange was in charge of arrangements.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Loganton Penna. - Senior Bishop Expires

Daniel E. Stoltzfus, 90, of Loganton, Pa., died at the home of his daughter, Christina Pa., on January 16.

Born in Leacock Township, Lancaster County, he was a son of the late Samuel and Annie (Esh) Stoltzfus, near Intercourse. He lived in that immediate neighborhood until they moved to Clinton County in 1973-74. He was a retired farmer and carpenter.

He was ordained to the ministry in 1931 and bishop in 1948, a senior bishop in Lancaster County for a number of years and the only residing bishop in Sugar Valley as long as health permitted. For details of the family see obit.

Sherman New York - Deaf Man's fall fatal

John M. Weaver, 26 Pelton Rd., died in St. Vincents Hospital, Erie, Pa., on Dec. 15, 1986. Appearantly death was caused by bursted blood vessels in his head after a fall from a barn roof.

He was a deaf son of Melvin and Lydia (Bricker) Weaver and employed at a lumber mill. For details of the family see obit.

Sugarcreek, Ohio - Senior Member Dies

Crist S. Miller, 88, RR3, died on January 8.

A native of Holmes County he was a son of the late Sam C. and Sara (Raber) Miller. In 1919 he was married to Katie Miller by whom he had the following children: Samuel, Eli, Henry and Sarah. In 1926 his first wife died, his second marriage was to Elizabeth Miller. To this union were the following children: Edwin, Lydia, John, Crist Jr. Anna, Katie Ellen, Betty and Frieda.

Goshen Indiana - Member dies at Nursing Home

Daniel J. Schrock,89, died at Fountain View Nursing Home Goshen Indiana January 26. His former residence was in Topeka, Indiana. Note that he was the father-in-law of Amos K. Fisher,formerly of Lancaster County, Pa.

Newport, New York - Sarah Renno

9 year old boy killed in smowmobile accident

On. Jan. 23, the public school buses didn't go, due to snowy weather, so some of our pupils walked, or their parents took them. Only 12 pupils were in school, after an extra happy day in school, they were walking home, some were going to the neighbors until their parents would come to take them home. As they were walking, and snow was blowing so they couldn't see too well, they saw lights coming and some of the children scattered on each side of the road. But too late. 1 snowmobiles came speeding toward them and didn't see them till it was too late. The first mobile hit 9 yr. old Daniel Swarey, who was thrown and also hit teacher Salina. Salina had one leg broken and has a cast from her foot to above her knee, and is at home after several days in the hospital. It is believe Daniel died almost instantly. When the boys from the snowmobiles checked him they found his heart was still beating, but I don't think he was breathing very long. They worked on him to start him breathing again. Also the ambulance crew worked on him. and rushed him to St. Luke's Hospital in Utica where they said his leg was broken so badly, that, had he survived, they would have to take the leg off, also his neck and chest was broken and he was completely paralzyed. Funeral was held at his parents home Jan. 27. Several van loads from Pa. attended. Sermon preached by Noah L. Peachey, and Abie Renno, both from pa. Dannie had his 9th birthday Jan. 6, and will be greatly missed at home and in school, etc.

(Dannie was the oldest of their children) This made the 5th grave in our cemetery. See obit.

We've had a lot of snow through January, but the roads are kept open pretty well. It's getting hard to spread manure with the spreader, unless they go out and break a track first.The sun is a welcome break, whenever it shines through. Our coldest was 10 - 15 below zero and selom warmed up much over 30's above.

Jacob Peachey's 2 yr. old dau Lomie had a severe rash, covering most of her body. She was very itchy but did not seem sick at all, although she was quite swollen in her face. it seemed to start in like chicken pox, but when it didn't heal up for several weeks, they took her to a skin specialist, who said she has a severe case of eczema, and told them to watch her diet (no citrus fruits, tomatoes, eggs or peanuts) and gave some ointments. It is healing up since that.

Conewango Valley, N. Y. - Mrs. Noah Wengerd

Clara G. Shetler, 26, dau of Andy E. Millers, was in Jamestown W.C.A. hospital from December 30th to January 10th and had a big cancerous tumor removed from her abdomen. She will now start taking radium treatments on February 9.

In January we had some snow the first 3 days. The 4th it was down to 6 degrees and very nice and sunny till the 6th it got dreary, warmer and snowed and rained some on the 7th. It was mostly dreary with temperature in the 20's till the 14th was sunny with the temperature at 50 degrees. The 18th it really snowed and 19th it also snowed some, and really stormed, blizzard like, for an hour or so after dinner. The 23rd it snowed again with lots of wind, it got in every crack and got deep! From the 24th to the 28th we had 0 degrees or as low as 6 below with a little sunshine at times. The 24th was stormy with temperatures as high as 3 above. The 29th and 30th were more mild with some wet snow. The temperature was at 20 degrees on the 31st snowing and blowing drifts. We have a 3 ft. drift right outside our door.

Dewittville, Mayville Dist. NY - Salome J. Byler

January started in mild, being around 30 degrees and mostly dreab.It snowed all day on the 2nd, but warmed up again to 15 degrees on the 4,and 5th. On the 7th it it snowed again and was more stormy. The 10, and 12th were snowy, then it was nice and sonny with up to 50 degrees. On the 14th it rained but turned to snow on the 16, and 18th. We had snow flurries every day the rest of the month, amounting to about a foot or little more on the level. On the 23rd it was 18 degrees in the morning and by evening 8 degrees and next morning 7 below. Lots of ice on Lake Chautauqua but little on Lake Erie. Temp. around 22 and dreab today.

Clymer, New York - Lydiann J. Bricker

December started in with a snowstorm. Mostly it was heavy wet snow with lots of slush all over, making driving hazardous for several days. The last part of the month was mostly cold and cloudy, with very little snow, and a few sunny and rainy days mixed in.

January brought the cold and snow again, with the first storm lasting 3 days, the 9th to the 11th. It was beautiful and 40 degrees on the 14th, and lots of cold and windy weather after that. We had very little sunshine.

Andy J. and Enos D. Millers and Joe Brickers had chimney fires. Nobody had the fire trucks out.

Crist Hostetler is still not working much. Still has trouble with his back and his leg also bothers him. It will soon be a year that he was in an accident. They have 11 children. Address is R1 Box 317, Panama, N.Y. 14767.

Dad recieved a broken and split open finger while working on the sawmill.

Lots of sickness is making its rounds.

The community was shocked at the sudden death of deaf John, son of Melvin J. Weaver, on December 15. He apparently had a siezure and fell on his face, from a ladder, bursting a blood vessel in his head, and bleeding to death. He was born

September 10, 1960, in Ohio, see Obit.

Norfolk, New York - Sue Wickey

We had 7 days in Jan. that the early morning temperature was a little below or above zero through Jan. The rest of the time it was from 18 degrees to 30 degrees. We also had our biggest snow a week ago, and hasn't melted much since.

On Jan. 22 - Our Bishop and Deacon went to Snyder County to have a meeting with some other Bishops and ministers, but after arriving there the Deacon Jonas Wengerd had a massive heart attack and was rushed to Danville, Pa to the hospital. Bishop Joe Delagrange came home Fri. night or rather early Sat. morn and Sat. Mrs. Jonas Wengerd, daughter Naomi and Son Dan went to Pa. to be with him.

Dan returned home Sun. night and all the family and married children left for Pa. Mon. returning home Wed. night and one of the daughters said they did not realize how bad he was. Has been in I.C.U. all this time, and even the doctors wonder that he is still hanging on. The family needs our prayers as this is a hard trial for them to have the father so far away, and so sick.

Dundee, New York - J. Henry Mast

January has been a changable month with a high of 52 degrees and a low of 3 below. This high and low occured within 48 hours. We have a moderate amount of snow. We had 10 to 12 inches around the first of the month, most of which was gone again before we got some more. We have also had some high winds.

Vernon and Daniel Nissley accompanied David Gee (the logger they work for) to Gradyville, Ky. to do some land shipping. The way we understand, they plan to move in the near future.

There is a virus making its rounds which seems hard to get rid of. We had a turn with it at our house.

Grandmother Nissley seems to be doing better again. Her vital signs are good and she was eating somewhat better.

John Masts and David Swareys left for Someset Co., PA., this morning. They expect to return around mid-week.

Fort Plain, New York - Mrs. Levi B. Hostetler

The snow that fell mid December is still here, but it has been melting the past few days. We had a white Christmas Day, not very cold, coldest here was 4 above zero about a week ago. Folks got crops in well considering the wet weather and our first year in the this community. Anyone who has made such a move knows what that means. Frosts came later than we expected to see so far north, giving us time to get the produce in, which yeilded very well. It is turning cloudy again and it looks as if we could have more snow or rain soon. There are just 5 more days in 1986.

First familys came here the 1st weeks of March, and till last May there were 8 families here. Then the last week of August another family moved in--so at this time there are 9 families. The school has 25 pupils.

January has been mostly moderate temperature, a few mornings it was down to 4 degrees, but mostly its been hovering in the 20's. Mid January we had a few days up in lower 40's. There has been snow on the ground all month, but not much till the 18th it started to snow and has been coming most every day. By this morning, the 23rd, we have a good bit more, it started at noon the 22nd and kept up most of the night by the looks of it this morning, it is still 20 degrees and calm.

Kidney Transplant?

The 1st of January, Levi, son of Menno Hostetlers was taken seriously ill, he was rushed to Amsterdam Hospital to the emergency room, and after a few hours of testing they sent him by ambualnce to Albany Medical Center, where they have kept him in a constant care room. They have hopes of getting him to a regular room this week yet. He has a serious kidney disease, and Doctors would like to do a transplant, but he wouldn't be strong enough for it at this time. If anyone has had experience with such would you please write to Menno L. Hostetler, R2-B52, Fort Plain, N.Y. 13339.

Bradford County, Penna. - Andy A. Byler

December was a nice month, but January is all snowy. On the 2nd we had around 12 inches then it warmed up some and drizzled a little. We had some more off and on till the 22nd we had over 14 inches and couldn't measure it as it started blowing and got colder. Coldest report I heard was 26 below on the 25th.

Montour Co, Penna. - Lydia Stoltzfus

January brings the ice and snow, makes the feet and fingers glow. January 2nd we had about 15 inches of snow and again the 22nd just as much if not more. The 19th we had 5 inches so there is still a lot of snow around. Our coldest was 20 below zero, the warmest was 45 which was the 1st day the last week in January and it melted some of the snow. We had a few other days with a couple inches of snow and also some rain.

Allenwood, White Deer Vy, Pa. - John K. Fisher

New Year's Day started in as cold and cloudy, then it started snowing in the evening. By the end of the second day we had approximately 12 inches. Most of January we had real winter weather although not much wind. Snow on the 10th brought us 3 inches while the 19th brought us 6 more and the biggest one was yet to come on the 22nd. Nearly 20 inches fell then and some places as deep as 2 feet or more with the old snow underneath. The rest of the month we had pretty cold days with the coldest on the 28th at 16 below but no wind. The last day was a cold and windy but sunny day.

Isaac Kings had a chimney fire on the 26th which did some damage their house but it is still liveable.

Howard, Nittany Vy, Pa. - Benjamin B. Stoltzfus

January was mostly mild the first two weeks, with almost sringlike days. The 26th was colder with a couple mornings being 0 degrees and below, our coldest being 10 below. But we had bright sunny days that week. Had about 27 inches of snow in all this month.

Mrs. Elmer King was in the hospital over a week and had an operation.

Aquilla, 15, son of Ben Stoltzfus was kicked by a horse and results were a broken jaw and a few broken teeth. His jaw will be wired for 2 to 3 weeks.

Rebersburg, Brush Vy, Pa. - David B. Stolrzfus

A large horse barn-carriage shed-shop combination building burned to the ground in the early morning hours of December 22nd on the farm of Jonas and Lydia Yoder several miles east of Rebersburg. The upper floor had been readied for starting young turkeys just the week before. Twelve brand new gas brooders had been installed and had been in operation for several days. The fire started in the upper floor and is blamed on the brooders. The upper floor was burning through when the horses were being rescued. After the horses were out, blue streaks were seenin the fire upstairs where the gas hoses to the brooders had burned through and the gas was feeding the fire. The gas was turned off and the fire simmered down somewhat. Shop tools, some hay, several small pigs, harnesses, feed, 4,000 small turkeys and turkey equipment was lost in addition to the building. The barn was rebuilt as before except only room for hay upstairs.

The month of December was mild with very little snow. Ten inches of snow on January 2nd was followed by 30 degrees weather and light snows. Mid-month was quite mild. We got another foot or more on the 22nd followed by wind and zero weather. The next week on still mornings the temperature dipped to 20 and 15 degrees, and then milder again.

Myerstown, Lebanon Co., Penna. - Levi S. Hing

January month was mostly mild, with night time temperatures a little below freezing, and daytime temperatures a little above, until the 22nd after which it was colder. The coldest was around 5 below sero.

We had about 20 inches of snow for the month, so the ground isn't frozen much except where the wind blew the snow away. From the 14th to the 17th some people were plowing ground, but since that it was mostly snow that was being plowed.

On the 10th we had a few inches of snow in the morning and the fish in our pond must have been real hungry as they were along the banks trying to eat grass, etc. The slush from the snow must have made them too cold as we could dip them out with the net. We had about 40 nice bluegills and a few eatable bass, the big bass were also out but headed for deeper water when ever we came close.

LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNA. - REPORTS

Mascot Area - Mrs. Ben B. Esch

January 3rd - Sammie Glick was a patient in Philadelphia hospital due to a virus. He came home a week later. February 1st, Sammie was in church for the first time since his kidney transplant. He tires easily, seems weak, but is coming along better.

Jan. 12th - Emma, wife of Aaron Stoltzfus, had a fall due to her feet just giving out while getting up. Was in the hospital for x-rays and released the some evening. She was badly bruised and sore for a while. Aaron is also getting older. His sight is not so well.

Eli Miller, Miller lane, seems to be some weaker due to his sickness.

Jan. 22nd - We had our first big snow fall which brought around15 inches, causing icy roads a few days, and blustery weather. The temperature was down as far as 15 below. Is warmed up some again.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

January started in very mild, and we were wondering if we won't get winter weather, but on January 22nd it snowed all day. We had around 15 inches. In the afternoon it thundered, you don't hear that often in a snow storm. On January 27th and 28th it was eal cold. Temperature showed 16 below zero on Tuesday then 14 below on Wednesday. But there was no wind yesterday and we were glad there wasn't. Today it is warming up again. Will the ground hog see its shadow in a few days?

Nine Points Area - Mrs. Ben S. Beiler

January started in with snow, then drizzling rain a few days, ollowed by milder temperatures staying around 30 degrees. Till January 18 we had icy rain covering trees, wires, fences and all. Then Thursday we had a good amount of snow measuring 15 nches, followed by high winds Thursday night and Friday. Sunday, January 25th, we had more snow measuring 5 inches, giving milk men a hard time getting around with their big tractor railers. Some milk was stored in small containers till he got around and some dumped it to make room for more. The Hershey Truck driver refused to put chains on and didn't even try to getin when he saw its drifted a little or it looks like he may not be able to get around. We had more snow than we've had for a few years.

A farmer overheard a few Truckers discussing the snow problem. One company's Trucker says, "The boss said we've got o try and get the milk hauled somehow." The other company felt, "We surely don't want to get stuck and get held up a few hours rying to get out." But so it goes! The pure white snow surely does make a beautiful winter scenery, but its nice to stay home nd keep the sewing machine going. I suppose we don't realise hat a trucker puts up with. February is here now so spring will oon be felt, I suppose.

Bird-In-Hand Area - David B. King

January started in wet and snowy. In rained and snowed on the evening of the 1st. It snowed about 4 inches. It was nice and not so cold for January. January 18 it snowed in the morning then turned to sleet and rain and froze on the trees and weeds everywhere. It rained some on the 19th. The 24th it was 3 degrees near zero but nice. Wednesday, the 28th, it was 5 below and stayed cold next day but warmed up some till the end of the month.

Gordonville Area, Penna - Linda Ann Esh

Jan. 30 - Katie Esh (widow) 85, was in a car accident, when going down a hill they couldn't stop at a stop sign because of ice and went right through the stop sign and hit a car. She has a cracked cheek bone but is getting along fine at last reports.

Jan. 26 - Rachel Stoltzfus, wife of Amos Stoltzfus, Gordonville, Old Phila. Pike, fell on ice and broke her shoulder. She had a lot of pain but is getting along fine now.

Georgetown Area, Penna - Anna King

Rachel B. Fisher, wife of John B. Fisher, age 47, Furnace Rd., Quarryville, went to General Hospital on Thursday January 22nd having a gall bladder operation and their son, Benuel, age 23, is on crutches since Christmas.

Paradise Penna. - Lydia B. Beiler

Levi J. Fisher, age 16, son of Henry and Emma (Stoltzfus) Fisher, fell in the barn Saturday, January 31. He is in Lancaster Community Hospital with a bad conncussion. They operated Monday, February 2nd, to release pressure on his brain. He slept fairly well on Monday night and is coming along a well as can be expected at last reports. His address is: Levi J. Fisher, 115 Black Horse Rd., Paradise, Pa. 17562. % Henry S. Fisher.

Peach Bottom Area - Christ Zook

January came in mostly mild, rain and ice, then spring like weather, but the last few weeks, it was snow and cold. Some schools were closed, the roads were closed, and a number of people are having the flue.

Coatesville, Chester Co., Pa. - J. Elmer Lapp

January finally broughjt us some winter weather. The first half of the month was mild, the 19th was rainy then turned colder, the 22nd it snowed approx. 14 inches. Quite a few roads and driveways closed. Pulbic and some parochial schools were closed 2 days. and some 3 days. As it snowed another 4 or 5 inches on the 26th temperature on the 28th was 4 degrees below zero. A few other mornings around zero. The ground was pretty much open all winter so far. Of course being frozen occasionally, but is not frozen now under the snow. One convenience of a mild winter for farmers is in the silos, the first frozen silage that was left stand along silo wall was on the 24th of Jan. although forecasters say there will be a lot of cold and snow yet, time will tell.

Dover, Deleware, - Neil N. Hershberger

January began as another very mild month with warm days, even up to 60 degrees on the 15th but a week later winter came in earnest, with a very heavy 8 inches of snow on the 22nd, followed by cold weather. A second heavy snowfall of 11 inches came on the 25th and 26th with drifting but it was a light fluffy snow, easy to push and shovel, then extremely cold temperature followed with a low of -14 degrees on the 28th, now remember, - means minus, this is the coldest we have had since we live here, 30 some years. However we did not have many windy days and really, it was nice winter weather.

Now at this writing we are having a very dreary, cloudy, Ground Hog day, what ever that may mean.

Winter time chores, and caring for sick with flue and attending sales, half the winter gone, half the winter yet to come, with days hospital the 28th and the last we heard he has Pneumonia and they want to take some tests and xrays.

Smicksburg, Penna. - Mrs. David E. Schlabach

Our first snow was gone by the middle of January. We received an icy rain on the 19th which hung on the trees and made them glisten. On the 23rd we got another blanket of snow which left everything white again. 24th and 25th was below zero and the rest of theat week was also cold. The flu bug has about left this community by now.

Somerset County, Penna. - Mary A. Kinsinger

Our winter weather has arrived now that Jan. has come. There was some snow on the ground thru most of Jan. But no excessive amounts till the 22nd it snowed all day with an accumulation of around 12 in. It was quite stormy on the 23rd and some roads were drifted shut. But by Sat. most all roads were again opened. Below zero temp. we had, Sunday the 25th, Tues, 27th & 28th. We had an excessive amount of thunder and lightning, followed by rain, sleet and snow and wind for a spell but soon subsided again. There has been some snow and wind today. Also was in the 40 degrees today.

Womes work is sewing and going to quiltings, etc. while men are hauling manure. So far the manure could be kept out or mostly so.

Andy Ray, son of Bennie C. and Mary A. Yoder broke his wrist in school quite badly. He carries it in a cast and sling. He fell on ice.

Rudy, son of Yost J. and Emma Summy also broke his arm after he was done sled riding while putting his sled away. Possibly he also fell on the ice.

Lots of flu has been in the area. Some get quite sick and others not much to it.

Sat. morn . It is snowing and blowing again.

Oakland, Maryland - Mrs. Atlee Hershberger

It was a mild winter till January 22nd we had our first big snow. It has been colder since and also some more snow. We have around 10 to 12 inches. We had 20 below zero one morning and 3 below but it hasn't been as windy as it was at times. We had a few sunny days this week but it was cold in the mornings.

The baby of Evan Schrocks was taken to Morgantown Hospital as it had breathing problems. Bishop Norman Schrocks and Pete Beachys are the grandparents.

Southern Mercer Co., Penna. - Eli H. Kurt

January started in cloudy and mild with a few snow flurries, the 2nd mild and snowing all day, had around 7 inches, then sunshine for 4 days but temperature dropped to the teens in mornings but daytime up to in the thirties, 7th to 12th mild, some snow flurries followed by 2 days of rainy weather, 20th, 22nd, 23rd more snow flurries, with temperature dropping from 26 down to 8 by eve, 24th 2 below, up to 10 and down to 4, sunshine but cold, 25th and 26th still real cold, 27th 8 degrees in morning up to 22, and down to 14 that eve, 28th was 12 and went up to 28 degrees and snowing all day, 29th cloudy and mild with more snow flurries on the 30th and 31st.

Mrs. Emma M. Byler is reported as being some better and was to the table for meals.

Eli Y. Byler is still feeble with some days slightly brighter and other days not so good.

There seems to be lots of flu around, some having sore throat, some sore aching joints. Maybe this cold weather we had first of week froze the germs.

Quite a few Amish farm auctions with one on Jan. 31st at Mose L. Bylers, On Feb. 7th at Urie S. Yoders, David W. Bylers, Feb. 14, John D. Kurtzs Feb. 28, and Mrs. Clara S. Byler Feb. 11.

Guys Mills, Penna. - Mrs. Crist J. Miller

The New Year started in quite mild with temperatures ranging in the 20's. This weather continued quite the same with very little or no snow until the 18th. On the 18th it became rather windy with temperature dropping to the lower teens. The 19th was almost the same as the 18th but the temperature rising to the lower 20's. The rest of the week was a little warmer. The 24th to the 29th it was windy and snowy with temperatures in the lower 20's. On the morning of the 30th the temperature was up to 35 and it was raining. It changed to snow later in the morning as the temperature began to fall. The 31st was windy with snow squalls. The temperature being around the mid 20's.

Mattew Mast (Robert) was helping to put up a pole building when he fell and twisted his leg. Xrays showed that the bone is split. He is not in cast but has a splint. He is 15 years old. Mail will reach him at Rt. 6 Meadville, Pa. 16335.

Linda Gingerich (Andy) had an asthma attack on Saturday the 25th. She was admitted to the hospital where they put breathing machines on her. She is at home again. Mail will reach her at Rt. 1 Cochranton, Pa. 16314.

Spartansburg, Penna. - Thomas B. Miller

January started with snow and mild temperatures. It stayed like this until the middle of the month and then we had a warm spell which melted most of the snow and then we got some snow, sleet and high winds. A few days the temperature dropped to zero or below and was windy.

Conneatville, Penna. - Mrs.Menno E. Fisher

The New Year came in warm and mild, just like the preceeding months, and remained that way for the first three weeks in January. Several times the temperature dropped into the teens at night, or even lower, but during the day we often had in the thirties or even in the forties. This winter was a very unusually mild one, until the weekend of January 23rd to 25th. Then we had abut 9 inches of snow, sub-zero temperatures, and much wind and blowing snow. The week since that has been fairly cold, and we have had snow nearly every day.

Total snowfall for the month was 22 inches. The most snow on the ground at one time was 9 inches. The highest temperature was 51 degrees on the 14th. The lowest was -11 on the 25th and 26th.

Union City, Penna. - Levi D. Stutzman

We had above normal temperature in January with our coldest being 8 below on the 24th. The next day it warmed up again. On the 31st it was really stormy. We had some drifts when we woke up but it warmed up enough that the snow packed. Our warmest was in high 40's on the 14th.

Geauga County, Ohio - Eli E. Miller Jr.

Had mild weather up till the 20th with temperatuer from 20 inches morn. to 38 in daytime had 6 in. snow the 2nd. with some snow but not enought to pile up. Had some rain and snow mixed on the 19th which then got slippery and colder with some mornings below zero, some days it didn't warm up too much was stormy with wind and snow the 28 and 29th then warmed up some.

A few farm sale's coming up; Monthly Horse Sale at sale barn for Feb. 7.

Farm prices about holding there own except egg prices are done some.

WAYNE and HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO - REPORTS

Apple Creek, Kidron Area - John L. Stutzman

1987 is now here and we don't know what it has in store for us. 1986 is now going down in history, not to be done over again.

onger, the cold stronger.

St. Marys Co., Md., Amos R. Stoltzfus

Januart was mild mostly for the first 3 weeks, though we had several rainy days. 2 inches the 18th and 19th. On the 22nd it began snowing around 5:00 A.M. and snowed fast most of the day around 12 inches. Then Sunday morning it started again and snowed till Mon. P.M. probably another 10 inches with wind. The last few days in Jan. were mild and the snow has settled a lot. Temperature on Wed. morn. Jan. 28 was around 6 below a short time.

Lizzie, wife of Steve Kurtz, had his appendix removed at St. Marys Hospital on Jan. 22.

Jan. 13, Stephen, 17, son of Benjamin and Katie Swarey busted his hand opeh between two pieces of logs which caused a lot of pain and required 14 stitches.

Delta, York County, Penna. - Andrew H. Beiler

We got some real winter weather in the latter part of January, on the 14 it was more like spring than winter, although we did have snow on New Years Day. It snowed quite fast in the afternoon and evening. Then on the 22nd and we had a real snowstorm. It snowed most of the day, leaving about 15 inches. The next day it was windy, drifting roads shut. It was down to zero this morning and snowed some more Sunday night and again the 30th.

Mt. Pleasant Mills, Penna. - Sam M. Troyer

Well, January is almost history. We had about the same average temperature that we had last year in January but it was divided different. The fore part we had rather warm, but the last part was colder. We had -6 degrees on the 28th. We had one big snow, about 18 inches on the 22nd. Over 40 inches all together this month.

Last Thursday evening, the 22nd, Jonas Wengerd of Norfolk, N.Y., was on the way up to our place, with Joe Delagrange, and wading through the deep snow he got a heart attack. Young Sam helped Joe bring him to our place, the he was taken to Sunbury and from there to Danville, where he is still.

The 23rd we were to Juniata to the Deinerfersamlung and the oads were snowy and slippy.

McClure, Penna. - John Y. Speicher

January was very winter like, quite a lot of snow in the first part of the month. It was nice to haul manure and get fodder in to shred. Saturday the 17 was a nice day for such work. Monday it snowed around 6 inches then blew and made some drifts. Thursday the 22nd, it snowed fast all day. Friday, the 23rd and Saturday, the 24th was very windy and made drifts. The 26th and 27th were very cold reports of from 10 to 22 degrees below zero. It warmed up Thursday, the 29th and 20 degrees in the morning. Friday, the 30th, was very changeable, it snowed and was windy at times, then sunshine. It will probably be changeable the first half of February. There are to be two Amish Farm Sales in our area in February: Noah A. Yoder, RD1, February 20, and Joas M. Speicher, RD2, February 28.

Juniati County, Penna. - David Y. Renno

January was very mild the first part then turned cold and snowed quite often had 15 inches one time the middle of month with windy and drifted roads. Fields are well covered with snow and ground is not frozen underneath the snow. Our water table is up to normal.

Farmers are well supplied with hay and corn, and have been sending some to South Carolina to the drouth areas.

We took a trip to Newport, New York in sub zero weather to the funeral of our grandson Daniel Swarey, 9 who was killed by a snowmobile while walking away from school in a snow blizzard. The teacher, Salina Peachey, also has a broken leg.

Mifflin County, Penna. - Catherine Swary

Januart started in cloudy with snow toward eve, snowed most of the night and some of the next day Jan. 2nd, Jan 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, were clear and sunny but colder, temperature down to 8 below. Jan 10th warmer 30 degrees again with more snow another 4 to 6 in. Another week of sunny days warmer and snow melting Jan. 23, more snow 14 inches also windy putting the snow in beautiful drifts 2 to 4 ft. deep. Again clear, sunny and colder down to 6 degrees. Temperature was at its lowest Jan. 27 and 28th zero degrees, and 10 below in some places. An unusual sight, foggy on these cold mornings, so our valley is covered with a nice blanket of snow.

Rachel Yoder, 6, dau of Moses and Annie Yoder was the victim of a sledding accident at school on Jan. 21 when the runner of another sled punched into her face beside her eye slighty hitting her brain. She was taken by helicopter to the Danville Hospital, where she greatly surprised the doctors and nurses. She was discharged Jan. 28, she still has a bad looking eye and is to be watched, seems to know, is able to talk, eat and sleeps well. Seems to know what happened.

Gettysburg, Penna. - Elizabeth A. stoltzfus

Our New Year came in with 26 degrees and cloudy. It started snowing in the afternoon and snowed till the next morn. We had 6 1/2 in. We had 4 inches of snow on the 10th. Had a shower on the 15th. We had a rainy day on the 19th with more than an inch of rain, with also sleet and snow. The 22nd we had 10 to 12 inches of snow. School closed at noon and had no school till the 27th. In the afternoon and night of the 25th, we had 4 inches, followed by a shower of rain Friday, Jan. 30. It was nice and sunny in the afternoon. We had our coldest period from Sat. Jan. 24, when it was 8 degrees above. On the 25th, 8 degrees, the 26, 14 degrees, 27, 10 deg. below, some people living along Marsh Creek, reported it was 26 degrees below, on the 28, 10 degrees, 29, 18 degrees, Jan. 15, the warmest morn of 46 degrees. Today Jan. 31, its 32 degrees, cloudy and windy.

We still had about 20 acres of corn to pick. Also our son Levi has some. I used to think it was only us that didn't get it done before wet weather set in, in Nov. it has been wet, wet since. There is still quite a bit of corn in the other folks fields. One has to wonder if there will be any left to pick as there are big flocks of those black birds or cow birds, that are feeding in the corn fields. Birds used to fly south in the fall of the year. We need all the corn fodder that had been out there.

Flu had been making its round. John Beiler Jr. becamse very sick on Sat. night or early Sunday morn. Jan. 18, and was taken to the emergency room of the hospital. They thought he might be getting a heart attack, but it was pluersy, with a touch of pneumonia. Pink eye and chicken poxhave also been making its round.

Path Valley, Penna. - Daniel Z. Beiler

We have had a mild wet winter until the cold spell last week. Low temperature on the 27th and 28th were 18 and 17 degrees below; it has been cold since, from 20 degrees to 0 in mornings with some nice days when snow melted some. Had 7 inches snow January 2, 1 inch on the 19th, 13 inches on the 20th and 3 inches the 30th. Ground has not been frozen yet. Some corn is on shock yet. Farmers are working at that. They are also hauling manure and doing repair work etc.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. David J. Byler

We had a lot of snow this month and we had a snow storm on the 24th. The coldest we had was 6 below. The warmest was in the30's. We also had high winds on the 24th and 31st.

Allen, 2 month old son of Bill Fishers, was admitted to the

Loganton, Penna. - Senior Bishop Expires

December was very mild. We had good rain fall all through December. The coldest was 15 degrees and also some foggy days. Farmers were putting in corn fodder, hauling manure, cutting wood, and butching beef and hogs.

January was another mild month, for this winter. The temperature was mostly freezing or some lower. A cold snap moving in Jan. 25th we had 5 above.

The highest was Jan. 7th - 38 degrees. Had a couple inches of snow. Enogh for the fox hunters to be out. I hope they got the fox family that were feasting on our pullets last summer. Reports are that the Coytes are getting more plentyful thru this area. Maybe more in surrounding country's.

Peter M. Gingerich and Roman J. Mast both bought a farm in Licking County.

Jan. 26 An invalid, Christina, dau of Sam D. "Lovina A. Yoder" Wengerd died age 2 years, 3 months 20 days.

This is a little late to mention, but it is something to think about for the ones that travel. There were around 10 to 12 people traveling by Greyhound, going through Detroit, Michigan. They had a several hour wait. The Security Guard had put an unruly colored lady out of the depot and then went to his office to make out the report when everything was calm. The women were sitting in a row. When another colored lady went to the end of the row. And started to hit the one at the end with her fists from behind. This caused screaming, and some English men went towards her. She then quit and claimed the Amish lady was messing with her purse. There was plenty of proof that the Amish lady was innocent. The colored lady with her little girl, after arguing with the Security Guard, and having no ticket she was put out of the depot, as the Amish lady went on to Clare, Michigan in a wedding, with some soreness, and a knot or two on her head.

Fredericksburg Area - Eli E. Hochstetler

January 1 was mild nice weather with snow flurries so that by January 2nd we had about 5 inches of heavy snow. It was good fox tracking snow. The 8th, 9th, and 10th was muzzle loader gun season to hunt deer for those who didn't "hit" in shotgun season. A few were harvested but not too many. A few snowflakes fell most every day with mild, cloudy weather mostly 20 to 40 degrees. Till the evening of the 22nd a snow storm blew in from the west and the 23rd was windy and stormy all day. Saturday morning, January 24th, it was 4 below zero. Work among farmers is cutting wood, hauling manure, choring and attending sales. Some butchering is being done. Till January 27th it turned milder again with rain on the 29th in late p.m. January 30th it was 34 degrees. Cloudy and light rain at timesa. The recent cold snap got ice fishermen awake and busy.

Farm Accident

Noah Petersheim received severe head injuries while getting ready to dress a beef. While the cow was kicking, after he shot it, it got its foot tangled in the chain and swung it around and hit him in the head.

Baltic, Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

January had unusually mild weather with temperatures mostly around 30 degrees. However we had 1 cold snap with temperatures around zero, with a few inches of snow. Farmers have good weather to haul manue and make fire wood.

Brickyards, palletshops, sawmills, lumberyards, repair shops, and what have you, all seem to have a busy winter.

Hog prices are a little slow. Pigs are still selling good. Corn prices are still a good buy. Hay and firewood selling fair at local sales.

Sugarcreek Area - Jonas N. Bontrager

The crops are all harvested, only some fodder shock out yet which will be mostly used for bedding.

The weather has been very mild for January until the last 10 days it was a bit wintery. It was down to zero 2 or 3 mornings but has warmed up again. It has been raining most of the day but it is turning to snow this evening. This is the last Friday of the month.

Farmers are buying some hay and grain at the live stock sales.

Hogs are up to $.48 again. Milk is over $11.00.

Ashland County, Ohio - Ammon A. Troyer

, , Coldest we had for January was 8 below. The ice is now 7 and 8 inches thick with very little put up yet. We had a nice blanket of snow most of the month. On the 29th and 30th we had a freezing rain which then turned to snow again. There is lots of flue going around this winter, lots of sick children, at least 3 new borns spent their first week of two in either Akron or Cleveland Hospital. Chicken Pox is also making its rounds.

Fredericktown, Ohio - Sarah Miller

The New Year started in with snowing all day, it was then nice till the 6th it rained most of the day, from there on we had fair weather with temperatures around 45 degrees to 20 degrees till the 19th we had a freezing rain all day. The 24th and 25th had 12 below that was the coldest we had so far this winter. The 29th had a freezing rain again was very icy. The 30th it started to rain and snow mixed together with 40 degrees. The 31st was 28 degrees with a nice blanket of snow on the ground. There sure is a lot of flue around in this acre which about everyone had its turn to have it. Chicken poxes are in this area with Jacob Miller (Bens) having them. Mrs. Lewis Brenneman is limping around with a broken ankle for about 3 weeks now.

Butler, Ohio - Alvin Yoder

Our mild winter continues except for the exception of a cold snap where the temperature dropped to 6 degrees on Jan. 23rd nd 24the it continued to stay cold over the weekend. We haven't had much snow yet only a couple inches at a time. Had a real icy spell the lat week in January.

The whooping cough is in the area. Reports are Paul Wengerds have it.

Bishop Nelson Kauffman's surrey was smashed yesterday after church when the horse took off before anyone was on hitting the mailbox post at Danny Hostetlers where church was held, part of the harness tore off with the horse taking off for home.

David E. Yoder also had a runaway while skating the horse & buggy broke the post loose taking it with him the post swinging as it went hurting the horse in the side to the extent that he had to be killed

Ruth Hochstetler, 21 the girl that is laid up with mono had an operatio recently to remove a cept. Mail will reach her at :

19541 Nunda Rd.
Howard, Ohio 43028
% Edwin L. Hochstetler

Emma is taking over Ruth's teaching job.

Sullivan, Ohio - Jonas A. Hershberger

We finally received some winter weather in Jan. temperatures dropped below zero a few times and a nice layer of snow fell.

Eli A. Yoders are planning to move to Tennessee this spring.

Mose A. Slabaughs are making logs to build a barn on the Jonas Hershberger farm which they are planning to divide this summer.

There was a big fire at Jacob Weavers sawmill on Sat. the 24th. The building burned down almost completely. What wasn't burned down was torn down.

Stockport, Ohio - Warren L. Fussner

January 1st brought 5 inches of snow to our area. Weather remained fair and temperatures mild until Jan. 11th when it grew colder and snowed. Was fair until Jan. 18th when it started to,rain. Was rainy on the 18th. Dreap and then clear on the 10th and 21st. On the 22nd in P.M. it started to snow and snowed off and on for 2 days, turning colder on the 23rd. Was colder with temperatures in the single digits until it warmed up the 28th and 29th starting to rain. Some snow on the 31st with temperatures turning colder and below freezing.

Due to the mild temperatures and mud farmers still have corn to harvest. not much fall plowing has been done. Folks are making firewood, butchering and etc.

Levi H. Miller fell from the shed roof of their barn and hurt both of his hands to the extent that he was unable to use them. He is improving.

They had a barn raising the day before to put up a barn on the acreage they purchased some times back.

We have a new milk market now since the first of last August. Our price for December was $11.50 for 3.5 % base, with 12 cents a point on butter fat.

Hauling and Handling Charges were $1.50 per cwt. and expected to increase 20 cents. Milk goes to Union Chesse Co. near Sugarcreek, Ohio.

Feeder pigs remain strong, with prices somewhat lowere than 6 months ago. Eggs selling at 60 cents to 75 cents a dozen.

Hicksville, Ohio - David Raber

Martha Shetler had surgery to remove 3 cysts on the 29th of January.

The chicken pox are making their rounds in the community.

On the 19th of January we had a snow storm--around 7 inches fell in less then 1 day. The school children were dismissed early as the roads were closing. We've had a mild winter until a few weeks ago it got colder and snowed.

Nunnely, Tennessee - Lester Graber

Polly D. Borntrager came home from her trip. Almost a 3 month trip north on the 1st. She arrived here with Joe and Esther Bontrager and son Daniel of Bronson, Michigan and Monroe Bontragers and children of LaGrange, Indiana. They were here several days to visit with Joe's son and family, the Leroy Bontragers.

On the 2nd Noah Hochstetlers received visitors. Miriam's sisters, the ura Millers of Danville, Ohio and Neal Yoders of Centreville, Michigan. Also included on the load were Isaac Miller and Martha Yoder of Ohio and widow Martha Hochstetler of Michigan. She is a sister to Joe Yoder of Waynesboro, Tenn. whom they visited on the third. Joe had done quite a bit of traveling, but only by walking in later years.

We held a singing at LaVerne Schmuckers on Sunday afternoon, (Jan. 4) in these visitors honor. They left home the following day.

Mrs. John Katie Yutzy and dau Elizabeth Miller spent a few days here with their dau. and sister Kathryn, the Samuel D. Borntragers, arriving here on Jan. 13, and leaving the 15.

On the 21st Amos J. Bontragers moved into their new house from their shop which had been their living quarters for over a year. Their new house is almost finsished. Then on the 28th Samuel D. Borntragers moved into their new house from the basement of the house where they had been staying for a few months.

When Ivan Shetlers moved from Arkansas to Kentucky on the 29th they stopped here enroute and Samuel Borntragers accompanied them to Kentucky to help them unlaod. They came home that eveing only to leave again with the van going back to Arkansas where they plan to spend several weeks.

David and Polly Borntrager who are spending the winter in south Ga. spent a few days here over the 9th when they had a chance to come home with someone from there for the mule sale in Dickson.

Over 800 mules and horses were reported to be at the Reeese Bros. Mule sale this year. One local paper reported it as over 8,000 head, but they were a bit off.

We had icy and snowy weather over the weekend of the 25th when church was at LaVerne Schmuckers. But since it has warmed up and become much more springlike and pleasant with temperature reaching a high of 60 degrees.

There were several mistakes in my letter published in last month. It should read that Sammie D. Borntragers have gone into the salvage grocery bushiness and not Polly D. Borntrager.

Ethridge, Tenn. - Daniel M. Gingerich

Winter has finally arrived in this area. We've had a couple of snowfalls now, just enough to make the ground look white. None lasted more than a day or two. The first one was on the 10th and the second one on the 22nd. We had a lot of wet days and also several pretty days. The coldest so far was about 9 above on the 27th. It stayed below freezing that day which was probably the first time this winter. By the 28th it had warmed up some again. The weather had been mild enough that farmers got an unusual amount of plowing done for this area, by this time of the year.

Marion, Kentucky - Samuel Hertzler

The weater continues to be mild. Twelve of the mornings of the month were above the freezing point. Twice we had about enough snow for tracking deer. The snow that was so heavy farther east reached here, but that was about all. Our coldest was 10 degrees. We had 1/2 inch of rain.

Mile Yoder of Dixon, Mo. died. He has 8 neices and nephews living here, and they all attended the funeral. I was also along.

Guthrie, Kentucky - Jessie D. Peachey

More winter like. Had a little snow on the 22nd then a freezing rain and slett on the 24th and 25th. Coldest for the month was 9 above. has warmed up since, no frost in ground anymore. Some were plowing yet in 3rd week in January. Firewood business is slowere, due to milder weather. Last eve as Jake Peachey was on the way home from the singing, the horse suddenly shied away from the bank. Someone shouted WHOA as a figure leaped at the horse! The horse lounged, jerking enough that the battery slid back, disconnecting the wiring. Jake felt a bump, as though the buggy passed over something! Needless to say, he didn't go back to check things out.

Dunnville, Kentucky - Marie Schlabach

January was a nice winter month. Jan. 2nd was our first snow on the ground but didn't last long. The 11th we had a little more snow on the ground but by noon it was about gone again. Then on the 22nd in p.m. started snowing and had about 2 inches in the next morning. Had a little more snow off and on till the 29th it went up to 48 degrees and kep on getting warmer till Fri. morn. the snow was mostly gone except where it had slid off a roof, etc. Our coldest was the 27th and 2 below but went up in the high 20's that day yet. Rest of the month was mostly in the 20's and some times in 40's in the mornings.

Allen County, Indiana - Mrs. John Schmucher

Had some real winter weather with about a week of below zero and at zero. Our coldest was 8 below. Had a lot of snow.

LaVern, 3 yr. old son of LaVern and Mary Lengacher is still in the hospital but improving. Had a virus which caused blockage by the brain and made that he couldn't talk or walk.

Enos and Loraine Schmucker had an accident when their horse got scared from a big truck and the hub of wheel caught on a guard rail just after they crossed a bridge. It broke the cross bar and one side of shafts off and they were both thrown out and badly bruised.

Our local feed man had a new well put in by the mill just before Christmas and spent $3000 and then someone put trash down this well and now they had to dig another one. Wonder why some like to destroy other peoples property.

Adams County, Indiana - Mary ANN Hilty

Our winter so far has not been so severe, but we have had a lot of cloudy days instead. On January 9, we had our first heavy snow of 6 inches, which made ideal sledding. Then we got a mild spell again. But then the week end of the January 23 to the 27th we had below 0 weather along with wind and snow, which drifted roads shut and that brought the sleighs back on the road again. The last week in January was moderate again, with more cloudy skies and the 29th had sleet and freezing rain, which made roads soon a glaze of ice, which made it hard to keep the right side up.

The chicken pox are visiting several homes here in Adams County, which puts the attendance down in our schools. Also a flu bug is in the area, which then settles in a head and chest cold, along with a bad cough.

Mrs. August D. Wickey, R1 Monroe, Indiana recieved a badly broken ankle on December 15 and was in the hospital 2 days.

The twin sons, Joseph and John, sons of Marcus M. Millers remain in the Parkview Hospital now close to 4 weeks. They remain in a grave condition, weighing only barely 2 lbs at birth. They however lost weight then too, weighing obly 1 lb 13 oz. They have gained some back. The address is R1 Monroe, Indiana. 46772.

LaGrange County, Indiana - Anna Eash

We had mild winter weather the first of the month. We had several inches of snow the 2nd week but was almost gone when it turned colder. We've had no zero weather until the 25th it was. The week of the 19th we had 15 inches of snow, and low temperatures.

On the 29th we are having snow, sleet and rain makng it somewhat unpleasant, but are so blessed with all necessities that we do not suffer at all and the cold weather makes us take notice and praise God for it all.

Things are quite routine, some colds. Factories seem to be going full speed.

Our senior deacon Moses F. Miller is declining in health and has not attended church for several months. He will observe his 102nd birthday, Feb. 10, Lord Willing.

Nappanee, Indiana -Joni D. Gingerich

We had a mild January up to the 29th when it turned colder, it also started to snow on the 15th and has snowed off and on since, we now have an accumulation of probably close to 12 in., the coldest we had was 14 bleow, and the warmest was 50 above on the 6th, 16 solid cloudy days, 5 all sunny ones, we didn't have much strong wind to drift the snow so far.

Mrs. Menno Kauffman 'Amanda' 66 had a light stroke 'I understand' which affected her feet and legs mostly, she is now on a wheel chair, we hope she will soon be better.

This community has two funerals during January,

Mrs. Emma (Dan) Mullet passed away on the 17th in Elkhart General Hospital where she had been a patient for 10 days, at the age of 76.

Mrs. Emma (John) Mullet, age 81 died in her home after an extended illness, her husband John died 15 years ago, she was cared for in her home by her duaghter.

Etna Green, Indiana - Menno Schwartz

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Schwartz and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel L. Chupp and family enjoyed a week in Sunny Florida. But it was cloudy during their stay between Christmas and New Year.

The weather is very blustery and snowy here. We only had 3 days of school this week. The 19th we had 11 inches of snow and drifts were several feet deep. Now this morning, the 23rd roads are again closed up. Snow plows are going. It is also windy. The forepart of January was nice weather.

Kokoma, Indiana - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

January came in very mild and cloudy so we had mud to clean up instead of snow. The 9th and 10th we had our first heavy blanket of about 5 inches of snow which was very welcome, to brighten up our homes after so much cloudy weather. It drifted some the 11th with temperature at 23 degree. The 19th it was in the upper 40's when we had some thunder and lightning along with sleet and freezing rain that later turned to snow. We had our coldest of 12 below the 24th. The sun shone bright and clear the 25th and 26th with temperature going to 20 degrees the 26th. It warmed up to 32 degrees again so we had more freezing rain the 29th.

The flu bug became quite active in our mild weather. With ice and snow packed on the roads. We had a week of good sleigh weather.

Daviess Co., Indiana - Elizabeth Mae Raber

January was mostly mild, had a low of 5 degrees above zero on the 24th. Had a few nice days about like spring on the 6th, it was 56 degrees then on the 13th it was 57 degrees. We didn't have very much snow, but had a nice cover a few times but soon melted, also had rain a few times.

Steven Raber is in the hospital in Indianapolis is in traction for a broken back, he fell while doing carpenter work were putting up big trusses for a building when the wind blew one over hitting the next one and so on with all of them falling to the ground, nine men were on the building and all fell down, but not all were injured. Steven and his bro. Elmer were both injured as a truss fell on them and one was pinned underneath. Elmer had head injuries and had severe headaches for awhile. It is not known how long Steven will be in the hospital. he is the son of Menno Rabers, is married and has a family.

Mary Catherine, 2 year old dau of Ray Grabers is or was in the hospital in Evansville after receiving a skull fracutre when she fell two stories where the chimney was torn out of the house and were getting ready to build a new one. She was critical for awhile and had surgery as the skull had splintered. She had been improving by last reports.

Arthur Area, Illinois - Henry R. Yoder

The first month of 1987 has gone up in History without too exciting things about the weather. We had light snow on the 2nd but no real cold weather, mostly from 28 to 24 degrees and still quite a bit of cloudy weather then on the ninth we had an all day snow from the south and some colder, but slightly a week later rain and snow and then cold. It was real cold the third week of January. There was more sunshine by then but not much thawing till the last week. We had several moderate days but cloudy. The snow melted enough that manure hauling went fairly well on Thursday and Friday of the last week.

Where the snow laid deep the ground wasn't frozen so as the snow melted it saturated in the ground so there wasn't any run off from melted snow. There is still snow on the ground but only lightly.

There is not much grain moving to the Elevator. Perhaps the large grain farmers are depending on Goverment certificates instead of selling the grain.

Price range hasn't changed much if anything depreciated instead of appreciated. Not much of a bright future here in grain prices. Perhaps other places are the same.

There are quite a few personal properties for sale in the country as well as town. However new houses are going continously. Farm land is still not much of a demand only in big lots. Some corporation buyers throughout the State, nothing close to here lately.

Hog prices are some advanced, cattle are mostly steady. The same with milk but feed is also high for Dairy cows which cuts in on profits.

Barn Fire

On January 18, the barn at Willis Schrock caught fire and burner to the ground, the horses and cows were outside, according to reports. However, the cause of the fire was unknown, and investigation is still going on.

In the year 1939 in January the house on this place burned to the ground on a real cold night. Two weeks after the fire the family was just about moved in or probably in part. The Henry Borntrager Family lived on the place at the time the house burned. Caused by a poor chimney in a closet upstairs.

Anabel, Missouri - Abe T. Bontrager

December was a very mild month. Very little moisture. Many foggy days, some plowing was done. The big boys were a little disappointed with no ice for skating or snow for hunting over Christmas.

On New Years morning we woke up in a nice white clean looking earth. Our first tracking snow for this season. 5 inches was received. My wish is that all you readers and I could start in the New Year as pure and clean as the earth appeared that morning. And not let it melt away as soon as our snow did. We received another 8 in. over the weekend of the 18th. And is very little left now, Feb. 1. Today was very unusual warm. I drove home from church bare handed.

Some corn shredding was done the last week. But was getting too soft in field to haul it out. Some ice 7 inches thick was stored the first of this last week.

Ezra A. Yoder missed church the last 2 times. Was in the hospital emergency room a few times. Ailment is his heart plus other complications. He is under doctors care.

Jan. 31 the farrowing house at Albert J. Troyers burned to the ground. Eight little pigs were lost. Got all the sows out. One had to be dragged out and butchered. Cause is expected from stove pipe near the roof.

Laplata, Missouri - Neil Kauffman

Mild weather continues with morning temperatures from 20 degrees to 35 degrees till the 14th it was 40 degrees warmed up to 50 and 55 degrees on the 12 & 13th. On the 15 it was colder and went to zero by 23rd and 24th. 20 and 22 degrees again on the 27 & 28the. On the 9th it snowed all day. And snowed some again on the nights of the 17th and 18th. So we still have some snow on the ground though it melted fast yesterday the 28th. 35 degrees this morning (29).

Two families have filled their ice houses, Ice is 6 in. to 6 3/4 in. deep.

A load from here attended Mrs. Gid (Anna) Yutzys funeral in Bloomfield, Iowa on the 24th.

On the load were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kauffmasn, son Neal and daughters, Nettie (Mrs. Mose Petersheim) and Elsie (Mrs. Vernon Bontrager, Susanna and Perry Gingerich.

Eli P. Gingerichs then took the driver and went on to Milton, Iowa to visit her uncle Ezra Gingerichs.

We have 14 families here, there were 2 births, 1 boy, and 1 girl, 4 baptized, 2 familes moved out. 1 family moved in. No deaths or marriages in the last year of 1986.

Jamesport, Missouri - Amos W. Yoder

Mild winter weather through January with only 2 mornings at zero or a few degrees below. About 5 inches snow fell the 16th, but with temperature at 40 degrees to 50 degrees this last week, it is nearly all gone again.

Revere, Missouri - Jacob A. Mast

We had snow on the morning of New Year's Day and it still isn't all gone, so had below freezing most of the month, with the coldest on Friday the 23rd at 9 below in the morning and not higher then 9 above thru the day.

John Yoder who had 2 strokes in Dec., had a couple more in Jan. He couldn't talk but could nod his head when asked something, he also could walk wth the help of others. The evening of Jan. 24 he got up and started walking before the others got to him, he fell hitting the teakettle on the stove, threw it off and fell in the hot water scalding his right arm from the elbow up, also the right side of his back and over his lower back. The doctor was out and gave him a shot to quiet him down so they could dress his burn, then after that he was given aspirns every 4 hrs.

Tues. P.M. he started breathing deep and hard then in the evening around 10 o'clock he died, all his children and Katie's mother and other relavatives were here for the funeral on Friday. His mother, bro. Andy, sis. katie were here to visit him and left for home on Monday when he passed away Tues. evening.

Windsor, Missouri - Monroe J. Hershberger

Jan. 1987: We woke up on New Yrs. morning to the first snow, that didn't melt as it came. We had a snow about every week, some springlike days, and temperatures also dropping to 12 degrees the 23rd and on down to 2 degrees the 25th, warming up right after and in the 50's several days later. There is a good demand for firewood, also when days were calm, a number of trees were topped off or trimmed out in town, that seems to be a never ending job.

Since New Years, people are going broke and business has been very slow in the store, giving us an opportunity to figure Inventory and get our tax papers figured!

Maywood, Missouri - Moses J. K. Burkholder

January was rather mild in the first part. On the 9th we had a fairly good snow and again on the 16th. The two snow storms brought us approximately 21 inches. We also had some sub-zero weather again with this snow. Our lane was drifted with around 3 to 3 1/2 ft. of snow in the deepest spots.

On the 4th our group attended the wedding church or widower Eli M. Schrock or Riceville, Ia. and Miss Elizabeth N. Lee of the Curryville, Mo. area.

On the 21st Jacob Burkholder butchered around 75 hens and roosters. Pre. and Mrs. Chris M. Burkholder, Pre. and Mrs. Raymond Wagler and daughter Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Eicher and son Amos, and Mrs. Noah S. Borntreger and 3 children from the Bowling Green area were there and helped.

Canton, Missouri - Jacob D. Hochstetler

January started in real nice. Had nice sunshine days. Ground was frozen a little on top. Thawed most every day. Had around 6 inches of wet snow the 9th. Cooled off over the 11th, and got down to 10 above zero. Warmed up again that most of the snow was gone again until the 15th. Had 2 more inches of snow the 17th. And 6 more inches of snow on the 19th. Also had a cold spell over the 10th to the 15th. With zero 3 mornings. The ground wasn't frozen, much though. As we had a nice blanket of snow. But it warmed up again the 19th and 30th. That the snow about all left again.

Prairie Home, Missouri - Phineas A. Mast

January has been more winter like with quite a bit of snow, it was around zero several mornings, ice was put away around 6 in. thick, snow has now mostly left and not much frost in the ground.

John Burkholder had some severe back problems but after several treatments he is improving. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Beachy are about like usual not leaving home much unless to church or Dr. they enjoy mail and company; their address is R1 Prairie Home, Missouri 65068

Seymour, Missouri - Menno D. Schwartz

Already a month into the New Year, with about all kinds of winter weather. January came in rather mild, but in the first week it got down to zero with snow, making traveling very hard. Then it went back and forth with snow, rain and ice. This held on until the latter part of January, when it turned very nice and warm. Just a little too warm for butchering and keeping the meat. The last 3 days of January temperatures going up to 50 to 60 degrees. The ground got very muddy from melting snow an ice. But the first month can be called very nice as an average in these Ozarks.

Hogs in the 47 to 48 range. Rabbits have gone up to $.65 per lb. live white. Shelled corn around $2.00 per bu. with hauling. I don't have any more prices to quote.

Dixon, Missouri - Jonathan Shrock

January brought us our deepest snow. Temperatures ranging from loweer teens to 56. Saw some dandelion blossoms before the snow.

Milo Yoder, 77, our oldest member, passed away on the 24th. We now have the first grave in our small community. Their 9 children were all here for the funeral. Those coming for the funeral were from Texas, maryland, Virginia, W. Virginia, Indiana, Ohio, Delaware, Kentucky, Iowa, Aylmer, Ont., diffent communities in Missouri; Jamesport, Windsor, Marshfield, Prarie Home, Verona, Dogwood, Linn, Buffalo, Sedalia, Fairview and Seymour.

Something different for our community is the birth of 5 girls, and 1 boy within a years time. Ruben and Carolyn (Schrock) Wickey, are the happy parents of their 6th dau, since Dec. 30, there is one bro.

Joseph T. and Rhoda (Kauffman) Miller are also the happy parents of their 8th child, third dau, Miriam, who came Jan. 12.

Visitors from Aylmer, Ontario, Jake and Lydia Eicher and dau. Martha, Simon Waglers (Jakes dau. Susie) and family , and a dau odf Alvia Eichers. Church services were held Wed. A.M.

Jake having the opening, and simon the man part. Jakes bro. Dave from Bowling Green came to visit Jake Wed. P.M. The Canada folks left for Ind. Thurs. morn.

Rachel Yoder from W. Virginia is spending some time with her mother Mrs. Milo Yoder and sister Annie.

Clarita, Oklahoma - Kathryn Miller

We've had real nice weather thru December. Temperatures have been moderate freezing in the mornings but going up to the 50's in the day. People have been harvesting their pecans which have been a fair crop this years. Prices on pecans had been 80 cents a lb. but dropped down to 40 cents.

Visitors at the Martin Hochstetler's over Christmas were the Atlee Hochstetler family and Rosa Fern Stutzman from West Union, Ohio and the Levi Schlabach family and Mrs. Jonas Hochstetler From Applecreek, Ohio.

January started in nice then on the 15th it started raining then on the 18th it turned to sleet and snow. Thru here we just had enough snow to cover the bare spots. But some of the bigger cities around us had enough ice and snow to stop the traffic utility poles and lines broke under the weight of the ice that the electricity was off a couple of days. The rest of the month was nice and sunny with temperatures going up to the high 60's and sometimes 70. Also brought the bluebirds and the spring peepers back. Some gardners also got spring fever with the nice sunshine.

John (10) son of Andy Millers was back to the Galveston Island, TX Shriners Burn Unit for his 6 month check-up on Jan. 27.

The women have been making quilts to sell for school funds.

Hutchison, Partridge Area, KS - Edward D. Mast

We had two unusual snow falls of about 6 to 8 inches deep. Both came without wind which made beautiful snow covered trees, etc. Temperatures were mostly moderate with a low of zero one morning. Had ver little blustery weather but quite a bit of fog.

Johnson County, Iowa - Duane Borntrager

We have had an extra nice January this year with the temperature ranging from 20 to 30 degrees. On the 23rd the temperature dropped to 5 below zero and stayed cold several days. The ground is yet bare as the snow melted soon after it fell or it blew away. We have had very nice weather to haul manure this year so most of the people have their manure all hauled. A lot of people had the flu pretty hard this month.

Roger Miller, Eddie J. Miller's son, broke his leg in two places while skating on a pond. he has to stay in the house and take good care of it for a few months as it was a bad break.

Evan Gingierch, Emery Glen Gingerich's son, was playing basketball and stepped sideways tearing his muscle in the leg. he had to keep it elevated for several weeks, but is now going again.

My Dad, Vernon E. Bontrager, was working in the woods and got his arm pinched between the wagon and a tree. his arm busted open and had to have stitches to sow it shut. He will not be able to do much for about a week.

Amos T. Miller went to Mexico to have a hip replacement in the first of the month and now has gotten hepatitus from blood transfusion in Mexico.

Buchanan County, Iowa - Clara Nissley

We had a very nice and mild January, it went below zero only a few times. Went up as far as forty degrees on Jan. 13 and kinda stays in the 20's since. Have lots of nice, sunny days.

Dan R. Gingerich was to Rochester, Minn. through the clinic and tests showed he has a fast growing cancer in his liver, pancreas and possibly elsewhere. Dan and his wife Susie (Kurtz), along with Rudy D. G's (Dan's parents) and a cousin, Eddie E. Gingerich went to Mexico Sunday the 25th to get medication. Are expecting them home the 31st. They have 10 children, ages 19 to 1 yr. old. I'm sure mail would be appreaciated, their address is Rt.1 Hazleton, Iowa 50641

Andy Kurtz Sr. is lots better than I had written last time. About a week after he was so low, he was out on his wheelchair helping his great-granddaughter making candy. He just seems like his old self again.

Utica, Minnesota - Atlee J. Shetler

January was real - nice and got more sunshine again. The first 10 days were again in the upper 20's and 30's all week. The 2nd week it went in the teens. The week of the 18th it got colder down to 12 below and a few reported 20 below on the 23rd. Sunday morning it was also 8 below but nice and warmed up since and got a new layer of a few inches of snow on the nite of the 26th.

Our Senior members the John J. Borntragers are able to be in church all winter so far.

Harmony, Minn. - Mrs. Criss Stutzman

Had a mild January, some cloudy days with foggy mornings. The 6th we got a few inches snow again. Still have snow from Nov. Roads and plowed fields looked bare, but was plenty along the roadsides and around buildings. The average temperature were in the twenties, and teens in the mornings. The week of the twentieth was probably the coldest for the winter so far, with 13 below and a few mornings around zero.

Some sunshine during the last week, with a new layer snow a few different times.

Mrs. Amos (Lydia) Slabaugh who had a stroke in Sept. of 86, being paralyzed on her right side, lost her speech then except, yes or no and a few other sounds, was holding her own this winter till lately she fell out of bed and hurt her leg which was affected by her stroke. She could walk with the help of her daughter to get on the wheelchair and back to bed. Since her fall she had a spell that she didn't seem to know her daughter and not where she is at home. Her eyesight was failing for a number of years and worse the last year. She knows people by their voice. Her husband Amos is also ailing with sugar and high blood pressure and hard of hearing. he was able to go church when weather permitted. They are both 78 years old and are glad for mail. Address is Amos A. Slabaugh Rt1 Box 95 Whalan, Minn. 55986

Pine City, Minnesota - Phineas Borntrager

This is another New Year. The first two weeks in January were very mild. January 12th and 13th was in the 40 degrees. We had a lot of foggy weather the first 2 weeks. Now we had a cold snap this week. It was 22 below the 23rd and 24th, moderating a little. It was 8 below Sunday morning and 4 below this morning. Sunshine is now clouding up. We have enough snow on the ground to track a rabbit. There is still some corn to pick. We had a few light snows but they didn't last long. We still have some butchering to do this winter.

Evansville, Wisconsin - Mrs. Ivan Bontrager

We have had a mild winter so far. Only in the last week have we had some zero weather with the lowest being 5 below. We have a nice cover of snow.

Visitors in the area in Jan. were a group of Brandenberger relatives of Dan Schwartzes. With Mrs. Schwartz included they represented the Elmer Brandenbergers (Allen Co., Ind.) and their 6 oldest children. Also in church at Henry F. Millers were Pre. Mrs. Melvin Kramer, Belle Center, OH, Joes and John Kramers, Dan Hostetlers of Plain City, Noah Kramer family, Eli Hershbergers, John Millers of New Glarus, WI, and Ezra Bontragers , Freemans, Lelands, and Edna Mae Yoder of Kingston.

Wilbur Helmuth traveled by bus to the Denver, CO area last weekend to visit his bro. David. We went visiting in Indiana 3 days last week. We went with Ezra Bontragers, Freemans and Leland Yoders of Kingston with Dave Friday, Oshkosh, driver.

There was a badly misprinted paragraph in my last month's letter. It should have read something like this:

Among the 22 families here, there are 9 dairy herds, 9 men in shops, 6 veal calf operations, 6 carpenters, and 1 man employed on a non-Amish dairy farm. The shops include horse-collar shop, harness shop, buggy shop, horseshoeing, furniture shop, and a leather-and-wood working shop. On Dec. 5 Em. Helmuths sold their dairy herd and farm equipment, and are preparing for veal calves, making the 6th veal operation here.

Wilton, Wisconsin - Ben C. Borntreger

January was a mild month, temperatures ranging from 18 to 32 degrees above zero till the 16th it was zero then from 4 to 12 above till the 23rd it was 18 below, the coldest morning in Jan. the 24th 16 below, the 25th 7 below the 26th 4 below then the last 5 days in Jan. it was from 14 to 23 above so in all we had a mild month. But it seems it brought a lot of flu which seems to hang on.

Mrs. Dan Mast was admitted to the Tomah Hospital Fre. and Mrs. Joe E. Yoder was admitted Sat., both have pneumonia. They are sisters and in the same room, were both there yet Feb. 1st. Don't know how long they will have to stay.

Wood cutting and butchering seems to be the main work at present. We also got a good snow blizzard Thurs. expect close to 12 in. on the average.

Medford, Wisconsin - Clarence J. Miller

January also has been mild with the exception of about 1 week when the temperature dropped to near 30 below several mornings. On January 29 we had some snow and wind.

Mrs. Daniel Troyer had a stroke and spent about a week in the Hosptial. They have to help her out on the chair and help her walk with a walker. She can eat by herself. It did not affect her mind. She seems very tired and sleeps a lot.

Pardeeville, Wisconsin - Mrs. Joe E. Bontrager

The winter has been very mild with little snow. We did have several cold days but it didn't stay long. The sleds aren't used much yet. We had nice sleigh rides before the snow plows went through.

Butchering is being done by many. We hope to do our beef this week.

Floyd J. Hershberger had a little accident by getting his beard caught in a shaft while insulating his house. It took a big bunch out of one side, but he said it wasn't as painful as one might expect.

Cashton, Wisconsin - Joe C. Bontrager

Month of Jan. was mostly from 20 degrees in the mornings to 40 in the daytime, till the week of the 20th we had from 10 to 20 below over the weekend, but warmed up again first of the week, got some fresh snow on the 29th. Have around 6 or 8 inches again on the level.

This area started in 1966, we now have 4 church districts, 7 schools,1 is closed due to not enough scholars in that area, there are 101 young folks past, 17, 49 boys, 51 girls - 1986 we had one funeral, nine weddings, 43 babies, 19 boys, 24 girls, 2 families moved out, 3 moved in.

Blair, Wisconsin - Mrs. Moses S. Miller

January was mostly mild, the first part cloudy and not much sunshine till the week of the 11th was sunny which was very welcome, Since, we had quite a bit sunshine. The 6th we had a snow of several inches, but didn't last too long on account of Jan. thaws. Had a cold spell, the 23rd was 16 below zero and the next morn. 24 below, warmer again since. The 29th was snowy with a good wind which left drifted roads.

Levi V. Bontregers left for Texas to spend some time there. Mrs. Eli Miller of Augusta spent several weeks here with her daughter the Ira Borntreger, Jr.

Bronson, Branch Co., Mich. - Ora Graber

The first two weeks of the month was springlike, and no snow on the ground. About the middle of the month it started to snow, and continued for about a week. Then it turned cold, and had below zero weather for three mornings. Our coldest stood at 12 below zero. Some others had a little lower, but the City official was around 12 below to 15 below. The last few days of the month it turned warmer again, and snow is melting, and we notice the bare ground again in spots. So far we must say the winter was quite mild.

Some more farms coming up for auction, bankruptcy-sales. Years ago the farm acreage and buldings were the main item of cost in the farm operation. Today it seems the personal cost of modern machinery to operate the farm exceeds the real estate by a large margin. Something must be wrong with our management somewhere.

Farms are selling for as low $300. @ acre, Without improvemtns, or not modern anyway, which is a must today.

Corn is still quite low in price, maybe this will get some farmers thinking of going back again to livestock.

Quite a few accidents recently on our slippery roads, no one seriously hurt, mostly making dents and scratches on cars, people, and banging up a few home-made sleds by runaways.

Mrs. Kathryn Hershberger is laid up with an infection in her mouth, was operated on, but is slow to heal.

Quincy, Branch Co., Mich. - Cathyrn Schmucker
The month of December was real nice. With hardly any snow, and temperature usually in the 30's.

Farmers are busy cutting wood and hauling manure. We hope it gets cold enough so we can fill the ice houses. The first part of January was nice. The 23rd temperatures started dropping, the coldest we had was 20 below the 26th. We had about 24 inches of snow in all. The men have been putting ice away this last week.

Montgomery, Mich. - Mrs Noah N. Schwartz
January was very mild until about the middle when we got a big snow storm with an accumulation of 8 to 10 inches. The next weekend the temperatures moderated to the 20's and 30's the last week.

Scottsville, Michigan - Marvin Yoder
January was very mild until the 22nd then a blizzard set in and the temperature dipped down to 5 below zero. Then on the 19th we probably got at least a foot of snow in the afternoon. That was the most snow we've had this winter.

The Lester Lambright family and Elsie Beachy returned from their trip, several months stay in Bloomfield, Iowa.

Marie Yoder, also of Bloomfield came along and will stay with us for an indefinite stay.

Abe Beachey's found their driving horse dead one morning recently/

The flue is going around again.

Stray Bullet invades school house

A stray bullet went through the schoolhouse in time of school. The drunk fellow was soon traced down. He said he was aiming for a road sign which he hit and still the bullet went through 3 walls. A high powered rifle.

Rosanna Miller age 8 broke her arm while skating.

Desboro. Ontario, Canada - Noah J. Stutzman
The first half of January was mostly in the mild side, and mostly dreab, except on the morning of the 4th we had 5 below. No more zero weather until the 19th and 20th. Not much fresh snow until on the 18th and after that it seems winter weather has arrived. The 23rd and 24th was quite snowy and stormy with temp at minus 3 and minus 6. The 26th was very calm and sunny, morning temp. was 21 below and eve again down to 13 below, but this morn, it was up to 5 above (27th).

Quite a bit of sotre throad and colds and flues have been making its rounds. Pulbished on Jan. 18 to be married on Feb. 5 were Joe L. Hostetler of Medina Co., Ohio and Ada J. Miller of Desboro, Ont. They will be moving to Medina Co. later in Feb. where he will be working on a sawmill.

This settlement of 34 families plus 2 widow has 2 districts. In 1986 there were 8 boys and 4 girls born. I couple was married in 1986, both of here.

INGERSOLL, ONTARIO, CANADA - L. Hershberger
Weather was nice and mild though most of Dec. and Jan. The last weeks of Jan. we had our coldest some had 10 below. Have snow on the ground since middle of Dec. The Jan. thaw lasted 1 week and was very mild a lot of snow left then.

3 months old baby of David Kauffmans was in a London Hospital 12 days being treated vfor spindal meningites. Was a light case they don't think there are any after affects. Malinda L. Troyer still has a cast on her right arm of having it broke in a sledding accident before Christmas.

Mrs. Will Borntreger is spending some time in bed account of a fall, and hurt herself. Otherwise health is fair as far as I know.

Work is mostly quilting and sewing. Butchering mostly finished.

MIGRATIONS

The John Henry Stutzman family moved from Clarita Oklahoma, to Stephensville Texas, Nov. 19.

The Urias I. Bontrager family moved from Amherst, Wisc., to Medford, Wisc., Jan. 7.

The John M. Brenneman family moved from Camden, Michigan, to Stanwood, Michigan, Nov.22.

The Elmer R. Byler family moved from Troutville, Pa. to New Wilmington Pa. Jan 20.

The Levi J. Byler family moved from Geauga County, Ohio, to Fredricktown, Ohio.

The Dan M. Byler family moved from Smicksburg, Pa., to Fredricktown, Ohio.

A Hunter's Wife

A hunter ought to be thankful
If he has it in his life,
In his home, camp or cabin
A gentle hunter's wife.

She's the handiest little creature,
Ever a hunter could devise,
She helps him find all his gear
Packs everything neat and nice.

Then off he goes a hunting
While she kindly does his chores,
A cooking and a baking
For her hunter man, ofcourse.

Evening finds him plodding home
Dripping wet with mud and dew,
He's greeted at the kitchen door
With the smell of steaming stew.

He kicks off his muddy shoes
Out behind the kitchen door,
Coat and hat and hunting suit
Are strewn upon the floor.

He sits down at the table
To partake his steaming food,
His wife sit quietly listening
To his empty game bag mood.

She's thoughtful and sympathizes
When he says he missed his prey,
And kindly reminds him
There will be another day.

She smiles and gathers up his gear
and never thinks to complain,
About the muddy boots and dirty coat
And the house she cleans in vain.

Submitted by a reader

A GENTLE PEOPLE

By Erma Lapp Myers

Continued from last month

CHAPTER 9--TRAGEDY STRIKES

The snow began falling just after midnight. It fell silently, great feathery flakes which quickly covered the frozen landscape. Then the flakes turned smaller, and with the blinding intensity of a blizzard, blanketed the countryside with ever deepening snow.

Toward morning Dat awoke and heard the tiny pricklings of sleet bouncing on the bedroom windowpanes. Going into the kitchen, he added more wood to the stove. Now all was quiet on the panes so that when he opened the kitchen window Dat was surprised to see the driving snow! He drew a chair up to the stove ands soon a noticeable warmth was creeping out into the room. Dat was loath to leave the cozy kitchen for the dark, cold barn!

He called Mark, who once awake was eager to see just how much snow had fallen. How surprised they were to discover the snow was already five inches deep!

"If the wind begins to blow we will be snowed in," was Dat's comment.

The twins were ecstatic when they arrived in the barn to do their chores.

"We'll go sledding behind the house when the snow stops," said Jonathan, who was eager to enjoy this first big snowfall of the season.

"Wait until we get to school," advised David. "We'll build a snow fort and have the snowball battle of all battles." He could see the the snowballs now, flying thick and fast between the two forts. Maybe they could even throw a few slow ones and hit a couple of unsuspecting girls! No, David wasn't mean, but he did like to tease.

They were eating breakfast when the wind began to blow. With the snow still rapidly falling and now the wind blowing they couldn't even see the barn.

"I'm glad we are all together in the warm kitchen," said Dat helping himself to another piece of scrapple and then pouring Mam's homemade catsup on it.

Dat and the boys lingered in the house waiting for a let-up in the storm.

Mam and the girls tried to do their usual Saturday cleaning but it was hard to get the kitchen floor washed and dried without someone walking on it!

By nine o'clock there was still no change in the velocity of the storm. Dat and the boys left the toastiness of the house and fought their way to the barn. There was work to be done and Dat could wait no longer!

The day passed with only necessary chores being done in the barn. By nightfall there was still no change in the weather.

When Nancy woke up the next morning it was still dark, but the first thing she notices was the silence. No longer was the wind howling around the corners of the house and the snow had stopped falling, finally!

As the sun rose, the whole outdoors reminded Mam of a winter fairyland! The wind had stopped sometime during the night, and now each tip of the picket fence and all the limbs and twigs of the maples had a deep edging of snow. Everywhere the sun's rays caught the laying snow and turned the crystals into a countryside of glistening diamonds! It was a breathtakingly lovely morning. Not a hint of the tragedy to come.

Church services this morning were to have been at Enos Stoltzfus but without a doubt the whole community was snowbound. The snow lay deep in the fields and nothing was moving on the roads for they were closed by the deep snow and beautifully sculptered drifts.

It was Dat's turn to read this morning. He read how Mary and Martha were saddened at the death of their brother, Lazrus. Mary and Martha told their Lord that had He been there, their brother would not have died. How they rejoiced when Jesus brought Lazrus back to life and he was once more a part of their family circle. Jesus must have rejoiced with them in their happy, peaceful home in the little town of Bethany. Dat's voice was deep and easy to listen to. All too soon the story was over.

As the family sat down to dinner, the sound of snow plows could be heard out on the main road, hard at work. However, their own lane lay deep in drifted snow.

The boys spent several hours during the afternoon with their sleds on the slope behind the house. By late afternoon they were back in the house, hungry and tired. Mam had some cookies and hot chocolate ready for them as they entered the kitchen.

Dat joined them for it was about time to begin evening chores. Dat, like the boys, always had room for a snack!

As they sat at the table they heard the sound of Fred Martin's tractor coming in the lane. He was plowing their lane open as he came.

Reaching the end of the walk he jumped off the tractor and ran toward the house.

Dat was holding open the kitchen door for him and, quickly slipping off his boots, Fred entered.

"What is it, Fred!" asked Dat. The usually jovial face of Fred was grim and unsmiling and Dat knew immediately something was very wrong.

"Bad news, Aaron and Sally. Real bad news," he said. "Sit down, and I'll tell you."

"Your brother, John, called about forty minutes ago and I came as quickly as I could," Fred said, looking directly at Mam. Fred cleared his throat and shifted his position. Then he went on:

"It seems the road past your brother, Jakes, was plowed open early this afternoon. Some of the young people decided to go sledding. Mary Hershberger and her brother, Aaron, who is over from York County for the week-end, were visiting at Jakes after their road was plowed open. Your brother John's John was there, too, for the afternoon."

"Go on, Fred," said Mam in a quiet yet insistant voice.

"It is very hard for me to have to say this, Sally," said Fred. "They had just started sledding. John went down the road first toward Willow Drive. He was about to start down the hill when he realized how steep the hill was and how icy, so he headed for a snowbank. He tried warning the others not to start down but Fannie was already on her way. She fairly flew past John and on toward Willow Drive. John was afraid she would crash into a car as she crossed the road below. She never reached the other road. Fannie had no control over the sled and near the bottom of the hill she hit the big pine tree."

Fred continued, "Mary stayed with Fannie while Aaron went to the nearest house and called for the ambulance. John ran back to Jake's to tell them. Jake and Lydia went along with Fannie in the ambulance but she died on the way to the hospital." Here Fred's voice broke, for this accident brought back vivid memories of another accident in which his seventeen year old son had lost his life.

For several minutes the only sound in the kitchen was the steady tick of the clock. Even the children were stunned into complete silence. Hot tears were running down Mam's cheeks and Dat's face was as white as death itself.

Nancy was remembering how pretty Fannie had looked at Rachel's wedding only a few months before. Now she was dead? Nancy burst into tears and ran into her mother's arms.

"Couldn't the doctors have made her well?" cried Nancy. "God could have made her better, couldn't He?"

Mam sadly shook her head as the tears continued falling fast. "We don't know why this happened, Nancy, but God has a purpose I'm sure."

Then Mam realized Fred was still standing there in the kitchen.

"Fred, I'm sorry. I forgot for a few minues your were here," said Mam, rising to her feet. "Thank-you so much for coming over to tell us. I guesss this brought back some sad memories for your family," and there was real sympathy in Mam's voice.

Fred nodded his head and turned to go. With his hand on the door knob he turned to Mam and Dat. "If you want to go over to Jakes, today yet, I can drive you in the car. I think the main road between here and Jakes has been plowed and cindered one way," Fred added.

Dat nodded his head and so an hour later Mam, Dat, and Sarah were on their way. The boys were doing the barn chores. Lindy and Nancy would be fine in the house until the boys finished.

A number of carriages and several automobiles were already parked in Jakes driveway as Fred carefully drove his own car in and stopped at the walk to allow them to get out.

As they entered the house Mam saw her brother, John, and his wife, sitting nearby. Mommy and Doddy Beiler and Jonas and Rebecca were also there. Some friends followed Mam and Dat into the house. How quickly family and friends gathered at times like this, and how grateful one was for their comforting presence.

Mam and Dat approached Jake and Lydia but all Mam could do was throw her arms around her brother and then Lydia. There were no words Mam could offer now for the shock was still too new. Her tears mingled with theirs as they embraced.

Monday and Tuesday passed swiftly at Uncle Jake's house. Fannie's body had been brought back to her home on Monday afternoon and from that time to Wednesday morning, the day of the funeral, those relatives, friends, and neighbors who wished to stop and pay their last respects to Fannie were welcome to do so. Many also brought food for the family which needed little preperation and could be eaten during these days when they had little desire to eat and were busy with funeral preperations.

Fannie lay in a simple coffin lined with plain cloth. The coffin opened at the middle with the lower section remaining closed. There were no flowers here in the home and there would not be any at the cemetery. Many who looked at Fannie were impressed by the peacefullness of her expression.

The morning of the funeral was cold but the sun was shining as family and friends gathered for Fannie's funeral. The service was like a regular church service and was held at Uncle Jake's house.

Nancy tried to listen to Doddy Beiler as he preached, standing at the front of the room. But her eyes would wander to the coffin near Doddy. She just couldn't imagine pretty Fannie lying so still, no longer walking and talking with her friends. Soon they would lower the coffin deep into the earth and cover it with brown dirt. Nancy shuddered. Then she felt Mam's comforting arms around her and her thoughts came back to Doddy's words.

He was reading from I Thessalonians 4:13-18. It was verse 17 which caught little Nancy's attention. 'Caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.' Wouldn't that be exciting to be up in the clouds with the Lord! Then Nancy's thoughts strayed again.

She could see Rachel sitting with Aunt Anna and at the front of the room sitting with the other men and boys, was David. He looked very handsome, dressed in his Sunday best as were the others, with white shirt and black suit, the coat having no lapel.

David and Rachel had arrived home from Ohio about noontime yesterday to attend Fannie's funeral today. How very sad Rachel looked but even the somberness of her black dress and though she looked somewhat pale, Nancy thought her the prettiest woman she knew. Nancy looked over the assembled group of women and children among whom she was sitting. All who were members of the church wore black to show their mourning for Fannie.

Rachel, like little Nancy, found her thoughts straying. She remember a conversation she had had with Fannie just before the wedding.

She had stopped at Uncle Jakes to see how Fannie was progressing with her dress for the wedding. They had talked awhile and then Rachel had said, "Fannie, I'll soon be moving to Ohio to live and we will not see so much of each other. You are my closest friend as well as my favorite cousin. I guess I am talking about this now because I do love you so very much, I remember when I became a Christian and joined the Church and how I wanted yoiu to have the same experience. You are happy in Him, aren't you?" questioned Rachel in an anxious voice.

"Rachel, Rachel! What is wrong? I can't imagine why you are asking. We have always talked things over and the most important thing we have ever talked about was what it means to us to know the Lord personally," declared Fannie.

"I know, Fannie, and I don't know why I'm asking you. You have never given me any reason to question your relationship to God," Rachel had answered slowly as a great flood of relief swept over her.

"It's alright, Rachel. It was the very happiest day of my life when I asked the Lord to forgive my sins and come into my heart as King of my life! You know, it is really a comfort to know when He is ready for me in Heaven, I will be ready to go with Him. Of course,I am young and would like to get married and have a family, first, if that is His will, but the future is in His hands," said Fannie, with a smile.

Now as Rachel remembered Fannie's words a feeling of unutterable relief and peace enfolded her. It was as if God was wiping the hurt from here heart and replacing it with a peace and even joy, Rachel hadn't thought possible at a time like this. How glad she was for that particualar conversation with Fannie. Without a doubt Fannie was with the Lord! Even now, as they all mourned her abscence from them, she was in His presence, thanking Him for His salvation! Surely God had a reason for taking Fannie home to be with Him.

Verse 17 brought Rachel back to the present too. "Caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Rachel drew in her breath as the reality of being with the Lord forever caught her attention and the uncomprehending enormity of eternity itself left her breathless.

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words," read Doddy Beiler.

God's comforting assurance that one day she would again see Fannie filled the heart of Rachel so unawares she smiled, ever so slightly, by little Nancy saw that smile and wondered.

Rachel's thoughts went back to the afternoon before when she had gone into the room where Fannie lay. As she had reached the coffin she had stopped a few moments, impressed by Fannie's countenance. Completely happy and at peace. There were no other words to describe that expression. Rachel had bent low, giving Fannie a last earthly good-bye. Then she had moved on. Such a contradiction of feelings she would never have thought possible! God's comforting peace one moment and then this earthly yearning for a dear friend the next! Knowing she would miss Fannie's long, newsy letters so much, yet happy that Fannie was enjoying her Heavenly Home!

As Rachel came back to the present she became aware that it was almost time to leave the house and proceed to the cemetery.

There were others there that day who saw the peace on Fannie's face and several who were disturbed by it, knowing if they were in Fannie's place they would not be ready to meet God. One of these was Aaron Hershberger, Mary's brother. He had dated Fannie for several months and though he knew of Fannie's love for the Lord and respected her Christian principles, he had been unwilling to commit himself to the Lord. Now there was a real struggle going on in the heart of that young man.

Several of Fannie's own brothers and cousins as well as other young people were doing some real soul searching. God's Spirit was convicting these young people.

Rachel and David rode to the cemetery with her parents in their carriage. Little was said on the ride for each was deep in thought. An aged person's death was to be expected for they had lived a full life and many years. But the death of one so young, who was looking forward to many happy years ahead, made one stop a few moments and do some serious thinking.

Out of Rachel's thoughts came the words, "Did you notice the peace and happiness on Fannie's face? Oh, I'm glad she was ready to die! And I know she was!" she added as a smile brightened her face though tears glistened in her eyes.

As David reached over and Rachel felt his protecting arms of love enfolding her, she though how much more her Heavenly Father loved her. Enough to send His only Son to die for her sins! Such great love she could not fathom.

The horse-drawn hearse, carrying Fannie's body was followed by a long line of carriages and the procession moved swiftly on this cold January day.

After the burial they returned to Uncle Jakes for the noon meal which had been prepared for the family.

As Rachel and David returned the door and there stood Aaron Hershberger. John invited him in but as Aaron stepped into the kitchen it was obvious to all that the young man was ill at ease. He asked to speak to David and Rachel so the rest of the family soon left the kitchen to retire for the night.

Aaron seemed to have difficulty in explaining his reason for coming. After several starts he simply told them he was filled with deep unrest and wanted the peace Fannie had had. He knew he was not ready to meet God and if he had been the one to hit the tree--here words failed him.

Rachel told Aaron how both she and Fannie had answered God's call and David explained God's plan of Salvation.

"Yes," Aaron said, "Fannie told me this, too, but her death has brought the gravity of life into focus for me. How sorry I am this accident was needed to bring understanding to me," and Aaron's face showed the remorese he felt.

And so in Fannie's death a lost soul was born into the Kingdom.

To be continued

WINTER POEM

Winter don't descend on me
I am not ready yet.
The mittens, boots, and wollen socks
Are placed where I forget.
The sleds are piled behind the bikes,
The runners red with rust.
The shovel's somewhere in the garage
Buried deep in dust
Winter, don't descend on me;

SELECTED GEMS

Associated Press - 1911

Mercury Mounts to 140

HEAT RECORDS BROKEN IN DEATH VALLEY---
San Bernardino, Cal., July 22. All records for high temperature on the Mojave Desert were broken earlier in the week when the thermometer reached 140 degrees at Salt Basin in Death Valley. All residents of the area were forced to leave. The report of the terrific heat was brought here yesterday by Frank Fexton, who said he was one of the last to leave the valley. At no time, day or night, during the last week, he said, did the mercury drop below 100, and one night at midnight it registered 112.

Lightning Kills Three

A HOUSE SPLIT IN TWO IN WESTMORELAND COUNTY
Greensburg, Pa., July 22. Three persons were killed, two seriously injured, a house split in two and other damage resulted late yesterday during a severe electrical storm that swept Westmoreland County.

The dead are: Davis Mathias, aged 15; Joseph Levitsky and Peter Fasct. The last two were killed when lightning struck a foreign boarding house splitting it directly through the center.

Pat Wanted a Swim

JUMPS OVERBOARD, THE SHIP LOSES ELEVEN MINUTES
New York, July 27. The big steamship Majestic had to halt in mid-ocean on her way here from Liverpool all because Patrick Drum decided to take a swim. Drum did not communicate his intentions to any one, and while the Majestic was steaming along in a smooth sea last Saturday afternoon Drum jumped overboard.

The cry of "man over-board" brought the passengers to the rail, while sailors threw life buoys to Drum and lowered a boat. Drum was enjoying his swim when he was picked up by the ship's boat. The Majestic's log shows that Drum had an eleven minute swim.

A Novel Street Railway

There is a street railway in the Philippines which is operated by bulls. The little railroad runs from the village of Daet to the coast.

The cars of the Small street railway type, formerly used in one of the American western cities, and the bulls make the four mile trip up hill from the fort to Daet in 23 minutes. The bulls are attached to each car and they are driven by a little native perched on the front end of the roof. He uses nothing but a queer mixture of English and Fillpino profanity, and a wooden goad about 4 feet long, with which he prods the animals into action time and again, descending from his perch and running alongside whenever necessary.

Street Car Falls 100 Feet

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 19. Two persons were killed and a third probably fatally injured last night when a street car leaped from the tracks and plunged over a hundred foot hill. There were only three passengers in the car when the accident occured.

The dead are: Dennis Kaufman, a passenger, and Motorman H.E. Myers. Conducter William J. Kaiser was badly hurt. Several hundred feet before the car reached the sharp curve it was evident that the motorman had lost control of the brakes. Bounding from the rails at a terrific speed the car described a complete somersault before it landed at the foot of the rocky cliff. The dead and injured were buried under the debris.

YESTERDAY YEARS

Snow Land

I remember a few words of a snow song the first year I went to school. All I recollect was; snow, snow, snow, when silently falling the snow.

In my school days snow storms were frequent. Many a time I walked to school over the drifts being higher then the fences as the roads were not filled level as they are now, and banks were higher. In late years snow storms are not as frequent as they used to be . Years ago we often had to haul our milk to the highway in bob-sleds or farm wagons to meet the milk man. I am still a part owner of a bob-sled but it wasn't out of the barn for about 8 years and is in need of repairs.

Back in 1958 (as a lot of people can easily remember) we had two major snowstorms; one in February and one in March. The one in February was the one that drifted all the roads completely, including the main highways. On a Saturday noon this storm came in from the N.E. and kept on snowing all Saturday night, and part of Sunday, with a strong wind and temperation at10 degrees. On that Saturday I took my mother to the widow Annie Stoltzfus's funeral down on the Christ A. Glick farm, and the following Monday was to be my uncle Aaron Fisher's up at his son John A. Fishers, at Strasburg. Sunday evening after our church at Jake Blanks, neighber S.U. Stoltzfus's and us, including my mother, started up for Strasburg in Steve's market wagon with 2 work horses hitched. All side roads were blocked so we took to the fields and expected the "Old Road" (Rt. 340) to be plowed open but we were in for a surprise. It was still passible, but blowing shut fast and no snow equipment was in sight.

We trudged on up the road up to Intercourse, and by that time the road was next to impassible. We dug on through till we came to the Levi Fisher home 1/4 mile west of Intercourse, and by that time it was dark. Levi was out trying to dig his way to the barn so we stopped and said that we're about stuck. He took us "in", gave us a hearty welcome, fed the horses, unharnessed them, bedded them, and gave us comfortable quarters in the house which we appreciated very much.

There was nothing moving on the 340 all night Sunday and also all day Monday until Monday night sometime the snow plows were heard and by Tuesday morning the road was open on up 340 but most of the roads going north and south were still closed. But on Tuesday morning we decided to make another try for Strasburg starting out from Levis at about daybreak, but not far up the road we found out the only way we could get to Strasburg was to go up to Bridgeport just out of Lancaster but we decided not to as that would take most of the day so we turned around and headed east again being about 8 or 10 miles from home. We stopped at Aaron Esh's in Intercourse to feed the horses and we had a good dinner at Aarons. The we struck out for Millwood. Before we got out of Intercourse we found out that Uncle Aaron's funeral was postponed until Wednesday, but we gave up going with road conditions being as they were.

When we came down just west of Spring Garden the road was still closed but at the crossroad with driver Christ Beiler in it waiting to pick up some girls at a quilting which were to be escorted to 340. Christ said he would take us to the funerl the next morning as the Hartman Bridge Road is open which goes from Smoketown directly South to Strasburg. We took that privelege but first we had to take care of the hroses and decided to leave them at Davy Kings at Spring Garden for the night and left the women there too. Davy Kings lived where Jonathan Smuckers now live.

So Steve and I walked home and helped the children with chores and they were glad to see us. The water bowells in the cow stable were frozen and they had quite a time of it. But our good natured neighbor Isaac L. Stoltzfus came down and helped them.

Next morning Steve went out through his fields, and I went through mine, and met Christ Beiler at Davy Kings and he took us to the funeral. I was never at a funeral of a grown person with such a small attendance. In former years Uncle Aaron used to say he does not want a lot of people at his funeral and his wish was granted.

So we often think of that stay at Levi Fishers, and I don't know if we ever thanked them enough for their fruitful efforts to keep us. Levi is gone now but his widow Lizzie, and daughter Mary are still there and I guess Lizzie is going towards her middle 80's. Her son Elmer does the farming and now their childre are grown too. Till February this will be 29 years.

In March of the same year another major snow storm prevailed which was of a different source being a warmer atmosphere. It snowed 2 days and 2 nights and was a heavy snow measuring over 30 inches in some sections and did not drift. Many homes were without electricity and traffic wasn't going for at least a day. Visibility in that snow storm was at zero. More could be said but letteris getting long and maybe Ruth Glick can not make out my writing. Ruth is our granddaughter and helps out with the Diary.

At this time; 7 a.m., Monday, January 26, 1987, its snowing and I suppose it snowed about 6 to 8 inches this time. Last Thursday we had 10 inches and some roads were drifted.

John F. Glick

A Frightening Expereince

In January issue of the Diary there is a article of interest to me.

It tells of where Cornelius Beachey and Bob Wellmore were cutting oats with cradles, and Wellmore got cut in the leg by falling on his cradle, and died.

I lived in the Meyersdale, Grantsville area for 18 years. I was quite well aquainted with Jonas Miller, he was a minister in the Conversative Church. He once told me of the first dead man he ever saw.

He was a boy, and the dead man was the one who had fallen on the cradle and died. He was on the porch, and the dead man was on a couch inside the window. He was looking at the man, and then he moved, giving Jonas quite a scare. What had happened. His legs were not quite straight, and someone pressed down on his knees to straighten them.

Samuel Hertzler

IT IS UP TO YOU

God gave you this day to do just as you would.
You can throw it away - or do some good.
You can make someone happy, or make someone sad.
What have you done with the day that you had?

God gave it to you to do just as you would.
You could do what is wicked, or do what is good;
You can hand out a smile, or just give them a frown,
You can lift someone up, or push someone down.

You can lighten some load, or some progress impede,
You can look for a rose, or just gather a weed.
What did you do with your beautiful day?
God gave it to you, did you throw it away?

EMERGENCY TELEPHONE NUMBERS

To Be Used For Emergency Calls Only

ARKANSAS

White County

For McRae or Searcy residence, C. H. Hale, McRae, 501-726-3286

CANADA

Aylmer, Ontario

South Schoolhouse 519-773-9225
North Schoolhouse 519-765-2475
Carl Sansburn 519-773-2223

Grey County, Ontario

Mr. Morris, a local farmer, 519-363-5243, if no response during day call again after 5 p.m.

Ingersoll, Ontario

Werschoyle Market, 485-0109

Lakeside, Ontario

Frank's Cab, 284-1326

Norwick, Ontario

Arn and Son Funeral Home, 519-863-3020
Ontario Provincial Police, Tillsonburg Detachment, 519-842-3633

Wingham, Ontario

Mackenize and Macoreath Funeral Home, Lucknow, 1-519-528-3432

COLORADO

Manitou Springs

Ute Pass Motel, 303-685-5171

DELAWARE

Dover

Larmac Farm, 302-734-5056
Barbara Barnhart, 302-734-8860

FLORIDA

Sarasota

Henry J. Miller, 813-958-0973
J. Dan Marner, 813-953-6726. At home after 3:30 till early morning.

ILLINOIS

Arthur

Daniel O. Diener, Lovington, 217-543-2874
Fleming Funeral Home, 217-543-2105
Edward Hershberger, 217-543-2706
Shroder Funeral Home, 217-543-2105
Arthur Police, 217-543-3141

INDIANA

Adams County

Grover Leichty, 219-749-1928
Reuben Nussbaum, 219-692-6685
Wilson Brown, 219-368-735Z

Allen County

Brueggeman Lumber Supply, 493-3593
Leo Case, 219-657-5213

Ashley, Pleasant Lake and Hudson

Joe and Ida Mae Crone, 9-665-3202

Daviess County, Odon, Montgomery and Loogootee

Mervin Leroy Lenacher, 812-486-3469

Elkhart and LaGrange Counties

Oscar Miller, LaGrange, 219-463-2431
C. J. Gingerich, Shipshewana, 219-768-4473
Arthur Christner, Topeka, 219-593-2595
Kenneth Lantz, Taxi, Topeka, 219-593-2224
Art Troyer, Taxi, Topeka, 219-593-2232
Herb Shart, 219-593-2321

Etna Green

Mrs. Sylvia Yoder, 858-9683

Howard County, Kokomo

Eli L. Miller, 317-395-7239

Milroy

Leslie Foster, Taxi, 317-629-2150
Call Between 8 a.m. and 9 p.m.

Nappanee

Wayne Herr, Millwood, 219-646-2230
Abe Mast, Millwood, 219-646-2187
Roman L. Mast, 219-733-4409
Harley Miller, 219-773-3923
Wright-Yoder Funeral Home, 219-773-3173

IOWA

Bloomfield

Ralph Munday, 515-664-3894
Betty West, 515-929-3963
Rudy Plate, 515-664-2879
Pleasant Hill School (only during school hours) 515-722-3843

Buchanan County

Bus Depot, Independence, 319-334-2809
Alice Weepie, Independence R4, Jessup 319-827-6641
Richard Shannon, 319-636-2782

Kalona

Ezra Hochstetler, 319-656-2585
Paul Schwartzentruber, 319-656-2089
Willie Schrock, 319-656-2220

Milton

Call Homer Parcell, he knows where all the people live, and is a real estate man.

Riceville

Roy Richardson, Riceville, 515-985-2611
Walter Affeldt, Riceville, 515-985-2608

KANSAS

Partridge

Edward A. Mast, 316-662-4529

Haven, Reno County

Floyd Fry, Haven, 316-465-3460
Alvin L. Miller, Hutchinson, 316-662-1932
Andrew A. Bontrager, Haven, 316-465-3308
Edward Mast, Hutchinson, 316-662-4529
John Headings, Hutchinson, 316-662-7540

KENTUCKY

Mrs. Joe Mast, Auburn, 502-542-4356
Albert J. Yoder, Guthrie, 502-265-2183
Deacon Noah S. Yoder, Guthrie, 502-483-2127
John York, Liberty, (Dunnville Area) 606-787-6708

MARYLAND

Oakland

Atlee Hershberger, Oakland, 301-334-4191

St. Marys County

St. Marys Co. Amish, *301-884-9817* a pay phone close to a Amish home, can be heard but should be left to ring awhile.
Ezra Stauffer, along Rt. 236, 301-884-3301
Bill Palmer, along Rt. 6, 301-884-3602
Ryceville Bernie Thomas, 301-884-3689
Sonny Savoy (taxi driver) 301-884-3924

MICHIGAN

Bronson

Walter Metzger (taxi) 517-369-1301
John Schaffer (state-line area) 517-369-9270

Gordon Alleshouse - (emergency calls only) 517-238-4254
Use this number for northeast calling messages to residents with Cold Water address or the corner of this settlement.

Mio

Emanuel Gerber, 517-826-3432

Sturgis

Joe Eicher, 517-651-2433, for the Centreville, Mendon, Color, Burr Oak area
(Scottville Area), Ludington, MI 616-843-4180, the phone is on a farm and needs to ring several times before answering.

MINNESOTA

Mrs. Wm. Kurtz, Loman, 218-279-3370
Elmer Trana, Wadena, 218-631-1249

Canton and Harmony

Abraham Funeral Home, 507-886-4681

St. Charles and Utica

Harold Thoman, 507-932-4049
Purdy Wright, 507-932-4197
Winona County Sheriff,Winona, 507-932-4196
John Cullen, 507-932-4196

MISSOURI

Jamesport

Ed Moore, Jamesport, 816-684-6573

Anabel

Ten Mile Store (Perry Hays) Anabel, 816-385-4111
Don King, Clarence, 816-699-3487
If these are not available try Macon Co. Sheriffs Department.

Bowling Green and Curryville Area

Kirks Funeral Chapel, Bowling Green, 314-324-3311
George Curry, Curryville, 314-324-3630
John Summers, 314-324-2637
Dan Tombs, 314-324-5723

Clark

James E. Stewart 816-948-2481
Jim McCoy 816-754-6163

Laplata

Ivan or Gail Clarkson, Laplata, 816-332-7491 Or 323-5244
Howard Evans, Laplata, 816-332-4514.
These are both drivers with vans.

Seymour

Lloyd Johnson, 417-935-4472
Francis McCormick, 417-935-4179
Verona Stogsdill, 417-935-4322
Denver Keaton, 417-468-3935

Marshfield

School hours, 417-468-3795
Funeral Home, 417-468-3344
Neighbor, 417-468, 4352

Fordland

Harold Smickle (Pat.), 417-465-3610

Maywood

Albert Corey, 314-439-5999
Guy Poe, 314-439-5294
William and Judy Poe 314-439-5055

Canton Mo.

Jim Allison 314-288-3933
Russel F. Logsdon 314-288-3879

Prairie Home Mo.

Wilbur Wolfe 816-882-5083
Dorsey Alpers 816-841-5646

Hadley Funeral Home, 1-816-647-2125

NEW YORK

Conewango Valley

Robert Ackler, 716-296-5271
Cheese Plant, 716-296-5711
Edmond Lampson, Cherry Creek, 716-296-5590, reliable farmer

Norfolk

Earl Bellinger, 315-384-4309
Ray Elridge, 315-764-0347

St. Lawrence County

Do. &y Poor, 315-344-7195

OHIO

Ashland

Leo Fair, Mansfield,419- 895-1070

Geauga County

Andy E. A. Miller, West Farmington, Wm. Clark Farm 216-889-2713
Enos Kauffman, Burton, Running R. Farm, 216-548-5119
Spector Store, Middlefield, 216-632-0104

Holmes and Wayne County

Farmerstown Elevator, R1 Baltic, 216-897-4453
Farmerstown Elevator #1 Baltic 216-897-4453
Smiths Funeral Home, Sugarcreek, 216-852-2141
New Bedford Elevator, R1 Baltic, 216-897-6492
Otto Brenly, R1 Baltic, 216-674-7117
Becks Mills Store, R3 Millersburg, 216-893-2303
Dan M. Miller, R4 Millersburg, 216-674-7270
Ivan Troyer, R4 Millersburg, 216-674-3143
Mt. Hope Elevator, 216-674-5167

Kidron

Richard Gerber, Kidron, Kidron Town & Country Store, 857-2131, 857-4151

Orrville, North Bloomfield, Rome, Hartsgrove

Albert Mast, 216-437-6396
Melvin J. Coblentz, Hartville, 216-877-2763
Andy E. Troyer, Hartville, 216-877-9074
Richard Lee Miller, Hicksville, 419-542-3886
Home Service Center, Homerville, 625-2195
Walter Sparks, Kenton, 513-363-2550
Duane Walters, 419-675-2294
Bernard Zoeller, Kenton, 513-673-7151
Willis Sommers, Plain City, 614-873-4773
Melvin E. Hershberger, Utica, 614-982-2058

Knox County,

Jim Olin, 614-599-6778, East District
614-397-1507, West District, (Let ring long.)
Dick Robertson, 614-392-7726, taxi, knows where everybody lives.

OKLAHOMA

David Miller, Thomas, 204-661-2411
Ora M. Yoder, Mazie, 918-543-2748

PENNSYLVANIA

Adams County

Everet Lee Ramsburg, 717-334-8833, best to call in morning and evening

Bradford County

Evertta Green, 717-744-2501

Centre County (Brush Valley)

Elmer Yetter, Rebersburg, 814-349-8379
Kenneth Clouser, Sr., Madisonburg, 814-349-8821

Centre Hall and Penns Valley

Eugene Weaver, 814-422-8306

Clinton County (Sugar Valley)

Dale Bair, 717-726-4586
Shracks Valley Service, 717-725-2751

Crawford County

Menno E. Fisher, Conneautville, 814-587-3911
John Rabers, 814-587-3393

Guys Mills

Byler's Engine and Plumbing, 814-739-4412

Spartansburg

Semac Ind., SpartyWood Div., 814-654-7111. A lot of Amish work here. Ask for Joe Troyer or Billy Byler.

Cumberland County

Robert G. Zimmerman, 717-776-5469

Dauphin County

Irwin Klinger, Elizabethville, 717-362-9988
Boyd Hepler, Valley View, 717-682-3518

Union City

George Brown, 814-398-2079

Franklin County

David Hostetler, 717-532-8951

Indiana County

Robert Kimmel, 412-397-2646
Robert Dickey, 814-257-8599

Juniata County

Van Wert Cheese Shop, McAlisterville, 717-463-2075
Weavers Pallet Shop, Mifflintown, 717-535-5731

Lancaster County

Anna Buckwalter, Ronks, 717-687-5670
Paul N. Buckwalter, Lancaster, 717-397-9884
Ada S. Fisher, Soudersburg, 717-687-6927
John B. Becker, Paradise R1, 717-687-6688
Jonathan Lantz, Gap, 717-442-8229
Martin Hoover, taxi, Leola, 717-656-9239
Jacob Witmer, New Holland, 717-656-6468
Mrs. John Zook, Narvon, 215-445-5680

Lawrence County

James Schell, New Wilmington R2, 412-946-2843
Jim McCalister, New Wilmington R2, 412-946-8432

Lebanon County

Norman Auker 717-866-2288
Reuben G. Stoltzfus, Schaefferstown, 717-949-6422

Lycoming County

Raymond Yoder, Allenwood, 717-538-1765
Alvin Houseknecht, Trout Run, 717-998-8740

Mercer County

Stonesboro, 412-376-6612

Mifflin County

Abner Zook, Belleville, 717-935-5290
Irvin Peachey, Allensville, 717-483-6714

Montour County

John O. Hershey, Turborville, 717-649-5596, seed salesman
Harold Kessler, Amish taxi, 717-458-6575

New Wilmington

Frank Buchanan, 814-946-8006
Police Department, 412-946-8111
Cheese Co-op, 412-946-8729

Smicksburg

Noel Vawdrey, taxi, Smicksburg, 412-286-9830
Spot Crytzer, taxi, Dayton, 814-257-8142
Triple Keip Vineyard, 814-257-8704
Harmon Enterprises, taxi, Smicksburg, 814-257-8683

Snyder County

Meiserville Milling Co., 717-539-2141
Hays Stahl, 717-539-2144
Lawrence Willow, 717-539-8102
Russle Bowersox, 717-539-8324

Somerset County

, Loren Benders, across the road from CristYoders, 814-662-2062
Noah S. Beachy, 814-634-8107
Eli Sommers, Springs, (Grantsville area), 814-662-2911

Sugar Grove

Lawrence Trumble, 814-489-7489
Mike Schultz, 814-489-????

Union County and Winfield area

Park E. Knapp, 717-524-4945

TENNESSEE

C. C. Hammet, Ethridge, 615-829-3617
B. C. Pilkinton, Ethridge, 615-829-3613
Joseph Coblentz, Holladay, 901-584-6709
David J. Troyer, Holladay, 901-584-7180
Mahlon Mast, Holladay, 901-584-6448

Nunnely, Hickman County, Tennessee

Grady Jones 615-670-5465
During business hours (except Wed.) ask for Lester 615-670-4741

Wisconsin

Junger's Funeral Home, Amherst, 715-824-3221
Charles (Sam) Pask, Amherst, 715-824-5620
Lloyd Cole, Amherst, 715-824-5893
Clara's Taxi, 715-286-2690
Bob Travis, 715-286-2861
Lloyd Cole, Amherst, 715-824-5893
Mrs. Carl Webster, Blair, 715-538-4234
Carl Webster, Blair, 715-538-4234
Coral City Store, Blair, 714-538-4192
Melvin Halverson, Blair, 608-989-9097
Jim Appleman, auctioneer, Cashton, 608-386-7851
Harold Haldelman, taxi, Cashton, 608-384-7670

Cashton, Wisconsin

John Likely 608-435-6845
Dwight Zeitlow 608-654-7479
Ray Wangen 608-654-7788 take out old ones
Evansville area 608-882-6543
Albany area 608-897-8500 (Lester Detweiler)
W. Brodhead area 608-897-8308 (Brodhead Collar Shop)
E. Brodhead area 608-897-8350 (Rudy Detweiler)

* * * *

FORT BLOCKER BOYS

A Continuation of Chapter 11, from last month

"I'm right with you, Thad!" With their rifles held in readiness to shoot, the two threw open the board shutter and passed out. Watch seemed very much afraid, for they found him backed up against the door. But at their appearance he grew bolder and ran toward the pen. The boys followed.

On coming to the fence, they looked between the rails. Dimly, through a fog of dust, they could see the sheep still rushing round and round inside the pen. But no animal of prey was in sight. The boys moved on, following the fence around. By the time they reached the far side, they had convinced themselves that no wild animal was now inside the enclosure.

"Some big varmint's been in there, but he's already jumped the fence and gone. What do you reckon it was, Thad?"

"Don't know. Wolf, maybe. Watch seems to think--"

Here the dog ran a few yards down the steep hill and began to bark toward some woods that grew along the branch.

"Somethin' down there, shore's you're born, Thad! Let's yell as loud as we can holler!"

There being nothing else to do, both began to yell suddenly, and a little later stopped as suddenly. And scarcely had the yelling ceased when both distinctly heard the tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of a small bell. The sounds were moving down the branch.

"Shucks! What big fools we're makin' of ourselves!" exclaimed Charley Dick. "Only somebody's calf runnin' off."

"Does sound just like a calf-bell, don't it? Or a sheep-bell. But I don't see why Watch should rave and tear around like he does, just because somebody's belled calf comes about."

"Me neither. But no tellin' what some dogs will do."

"But the sheep, Charley Dick. You could put a calf right in the pen with 'em, and they wouldn't mind it a bit."

"Oh, sheep--they hain't got any sense to speak of! Guess they couldn't see the calf very plain, and they just mistook it for some varmint that eats sheep--a wolf, or some such hungry booger."

"Maybe so," answered Thad. But he still seemed puzzled. "To me their bleating sounded for all the world like they were scared half to death."

The boys soon went back to the cabin and lay down, though it was an hour later before they fell asleep again. Sunrise found them driving the sheep out to grass.

A peculiar thing they noticed during the day. One of the ewes was restless, and kept wandering here and there among the flock, bleating constantly.

"Acts for all the world like she'd lost her lamb," Charley Dick said. "Wonder where the little feller has slipped off to."

"I don't believe we've let any lambs stray away. Doubt if she ever had any lamb."

But when the ewe came near, the boys could easily see that she had been accustomed to suckling her young.

"Lamb must have took up with some other yowe," Charley Dick remarked. "She'll find it before a great while, I guess."

But the ewe did not find her lamb. And when the sheep were penned for the night she was still bleating constantly.

The hours of darkness came and went, and nothing unusual occurred. For dinner next day the boys ate the last of the provisions in their haversack. An hour or two later Thad mounted his horse and rode over to Mr. Bedford's for a fresh supply.

Except for some dogs, the place was deserted. Thad went in and sat down on the porch to wait. He could not return to the sheep-camp without something to eat. The sun was low when Mrs. Bedford and the girls came home. They had been over to Chunky Joe Wilson's, visiting.

"Why, Thad, are you here? I'd forgot that you or Charley Dick might come, or some of us would have staid at home. Will you have to go back to-night?" asked Mrs. Bedford.

"Yes, ma'am. Charley Dick would be lonesome by himself. And there's nothing for 'im to eat---him and Watch."

"Then we must fly in to cooking girls. We won't keep Thad waiting a minute longer than we have to. You won't be afraid to ride back after dark, will you, Thad?"

"No, ma'am; I'm not afraid of the dark--not as much as I am of daylight sometimes."

"What times, Thad?"

"Why, Indian times, for one kind."

The boy ate his supper while Mrs. Bedford was putting the cooked provisions into the haversack. And it was thick dusk when, with the sack tied behind his saddle, he mounted Ped and started back to the sheep-camp.

By the time he had reached Clear Creek, the night was as dark as it would ever be. He had crossed the creek and was following a dim road through the thickly-wooded bottom-land beyond, when his horse stopped and began to snort.

Thad tried to peer ahead, but there was not light enough for him to see anything distinctly. He also listened, but his ear failed to detect any suspicious sound. Now he struck his bare heels against the horse's sides.

But, instead of advancing, Ped only snorted more loudly and moved backward a step or two.

Again Thad leaned forward and tried to peer into the thick shadow. He also loosed his rifle from the saddle-horn. He, too, was now feeling some alarm. Indians might have heard him coming and be lying in wait by the road-side.

If the night had been less dark or the woods less dense, he would have ridden around the suspicious spot. He was thinking seriously of trying to make a circuit anyway, when the slight tinkling of a small bell somewhere just ahead relieved his fears.

"Oh, move on here, Ped, you scary rascal!" he said aloud. "You're getting too scary for any use! Things have come to a pretty pass when you're afraid to go by somebody's belled calf!"

Thad now fastened his rifle again, and took the quirt from the saddle-horn. Not till Ped had received several sharp raps would he go forward. Even then he advanced with his head held high, and snorting and trembling.

While Thad was still using both heels and quirt to urge the frightened horse on, the tinkle-tinkle of the calf-bell sounded again. Now the boy started and almost gasped. For the bell seemed to be somewhere up in the air. Before he could recover from his wonder, there was another tinkle, this time unmistakably in the tree-top just over his head.

"Who every heard tell of a calf that climbed trees?" he asked himself, in hopeless bewilderment.

He raised his eyes, but could see nothing. Then he started to unsling his rifle. But the next moment he was almost unseated by a terrific bound of his horse! The bell jangled in his ear, and something hot seemed to burn his shoulder as a dark form shot by him!

That Strange Monster of the Treetops

"Go it, Ped! The Booger Man's after us!" cried Thad, as he urged his already running horse to greater speed.

But Ped needed no urging. Of his own accord he was doing his best to get away from that frightful belled thing, whatever it was, that had tried to leap down on both horse and rider. As the young nag bounded away along the narrow, gloomy road at reckless speed, Thad kept trying to look over his shoulder. He was fully expecting to discover some horrible monster in swift pursuit. Nothing could be seen in the dark; but not once did the boy pull rein.

The horse was still going at the same speed, when suddenly something seemed to grab hold of Thad, and it almost dragged him backwards out of the saddle! In his wild excitement and terror the boy believed that the same monster had followed him and seized him again, fully intent upon devouring him. And the horse must have thought likewise, for he tore along more recklessly than ever.

When at length they had reached open woods, where there was some light, Thad looked back. No living thing could be seen, and the boy partly recovered from his panic. Now he loosed his rifle and made ready to fight for his life.

In a few minutes, to the boy's great relief, they passed from the forest to the prairie. Still Thad glanced behind him often. A few hundred yards farther on he left the road and struck across the same prairie. Three quarters of a mile more, at the same speed, and he could make out the cabin and the sheep-pen ahead. When he dashed up to cabin, the door was shut, and only Watch was outside to receive him.

Quickly a rifle-barrel was pushed out between the logs, and a high-pitched but very determined voice from the inside challenged Thad: "Halt! Who comes there?"

"It's nobody but me, Charley Dick! You needn't"-- Thad paused to glance behind him--"be afraid."

The clapboard door-shutter swung outward on its rawhide hinges, and Charley Dick's figure appeared in the doorway.

"What in the world's the matter, Thad? Redskins after you?"

"No, but--

"Then, what do you mean by comin' tearin' along like you's goin' to ride right over the house? You skeer a body out of a year's growth!"

"Was something after me, Charley Dick! You better believe there was! Mighty nigh caught me, too. It got my cap and powder-horn! But for the life of me I don't know what the thing was."

Charley Dick stepped outside with his gun. "But what do you think it was, Thad?"

"That I can't even guess, unless it was--was the-- the Bad Man--the Booger Man."

"The Booger Man!" gasped the boy on the ground, with a frightened glance around. "What would make the Booger Man git after you, Thad? You been doin' sumpn--sumpn wicked?"

"No, I've not--no such thing!" Thad's tones trembled with indignation. "I don't swear, nor chew tobacco, nor tell lies, nor--nor--You know I don't, Charley Dick."

"Yes, I know. But what would the Booger Man be doin' after you, Thad? Looks to me like he'd git after somebody that cusses and does all them kind of wicked things."

"So it looks to me." There was a grievance in Thad's voice, as if he had been unjustly treated.

"But what makes you believe it was the Booger Man, Thad? What did he do to you?"

Thad related his experiences as truthfully as he could. "And before Ped had run very far, the booger caught up with me, and jumped up and almost pulled me out of the saddle!" he declared. "If Ped had't outrun 'im, guess the awful creature would have devoured both of us alive. Now if that wasn't the Old Scratch, just tell me what it was, Charley Dick!"

The boy on the ground considered the matter well before replying. He was less excited than his friend.

I've never yit heared tell that the Old Scratch wears a calf-bell," he finally said.

"Neither have I. But what else could it have been? About the only thing that wears a little bell is a calf or a colt or a sheep. And you know as well as I do, Charley Dick, that such animals as that can't climb a tree. And even if they could, you wouldn't catch 'em jumping down on top of folks--not if they could help it."

"That's so--that's all so," admitted the other. "Guess it must have been some animal we've never heared tell of, me and you, Thad. But didn't you fetch us some victuals? I'm mighty nigh starved."

"Yes, I brought plenty to eat."

Thad turned in the saddle till he could untie the sack. Then he handed it down. Dismounting, he leaned his rifle against the house and unsaddled his horse. Later he led the horse along the brow of the hill to a place where the sheep had not been. Horses do not like to graze after sheep. There he lariated him for the night, driving down his stake-pin with a stone.

Returning to the cabin, he found Charley Dick and Watch eating their belated supper. It was a good while afterwards when the two boys shut and fastened the door, and lay down on their not very soft bed. Both were somewhat excited, and they did not sleep as soundly as usual. At length Charley Dick awoke, to see his friend standing in the open doorway.

"What you doin' up there, Thad?"

"Looking."

"Lookin'! Lookin' for what?"

"Charley Dick"--Thad spoke in awed tones--"I've thought of something."

"What?"

"That belled booger wasn't the Old Scratch at all. It was some creature that eats sheep, as well as people and horses. And it's been here--right here at this very place."

"When--where?" Charley Dick sprang up from the pallet excitedly and began to grope for his gun.

"I don't mean to-night. Night before last it was."

"Why, I didn't know a thing about it!"

"Yes, you did, too. Don't you recollect? When we yelled we heard something running off with a calf-bell on, and we thought it must be somebody's calf. And we wondered why the sheep had got so badly frightened just because a calf had come around. But it wasn't a calf at all--any more than Watch is a calf. It was that very same belled monster that tried its hardest to jump down on top of me to-night."

Charley Dick was startled. "That's just what it was, Thad! Why didn't we think of that sooner? It seemed strange that them there sheep would got to actin' up like that, and all for a calf. Yessirree! That belled booger was here tryin' to kill a sheep. And he did kill a lamb, and packed it off when he went. That was what ailed that old yowe. It was the lamb the varmint got."

The knowledge that the mysterious belled monster of the tree-tops had actually raided the sheep-pen was so exciting that for an hour or two the boys could not sleep a wink. Before lying down they shut the door and fastened it securely; and when at last they did sleep, both slept with their hands on their rifles.

They were awake and up by the time they could see.

"Why, Thad, your shirt's tore, and your shoulder's bloody!"

"Thought my shoulder felt sore. I recollect now. That booger must have clawed me as he went down."

The wounds--for there were several--proved to be only scratches. But when Thad brought Ped to the cabin, the horse, too, was found to have several claw marks on one hip.

"No wonder you got over ground like a good fellow, Ped!" The boy patted the horse's neck. "If you hadn't jumped just when you did, I might have made a meal for that big varmint."

After the herders had got the sheep out and started to grazing, Thad, who was bare-headed, announced:

"Charley Dick, believe I'll ride back toward Mr. Bedford's and see if I can't pick up my cap, and maybe my powder-horn. Don't guess that booger ate them, or carried them off either. I don't want to be going about bare-headed; and I don't like to lose my powder-horn and all that powder if I can help it."

"If you cain't find your cap, better ride on over to Uncle Dan's, Thad. Maybe the folks can hunt up one of Uncle Dan's old caps or old hats for you. And you'd better take my powder-horn. That belled creecher might be waitin' for you ag'in."

"No, I won't rob you of all your powder. You might need some yourself. But I'll borrow a few loads if you don't mind."

Thad took out of his ammunition-bag a piece of cloth used for "patching," and Charley Dick poured some powder into it. This Thad wrapped up carefully and placed in the bottom of the bag. Then he rode away.

An hour or two later he returned, galloping on out to where Charley Dick and the sheep were. He was wearing his cap, and his powder-horn was again hanging by his side.

"Picked 'em up in the road," he explained. "And I don't guess that belled varmint had a thing in the world to do with tearing 'em off. I couldn't make out any tracks. I just ran against a thorny old black-jack limb, and the limb raked my cap off, and broke my powder-horn string."

"And was that other all a mistake, too? Wasn't there any big booger with a bell that tried to jump down on top of you, Thad?"

"Yes, there was--of course there was! I know. I rode on and found his tracks in the road."

"And what did they look like--the booger's tracks?" the other boy wanted to know, eagerly.

"Well, he had about the biggest foot and the longest claws of any beast of prey I ever saw."

Charley Dick glanced around, as if expecting the animal to appear. "Tell me about it, Thad."

"Not much else to tell. I found Ped's tracks where he'd jumped with me--jumped to get out of the booger's way. Then I saw where the booger himself had struck the ground, after fetching Ped and me that rake as he went down."

"And what did the tracks look like?"

"Just big paws, I'd say. And the claws on 'em must have been nearly half as long as my finger."

"Whe-e-e-ew!" whistled Charley Dick. "And did you find any more--any more tracks?"

"Not many. The varmint made another jump as soon as she struck the ground--to dodge Ped's heels, I'd guess. And that jump must have landed 'im out of the road and onto the leaves. After that I couldn't track 'im any further."

"Did you look up into the tree-top to see whether he'd clumb back to his same place?"

"You'd better believe I did, Charley Dick! I didn't ride under any tree till I'd made sure what was roosting up among the limbs. But he wasn't anywhere around there."

During the rest of the day the young shepherds talked of little but the belled monster of the tree-tops. What the animal was like they could only guess; but in their imaginations he assumed various shapes, every one of them hideous. Both declared that they would not do any more traveling through the woods after dark, and especially none through the woods of the Clear Creek bottom.

That the mysterious beast of prey had already paid a visit to the sheep-pen was worrying the boys. After getting one lamb there, the beast, if hungry, would be pretty sure to come back for another lamb.

With that conviction the young shepherds began to feel not a little uncomfortable as night drew near. They watered the flock rather earlier than usual, and had the last sheep in the pen and the gate fastened while the sun was still shining. One other thing they had done--caught the bell-wearer as he passed through the gate and taken his bell off. Now if they heard a ringing they would know that the sound was not made by the sheep.

After staking their horses out on the prairie, they returned to the cabin, took up their guns and the water-bucket, and went down the path to the spring. On returning with the water, they sat on the bench outside and ate their supper. Later, after putting their haversack away, they again sat on the bench, with their guns leaning against the wall, and talked.

"How long you been livin' in Texas, Thad?"

"Always. Born here. Never lived anywhere else."

"That so? I was born away back in old Alabam'. Been livin' out here most of my life, though."

"Can you recollect anything about Alabama?"

"Not much. We lived almost on the Tennessee line, they say. Part of pap's farm was in Tennessee, but the house was in Alabamy. Thing I recollect plainest was hearin' the Mussel Shoals."

"Did you ever see 'em--the shoals?" asked Thad, eagerly.

"Guess maybe I did. But I don't recollect it. We lived a good many miles from there. But on right still mornin's we could hear 'em roarin', just as plain."

"They're in the Tennessee River."

"Yes. But how did you know that, Thad?"

"Ma has told me about 'em, and pa, too. Ma's read about 'em, but pa's been there and see 'em. Ma has read a lot. She used to teach school before she got married."

"Did your pap ever teach school, too, Thad?"

"No. Pa hasn't been to school so overly much himself, let alone teaching anybody else. Ma laughs and tell 'im he couldn't teach a cat to meow or a dog to bark. Pa says there's no need to; says most of the cats meow too much already, and all the dogs bark too much, especially the Fort Blocker dogs. Do you recollect anything about your trip from Alabama to Texas?"

"Not to speak of, Thad. I can remember when our wagons crossed the Mississippi River on a steam ferryboat. But that's about all. I cain't hardly recollect when we first stopped in this country."

"Are you akin to the family of Sheegogs that live down there below the fort--Louis and Dick and Jenny?"

"Not akin to speak of--none that we know of. All the Sheegogs is some little akin, they say. At first my folks used to call me Dick. But after we come out here close to the other Sheegogs and their Dick, they took to callin' me Charley Dick, so's everybody would know which Dick was meant. Them other Sheegogs, they didn't come from Alabamy. They're from Tennessee. Where did you folks move frum to Texas, Thad?"

"From Missouri."

"From Missouri? How fur away is that?"

"I don't know. A thousand miles, maybe. It took pa and ma a few weeks to come."

"Is it as fur to Missouri as it is to Illinois?"

"Almost. Illinois is on the other side of the river and Missouri on this side. Just the Mississippi between."

"Harrison Hendricks, he come from Illinois--him and Alvretty and all their folks. And ther's a lot more of the Hendrickses besides these. Harrison's got a uncle that's a big lawyer, they say. Harrison was named after 'im. Lives down in Dallas or Fort Worth, or some'r's--Harrison's Uncle Harrison does. He's been up here, though, the big lawyer has. Come to visit Jedge Evert's folks, that used to live just acrosst the divide from your pa's place, on Clear Creek."

"Yes, I know. Everybody calls it the Judge Everts place yet."

"Uh huh. Moved away a year or two ago, the jedge did. They was from Indiany, the Evertses was. Had a girl livin' at home named Trudy. They had another daughter, too. Lawyer Hendricks, he married her-- Harrison's Uncle Harrison. That was before any of 'em come out here, I guess. My, but don't I wish I could make a big lawyer when I grow up! I'd marry a jedge's daughter, too, and live in town instid of in a fort, and make dead oodles of money--till my pockets would be fit to bust with it."

"Maybe you can make a big lawyer."

"Not as anybody knows of I cain't! Ain't smart enough. Takes a pile of brains to make a lawyer, let alone a big lawyer. Big lawyers is about the smartest folks that ever was, I guess. They can do things that nobody else cain't do."

"What things?" inquired Thad.

"Well, it's this a way. Some feller he's done sumpn dreadful bad. They've got im in jail, and he thinks to his soul they're goin' to hang 'im. So he up and sends for the big lawyer. And the big lawyer he up and makes a speech to the jedge and the jury. He makes a motion with one hand"--Charley Dick stood up and made a wild flourish with his left hand--"and proves it wasn't the way it was at all. Then he makes a motion with his other hand"--Charley Dick made another wild flourish, with his right hand-- "and proves it was some other way, right plumb differ'nt from what it was. And then--"

"But how does he do that?" demanded Thad.

"Now if I just knowed that, I'd be a big lawyer myself! You'll have to ask the big lawyer. But he does it all right. The jury-fellers, they git together, off by theirselves, and then they say: 'Bein' as it wasn't the way it was at all, but that other way, right plumb differ'nt, guess we'll have to let the feller go.' And the jedge he up and says: 'Yes, bein' as it wasn't the way it was at all, but that other way, right plumb differ'nt, it's all right to let the feller go.' So they up and turn 'im loose, the feller that thought to his soul he was bound to be hung. And he's so glad he takes out his purse and gives the big lawyer all the gold and silver he's got. Then he borries some silver and gold from his kinfolks and gives 'im that. And just like as not he borries some more from his wife's kinfolks and gives 'im that, too. And he's got more money than he knows what to do with, the big lawyer has. My, but don't I wish I was smart enough to make a big lawyer! It would be hard cash right down in my pocket." And Charley Dick sighed a great sigh.

When they grew sleepy, the boys went in and fastened the door, then lay down on their pallet, with their guns by their sides. Far along in the night they awoke.

Again a deafening tumult was raging outside. Watch, backed up against the door, was growling and barking savagely. From that big pen came the noise of terrified trampling and bleating, as the sheep rushed round and round in a vain attempt to escape. And through all the wild commotion could be heard the tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of a little bell!

The Belled Beast Comes Again

"What--what had we better do, Thad?" quavered Charley Dick, as he felt for his gun.

"Why, get out there as quick as ever we can and try to kill the booger!"

"But he might--might jump onto us and--and eat us instid of a sheep!" It seemed a dreadful thing to have to get out in the dark and fight that mysterious beast with a bell on.

"What have we got guns for?"

"But s'pose we shot and missed! Hard to take good aim when you cain't see the sights."

"But we mustn't miss. And we must shoot one at a time, so's to keep one gun loaded and ready. Wish now I'd brought pa's six-shooter too."

As soon as he was wide awake, Charley Dick's courage revived. Guns firmly grasped, the two boys unfastened the door, threw it wide open and stepped out. To their relief, there was light enough for them to see pretty well.

Watch, evidently much afraid of the belled beast, had not dared to get away from the door. But with the appearance of the boys he grew bolder and rushed off towards the pen, barking savagely.

In the sheep-pen that frightful commotion was still under way. The ringing of the bell indicated that the beast of prey was still among the sheep, chasing them round and round. Their terrified bleating was pitiful.

The boys ran to the pen. A belated moon had just risen above the eastern prairie. But between the shadow of the high fence--it was about seven feet high-- and the fog of dust stirred up by the trampling sheep, there was not much light inside the pen. The boys climbed the fence till they could rest their guns across the top rail. Sometimes they could catch faint glimpses of the belled animal as he rushed after the sheep. To them he appeared frightfully large, but they could tell little as to what he looked like. And try as they would, it seemed impossible to get a sight on him, so swift were his movements.

"Let's yell again! Maybe we can scare 'im out!" cried Thad. And scarcely were the words out of his mouth when both began to yell with all their might.

Presently a large-sized animal was seen to leap upon the fence from inside the pen. As he balanced himself for a few moments on the topmost rail, his figure was distinctly outlined against the bright eastern sky and the rising moon. In his mouth was a dead lamb, and under his neck hung a small bell, which was tinkling noisily.

Thad's gun was already cocked. Hastily he ran his eye along the barrel and pressed the trigger. But just as the rifle cracked the lamb-stealer leaped to the ground, disappearing behind the fence. Then the bell tinkled rapidly as the brute fled down the hill toward the branch.

Knowing that the dreaded creature was in full retreat, the boys jumped down and ran round to that side of the pen, hoping to get another shot. But there was no moonlight down there as yet; and though they kept hearing the bell, they caught not another glimpse of the animal. Watch ran half-way down the hill, barking after the beast.

For a few minutes Thad and Charley Dick continued to hear the bell. But it sounded farther and farther off; for the animal was running away down the branch.

"What was it, Thad--that big varmint?"

"Don't know for certain, but he looked more like a co'gar than anything else." Thad was now reloading his gun.

"A co'gar! But what would a co'gar be doin' with a bell on?"

"Hard telling. But he's belled just the same. We saw 'im--we both saw 'im, bell and all, didn't we?"

"Yes, saw the bell as plain as could be, and heared it, too. But who ever heared tell of a belled co'gar?"

"I never did before. But there was a belled co'gar here, whether there ever was another one or not. Wish I knew how the booger got that bell on his neck."

"So do I. But I cain't even guess. He packed off a lamb, didn't he?"

"That's what he did! I wonder if he killed any he didn't carry off. Let's see."

The two climbed the fence and dropped down into the pen. All the sheep were huddled together at one side, against the fence. They were in a state of terror, and still bleating piteously. If there were any dead or wounded, they could not be discovered in the dim light. The boys talked to the sheep, and tried to quiet them.

"The varmint won't come back to-night."

"How do you know, Thad?"

"I don't know. But I don't guess he will. He won't want any more to eat after he makes a supper of that lamb."

"Maybe not. But he was a purty big co'gar. One lamb might not make more than half a mess for 'im."

"Anyhow, if he comes back we'll be ready for the booger. Now that we know for certain what we've got to fight, I'm not so much afraid. I never did knock over a co'gar. Never even got a shot at one. Never happened to see one when I had my rifle. But I wish-- I wish to my soul I could kill one!"

Thad was thinking of what everybody, and particularly the boys and girls, would say if he should go back to the fort with a cougar-skin as a trophy; and more particularly of what his shy, soft-voiced little neighbor, Marzee Wilkins, would say.

"So do I," agreed his fellow-herder.

Now the two climbed out of the pen and returned to the cabin. When their excitement had died out, Charley Dick lay down on their bed and fell asleep again. But Thad sat in the open doorway, with his own rifle lying across his lap, and his friend's rifle leaning against the wall close by.

Day came at last, but not the cougar. The young shepherds were letting the sheep out of the pen as the sun appeared.

With a cougar raiding the sheepfold every night or two, the young herders did not find their task growing monotonous. Most of their time was spent discussing the best way of putting an end to that belled beast of prey. Late in the afternoon they noticed two horsemen approaching.

"Cattle-men, from their looks," Thad remarked.

"Yes. That one on the sorrel horse is Mr. Chisholm John Chisholm," said Charley Dick.

"Hello, boys! How's the sheep business?" called out the genial John, as the two horsemen reined up near the grazing flock.

"Good as can be expected, I guess, Mr. Chisholm," answered Charley Dick.

"Varmints troublin' you any?"

Now Thad spoke up: "Yes, they are that. Co'gar carried off a lamb for us last night."

"A co'gar! Didn't you have any gun?"

"Yes. And I took a shot at 'im, too. But he grabbed up the lamb and was over the fence before I could take aim. So I must have missed. But we expect to salivate 'im next time he shows up around that sheep-pen!"

"That's what we do!" declared Charley Dick. Soon he added: "Somethin' mighty strange about that co'gar, Mr. Chisholm."

"What's that?"

"Why, he's got a bell on."

"A bell?"

"Yes, sir! He's belled like a calf," said Thad.

Chisholm turned to the man with him--one of his cowboys: "Bill, guess that varmint belongs to us, don't he?"

"Ruther reckon we could claim 'im," admitted the cowboy, with an expansive grin.

"What puzzles Charley Dick and me is how a co'gar could come to have a bell on," Thad remarked.

"Maybe he et somebody's bell-calf, beginnin' at the tail," suggested the cowboy. "And when he got through eatin', his head was through the bell-collar."

The young sheep-herders only grinned incredulously.

Soon Chisholm explained: "I can tell you how that bell got onto that varmint's neck. Three or four of my cowboys was out one day, and they run across that brute. He was in a patch of trees and bushes out in the prairie, half a mile or so from any other woods. He'd killed somebody's calf out there, the co'gar had, and stuffed himself with calf-meat till he was fit to bust his hide. He lit out for the big woods; but instead of shootin' 'im, the boys took after 'im on their horses and roped 'im. After they'd got 'im down and stretched out, with one rope on his neck, another on his hind feet and another on his fore feet, they took it into their fool heads that they'd play a joke on that varmint. So they fastened the dead calf's bell on the co'gar's neck, then put my brand on 'im and turned 'im loose. Did you notice any half-circle C on his hip, boys?"

"Not light enough to make out brands, Mr. Chisholm," laughed Charley Dick.

"And so that's how the bell got on, is it?" remarked Thad. "I'd never though of such a way."

And Charley Dick said: "Me neither. Looks like the booger would claw the bell-collar in two and git shet of the bell."

Wasn't any bell-collar,"The cowboy explained. "Bell was fastened on the calf's neck with a piece of chain and some wire. And we up and used the same chain and wire to fasten it on the co'gar's neck. He'll have to claw a long time to claw that chain in two. We put that bell on to stay."

"Where was that?" inquired Thad.

"Away up close to the Spanish Diggin's, on Red River. More than twenty miles from here, it must have been," the cowboy told them.

"They shift about, co'gars do," Chisholm remarked. "When they've hunted out one part of the country, they move over to another part. If he works up an appetite for mutton, you boys will stand a fine chance to pack home his hide."

"We'll try mighty hard to. But he's a fighter." And Thad related his experience in the Clear Creek bottom.

Now the cowboy said: "You lads better look out for that ugly booger. He's a whale of a brute. He could drag down a horse if he once got fastened on 'im."

"Reckon it was my horse he was after that night instead of me?" asked Thad.

"Hard tellin'. It might have been."

"Guess he was out of meat, and didn't care a rap what kind--horse-meat or boy-meat," said Chisholm.

"Maybe he would have liked a little of both for a change." The cowboy grinned.

The two men now made some inquiries concerning cattle, then rode on their way.

It was for this Chisholm and his brother that the great Chisholm Cattle Trail is said to have been named. Years after this the brothers removed to New Mexico, where they were engaged in a cattle-war that attracted the attention of the whole country. There the Chisholms were accused of doing many lawless things. If the charges were true, the two men must have gone wrong afterwards. For here in north Texas, where they got their start at cattle-raising, they were orderly, law-abiding men, of good reputation.

When the cattle-hunters were gone, the young herders had more to talk about. They penned the sheep early, and made ready to give the belled cougar a warm reception.

Now they stood guard all the night long, one sleeping while the other sat in the doorway, or walked about in the front yard. But that beast of prey, for prudence or some other reason, failed to show himself.

Next afternoon, while Thad and Charley Dick were strolling about over the prairie near the grazing flock, they saw a mounted negro approaching. When he came near enough, they could make out that he had but one arm.

"It's Lorin's' Jack," announced Charley Dick. "Everybody in this country knows Jack, and everybody likes 'im. The Lorin's live up there on the prairie above your pap's place, at the head of Blocker."

"Yes, I know. I was up at their ranch once, with my pa. I didn't see Jack there, but I noticed 'im ride by our house one day, before we moved down to the fort."

"Howdy, boys! Howdy--howdy!" the black man greeted, with a smile that showed his white teeth, as his horse stopped and fell to grazing. He was a rather young fellow. He carried no gun, but wore a six-shooter at his belt.

A very black negro was Jack, with a broad nose and distinctly African features, but withal a rather handsome man. That was mainly due to his expression, however. For in spite of his misfortune, cheerfulness radiated from his countenance; and he was more intelligent-looking than most of his race. Thoroughly honest and reliable was one-armed Jack, and his frank, open counteanance indicated the fact. That and his pleasant manners made friends for him wherever he went. Everybody who knew Jack liked him and spoke well of him.

The boys greeted the black man pleasantly, and were soon in conversation with him.

"How's Mistah Bedfo'd's sheep a-comin' on?" the horseman soon inquired.

"They're all right, Jack," Charley Dick answered. "But we're havin' some trouble with a co'gar that likes mutton."

Soon the two were eagerly narrating to the black man the whole story of their experiences with that belled beast of prey. They also repeated what Chisholm had told them as to how the cougar came to be wearing the bell.

Jack listened eagerly. "Dat's a dainjus boogah to fool wid," he commented, when Thad had told him of that leap in the dark. "Hit ain't too safe fo'a pusson to be ridin' froo de woods atter dahk any mo'."

Jack talked with the white boys a good while. He was out in search of a missing horse. After making some inquiries for the animal, he rode away.

"Do you know how he happened to lose his arm?" Thad inquired, while the black horseman was still in sight.

"Yes, I do. Everybody has heared that--everybody that's lived in this country very long. Mr. Lorin', his master, was to blame for Jack's arm bein' off."

"He was? By accident?"

"No. Whisky and meanness, mixed."

"Then he ought to have been strung up!" declared Thad, indignantly.

"Well, he wasn't strung up, Lorin' wasn't. But he was next thing to hung. He got knocked right plumb in the head and killed for it."

"He did! Who knocked 'im in the head?"

"Jack was the feller."

"And did they do anything to 'im--to Jack?"

"Not a thing. Well, I believe they did put 'im in jail for a day or two. But they turned 'im loose as soon as they found out for certain just how it had happened. Nobody blamed Jack, not even the Lorin' family. It was several years ago that it took place; but I can recollect it well enough."

"They thought Jack had a right to get even, did they?"

"Guess maybe they did. But Jack, he didn't do it to git even. That's the strange thing about it."

"Then how did he come to do it?"

"Done it by accident. The way it all happened was this. They say Mr. Lorin' was a purty nice man when he was sober, but as mean as the very Old Scratch when whisky got in 'im. And that was onct every so often. Well, one day he come home from town about half tight. Jack was just a big boy then, not quite grown, and full and runnin' over with his mischief. Jack had got to devilin' his sister Liz, and his master caught 'im at it. That made Lorin' mad. Up he grabbed a big stick and struck Jack acrosst the arm with it--the left arm. I don't know how bad Jack was hurt; but they didn't do anything for the wound, and first thing anybody knowed it was--was-- What do they call it, Thad? Sounds a right smart like fortified, but that's not the word."

"Mortified."

"Yes, that's it--mortified. Well, the long and short of it was, the doctor had to come and cut Jack's arm off."

"Did they do anything to Loring, Charley Dick?"

"That I don't know. I never heared anybody say. I don't even know whether all that happened out here or 'way back in Mississippi, where the Lorin's all come frum. But it happened. And Lorin' got what was comin' to 'im, too. That part I know about. It didn't happen up there on their ranch, but down right close to your pap's place. Just about a half a mile to the west."

"Was it over there on the Loring Branch, where the old house place is?"

"That's the very spot. That's where Jack killed his master The family lived there then. They'd settled there by mistake, I guess. After'ds they moved up to their own land, where the ranch is now. But the killin' was at the old place."

"I've been over there time and again. But how did it happen?"

"Well, Old Man Lorin' come home from Gainesville one day, with some more whisky inside of 'im. Jack was at the woodpile, choppin'. Mighty strong in his right arm, Jack is. They say the stren'th of his two arms went into one. He can chop about as well as anybody; but he has to hold the axe by the end of the handle."

"I know. I've seen a one-armed man chop."

"Well, Lorin' was just drunk enough to be foolish. So he must up and order Jack to chop faster. Jack chopped as fast as he could, but that didn't please his master. Lorin' got a board and went up behind Jack and give 'im a paddlin'. Sever'l times Lorin' done that, and every time Jack would stop choppin' to keep from hittin' the drunk man with the axe. But purty soon, while Jack was choppin' for dear life to keep from gittin' beat, Lorin' went slippin' up behind 'im to paddle 'im ag'in. Jack failed to hear 'im that time. And just as the white man got clost enough to begin to paddle, back come Jack's axe and hit'im kerwhack on the head!"

"Goody! Goody! Goody! And the lick--?"

"Killed Lorin' as dead as a door-nail."

"Just what ought to have happened!"

"So all the folks said. Lorin' got what he deserved, and not a soul was to blame for it but himself. Even the family all declared plain out it wasn't Jack's faught. Lorin is buried right over there on the Lorin' Branch, in some woods.

"How did they come to bury 'im away over there, by himself?"

"Guess maybe there wasn't any graveyards here then. Anyhow, they buried 'im there, and--yander comes Jack back! Wonder what he wants this time."

"He rides like he was excited! Something the matter--that's plain to be seen. He's bringing some kind of news!"

A Flash in the Pan

Eagerly the two white boys awaited the black man's coming. He was approaching at a gallop. They even walked out a few yards to meet him.

"What's the matter now, Jack?" called Charley Dick, almost as soon as the negro was within hearing.

"Found dat young hoss I's a huntin-fo'!"

"And why didn't you bring him with you," inquired Thad.

"Mighty good reason why! Dat bell co'gah o' yo'n done gawn an' et 'im 'bout half up!"

"Where--where was that?" cried Charley Dick, excitedly.

"And when did it happen?" Thad wanted to know.

"Right ober yanner in de aidge of de woods. Las' night, guess hit must 'a' been."

Numerous other questions the excited young herders asked. Soon they mounted their horses and, leaving the flock in Watch's care, rode away with Jack for a look at the cougar's victim. The place was little more than half a mile distant, and almost in sight of the sheep.

They found it just as Jack had said. The dead horse, partly devoured, was lying where he had given up his life. Following the horse's tracks backwards, the three soon came to where the cougar had begun the attack.

The beast of prey had been lying on the limb of a big oak, it appeared. While the horse was passing under the limb, the cougar had dropped down and fastened himself on his victim's back, just as he had tried to fasten himself on Thad's horse. The three had already seen wounds made by his claws in the horse's back and sides while he was tearing at the horse's throat. The woods were thick here, without much grass; and the tracks in the loose, sandy soil showed plainly where the horse had run and struggled till the loss of blood caused him to fall down and succumb to his savage assailant.

The whole story of the lying in wait, of the sudden, unexpected attack, and of the victim's death-struggles, was so graphically told by the signs that the boys and Jack had no trouble reading it. And what they read gave them a better idea of the belled brute's strength and fierceness.

"Now you see what you missed, Thad--or ruther what missed you," remarked Charley Dick.

"Yes, I do that. If the wind hadn't been right, so that Ped could smell the co'gar, just like as not the booger would have landed kerplump on top of me--ugh! Makes a fellow's blood run cold to think of it!"

For a few minutes longer the three stood by the half-devoured carcass and talked of the matter. Then Jack mounted and rode on his way, while Thad and Charley Dick returned to the flock. The boys had stood much in awe of the cougar before. Now their fears were tenfold greater.

"Reckon the booger will come back to that dead horse to-night, Thad?" The two had dismounted near the sheep.

"Rather guess he will--unless he takes it into his head that he'd like a mess of mutton, for a change."

"If he does come back there, maybe one of us could hide in a tree and take a pop at 'im."

Thad shook his head decidedly. "That would work all right with some big booger that can't climb. But with a brute that's right at home among the tree-tops-- not any in mine, thank you!"

But Charley Dick's remark had given Thad an idea, and he kept turning it over in his head. Finally he mounted his horse and rode back to the cabin. There he spent an hour walking about in the empty sheep-pen, and planning what he would do with a big pile of unused rails lying outside, near the gate. On returning to the flock, he said to his fellow-herder:

"Now I know how we'll fix Mr. Co'gar."

"How--how's that?" inquired Charley Dick, eagerly.

Thad explained his plan, and they spent the rest of the day discussing it. The cougar would be apt to go back for more horse-flesh the following night, and to-morrow would be early enough to prepare for his next visit to the sheep-pen.

Night came and passed without any disturbance. Next morning, as soon as the sheep had begun grazing, Thad armed himself and rode over for a look at the dead horse.

It was impossible to tell whether the cougar had returned during the night; for a great flock of buzzards had discovered the carcass and were making a breakfast of it. Thad sat on his horse, watching the big, hungry fowls tearing the flesh, They seemed not much afraid of him. While riding away he noticed other buzzards coming to join the breakfast party.

"They won't leave a thing but bare bones by night," Thad told Charley Dick, after returning to the flock.

"And when Old Man Co'gar don't find any more horse-flesh, he'll make a bee-line for the sheep-pen and another fat lamb for supper--don't you reckon he will, Thad?"

"I just as good as know he will. And we'll be ready for 'im--won't we, though!"

The sheep were kept in sight of the pen most of the day. And the two boys were busy at the pen. When they got through, the pile of rails near the gate had disappeared, and a tall, four-square rail-pen stood in the center of the sheep-pen. About seven feet above the ground, in the square pen, was a floor or rails; and the top, five or six feet higher, was covered over with a double layer of rails.

"But what if the big creecher tears a hole in the pen to git to you, Thad?" suggested Charley Dick, as they stood gazing at the open rail-structure.

"Let 'im tear! Before he can open a hole I'll have 'im too dead to kick."

The sheep, attended only by Watch, had grazed out of sight by this time, and the herders mounted and rode after them. The sun was setting when they shut the flock in the big pen for the night.

It was dusk when the boys entered the sheep-pen, carrying their guns, and made their way among the sheep to their two-story square pen. Leaning their rifles against the rails, they climbed to the flat roof. An opening was now made, and through it Thad let himself down into the second story. Then Charley Dick closed the opening and climbed to the ground. Next he passed in Thad's rifle between the rails, and after it Thad's powder-horn and ammunition-bag.

"Now we'll see what will come to pass," Thad remarked. "I don't believe that belled booger can get to me; but if I don't happen to finish 'im the first shot, I'll want to load pretty quick."

"Maybe I'd better let you keep my rifle, Thad. Then you'll have two shots instid of only one."

"But what if the co'gar went to the house?"

"He won't be apt to. And I'll fasten the door, hard and fast."

"Not so fast that he couln't claw it open. I wish we could both stay in here."

"We could. But who'd shut up the hole after we got in?"

"That would be hard. Guess one of us will have to stay out. But I do wish I could keep both rifles."

"I'll tell you, Thad. You can. If that belled varmint comes clawin' at the door, I'll holler to split my throat, and you can shoot 'im from where you air. You can see the door from up there, cain't you?"

"Of course I can, plainly enough. Yes, I can lay the booger out from here if you'll let me know when he comes."

"I'll let you know--don't fret. And Watch will, too."

So Charley Dick returned to the cabin and shut himself in, while Thad, with the two rifles, made ready to keep watch.

For a time the boy shut up in the square pen stood gazing out between the rails. Later he sat down, and still later he lay down. The rough, sharp-edged rails made a hard, uneven bed; but Thad was no child of luxury. Though he warned himself that he must by all means keep awake, he fell asleep.

More than once during the night he awoke and sat up. But the sheep were always lying quietly; and everything seemed so peaceful that he would soon lie down again. And so the whole night passed away.

Two more days came and went, and two more nights Thad stood guard, protected by his rail-cage. But the belled cougar came not, and the sheep lay undisturbed on the dusty ground.

"Guess the varmint has changed his stamping-ground," Thad remarked. "I'll sleep in the cabin to-night."

And he did. But some time during the night the two boys were awakened by the raging of the dog, and by another terrified panic among the sheep!

They got in time to hear a bell running down the hill toward the woods, but not in time to get a shot at the cougar, or even to catch a glimpse of him.

They stood guard the rest of the night. When morning came, a dead sheep was found in the pen; and the plaintive bleating of an ewe meant that another lamb had been killed and carried off.

Thad gazed angrily at the dead sheep. "Wonder why that sneaking varmint don't show himself while I'm out here on guard."

"Reckon it must be he smells you. He's afeard of you."

"Huh! He wasn't afraid of me that night, down there in the woods! Don't see what would make 'im afraid now. Anyhow, I'll spend every night out here from now on. If I can kill a co'gar, I can keep 'im scared away from the flock. I'd have staid up there last night, but I'm rail-marked all over now."

"Thad, why not pull some grass and cover the rails? And I'll divide quilts with you."

This was a common-sense suggestion, and they acted upon it. Dusk found Thad shut up in his rail-cage, lying in wait for the sheep-killer. Believing that the belled beast of prey would hardly venture near while a guard was there, the boy did not remain awake very long.

He slept comfortably and peacefully on his bed of grass and quilts till an hour before dawn--. Then he awoke to find himelf in the midst of a frightful uproar.

The moon had risen, but as yet it gave little light in the pen. And there was such a fog of dust that the boy found it hard to see anything clearly. But the sheep were racing wildly round and round, and both their terrified bleating and a rapid tinkling told that the belled cougar was in their midst.

Leaping up, rifle in hand. Thad sprang to the side nearest the bell. Soon he could make out the cougar. The brute had seized a lamb and stopped to bite the life out of it. Hastily, nervously, the boy thrust the rifle-barrel between the rails, took the best aim he could through the dim light and the fog of dust, and pulled the trigger.

The gun cracked sharply. The effect of the shot could only be guessed. But the cougar dropped the lamb and sprang toward the square pen. He halted but a few feet away, and stood growling and snarling, his glowing eyes fixed on the boy up in the rail-cage.

Putting down the empty rifle, Thad caught up the other, which was his own. But as he started to thrust the muzzle out, the cougar bounded forward, ran up the rails and stopped, clinging to the side of the pen. He was furious to get to the boy.

Instinctively Thad sprang back against the far side of his enclosure. But he pointed the gun straight at the cougar's heart, took deliberate aim, and presed the trigger. The brute was so close that it would scarcely have been possible for the bullet to miss.

There was a click and a bright flash, but no report followed. For some reason the priming-powder had failed to fire the charge in the gun. In other words, the flintlock had flashed in the pan.

Greatly disappointed, Thad caught up the empty rifle and began to reload it. The cougar, snarling and growling, remained sticking to the side of the pen till Thad was putting the cap on the tube. Then the brute sprang from the side to the roof. Now the boy could hear him walking about on the rails overhead.

Here was a situation. The roof being a double layer of rails, Thad could not thrust the rifle-barrel between them. Soon he heard sniffing, and then tinkling and the scraping of claws.

"Thad, what are you doin'?" Charley Dick's voice now called out, evidently from inside the cabin.

"Nothing! I don't know what to do!" There was a growl overhead.

"Why don't you shoot the big booger?"

"How can I? I can't even see 'im!" Another growl.

"He's standin' right on top of you--of your pen!" Charley Dick was peeping out between two logs.

"I know that! But how can I shoot through rails?"

Here was heard more fierce growling, followed by sniffing, and that by scraping and a rapid tinkling of the little bell.

"He's tryin' to scratch through to you! called Charley Dick's voice again.

"I only wish he would!"

But the growling and tinkling and clawing soon ceased.

Seeing no present chance for a shot, Thad took a pin from his ammunition-bag and began to pick the lock of his flintlock, trying to open the touch-hole. He had opened the hole and filled the pan with powder, when the noisy tinkling of the bell and other sounds told him that the cougar had leaped to the ground.

Again the sheep began running and bleating. But the cougar only made straight for the dead lamb, caught it up, went over the fence at two bounds and was off down the hill.

As the brute had paused on the topmost rail, Thad had fired a hasty shot. But there was no time to take aim, and the bullet must have gone wild. However, the cougar uttered a loud, fierce scream as he struck the ground.

Bitterly disappointed, Thad stood listening till the tinkling had died away in the distance. Then he called, disgustedly:

"Charley Dick, come and let me out! I'm no good here anyhow!"

"Are you right shore he's gone, Thad? I don't want the booger to be jumpin' on top of me!'"

"Yes, he's gone for to-night! Didn't you hear his bell running off down the branch?"

"Reckon he won't come back?"

"Guess not. But I do wish he would. Maybe I could shoot better next time. You needn't come, though. I'll stay in here till daylight."

While it was still only half light, Charley Dick came out, climbed up, and opened a hole in the roof of the rail-cage.

"Right here I stay to-night, and every other night while that co'gar lives!" Thad declared, after crawling up through the hole. "I'm just naturally bound to have that co'gar's hide to carry back to Fort Blocker with me. When he was there so close, I'd have killed 'im too dead to wiggle if my gun hadn't flashed in the pan. In fact, I just couldn't have missed 'im. But it won't flash next time; and I'll get 'im as sure as he's bold enough to set foot on this place again."

"What do you s'pose made 'im scream that a way after you shot? Don't you reckon you wounded 'im?"

"Maybe so--maybe not. He wasn't wounded much. Went off too fast. But I've thought of something."

"Thought of what, Thad?"

"You recollect the co'gar-tracks we saw in the ashes, when we went up to our place to run lye? Well, it was this belled varmint that made 'em."

"How do you know that?"

"Just before the bunch of redskins happened along that night, I woke up and heard a little bell right close to the corn-crib. You were still asleep. I thought somebody's calf must have jumped into the field, or got in somehow. But before I'd had time to peep out, I heard the Indians coming. After that I forgot all about the calf, except that I recollect hearing the bell running off down through the field. The Comanches and the bees put everything else out of my head, and I hadn't thought of that bell till to-night. But there never was any calf in the field; and I know now that the little bell must have been on the co'gar."

Surprised By the Belled Cougar

When Thad and Charley Dick examined the place where the sheep-stealer had crossed the fence, they found blood on the rails, and some on the grass a few yards beyond. But that had probably dripped from the dead lamb the cougar was carrying.

All day long, as the young shepherds stood guard over their flock, they talked of the happenings of the night before. And the more they talked, the keener became Thad's disappointment that he had failed to kill the big beast of prey.

"But I'll get 'im if he ever comes back--see if I don't!" he declared, resolutely. He had "picked" his flint, and also carefully opened the hole connecting the priming-powder with the main charge, so that there would not be another flash in the pan, or another misfire.

More than once, since they had been tending Mr. Bedford's flock, the boys had noticed wolves skulking near by, ready to pounce upon a stray sheep, or to carry off an unsuspecting lamb. Most of those were little prairie wolves, or coyotes, not of sufficient consequence to waste ammunition on. But one day the herders had discovered a big timber wolf trying to steal upon the sheep. Him they would gladly have shot, but he kept out of range. Their own watchfulness, and that of their dog, enabled them to keep all such prowlers at a distance. And the pen was so high that non-climbing animals could not well get over it at night.

By noon to-day the sun had grown rather warm. The flock had grazed over to a prairie ravine, in which was running water, and whose banks were shaded by persimmon trees and pecan trees. After drinking at the little stream, the sheep took refuge in the shade. Soon most of them lay down to rest and chew their cuds. The boys had brought their dinner with them, and after watering their horses and turning them loose, they themselves sat down under a persimmon tree to eat.

When the meal was ended, they quenched their thirst at the stream. Later they stretched themselves on the grass in the shade. For several nights they had been kept awake, and now they were soon asleep. Watch, the dog, was lying near them. Most of the sheep were now resting under the trees, being strung out up and down the branch for two or three hundred yards.

The sun shone brightly, the air in the shade was just pleasantly cool, and scarcely a leaf was disturbed by a ripple of breeze. A lamb bleated now and then, and the little stream murmured and gurgled over its gravelly bed. Numerous bees and bumblebees were humming as they gathered honey from the thick-blooming wild flowers. Birds sang in the tree-tops, and larks out on the open prairie. A more peaceful scene could scarcely be imagined.

This continued for perhaps an hour. Then came a change, as sudden as it was startling.

The two boys awoke to find themselves in the midst of noise and wild confusion. Everywhere there was scampering of hoofed feet, with terrified bleating; and the two horses were snorting their alarm. The astonished young shepherds grasped their rifles and leaped to their feet. Watch, growling fiercely, was already making off down the branch as fast as he could run.

Looking in that direction, the herders saw a pair of timber wolves in the midst of some sheep. Now the boys were off like a flash, yelling lustily as they ran to the rescue. The she wolf had already seized a lamb and was trying to get away with it. Watch ran after her, and the boys ran after Watch. Soon the dog caught up with the wolf and seized her hind leg. Promptly she turned, and dropped the lamb, and stood facing the dog, snapping and snarling defiantly.

The boys were eager to shoot, but dared not for fear of hitting the dog. When they were rather close, the wolf turned and darted away, disappearing among some trees before they could fire a shot.

A pitiful, terrified bleating was now heard. The other wolf had followed several sheep out upon the open prairie, and was about to seize one. Again the boys yelled, which caused the marauder to stop and look back. But quickly he was after the sheep again. Already both the boys and Watch were running after the wolf.

The terrified sheep made a circuit and ran back toward the branch. By taking a short cut, Watch was soon close upon the wolf. While the wolf was doubling and turning, trying to seize the sheep, Watch made a rush and seized the marauder by the hind leg.

Now the beat of prey turned, snapping furiously at his assailant. Watch had had experience with wolves. Having plenty of respect for those fangs, he sprang back, and the two stood facing each other, snarling and growling.

Soon the wolf turned and again started after the sheep. And just as quickly Watch was after the wolf. While the beast of prey was seizing the sheep, the dog again rushed up and seized a hind leg. Promptly the wolf turned, snapping and snarling, and again Watch sprang back to escape those fangs.

By this time the two boys, after several short cuts, were within easy shooting distance. But the dog was between them and the sheep-killer. Knowing that the wolf would doubtless betake himself to flight if they went too close, Thad first stopped, and then began to run in a circle.

But just as he reached a point where he could get a clear view of the wolf, the wolf sprang round and was again behind the dog.

That gave Charley Dick a good mark--the very chance he wanted. Dropping to one knee, he rested his elbow on the other knee, took a careful aim, and fired.

It was a lucky shot. The wolf dropped to the ground and, when Thad rushed forward, was kicking and floundering about. Soon the shaggy fellow stretched himself and lay motionless.

Charley Dick now came running, much excited and more elated. "Is he dead, Thad?"

"Dead as dead can be! That shot of yours laid 'im out cold. He'll never bother anybody's sheep again."

"Whoopee!" yelled the exultant wolf-slayer. "But ain't I glad--ain't I glad! I've al'ays wanted to knock over some big game, but that was the first time I ever had a good chance. Let's off with his hide, first thing!"

"Yes, we'll skin 'im. But we'd better get the sheep together first. No telling how far they've scattered by this time--the worst scared ones. And you'd better load."

Charley Dick reloaded his rifle. Then they went to their horses and mounted. It was two hours later when, after much riding, they had the sheep together and under herd again.

Now they spent some time by the dead wolf, exulting over their victory and his defeat. Even in death the big beast of prey looked fierce and defiant. Finally Charley Dick drew his butcher-knife from its sheath, and Thad got out his pocket-knife, and they fell to skinning the brute.

"You've done mighty well, Charley Dick," Thad remarked, as they spread the skin out on the grass, hairy side up. "We've got one sheep-stealer; and if I'd done as well as you we'd have had another. Somehow I missed my chance. You didn't miss yours, though. And I'll do better next time--if next time ever comes."

"It may come this very night, Thad. No tellin'."

They now went in search of the lamb which the she wolf had seized, but failed to carry off. It was dead. They decided to have some fresh meat, and made it ready for cooking.

Ped was very much afraid of the wolf-skin, and snorted and shied off whenever it was brought near him. But Bob, Charley Dick's horse, was less scary. After the skin had been rolled up he allowed it to be tied behind his saddle.

When the sheep had been grazed over to within a few hundred yards of the pen, the boys went on and stretched the wolf-skin up against the cabin-wall to dry. Later they penned the sheep.

But as the flock passed through the gate, the herders counted them, to find that nearly twenty head were missing.

"Charley Dick, you stay here and look after things. I'll take Watch and go in search of the lost sheep."

"All right, Thad, if you say so. But maybe I'd better go with you. Couldn't Watch mind the sheep while we're gone?"

"He might. In daylight I'm pretty sure he could guard 'em. But I may be out till late. Somebody must keep riding till that bunch is found. The wolves and other varmints wouldn't leave one of 'em by morning. So I think you'd better stand guard here and let me and Watch hunt up the stragglers."

Charley Dick agreed, and Thad rode away. The sun was still shining when he started, and it was an hour after nightfall when he returned, driving the lost animals.

"I'm mighty glad you found 'em, Thad, I was afeard you wouldn't. Where did you run acrosst 'em?"

"Away over yonder on a branch. Two miles from here it must be. They wanted to be found about as much as I wanted to find 'em, I guess. They'd quit grazing and gone to wandering about. And they kept bleating, bleating, bleating all the time, in the lonesomest way you ever heard."

The lost-and-found sheep were soon in the pen, and the boys were at the cabin. Charley Dick had a little fire burning out in the yard, a few steps from the door, and over it they broiled pieces of the wolf-slain lamb. Not very much later Thad, with both rifles, was out in his rail-cage, on guard, while Charley Dick returned to the cabin and shut himself in, to sleep. Watch was curled up on a saddle-blanket by the door.

Thad sat on his bed for an hour or two, watching and listening and thinking over the events of the day. When at length he did fall asleep, it was to sleep uninterruptedly till morning.

"Why do you reckon the co'gar didn't come back, Thad?" The two boys were standing by their little fire in the early dawn, broiling some more of the lamb for their breakfast.

"That I don't know, unless I hit 'im, and he thinks he'd better fight shy of this place from now on."

"Or mightn't it be, Thad, that you put a bullet into 'im, and he went off some'r's and laid down and died?"

"Well, yes, it could be that way. If it is, I'm glad and sorry both. I'm glad because he'll never trouble the sheep or us any more, and I'm sorry because I can't save his skin."

"If we just had time to look around a little, maybe we could run acrosst 'im."

"We could find 'im quicker by watching the buzzards, where they light down. But by the time we got there they'd have 'im so full of holes his hide wouldn't be worth taking off."

The sheep were soon turned out to grass, and the young herders followed them across the prairie. When they came in sight of the timber wolf's carcass, they saw that the buzzards were already there, making a meal of him.

In the afternoon several horsemen passed a few hundred yards from the sheep. They were driving a little bunch of cattle. One of them left the cattle and came by to speak to the boys.

"It's Clark Loring," remarked Thad.

Charley Dick nodded. "That's who it is. Runs the ranch mostly since one-armed Jack's axe finished his pap. Wonder what Clark wants."

The young ranchman stopped and sat on his horse while he talked. He did not seem to have any particular business, but had merely come by to be sociable. The boys told him of their experiences with the wolves, and also with the cougar. The latter part he had already heard, from Jack.

"And did the belled varmint happen around to see you last night?" the young man inquired.

"No," answered Charley Dick. "Thad staid out in the sheep-pen, all ready for 'im; but the booger didn't come agin."

"Guess the reason was he wanted a change of diet," Loring remarked.

"How so, Clark?" inquired Charley Dick.

"Why, he wanted calf-meat instead of mutton."

"Did you find where he'd killed a calf?" Thad wanted to know.

"Yes, we did. One of our calves it was, too. I'd like a shot at the brute, to pay 'im back for the calf he's killed for us. Guess the little fellow bellowed for help, and the cattle come a-tearin' and chased the big varmint away. Calf was dead when we found it, but the cow was still standin' guard over it."

"If the co'gar didn't kill somethin' else to stay his stomach, he'll have a mighty keen appetite for lamb by to-night."

"That's just what he will, Charley Dick," Loring agreed. "So you boys want to sleep with your guns in your hands and one eye open. And if you get half a chance, give that robber a bullet or two for me."

The ranchman soon rode on after his party, leaving the two herders to discuss the chances of another encounter with the belled beast of prey. Rather earlier than usual they began to graze the flock towards the cabin; but the sun had disappeared before the last sheep was in the pen and the gate shut. Then they lariated out their horses for the night, and went to the spring for a bucket of fresh water. It was dusk when they came back and made ready to cook some more of their lamb for supper.

Their little fire had gone out during the day, and the boys now proceeded to rekindle it. Charley Dick was down on his knees, holding some lint cotton against some dry grass, while Thad, with the pan of his flintlock emptied, was snapping the lock over the cotton, expecting to drop a spark into the lint.

Watch had followed them down to the spring, but had not yet returned. He had had to do not a little running after contrary sheep while the flock was being penned, and he had remained at the branch to drink and cool himself in a pool below the spring.

The noise that diverted the boys' attention from their fire-kindling was the faint tinkle-tinkle of a little bell behind them. The sound was very slight, but they turned instantly, startled.

Scarcely a dozen feet away stood the belled cougar, with his evil eyes fixed upon them!

The Man Who Talked in His Sleep

Both boys leaped to their feet. The cougar growled and started back, but showed no intention of retreating. Thad hastily cocked his rifle; but even as he did so he recalled that the pan was empty. And both powder-horns were hanging on a peg just inside the door. Without priming-powder the weapon was utterly useless.

Charley Dick's rifle was leaning against the wall by the door; but the cougar was much closer to it than was either of the boys.

Paralyzed with astonishment and the realization of his own helplessness, Thad stood staring at the cougar. The brute growled again and again, and his eyes wandered from one of the boys to the other. His long tail kept moving sinuously to and fro, like an angry snake's tail when the snake is about to strike. What would happen next? The suspense was frightful.

Suddenly Watch, his shaggy coat still dripping water, dashed round the corner of the house. He had scented trouble, for his hair seemed all on end. He began to bark savagely at the beast of prey.

The cougar must have been taken by surprise; for he suddenly turned tail and retreated around the other corner of the house. Watch followed, but not very far.

Now Thad sprang forward, dropped his own useless gun against the wall, and caught up Charley Dick's gun. He started around the house after the brute but the violent ringing of the bell just then seemed to indicate that the cougar had made a leap.

Following an impulse to escape from danger, Charley Dick ran into the house, perhaps half intending to shut the door. But in a moment or two he had recovered and come out with a powder-horn.

"Here's your gun! Let me have that powder-horn, Charley Dick!"

But Charley Dick had already caught up Thad's rifle and was busy with it. "You watch! I'll prime this," he said. With the pan open, he began to let powder into it, his finger over the little end of the horn. As soon as the rifle was primed, Charley Dick closed the pan, cocked the gun, and set the double triggers. Now the boys started around the house in pursuit of the cougar.

They kept listening for the bell, but failed to hear it again. That did not prove that the cougar was standing still, however. For the fact that the brute had got so near before being discovered was evidence that he could walk without causing the bell to ring.

On around the house the two boys advanced. Watch, who knew well enough that he was no match for the big cat, kept just ahead of them, growling, with his hair on end, and very much on the alert.

Still farther around the boys moved, fearful, almost trembling with fright, yet determined to fight it out with their dangerous enemy here and now. But they passed entirely around and came back to the door without discovering him. Then they went out and looked down the hill towards the branch, but no cougar could they see.

"Well, now, that beats me!" said Thad. "Where can the varmint have gone to?"

"Oh, he slipped back down to the bresh before we got round here," Charley Dick answered. "No use huntin' for 'im now. Let's kindle a good big fire. If that don't skeer 'im away, it'll make light for us to shoot 'im by when he comes back."

Charley Dick took the flintlock, sat down on the ground by their tinder, and, after emptying out the priming-powder, began trying to snap a spark into the cotton. But Thad did not join in the fire-kindling. Puzzled by the quick disappearance of the cougar, he looked in every direction, half expecting the brute to return. And there was something in Watch's manner which indicated uneasiness.

Presently the dog sniffed the air and growled. Charley Dick turned his head for a moment, then went on snapping the flintlock. But Thad, feeling sure that danger was nigh, cocked his gun and advanced to the corner of the house. Nothing could be seen there. Then he stopped, intending to go for a look around the other corner. But suddenly Watch seemed to turn to a picture of rage, and his eyes were raised to the roof. Before Thad could glance up, the slight tinkle of a little bell warned him that the cougar was on the house-top!

Charley Dick turned and discovered the beast of prey on the roof. The cougar had his sinister eyes fixed upon him, and was already crouched for a spring!

The shock of the unexpected danger was so sudden that Charley Dick could not move a muscle. All he did was to sit motionless, paralyzed with terror. Next moment the beast rose up and launched himself straight at the boy seated on the ground!

But Thad, already warned by the dog, was neither surprised nor paralyzed. Up went his already cocked rifle, which cracked sharply on the twilight stillness while the cougar was yet in mid-air.

As the beast of prey struck the ground, he uttered a fierce scream, almost a shriek. Charley Dick had recovered from his paralysis in time to dodge to one side, but not in time to keep from being struck and knocked sprawling. A few moments later he scrambled out from under the cougar and made a wild dash for the door.

But in the doorway, as he turned to jerk the shutter to after him, he saw the beast bouncing and floundering about, plainly in his death-throes. Thad had also sprung toward the door, but there he had paused and was now reloading his rifle as fast as he could. Neither of the boys spoke, but both kept wary eyes on the floundering cougar till the gun was almost reloaded.

"Give me a cap, Charley Dick!"

Charley Dick had a few loose caps in his pocket, and he promptly handed out one. When it was on the tube of the rifle, Thad cocked the gun and stood eyeing the cougar.

At length the beast lay motionless. Now Thad started to approach.

"Better look sharp! That big booger may be just tryin' to fool you!"

Thad waited a minute or two longer, than approached and got hold of his own rifle, which was lying where Charley Dick had dropped it. Handing Charley Dick's weapon to its owner, Thad hastily primed the flintlock.

Now, with cocked guns, both approached the motionless body. But the cougar was as harmless as a lamb. Thad's bullet had gone straight through the big fellow's heart.

All this had taken place so quickly that for a little while the two boys seemed scarcely to realize what had happened. But when they did fully grasp the fact that their enemy was dead, and that they had killed him, they could scarcely keep from whooping with delight.

By this time it was almost dark, and they kindled a fire on which to cook their supper, and also to make a light to see the cougar by. The big brute lay stretched out on his side, as if asleep. The bell was on his neck; and his hip bore the very distinct print of Chisholm's branding-iron--a C with a half-circle over it.

After supper the boys sat by their fire for a good while, talking over every detail of their recent exciting adventure. As the cougar was past disturbing the sheep any more, it would not be necessary for anybody to stand guard out in the square pen hereafter. So Thad slept in the cabin with Charley Dick. And a very peaceful night they spent.

Next morning, after starting the sheep out to graze, the boys came back and had another good look at the dead cougar. Then, having taken off the little bell, they removed the skin and stretched it up against the end of the cabin, with the wolf-skin, to dry. Later they dragged the carcass down the hill, to where the buzzards could hold feast.

It was now necessary that one of the boys should make a trip over to Mr. Bedford's for something more to eat. So Thad went out with the sheep, and Charley Dick mounted his horse and rode away. He was carrying the wolf-skin, now nearly dry, to show to his aunt and cousins.

Charley Dick did not return. But not long after noon Mr. Bedford himself came, accompanied by another man. The other man was a stranger to Thad, and also, as was afterwards learned, a stranger in this part of the country. His name was Mack Potter. Mr. Bedford had happened upon him while returning home from scouting, and had hired him to herd the sheep.

"Yes, I got back late last night," the flock's owner said. "I'd have been over here early this morning, but I had to ride down to Fort Blocker to take some grist to mill. My sister is sick--Charley Dick's mother, you know--and I sent him home as soon as I got back and found him at the house."

"Is she very sick?" inquired Thad.

"Well, no. But she was sick enough for 'em to send down to Old Man Wylie Jones's for Doc Bailey. Come while I was there, doc did. He thinks she'll be up and about in a few days."

"Did you see any of my folks, Mr. Bedford?"

"Yes. I stopped and chatted with your pa and ma a few minutes. They're all well. Your pa said tell you you could stay two or three days more if you wanted to."

"But you won't need me so long, will you, Mr. Bedford?"

Now that Charley Dick was gone, Thad was feeling a little lonely. He wanted to see all the home-folks again; and he was very eager to show them, as well as everybody else in the fort, that cougar-skin. Good shooting counted for much among these frontier people.

"Well, I've got lots of things to do at home, and I'd like for you to stay long enough to break the new herder in. He's never had any experience with sheep, he tells me. And Charley Dick gives you the repytation of bein' a good, careful hand."

"We did the very best we could, Charley Dick and I. We lost one sheep and a few lambs. But I don't see how we could have helped that. Two animals that caused the trouble are dead and skinned."

"Yes, so I've heard from Charley Dick. And I've seen the skins, too. Guess you two done well not to lose any more sheep. I'd like for you to stay till to-morr' noon anyhow, Thad. By that time Mack ought to have the run of things, so's he can git along without you. Come over by the house when you start home. I'll have your wool weighed and sacked up, all ready for you. Your ma said tell you to be shore and fetch it along. Said she wanted to begin cardin' it right away. I sent Charley Dick's wool down by him."

"All right, sir. I'll come by."

After hearing again all the boys' experiences with the wolves and the belled cougar--he had already heard them from Charley Dick--Mr. Bedford gave the new herder careful instructions, then rode away toward home.

Mack Potter was not a very propossessing fellow in appearance. When Thad inquired of him where he had come from, the reply was rather indefinite. About the first thing Thad learned concerning Mack was that he could swear for a very slight provocation, or for no provocation. Also, he was somewhat lazy and had, at times at least, a very disagreeable temper.

When night was approaching, Thad and Mack watered the sheep about sunset, and penned them as usual. Mr. Bedford and Mack had brought over some meal, some bacon, some dried beef, and a little jug of sorghum molasses. Unlike the two boys, Mack would do his own cooking. When the sheep had all been penned, the herders kindled a fire in the fireplace and prepared their supper. Later they unrolled their bed and went to sleep.

Nothing disturbed the sheep during the night. But something that seemed very peculiar to Thad took place indoors.

Well on in the night the boy was aroused by talking. When fully awake, he knew that it was his bedfellow talking in his sleep. Mack kept talking, at intervals, for half an hour.

Thad had heard people talk in their sleep before now, and ordinarily would not have been surprised at it. But there was something peculiar about Mack Potter's talking. Though the words seemed to be uttered distinctly, not one of them could the boy understand.

When morning came Thad, for some reason, said nothing to Mack of what he had overheard. But during the day, while the two were sitting on the grass near the flock, the boy inquired, in a careless way:

"Mr. Potter, did you ever live among the Mexicans?"

"Me? Of course not! What would I be doin' among them Greasers?"

"I didn't know. Wish I could talk Mexican." The man made no reply, and Thad soon added: "If I just knew somebody that could teach me, I'd try to learn it. I know a few words already."

"Don't see what you want to talk that kind of talk up here fur! Now if I lived down In Mexico, I'd learn it, of course. Guess I'd have to. But not up here where a Greaser only comes onct in a 'coon's age."

"You can't talk any Mexican, can you, Mr. Potter?"

"Well, I ruther reckon I cain't! All I know is adios, good-by, and owwah, water." Owwah is the way Mack pronounced it. Agua is the way a Mexican or a Spaniard would spell it.

Thad was much puzzled. Finally he ventured to inquire:

"Do you speak any language besides ours, Mr. Potter?"

Mack looked at the boy very straight. "What you want to know that fur?" he demanded.

"Oh, I just wanted to know. I'd like to learn some language, and I thought maybe you could teach me," he evaded.

"Me teach you! Well, I ruther reckon I couldn't!"

"You don't know any other language, then?"

"No, I don't. Of course I don't! What would I be doin' with any other kind of talk except white folks's talk? Count myself lucky to talk that, I do."

The expression, "white folks's talk," suggested something to Thad. And he knew that Mack had not told the truth. No person talks in his sleep in a language that he is ignorant of when awake. But why should the fellow wish to conceal the fact that he spoke another language?

Thad remained with Mack and the sheep till a little before noon. Then he mounted his horse and rode over to Mr. Bedford's. His cougar-skin, carefully rolled up, was tied behind his saddle. He ate dinner at the stockaded house.

Two bags of wool, his herding wages, were ready for him. Tied together with a piece of rawhide rope, they were hung down on each side. Ped did not like the bags, any more than he had liked the cougar-skin; but Thad soon reconciled him to carrying them. Then the boy set off toward the fort.

That square of rough log cabins had a very familiar, homelike look as Thad rode into it.

While passing the Wilkins house, he looked eagerly for Marzee, but she was not in sight. He spoke to Florence, who was out in the front yard; and at the sound of his voice Marzee came hurrying to the door.

"Howdy, Thad! Is that your co'gar-skin behind your saddle? Won't you please let me see it?"

"Why, yes, of course."

Very glad to display his trophy, Thad untied the saddle-strings, then let the skin fall to the the ground, hairy side up.

"Oh, here's where the cowboys branded the poor thing!" cried the girl, while spreading the skin out.

"How did you know the cowboys had branded 'im, Marzee?"

"Why, Charley Dick Sheegog told me that. Everybody in the fort knows all about the belled co'gar by this time, I guess. Charley Dick stopped here and showed us his wolf-skin, too. You boys are getting to be famous hunters."

"Oh, not to brag of," answered the cougar-slayer, modestly. But he was well pleased to have her say so.

"And the co'gar actually had a bell on?"

"He certainly did! Here it is." Thad took the chain-collar from his saddle-horn and dropped the bell to the ground. "You look at 'em as much as you please, Marzee. I'll be back in a few minutes."

He rode on to his own door, where he dropped his bags of wool. After greeting his mother and the children, and telling them briefly of his experiences, he led Ped out up the north branch and lariated him on the grass. When he came back, most of the boys and girls in the fort, and several of the grown people, had gathered around the cougar-skin. Charley Dick was there, with a water-bucket on his arm. He was telling everybody just how the cougar had been killed, and showing the bullet-hole.

To be continued

HENRY and the GREAT SOCIETY

CHAPTER 6 -

Progress Comes to Willoughby

By H. L. Roush Jr. *Continued from last month*

It was inevitable that the progress of Chamberstown should spill out of its overflowing cup into Willoughby. The 30 miles of gravel from Chamberstown had been replaced with smooth blacktop and with that improvement came a marked increase of activity in Willoughby. The trains still made their appointed rounds--but other things had changed. For one thing, almost no one gathered at P.T. Wigal's to see the "Cannonball" go through, although many times the store was filled with shoppers. It might have had to do with the change in the store itself. The old ball field across the road had been paved to make way for a new parking lot which Mr. Wigal said was needed, for the new blacktop from Chamberstown had brought a lot of folk to Willoughby who wanted to "get out of town a little." Mr. Simpson's grove was the first to feel the iron fist of progress. When a man from town offered him $750 for an acre lot to build a house, Mr. Simpson rightly concluded that he couldn't afford to keep a picnic grove for the good of the community when the lot was worth such a price as that. So before long Mr. Simpson's house sported a new TV tower and a color TV, and Simpson's Shady Grove development was a reality. Soon others from town had joined the first pioneer and, at last account, the lots were selling for as much as $1500 each and only a few were left. I need not add that this greatly inspired others to join the boom and soon Willoughby was no longer a sleepy little community, but a thriving, progessive, bustling, rural Center.

Mr. Wigal began to feel the backlash of community prosperity and was forced to remodel the interior of his store. Henry was in there after the changes were made, and it seemed funny not to see P.T. Wigal there to greet him with a handclasp and a friendly smile. One of the carry-out boys explained that Mr. Wigal spent his time in the balcony office that overlooked the new Wigal Super Market, for there was an awful lot of bookwork to take care of now. Henry could see the shiny file cabinets full of records and wondered what happened to the old single-book ledger Mr. Wigal used to pull out from under the counter to jot down the trading transactions.

Henry couldn't deny that the self-service idea was novel, and the checkout counters surely seemed to make things move faster. Although he and Esther could now shop easier and quicker, somehow it seemed a little eerie that there was no one gathered on the porch to trade knives and small talk. The old wooden porch with its gloriously carved-by-hand benches, where Henry had first sat as a boy to listen to his father talk, had been removed. Mr. Wigal said he didn't want to encourage loitering in front of the store because the city people that had moved to Willoughby were in a hurry to get their shopping done.

Of course, Mr. Wigal gave up gardening behind the store. He had to--the drive-through car wash bought his garden spot for $2,000 and as he said, "You can sure buy a lot of beans and 'taters for that kind of money!" Nobody could argue with that kind of logic. Widow Abbot still came there to trade, or I should say "shop" because she learned that her eggs couldn't be traded any more for groceries; but she was informed that there was still a place in Chamberstown that would take them. (She never found a way to get them there.) As I said, she still shopped there but was a little perplexed and a little frightened at the way things were. Mr. Wigal used to know where everything was placed in the store, but nobody seemed to know now; and she kind of missed Mr. Wigal's inquiry about her health. I guess the inquiry and the opportunity it afforded to unburden herself from time to time was one of the main reasons she came daily to Wigal's store. Henry said recently that he heard she had taken to her bed and wasn't expected to live long.

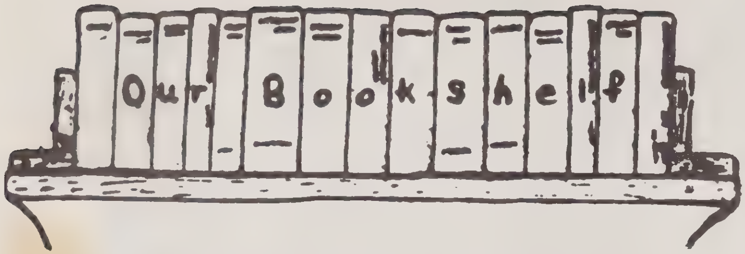
The thing most people hated to see go was the old Burnside stove. It had been sort of the "town hall" of Willoughby for 75 years. There had been many a village problem solved around its cherry-red sides. It was still around, but it was at present delegated to a place in Wigal's warehouse behind the compressors for his fancy meat and produce cases. A new service station had replaced the single gas pump that had stood at Wigal's for years, and the people of Willoughby sure were getting things fixed up nice and convenient.

Henry always seemed glad to get back to Whispering Pines where there was peace and quiet. His trips to Willoughby didn't come as often, nor last as long, and he seemed a little reluctant to talk about it. Esther guessed that it had to do with the time the grey mares were scared bad by some teenage boys showing off in their sports car in front of the store. Hilda thought it had more to do with the remarks the boys made about Henry being an "old farmer" and the embarassed look on Jeff and Brent's faces as they rode into Willougby in their wagon.

To be continued

GOD KNOWS BEST

Our Father knows what's best for us,
So why should we complain-
We always want the sunshine,
But He knows there must be rain-
We love the sound of laughter
And the merriment of cheer,
But our hearts would lose their tenderness
If we never shed a tear . . .
Our Father tests us often
With suffering and with sorrow,
He tests us, not to punish us,
But to help us meet tomorrow . . .
For growing trees are strengthened
When they withstand the storm,
And the sharp cut of the chisel
Gives the marble grace and form . . .
God never hurts us needlessly,
And He never wastes our pain,
For every loss He sends to us
Is followed by rich gain . . .
And when we count the blessings
That God has so freely sent,
We will find no cause for murmuring
And no time to lament . . .
For our Father loves His children,
And to Him all things are plain,
So He never sends us pleasure



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Address of a friend in penitentary:
Stephen E. Fisher C46339, Box 8108, Room 31
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The DIARY

VOLUME NINETEEN NO. 3
March 1987

A Church Newsletter Serving the Old Order Society

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A CHRONICLE
Of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, crop and community notes, historical events, genealogy and articles of general interest.

This Month

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Es Jſt Nichts Verborgen

Das Glockenſpeil das bringt das neu
Noch einen Tag zum Licht,
Einer Gleiten un gefallen,
War der einer dich?
Du mögest verlangen gröszers Graft,
Zu erneuen deiner Mut,
Denke was der Herr dir ſchaft,
Der Hoffnung zu dir tuht.

chorus

Es iſt nichts verborgen,
Jn Gottes Lauf,
Was Er andern Tuht,
Tuht Er dich auch.
So mit Seiner Hände,
Offenet weit,
Das tuht Er für dich,
Wie andre leit.

Gottes Lich wird nicht dunkel werden,
Du gäheſt nicht allein.
Wo ſeid'ſt auf Erden,
Jmmer fühl darheim.
Da iſt kein Macht dein Glauben brecht;
Wann Gott iſt bei dein Seide,
Halt Gott bei was, Er dir ſprecht,
Verſteck dich nicht im Weide.

So tuhe erſt Buß für deine Sünd;
Gott vergibt bald g'ſwind.
Gott iſt immer Treu,
Sei nicht falſch dabei;
Ja es macht nichts aus wo du gäheſt,
Der Herr ſeiht wie du ſtäheſt,
Verdroße nicht, doch wache auf,
Was Er tuht für andre, tuht Er dich auch.

Selected by Levi L. Stoltzfus

The Diary was organized in 1969, by a group of Amish brethern in Lancaster County, Penna. Dedicated to the preservation of fundamental movements of our church in America as well as Old Order religious literature and its virtues.

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REPORTS OF

1987 **FEBRUARY** 1987

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

CALENDER SCHEDULE

A monthly Schedule for Annual Items

May .... Ordinations
June ....Senior Members ....
July-Aug .... Zip Codes-Addresses?

Months apply to the months as dated on front cover of The Diary.

Ordinations, Baptisms and Migrations will be entered any month that our reporters send them in. Other items will be held over to this schedule. If we do not get new items from your area, we may print the old one unless we are informed differently by the reporter.

Editoral Notes! The 5th of each month is editing day at The Diary unless it falls on a Sunday. Naturally that puts it off till the 6th. Later reports must be held over to the next Month.

A note to our subscribers. When a delay occurs of two or three months to renew The Diary, we take the liberty to send the delinquent back copies and hold the former expiration date unless we are informed otherwise.

Editors' Note! We are still having trouble with small items getting lost. Some reporters will write a community note that does not fill a sheet and fill it up with a single birth or migration at the bottom. One person types the community notes and cuts off the small item for someone else to type later. These are easy to get become unknown where they belong if not marked well. We do usually mark them but they are easy to slip through human fingers. We are no longer responsible for such items to get lost if each item is not marked with name and address. See last months notice in this column.

BIRTHS

St. Mary's Ontario
Graber David S. Erma (Yoder) a son **Aaron** 1-23
Fort Plains New York
Byler Rudy L. Nancy a dau **Ella** 1-30
Rensslaer Falls New York
Hostetler Joseph E. Franey (Swartzentruber) a son **Menno** 2-18
Shetler Levi L. Annie (Swartzentruber) a son **Eli** 2-1
Swartzentruber Jonas M. Mattie (Miller) a son **Dannie** 2-21
Zook Dennis L. Amanda (Yoder) a dau **Emma** 1-19
Zook Menno L. Lizzie (Gingerich) a dau **Lena** 2-18
Somerset County Penna. -
Peachey David A. Ida A. (Zook) Meyersdale a dau **Martha** 2-22
Peachey Joe A. Katie (Brenneman) Salisbury a son **Joe Jr.** 2-6
Peachey Roy S. Miriam H. (Kinsinger) Grantsville, M a son **Ray** 2-15
Summy Daniel Y. Elmina (Beachey) Meyersdale a dau **Thelma** 2-5
Yoder Edwin D. Rachel A. (Zook) Meyersdale a son **Rudy** 2-24
Yoder Joseph B. Nancy J. (Yoder) Salisbury a dau **Polly** 2-6
Mercer County Penna. -
Byler David M. Mary Ann (Kempf) #3 Volant a dau **Lovina** 2-9
Byler Eli A. Amy U. (Yoder) #2 N. Wilmingt a son **Levi** 2-8
Byler Enos J. Linda A. (Yoder) #2 N. Wilmingt a son **John** 2-4
Byler Felty Ida (Troyer) a dau **Mary** 1-4
Byler Wallie J. Lena L. (Byler) #1 N. Wilmingt a dau **Anna** 1-14
Coblentz Jacob Katie (Hochstetler) a dau **Amanda** 1-22
Hostetler Henry J. Lovina A. (Troyer) #1 Mercer a dau **Katie** 2-19
Hostetler Rufus Y. Katie A. (Byler) #3 Volant a son **Andy** 2-2
Mast David J. Mary J. (Byler) #1 N. Wilmingt a dau **Sylvia** 2-5
Yoder Sam Laura (Coblentz) a son **Owen** 1-11
Sugar Grove Penna. -
Hershberger Bennie R. Emma J. a son **Johnie** 2-26
Shetler Amos J. Anna a dau **Mary** 1-22
Shetler Eli L. Emma E. a son **Levi** 2-25
Shetler Rudy L. Katie M. a dau **Sarah** 2-25
Spartansburg Penna. -
Byler Bill U. Katie (Gingerich) a son **Noah** 2-21
Byler Martin L. Katie Mae (Byler) a dau **Barbara** 2-27
Kuhns Andy A. Esther (Byler) a dau **Irene** 2-8
Lee Amos S. Ruth (Byler) a son **Robert** 2-26
Belleville Penna. -
Byler J. Lee Susanna (Byler) Belleville a dau **Linda** 2-16
Peachey Jonas Ella (Kanagy) Belleville a son **Andy** 2-1
Peachey Reuben Emma (Zook) Belleville a dau **Katie** 2-1
Renno John Elsie (Byler) Belleville a son **Nathan** 2-24
Dauphin County Penna. -
Stoltzfus Aaron Sadie (Smucker) Hegins a son **Aaron Jr.** 2-4
Stoltzfus Elam Mary (Stoltzfus) Hegins a dau **Rachel** 2-14
Gettysburg Penna. -
Fisher John B. Sadie Mae (Stoltzfus) a son **Jonathan** 2-9
Lancaster County Penna. -
Beiler Amos K. Sarah (Stoltzfus) Quarryville a dau **Sadie** 2-11
Beiler Ben S. Mary (Stoltzfus) Christiana a dau **Barbara** 1-24
Beiler, Christian Sm. Anna (Zook) Stillborn 3-8
Beiler Jesse L. Verna (Smoker) Gordonville a dau **Kathryn** 2-14
Beiler Jonas S. Mary Ann (Stoltzfus) Narvon a dau 2-19
Beiler Paul A. Katie (Fisher) Quarryville a dau 2-22
Beiler Samuel E. Mary (Smucker) Strasburg a dau **Naomi** 2-1
Blank Amos Edna (Fisher) Gap a dau **Anna Mae** 2-7
Ebersol Eli O. Susie (Lapp) Quarryville a dau **Lydia** 2-9
Esh Ivan A. Arie (Fisher) Strasburg a dau **Barbara** 2-20
Esh John L. Mary Ann (Beiler) Ronks a dau **Sarah Jean** 2-24
Esh Samuel B. Rachel (Ebersol) Gap a son **David** 2-9
Esh Simeon D. Mary (Beiler) Quarryville a dau 2-22
Fisher Christ K. Malinda (Stoltzfus) Bird-in-Hand a dau 2-10
Fisher Melvin K. Annie J. (Stoltzfus) Paradise a son **Alvin** 2-19
Glick Aaron L. Annie (Kauffman) Quarryville a son 2-5
Glick David Elizabeth (Beiler) New Providence a son **Aaron** 2-9
Glick Samuel L. Malinda (Kauffman) Quarryville a son 2-20
Huyard Isaac B. Sylvia (Beiler) New Holland a dau **Mary** 2-19
Huyard Stevie Elizabeth (Esh) Ronks a son **Ivan** 1-23
King Bennie E. Naomi (Esh) Leola a son **David** 2-9
King Christ Z. Fannie (Fisher) Ronks a dau **Barbie** 2-16
King David B. Barbara (Smoker) Quarryville a son **Amos S.** 2-15
King Elmer K. Sadie Ann (Stoltzfus) Gap a son **John David** 1-18
King Isaac L. Emma (Stoltzfus) Quarryville a son **Amos** 2-14
King Samuel B. Jr. Barbara (Blank) Atglen a dau 2-19
Lapp Jesse K. Barbara (Stoltzfus) Gordonville a son **Amos Jay** 2-11
Lapp John Linda (Lantz) Lititz a dau **Malinda** 1-5
Lapp John E. Naomi (King) Ronks a dau **Lena** 2-4
Lapp Levi A. Rachel (Fisher) Quarryville a dau **Emma** 2-21
Petersheim (correction) John D. Ruth (King) Bird-in-Hand a dau **Suzanne** 12-31
Riehl Christ Barbara (King) Kinzer a dau 2-22
Smucker Daniel K. Rachel K. (King) Leola a dau **Miriam K.** 2-10
Stoltzfoos Wilmer G. Sara (Zook) Gap a dau **Linda** 2-9
Stoltzfus Aaron F. Elizabeth (Beiler) Gap a son **Melvin** 2-17
Stoltzfus Abram S. Naomi (King) Christiana a son **Ammon** 2-27
Stoltzfus Amos S. Lydia (Esh) New Holland a son **Wilmer Jay** 2-20

Stoltzfus Benjamin F. Hannah (Lapp) Kirkwood a dau **Sarah** 2-25
Stoltzfus Daniel S. Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Honey Brook a son **Jesse** 2-12
Stoltzfus John F. Rebecca (Beiler) Bart a dau **Ruth** 2-11
Stoltzfus John L. Barbara (Blank) Quarryville a dau **Barbara** 2-15
Stoltzfus John M. Barbara (Fisher) Leola a son **Melvin** 2-14
Stoltzfus Jonas B. Sarah (Esh) Christiana a son 2-26
Stoltzfus Melvin A. Rebecca (Zook) Gap a dau **Dorothy** 2-11
Stoltzfus Menno R. Arie (Fisher) Christiana a son **Eli** 2-5
Stoltzfus Omar S. Rebecca (Fisher) Cochranville a dau 2-4
Stoltzfus Reuben L. Sadie (Fisher) Strasburg a dau **Sadie F.** 2-4
Yoder Samuel J. Sarah (Miller) Quarryville a dau **Savilla** 2-23
Zook Christ Sylvia (King) New Holland a dau **Lydia** 2-21
White Deer Valley Penna. -
Fisher John K. Sarah (Smoker) Allenwood a dau **Rebecca** 2-10
Stoltzfus Daniel L. Susie (Petersheim) Allenwood a son **Isaac** 2-22
Montour County Penna. -
Stoltzfus Benuel S. Annie (Beiler) Turbotville a dau **Annie** 2-2
Stoltzfus Levi E. Sarah (Fisher) Danville a son **Levi** 2-12
Dover Deleware -
Coblentz Ben E. Elva (Miller) #1 Hartly a dau **Laura** 2-15
Miller John M. Emma (Miller) #2 Dover a dau **Ruby Ann** 2-19
Yoder Jonas E. Lena (Mast) #1 Wyoming a son **Chester** 2-26
Yoder Mahlon J. Katie (Mast) #5 Dover a dau **Sovilla** 2-18
St. Mary's County Maryland -
Esh Solomon Y. Lydia (Kanagy) Mechanicsville a dau **Betsy** 2-18
Oakland Maryland -
Bender Paul Rachel (Beachey) a dau **Diane Marie** 2-11
Peachey Sam Betty (Hershberger) a son **Atlee David** 2-3
Stockport Ohio -
Beechy Floyd Fannie C. (Troyer) a dau **Marie** 2-9
Hershberger William J. Emma J. (Borntrager) a dau **Millie** 2-18
Guthrie Kentucky -
Byler William Emma (Coblentz) Guthrie a son **Norman** 2-6
Detweiler Joe Martha (Hochstetler) Guthrie a dau **Rose Marie** 2-26
Peachey Jesse Mary (Hostetler) Guthrie a dau **Martha** 2-6
Holmes & Wayne Counties Ohio -
Hershberger Andy S. Mary (Hershberger) a dau **Cevilla** 1-17
Hershberger Eli A. Betty (Yoder) a dau **Erma** 2-2
Miller Allen Iva (Miller) Fredricksburg a son **David** 2-27
Miller Ammon J. Mary (Miller) Dundee a dau **Susan** 2-8
Miller Amos J. Mary E. (Hershberger) Lakeville a dau **Erma** 2-8
Miller Andy A. Marie (Miller) Baltic a son **Mervin** -
Miller Jerry S. Esther (Miller) a dau **Cindy** 2-8
Miller Jonas A. M. Priscilla (Schlabach) a son **Jonas Jr.** 1-21
Miller Jonas J. Barbara (Miller) Fredricksburg a dau **Susan** 2-11
Miller Levi J. D. Ada (Yoder) a son **Levi Jr.** 1-30
Miller Mark A. Mary Ellen a son **Leverne Jay** 12-27
Miller Marvin D. Anna (Troyer) a dau **Mattie** 1-25
Miller Robert Naomi (Weaver) a dau **Christina Eliz** -
Miller Roman R. Ada Mae (Weaver) Dalton a son **Mart** -
Miller Roy P. Kathy (Keim) a son **Wayne** 2-13
Raber Ben D. Lydiann (Troyer) Baltic a son **Dennis** -
Stutzman John E. Cevilla (Hershberger) a dau **Mary** 1-17
Swartzentruber Mose E. Edna (Hershberger) a son **Tobie** 1-23
Troyer Levi B. Betty (Kline) a son **Leroy** 2-9
Troyer Mervin G. Martha (Erb) Sugarcreek a son **Marlen** -
Troyer Nelson Jr. Iva (Hershberger) a son **Bennie** 2-6
Weaver Ervin J. Fannie Mae (Troyer) a son **Ervin Jr.** -
Wengerd Mose Sara (Barkman) Lakeville a son **David** 1-30
Wengerd Raymond E. Mary (Yoder) Apple Creek a dau **Suzanna** 1-18
Yoder Abe L. Esther (Yoder) Baltic a son **Leon** -
Yoder Abe M. Susan (Miller) Stillborn **Esther** 2-9
Yoder Jonas L. Fannie (Raber) Sugarcreek a son **Edward** -
Yoder Joseph A. Anna Mae (Barkman) Baltic a dau **Lori** -
Yoder Lloyd A. Katie (Keim) a son **Roy** 1-30
Ashland County Ohio -
Hershberger Jonas J. Anna A. (Yoder) a dau **Martha** 1-30
Miller Henry S. Katie M. (Troyer) a dau **Miriam** 2-7
Etna green Indiana -
Borkholder Wayne Irene (Miller) a dau **Regina** 1-5
Lehman Ervin Jay Elizabeth (Miller) a son **Leonard** 1-21
Miller Ezra Louise (Hochstetler) a dau **Cynthia Louise** 1-20
Miller Floyd Lorene (Nisley) a dau **Annabelle** 1-22
Yoder Steven Sharon (Bender) a son **James Steven** 1-19

LaGrange County Indiana -
Beechy Vernon D. Esther A. (Miller) #1 LaGrange a son **David Lee** 2-15
Bontrager Daniel J. Frieda (Mast) #1 Rome City a dau **Kristena** 2-14
Bontrager Ora A. Mary (Troyer) #2 LaGrange a son **Milton** 2-2
Bontrager Wilbur D. Edna Mae (Bontrager) #1 Shipshewana a dau **Velda W.** 2-20
Frey Richard J. Barbara A. (Miller) #1 Millersburg a dau **Loranna** 2-14
Knepp Glen E. Minerva (Hochstetler) #2 Topeka a son **Gerald Lee** 2-23
Miller Albert J. Esther L. (Yoder) #2 Topeka a dau **Doris Ann** 2-23
Miller David M. Katherine (Schwartz) #3 Ligonier a dau **Mary Sue** 2-11
Mishler Daniel Ella J. (Yoder) #4 LaGrange a son **John D.** 2-4
Troyer Ray D. Betty I. (Miller) #2 Shipshewana a son **Keith Orley** 2-15
Yoder Clayton Carolyn (Schlabach) #1 Topeka a son **Daniel C.** 2-15
Yoder Ernest J. Mary Alice (Hochstetler) #3 Shipshewana a dau **Clara Fern** 2-10
Yoder Howard Ida (Bontrager) #1 Middlebury a son **Vernon** 2-2
Yoder Paul W. Miriam (Hochstetler) #1 LaGrange a son **Matthew Paul** 2-20
Adams County Indiana -
Girod Nate J. Fannie M. (Schwartz) a dau **Rhoda** 1-27
Hilty Walter M. Clara D. (Eicher) a dau **Laura** 1-17
Schmidt David A. Rosie A. (Schwartz) a dau **Elizabeth** 2-10
Schwartz Raymond J. R. Delia (Schwartz) a son **Enos** 1-30
Schwartz Raymond N. Emma G. (Eicher) a son **Neil** 2-23
Swartzentruber Tobe Anna H. (Eicher) a son **Tobe** 2-3
Swartzentruber Amos Barbara B. (Schwartz) a dau **Christine** 2-3
Troyer Paul C. Melinda S. (Schwartz) a dau **Amanda** 2-19
Wickey Amos E. Jr. Barbara (Christner) a dau **Ruby** 2-17
New Haven Indiana -
Eicher Joseph Anna (Eicher) a son **Jonas Jay** 2-23
Lengacher Edwin Leona (Graber) a son **Jonas** 1-18
Schmucker Jonas Ruth (Wittmer) a dau **Loretta** 2-15
Schmucker LeRoy Susan (Schmucker) a dau **Darlene** 2-2
Schmucker Mervin Delila (Schmucker) a son **Mervin Jr.** 2-26
Schwartz Aaron Priscilla (Schmidt) a dau **Mary Marie** 2-15
Zehr Paul Bertha (Eicher) a dau **Margaret** 2-19
Kokomo Indiana -
Miller Joe Esther (Miller) a son **David Ray** 2-25
Daviess County Indiana -
Graber Stephen Laura (Wagler) a son **Matthew** 2-7
Kemp Lonnie Lydia Cath. (Knepp) a dau **Beaulah** 2-20
Marner Wilbur Mary Catheri (Lengacher) a son **Olin Ray** 2-20
Stoll Martin Josephine (Raber) a son **Martin Lee** 2-1
Wagler Marvin Esther (Graber) a dau **Mary Ruth** 2-4
Clare Michigan -
Hochstetler Levi A. Emma (Yoder) a dau **Barbara** 2-20
Miller Yost N. Mattie (Yoder) a son **Steven** 2-20
Gladwin Michigan -
Hershberger Dan Anna (Troyer) a son **Joe** 1-18
Scottsville Michigan -
Beachy Abraham Clare (Miller) a son **Marcus** 2-20
Buchanan County Iowa -
Beachy Jerry B. Verna (Helmuth) a son **Dan** 2-6
Borntrager John A. Mary E. (Borntrager) a son **Mose** 2-12
Hershberger Perry N. Verba L. (Nisley) a son **David** 2-2
Kurtz Neal A. Lizzie (Borntrager) a son **Harley** 2-17
Miller Jakie L. Esther (Kauffman) a dau **Emma** 2-4
Bloomfield Iowa -
Gingerich Mervin Mary (Hershberger) a son **Calvin** 2-27
Yoder Perry Jr. Rosanna (Kauffman) a dau **Lori Luann** 1-31
Amherst Wisconsin -
Miller Calvin Polly (Stutzman) a son **Roman** 2-12
Schmucker Ernest Mary Esther (Schrock) a son **Floyd** 2-4

Wilton Wisconsin -
Borntrager Eli A. Mary (Borntrager) a son **Amos** 2-10
Borntrager John J. Lillie (Bomtrager) a dau **Ella** 2-5
Kauffman Noah C. Ida (Borntrager) a dau **Sara** 2-21
Wagler Samuel Emma (Bomtrager) a dau **Anna** 2-14
Yoder Joe E. Fannie (Miller) a dau **Amelia** 2-17
Augusta Wisconsin -
Hochstetler Levi Barbara (Borntrager) a son **Amos** 1-3
Harmony Minnesota -
Swartzentruber Andy Verna (Hershberger) a dau **Saloma** 2-10
Utica, St. Charl Minnesota -
Gingerich Melvin E. Anna (Schmucker) a dau **Edna** 2-14
Shetler Levi A. Elizabeth (Helmuth) a son **Dan** 2-11
Cashton Wisconsin -
Mast Levi Mary (Helmuth) a dau **Iva** 2-21
Miller Levi Jr. Sara (Yoder) a dau 2-22
Miller Mahlon Lydia Ann (Miller) a son **Chester** 2-9
Yoder Vernon Elizabeth (Bomtrager) a dau **Ruby** 2-17
Jamesport Missouri -
Hostetler Noah S. Catherine (Yoder) a son **Leon** 2-16
Prairie Home Missouri -
Borntrager Eli Anna (Beachey) a son **Abraham** 2-12
Clark, Audrain C Missouri -
Borntrager George B. Amanda M. (Yoder) Clark a son **Olin** 1-27
Gingerich John L. Ada M. (Bomtrager) Clark a dau **Ruth** 2-10
Gingerich Jonas C. Anna D. (Yoder) Clark a son **Freeman** 1-1
Gingerich Paul D. Polly (Troyer) Clark a son **Delbert** 1-18
Gingerich Sammie E. Lizzie W. (Borntrager) Clark a son **Ezra** 2-0
Miller John Y. Susie J. (Petersheim) Clark a dau **Fannie** 1-31
Miller Joni T. Lizzie V. (Shetler) Clark a son **John** 2-14
Petersheim Jacob E. Lizzie T. (Miller) Clark a son **Noah** 2-4
Petersheim Toby E. Sarah F. (Miller) Clark a son **John** 2-22
Troyer David A. Esther E. (Bontrager) Clark a son **Albert** 1-26
Yoder Ora E. Dena M. (Miller) Clark a dau **Esther** 1-15
Seymour Missouri -
Graber Alvin Lovina (Schwartz) a son **Jacob A.** 2-14
Schwartz Emanuel J. K. Leah M. (Schwartz) a dau **Katie E.** 2-15
Schwartz Jacob P. L. Mattie W. (Schwartz) a dau **Mattie** 2-4
Zook Daniel Soloma (Schwartz) a son **Jacob** 2-11
Zook Samuel Mary W. (Schwartz) a dau **Leah M.** 2-15
Partridge Kansas -
Gingerich William Anna Jean (Jones) a son **Michael Eugene** 1-29
Haven Kansas -
Eash Ernest Mary (Yoder) a dau **Katie Lynetta** 2-10
Yoder Sam F. Katherine (Miller) a dau **Kristin Renee** 12-30

BAPTISMS

Holmes County, Ohio

Mahlon J. Hochstetler District

Roy; son of Aden and Anna (Miller) Hershberger
Norman; son of Aden and Anna (Miller) Hershberger
Arlene; dau of Mose and Sadie (Miller) Raber
By Eli A. Hershberger

Partridge, Kansas

February 8, by John Mast

Jacob; son of Harley and Susie Beachey
Luane; Dau of Thomas and Vera Yoder

MARRIAGES

Dover, Deleware

Miller-Troyer: Melvin Ray; son of William H. and Martha Ann Miller to Susanna; dau of Henry S. and Mary Troyer, February 26, by Henry Detweiler.

Yoder-Miller: John; Son of Calvin D. and Rosie Yoder to Rosie; dau of John H. and Esther Miller, February 10, by Dan A. Yoder.

Juniati County, Penna.

Swarey-Kanagy: Joe E; son of Pre. David and Fannie (Peachey) Swarey to Mattie; dau of Levi and Lisbeth (Wengerd) Kanagy near Van Wert, February 12, by Tobe Petersheim.

Sugar Grove, Penna.

Shetler-Yoder: Levi L: son of Levi L. and Mary B. Shetler to Ada; dau of Emanuel M and Clara L. Yoder, January 15.

Miller-Shetler: Andy M; son of Mose A. J. and Mary B. Miller to Clara L; dau of Levii L. and Mary B. Shetler, January 22.

Southern Mercer County, Penna.

Hostetler-Mast: David D; son of David A. and Clara D. (Troyer) Hostetler to Mary J; dau of John D. and Leah M. (Wengerd) Mast, February 5, by Dan J.Troyer of Jackson Center.

Byler-Byler: Rudy E; son of Emanuel J. and Mary D. (Byler) Byler (dec.) to Mary D; dau of Mose B. and Lizzie Ann E. (Byler) Byler, February 5, by Jacob E. Byler.

Byler-Byler: Eli J; son of Jonathan J. and Dena (Byler) Byler to Sally: dau of Enos S. and Katie D. (Mast) Byler, February, 12 by Dan J. Byler.

Hostetler-Byler: Levi M.: son of Menno E. and Dena (Byler) Hostetler to Susie; dau of Rudy and Lizzie J. (Byler), February 17, by Andy B. Byler.

Byler-Kurtz: Urie; son of Dan U. andMattie J. (Kurtz) Byler to Emma J; dau of Jonn D. and Saloma J. (Wengerd) Kurtz, February 24, by Gideon J. Byler.

Union City, Penna.

Coblentz-Shetler: Ben; son of Mrs. Amanda (Shetler) Byler of Conewango Valley, to Barbara; dau of Levi N. and Emma (Slabaugh) Shetler, February 10, By Enos Yoder.

Holmes County, Ohio

Miller-Hershberger: Marion; son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe J. Jr. to Edna; dau Alvin (dec.) and Amanda Hershberger, February 26, by Jacb J. Miller, uncle of the groom.

Adams County, Indiana

Hilty-Hilty: Widower Reuben S. Hilty, #1 Bryant, and Widow Lydia R. Hilty #1 Bryant, February, 12.

Schwartz-Eicher: Timothy, son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Schwartz, #1 Berne to Wilma F; dau of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy A. Eicher, #2 Berne, February 22.

Schwartz-Schwartz: Sam F; son of Mr. and Mrs. Amos M. Schwartz, 1 Geneva, to Edith A; dau of Levi D. J. Schwartz, #1 Berne, February, 22.

Schwartz-Swartzentruber: Elmer B; son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris E. Schwartz, 1 Geneva, to Leah; dau of Mr. and Mrs. Tobe Swartzentruber, 2 Geneva, February, 22.

Anabel, Missouri

Borntreger-Yoder: Bishop Neal M. Borntreger; of Anabel was married to Laura Yoder. February 12, by William Yoder.

Buchanan County, Iowa

Gingerich-Raber: Erwin; son of Rudy and Susie Gingerich to Laura; dau of Roman and Emma Raber.

OBITUARIES

Byler, Adam H. age 73 years, 11 months and 17 days, R.2 Smyrna, Del. died Feb. 8, 1987. Born Feb. 22, 1913, was married to Saloma A. Yoder on Jan. 7, 1937. Lived in Matrimony 50 years, 1 mo. and 1 day.

Leaves to mourn, his wife, 2 sons, 5 daughters, 61 grandchildren, 12 great-grandchildren and 2 sisters. 2 sons, 1 grandchild, 4 brothers and 4 sisters preceded him in death.

Funeral services were held Feb. 11 at the David Bontrager

Beiler, Reuben B., one year old, Lynwood Rd, Ronks, died at his home on Tuesday, Feb. 17, after an illness since birth, son of John B. and Rebecca L. (Beiler) Beiler. He was born in East Lampeter Township.

Surviving in addition to his parents are three brothers all at home, David, ELi, and John Beiler Jr. two sisters both at home, Anna Mary and Sadie Beiler, paternal grandparents, Phares E. and Mary Beiler of Ronks R1, maternal grandparents, Eli K. and Annie Beiler of New Holland R.3 and a great grandfather John S. Lapp of Leola R.1.

Services at the Melvin Beiler home by Christ L. Beiler and Samuel Lapp. Leid; Ich var ein kleines kindlein 378, by Daniel King. Buried in Beilers Cemetery, Ronks, Leid Gute Nacht; page 444, by Daniel Beiler Absheid by John Lapp.

Bontrager, Mrs. Susie, 92, RR#3 Middlebury, Ind. died Feb. 18th, at her home.

She was born Nov. 13, 1984 in LaGrange Co. and married Ezra L. Bontrager on Feb. 11, 1919, who survives.

Additional survivors include three daughters, Mrs. Levi (Amelia) Yoder, Topeka, Mrs. Melvin (Ella) Nisley, Goshen, And Mrs. Wilbur (Lizzie) Bontrager, Middlebury; seven sons, Harley, LaGrange, Dan and Andy, Topeka, Levi, Shipshewana, Monroe, Millersburg, Joe, Bronson, Mich., and Sam, Middlebury; 78 grandchildren; and 210 great-grandchildren.

Services were held Tues. at 9:30 a.m. Rev. Lester Lehman and Rev. Abe Bontrager officiated. Burial was in Mast Cemetery, west of Middlebury.

Borkholder, Mrs. Manas (Elizabeth) Borkholder, 79, 14773, Nash Rd., Middlefield, Ohio died Saturday, Jan. 3rd in Geauga Community Hospital after a short illness. She was born Mar. 2, 1907 in Parkman Township, married Manas Borkholder Dec. 27, 1934, and was a lifelong resident of Troy township.

Survivors includes her husband Manas, son of Henry of Burton, daughter; Mrs. (John) Mary Lee of Stockton, New York, 17 granchildren, 12 great-grandchildren, 2 brothers; Sam and John Kauffman of Middlefield, Mrs. Jacob (Sarah) Schmucker of St. Charles, Minn.

Services were held Tues. at 9 A.M. at the William Detweiler residence. Bishop Eli S. Yoder officiating. Burial in the Hershberger Cemetery, Troy Township.

Borkholder, LeRoy, 50, of 1070 E. 6th Rd., R.1 Bourlon, Ind., died very suddenly at his home on Sat. Jan. 31st. His funeral was held on Feb. 3 at the Albert Graber home. He is a son of the late John A. and Sarah (Miller) Borkholder.

He leaves to mourn his departure, his wife; Sharon (Hochstetler) and 11 children, 6 daughters. Mrs. Barbara Jean Yoder, Nappanee, Malinda Fern, Lari Ann, Kathryn Faye, Donna Sue and Keribeth of the home. 5 sons; Dennis Leroy of Nappanee, John Lamar, David Lee, Jerry and Gene Tobias of the home. 6 brothers, Roman of Arthur, Illinios, Tobias and Eli of Bremen. Eddie and John Henry of Nappanee and Larry of Milford, Also 4 sisters, Mrs. Mahlon (Malinda) Bontrager; Bremen, Mrs. Levi (Katie) Yoder of Nappanee, Mrs. Albert (Ruby) Yoder of Bourlon and Mrs. Eli (Irene) Lehman of Milford. He was preceded in death by his parents and 1 brother Gilbert.

Preaching was done in 3 different places by Bishop Eli J. Yoder, LeRoy Farmwarld, Lonnie Slabaugh, Gilbert Lee Miller.

Gingerich, Fannie, 90, R.R. 2, Shipshewana, Indiana died Wednesday, February 11, in her home following an illness of four years. She was born in LaGrange County, October 28, 1896, the daughter of the late Joseph and Mattie (Slabach) Bontrager, and was married February 15, to Jacob J. Gingerich, who preceded her in death, May 7, 1968.

Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Levi (Emma) Schrock, Mrs. Leroy (Elizabeth) Miller and Mrs. Albert (Ella) Schrock, all of Shipshewana; three stepdaughters, Mrs. Dannie (Fannie) Fry and Mrs. Levi (Mandy) Jones, both of Shipshewana, and Mose Gingerich of Middlebury; three stepsons, Ura and Ezra both of Shipshewana, and Mose of Middlebury; two sisters, Mrs. Clemens (Mattie) Miller of Shipshewana and Mrs. Lizzie Yoder of Middlebury; three brothers, Will Bontrager of LaGrange and Daniel Bontrager of Wolcottville; 12 grandchildren; 36 stepgrandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Funeral Services were held Thusday at 2 p.m. in the Albert Schrock residence with Bishop Sam Lambright, the Rev. Levi Yoder and the Rev. Lonnie Yoder officiating. Burial was in Naylor Cemetery.

Hilty Amos J. 51, #1 Berne, Indiana, died at Luthern Hospital Feb. 9, of Cardiac Arrest. He had been ill only a week and was at work when he was stricken.

Born in Adams County March 4, 1935 to Jacob Hilty and the late Adeline K. (Schwartz) Hilty. His father later married the former Emma Troyer. They reside at #2 Geneva. Mr. Hilty Married the former Voilet Newell. She died in June 1972.

Survivors include his aged father and stepmother; a sister, Mrs. Chris D. (Katherine) Wickey and six brothers; Joe of Grabil, Andrew and Sam of Monroe, Jacob of Geneva, Reuben of Westville and Alvin of Norfolk, New York.

Funeral services were held Feb. 13, at the Chris D. Wickey home. Burial was in the Bunker Hill cemetery.

Hostetler, Susan, 1 yr. old, 10 mo., 12 da., New Wilmington, Pa. R.2, died at Todds Childrens Hospital, youngstown, Ohio where she had been a patient for the third time since early December, 1986. Was an invalid all her short life from a muscle disease. She was a daughter of Amos D. and Mattie B. (Kurtz) Hostetler who survives, also leaves 2 brothers, Andy, age almost 3 yrs., and Levi, age 3 months. Grandparents, David A. and Clara D. Hostetler, Andy E. and Elsie Kurtz, besides cousins, nephews and neices.

Preached by Sam A. Byler, Casket carriers were Eli, son of John L. Bylers and John, son of Gideon B. Wengerd.

Knepp, Albert, 64, Montgomery, Ind., died unexpected at his home Wed., Feb. 18. He was born Feb. 7, 1923 to Jacob and Leah (Wittmer) Knepp. He married Lydia Schrock on Feb. 14, 1946 and she survives.

Surviving besides his wife are eight sons and seven daughters, Mrs. David (Mary Catherine) Helm, Mrs. Herman (Pauline) Wagler, Mrs. David (Anna Mae) Knepp, Mrs. Leroy (Carolyn) Miller, Mrs. John (Susie) Wittmer, Mrs. Solomon (Verda) Graber, Ervin Ray, Lavern, Lester, Willard, and Omer all of the home area and Harvey, Alberta Jr., Mark and Laura Rose at home, 40 grandchildren, four brothers and two sisters, Amos, Alvin, Harvey, and Enos, Montgomery, Mrs. Katie Miller and Mrs. Martha Wagler, Odon, and his step mother, Mrs. Lizzie Ann Schwartz, Berne.

Funeral services were held Sat. forenoon in the house by Henry Schwartz and Levi Schwartz both of Adams County and by Floyd Raber and Harry Wagler in the shed. Burial was in the Stoll Cemetery.

Miller, Amos, age 69 of Quincy, Michigan, died Feb. 7th. He had what the doctor called a worn-out-heart and also had fluid problems. He was born June 16, 1917 and was married to Edna (Graber) Feb. 23, 1939.

Surviving are his wife, Edna and 6 children; Mrs. Fred (Rosina) Graber of Grabill, Indiana, Amos Jr., Mrs. Joe (Viola) Graber, Chris, Mrs. Lester (Clara) Steury, and Mrs. Nathan (Rebecca) Eicher all of

Quincy, stepmother, Mrs. Clara Miller and three stepsisters all of Grabill, Indiana. Also several grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

Miller, Joseph E., 4 weeks, R.R.1 Monroe, Indiana

died at the Parkview Hospital, February 5. He was a patient in he hospital ever since birth and had been in ill health. He was born January 5, 1987, to Marcus and Rachel E. Schwartz Miller.

He is survived by his parents, a twin brother John E. (who remains in the hospital). Grandparents are: Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel L. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Schwartz. Great-grandparents: Mrs. Levi (Rosie) Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Noah R. Schwartz and a great-great-grandmother: Mrs. Elizabeth Hilty.

Funeral services were held February 6, at the Emanuel Miller home. Burial was in the Schwartz Cemetery.

Miller, Lizzie (blind), 92, Cashton Wis. died Feb. 21,

She was born June 26, 1894 and in 1916 she was married to Sam J. Miller. Thay lived in matrimony 14 yrs. and 10 mo., was widowed 8 yrs., 10 mo. and married again to Joe W. Miller on Aug. 17, 1940. They lived in matrimony 16 yrs., 8 mo.

She leaves to mourn 3 sons and 3 daughters, 2 step sons. and 6 step daughters, 62 grandchildren, 195 great-grandchildren, 1 brother and 1 sister, survive. Her, father, mother, 2 step mothers, 2 husbands, 7 brothers, 2 sisters preceeded her in death.

Peachey, Martha, Infant dau, was prematurely 62 grand children 195 great-grandchildren born to David A. and Ida A. (Zook) Peachey, Feb. 22. She is survived by her parents and 2 sisters; Malinda, age 5 and Marie 11 mo. Graveside services were held on Mon. Feb. 23. Their address is Meyersdale, Pa. R.1 15552. David is the one who had injured his hand in Sept. of 1986.

Petersheim, Samuel J., 94, Haven, Kansas, died Thurs., Feb. 12, 1987 at the home in Haven, Kansas. He was born Jan. 27, 1893, in Kalona, Iowa. He married Lizzie Plank, Jan. 21, 1914, in Haven, Kansas, she died Sept. 1, 1975. He married Ada Knepp July 4, 1976, also of Haven, Kansas. he was a retired farmer, was a lifetime resident of the Haven and Yoder Area.

Survivors are his wife, adopted son Tobie E. Petersheim, Haven and adopted daughter Fannie (Mrs. Roman V. Bontrager) of Amherst, Wis., 10 grandchildren, 51 great-grandchildren, 36 great, great, grandchildren and 7 step children.

Funeral was held at the home, Sunday, Feb. 15th at 9:00 A.M., Burial in the Amish Cemetery. Preached in the big house by Menno Petersheim, Ind., Jonathan Miller, Ind. and Home Bishop Jonas P. Borntreger and in the basement by Floyd Schrock of the home church and Levi M. Yoder and Noah M. Yoder, both of Chouteau, Oklahoma. Pallbearers were Harry Bontreger Jr., Enos E. Schrock, Jonas J. Bontrager and Atlee Keim.

Raber, Eli A., 82, of R.R.5, Millersburg, Ohio

died Sataurday, February 21, at his home after a brief illness. He was a retired farmer. He was born in Holmes County to the late Aaron and Emma (Yutzy) Raber, and married Mattie Mast, December 20, 1927.

Surviving besides his wife are 4 daughters, Mrs. Mervin (Emma) Shetler and Mrs. Levi (Anna) Yoder of Sugarcreek, Mrs. Ervin (Mary) Schlabach of Millersburg, and Effa Raber of the home; 2 sons, Henry E. of Cutler, and Jonas E. of Fredericktown; 2 sisters, Mrs. Dan (Anna) Miller, and Mrs. Dan (Lydia Ann) Yoder; Mose A. of Millersburg, and John A. of Wilmot; 50 grandchildren; and 78 great grandchildren. A daughter and 7 grandchildren are deceased.

Services were held Wednesday at 9 a.m. at the residence with Bishop Abe L. Raber officiating. Burial will be in Ray Kline Cemetery on R.R.5, Millersburg.

Schwartz, Anna R., 8, #1 Monroe, Indiana, died at the Luthern Hospital Feb. 8, of Complications of an unknown illness. She had been in serious condition since Christmas.

Born in Van Wert County, Ohio she was born on March 34, 1978 to David A. and Rosie A. (Schwartz) Schwartz. Surviving in addition to her parents are three sisters. Emma R. Rosie R. and baby Elizabeth, born Feb. 10; and four brothers, Andy R. Levi R. Dan R. and John R. all at home. Grandparents Levi J. D. Schwartz and Andy W. Schwartz. Maternal great-grandparents, Joe E. Schwartz.

Funeral services were held at the Levi D. J. Schwartz home on Feb. 11. Burial was in the East District Cemetery.

Schwartz, Joseph C. A., Seymour, Missouri, died Feb. 17, son of Christ J. K. Schwartz and Adie E. Schwartz, only a baby of 3 months, 5 days old.

Schwartz Joseph D. newborn, #2 Geneva, Indiana, died at home.Feb. 8, .

He had Snyaline Membrane disease and lived only 45 minutes after birth. He was born to David V. and Mary E. (Schwartz) Schwartz. Surviving besides the parents are two brothers: David D. and Henry D; three sisters Elizabeth D. Fannie D. and Marie D. all at home. The grandparents; David W. Schwartz and Henry M. Schwartz.

Funeral services were held at the late home on Feb. 9. Burial was in the Bunker Hill Cemetery.

Schwartz, Rudy N. 37, R.2 Hamilton, Ind., 46742 died in Cameron Hospital in Angola from fluid on the lungs. He also was a musculardystrfy patient and was diebetic. He was the oldest son of Enos E. and Mary M. (Schwartz) Schwartz.

In addition to his parents, he has 4 brothers, Jake of Angola, Joel of Quincy, Michigan, Enos Jr., and Johnny live at home and 6 sisters, Emma, wife of Amos Borntreger Jr., Hamilton, Ind., Mary, wife of David Wagler, Angola, Barbara, wife of Menno Wagler, Hamilton, Indiana. Rosina, wife of Benny Schwartz, Montgomery, Michigan, Katie, wife of Jake Schwartz live at home, Margaret, wife of Pete Schwartz, Hamilton, Ind.

Funeral services were held at the Enos Schwartz home by Bishop Reuben S. Girod of Reading, Michigan and Bishop Dan Hochstetler of Glasgow, Kentucky and at Amos Borntreger home by Abe Yoder of Berne, Indiana and Pete Schwartz of Linesville, Pa. Pallbearers were Joseph K. Schwartz, Emanuel Eicher, Henry Wagler and Eli A. Schwartz.

Stoltzfus, Katie K., 67, of 766A Bartville Rd., Christiana, died

late Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 10, at her home after a lengthy illness. She was the wife of John L. Stoltzfus who preceded her in death in 1973. She was born in Paradise Township, the daughter of the late Bishop David Z. and Katie (Kauffman) Fisher.

Survivors are; five sons, David F. Stoltzfus and Samuel M. Stoltzfus, both of Christiana, Isaac E. Stoltzfus, John F. Stoltzfus and Amos F. Stoltzfus, all of Nottingham; three daughters, Rachel, wife of Levi L. Beiler, Montgomery R2, Sarah, wife of Amos N. Stoltzfus, Nottingham, and Katie, wife of John B. Miller, Bird-in-Hand; two brothers, Samuel K. Fisher and David K. Fisher, both of Loganton R1, and two sisters, Barbara Fisher and Anna Fisher, both of Christiana; 59 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Wingard, Samuel J., 61, 56547 E. Co. Line Rd. Middlebury, Indiana

died Sunday, February 1, in Goshen General Hospital where he was a patient two days. He was a farmer, and was born in LaGrange County, March 7, 1925 and was a lifetime resident. He was married November 20, 1947 to Sadie Miller.

Surviving besides his wife, are five daughters, Mrs. Marlin (Katie) Helmuth and Mrs. Levi (Elsie) Miller, both of Shipshewana, **Mrs. Lloyd (Lenora)** Lambright of Topeka, Mrs. Perry (Mary) **Hochstetler** of Goshen and Leanna Wingard of Middlebury; six sons, Mervin of Shipshewana, Clarence and Freeman, both of Middlebury, Calvin and Harley both of Goshen, and Samuel Jr. of Nappanee; two sisters, Mrs. Perry (Ida) Bontrager of Shipshewana and Mrs. Enos (Katie) Miller of Middlebury, and two brothers, Olen J. of Sipshsewana and Harlan J. of Middlebury. A sister Anna Yoder preceded him in death.

Funeral services were held Wednesday at 9:30 a.m. in the Samuel Miller home, three miles east of Middlebury, with Bishop Samuel Bontrager, the Rev Leonard Samuel Bontrager, and the Rev. Lester Lehman officiating. Burial was in Naylor Cemetery.

Yoder, Milo I., 77 yrs., 5 mo., 13 da., of Rural Dixon, Missouri died

at 4:00 P.M. on Fri., Jan. 23, 1987. Mr. Yoder was pronounced dead of Natural causes presumed to be cancer at the Family residence by the Maries County Coroner. He was born August 10, 1909 at Springs, Penna. Mr. Yoder was first united in marriage on Nov. 24, 1938, at Dover, Delaware, to the former Miss Ada E. Miller, and to the union, six children were born. His first wife preceded him in death on April 1, 1945. Mr. Yoder was also preceded in death by his father on Dec. 3, 1949, and his mother on Dec. 8, 1926. Mr. Yoder was later united in marriage on March 14, 1956, at Wymoning, Delaware, to the former, Miss Rebecca Stoltzfus, and to this union, five children were born.

Mr. Yoder had enjoyed reasonably good health until suffering a stroke on Sept. 9, 1985. he had worked in farming for all his life until his semiretirement in 1970 at which time he became the operater of a buggy repair shop until his failing health in 1985.

Services were held at Mahlon Yoders, With Min. Leo V. Shrock having the opening and Bishop Ruben R. Wickey the main part.

Yoder Esther, stillborn, daughter of Abe M. and Susan (Miller) Yoder, Sugarcreek, Ohio, was born Feb. 9. Burial was Tues. P M in Levi R. Yoder cemetery. Grandparents are Noah E. Millers and Pre. Mose A. Yoders.

MIGRATIONS

The Pre. Simon K. Brenneman and the Dea. Atlee A. Miller families moved from Dover, Del. to Gladyville, Ky., Dec. 29th.

The Paul Schlabach family moved from Dover, Del. to Gradyville Ky., Feb. 16th.

The Amos Mast family moved from Dover, Del. to Marion, Ky. Feb. 24th.

The Emanuel Nisley family are moving to Augusta, Wis. from Cashton Wis. Mar. 4th.

The John Nisley family are moving from Hazelton, Iowa to Cashton Wis. (where Emanuels vacated) soon afterwards.

The Menno Beachey Family moved from Prairie Home, Mo. to Clark, Mo.

The David Whetstone family moved from Bronson Mich. to Howe, Ind., Feb. 6th.

The Pre. Eli E. Glick family moved from Heuvelton N.Y. to Canton, Minn. Mar. 3rd.

The Ezfa E. Glick family moved from Heuvelton, N.Y. to Canton, Minn. Mar. 3rd.

The Raymond Miller family moved from McRea, Ark. to Amherst, Wis.

The Levi Kurtz family moved from Evansville, Wis. to Jamesport, Mo. in Feb.

The Milo J. Byler family moved from Mercer, Pa. to Fredricktown, Ohio, Feb. 25th.

ANNUAL MIGRATION LIST--1986

Beachey, Abraham Butler, Ohio to Ludington, Mich. 0-0
Beachey, Norman Oakland, Md. to Salem, Ind. 9-3
Bontrager, Aaron Buchanan Co., Iowa to Littleport, Iowa 4-0
Bontrager, Amos Hillsboro, Wis. to Centerville, Mich. 8-5
Bontrager, David Nunnelly, Tenn. to Valdosta, Ga. 12-0
Bontrager, Eli J. Laplata, Mo. to Augusta, Wis. 5-6
Bontrager, John Henry Anabel, Mo. to Cashton, Wis. 4-0
Bontrager, Samuel D. McRae, Ark. to Nunnelly, Tenn. 10-25
Borkholder, John C. Bowling Green, Mo. to Kahoka, Mo. 5-23
Burkholder, Sam C. Bowling Green, Mo. to Kahoka, Mo. 7-9
Borkholder, Simon T. Middlebury, Ind. to Hillsboro, Wis. 11-6
Borntrager, Albert Mt. Elgin, Ont. to Granton, Wis. 8-11
Borntrager, David Perry Mt. Elgin, Ont. to Granton, Wis. 8-11
Borntrager, Ira Jr. Augusta, Wis. to Blair, Wis. 3-0
Borntrager, Chester Glasgow, Ky. to Dunnville, Ky. 4-30
Borntrager, John D. Mt. Elgin, Ont. to Granton, Wis. 8-11
Borntrager, John J. Mt. Elgin, Ont. to Granton, Wis. 8-11
Borntrager, John T. Chetek, Wis. to Wilton, Wis. 11-14
Borntrager, Jonas V. Pine City, Minn. to Amherst, Wis. 11-13
Borntrager, Levi Jr. Blair, Wis. to Piketon, Ohio 4-22
Borntrager, Menno S. Buchanan Co., Iowa to Canton, Mo. 0-0
Borntrager, Moses Nunnelly, Tenn. to Canton, Mo. 2-11
Borntrager, Neal Augusta, Wis. to Canton, Mo. 2-25
Borntrager, Rudy Blair, Wis. to Milton, Iowa 8-23
Borntrager, Tobias Chetek, Wis. to Wilton, Wis. 9-3
Brenneman, John Camden, Mich. to Stanwood, Mich. 11-22
Brenneman, Simon Dover, Del. to Columbia, Ky. 12-30
Byler, Andy A. LeRaysville, Penna. to Marion, Ky. 2-12
Byler, Davy N. Watsontown, Penna. to Dover, Del. 5-29
Byler, Eli J. Sugar Grove, Penna. to Smicksburg, Penna. 9-5
Byler, Elmer R. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Troutville, Penna. 0-0
Byler, Emanuel J. Gladwin, Mich. to Canton, Minn. 9-4
Byler, James R. Spartansburg, Penna. to Clintonville, Penna. 8-0
Byler, Harvey J. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Fort Plains, N. Y. 3-0
Byler, John Z. St. Mary's Co., Md. to Kirkwood, Penna. 10-3
Byler, John J. Jr. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Fort Plains, N. Y. 4-0
Byler, Levi J. G. Geauga Co., Ohio to Fredricktown, Ohio 11-12
Byler, Mahlon Andover, Ohio to Kinsman, Ohio 7-21
Byler, Mose A. Spartansburg, Penna. to Mercer, Penna. 8-0
Byler, Noah J. Spartansburg, Penna. to Clintonville, Penna. 5-28
Byler, Rudy L. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Fort Plains, N. Y. 3-0
Byler, Sam D. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Fort Plains, N. Y. 4-0
Byler, Sam K. Clymer, N. Y. to Woodhull, N. Y. 9-2
Byler, Uriah Lawrence Co., Penna. to Holmesville, Ohio 3-3
Chupp, LeRoy Fleminsburg, Ky. to Conneatville, Penna. 4-30
Chupp, Ura Stephensville, Tex. to Nappanee, Ind. 7-8
Coblentz, Christ H. Smicksburg, Penna. to Dunnville, Ky. 5-24
Coblentz, Dave Mercer, Penna. to Clintonville, Penna. 3-22
Coblentz, Ervin E. Mercer, Penna. to Clintonville, Penna. 6-21
Coblentz, Joe E. Spartansburg, Penna. to Clintonville, Penna. 8-2
Coblentz, Joe Middlebury, Ind. to Hillsboro, Wis. 5-27
Coblentz, John D. Woodhull, N. Y. to Smicksburg, Penna. 11-28
Coblentz, Dea. Perry Milroy, Penna. to Plymouth, Ohio 4-8
Delegrange, Mrs. Catherine Berne, Ind. to Linesville, Penna. 4-2
Delegrange, Nathan Homer, Mich. to Quincy, Minn. 5-13
Detweiler, Freeman Boling, Tex. to Stephensville, Tex. 6-6
Detweiler, Raymond Guthrie, Ky. to Union Grove, NC 4-3
Eicher, Lavon Mt. Pleasant Mil, Penna. to , Mich. 11-0
Eicher, Mrs. Salina G. Bowling Green, Mo. to Quincy, Mich. 4-1
Frey, Daniel Jr. Kenton, Ohio to Stockport, Ohio 4-16
Gingerich, Abe J. Desboro, Ont. to Heuvelton, NY 4-15

Gingerich, Andy P. Medina, Ohio to Ethridge, Tenn. 10-0
Gingerich, Atlee D. Norwich, Ont. to Union City, Penna. 1-24
Gingerich, Dannie U. Buchanan Co., Iowa to Little Port, Iowa 3-17
Gingerich, Ezra M. Ethridge, Tenn. to Park City, Ky. 11-0
Gingerich, Jonas C. Granton, Wis. to Clark, Mo. 2-15
Gingerich, Jonas E. LaPlata, Mo. to Clark, Mo. 4-25
Gingerich, Mose Milton, Iowa to Clare, Mich. 2-19
Gingerich, Sam A. Pine City, Minn. to Granton, Wis. 4-0
Girod, Ben B. Salem, Ind. to Adams Co., Ind. 5-9
Girod, Ben, Pete (brothers) Mt. Pleasant Mil, Penna. to Beaver Springs, Penna. 5-21
Graber, Henry Norfolk, N. Y. to Quincy, Mich. 11-0
Helmuth, Allen Arthur, Ill. to Bloomfield, Iowa 5-6
Helmuth, Eli J. Buchanan Co., Iowa to Little Port, Iowa 4-0
Hershberger, Amos Anabel, Mo. to Kingston, Wis. 9-26
Hershberger, Andy J. Wayne Co., Ohio to Lodi, Ohio 2-26
Hershberger, Atlee J. Dover, Del. to West Union, Ohio 3-25
Hershberger, Emanuel R. Fryburg, Penna. to Union City, Penna. 12-11
Hershberger, Ervin Windsor, Mo. to Arthur, Ill. 3-7
Hershberger, Jonas B. Buchanan Co., Iowa to Mt. Elgin, Ont. 3-26
Hershberger, Pre. Junior Butler, Ohio to Mt.Vernon, Ohio 9-25
Hershberger, Mark Stephensville, Tex. to Kalona, Iowa 4-0
Hershberger, Mark Kalona, Iowa to Stephensville, Tex. 11-0
Hershberger, Melvin M. Cashton, Wis. to Jasper, N. Y. 3-11
Hershberger, Noah Orrville, Ohio to Kingston, Wis. 9-0
Hochstetler, Daniel Mio, Mich. to Holmes Co., Ohio 1-16
Hochstetler, Jake D. Wilton, Wis. to Canton, Mo. 4-22
Hochstetler, John L. Milton, Iowa to Clare, Mich. 5-22
Hochstetler, Noah H. Huntington, Tenn. to Nunnelly, Tenn. 10-0
Hochstetler, Noah P. Wilton, Wis. to Canton, Mo. 2-5
Hochstetler, Ray Kingston, Wis. to Centerville, Mich. 7-11
Hostetler, Aaron , Ohio to Turbotville, Penna. 10-28
Hostetler, Andy D. Heuvelton, N. Y. to Lodi, Ohio 3-28
Hostetler, Andy Stephensville, Tex. to Jamesport, Mo. 4-23
Hostetler, Ben D. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Dunnville, Ky. 0-0
Hostetler, Emanuel Ethridge, Tenn. to Park City, Ky. 3-22
Hostetler, Emanuel Reedsville, Penna. to McClure, Penna. 0-0
Hostetler, Joe J. Medina, Ohio to Ethridge, Tenn. 10-0
Hostetler, Levi B. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Fort Plains, N. Y. 4-0
Hostetler, Menno Mayville, N. Y. to Fort Plains, N. Y. 0-0
Jess, Andy Arthur, Ill. to Stephensville, Tex. 12-2
Kanagy, Ezra Belleville, Penna. to Shreve, Ohio 10-13
Kanagy, Jacob L. Belleville, Penna. to Shreve, Ohio 4-4
Kanagy, Noah S. Jr. Newport, N. Y. to Belleville, Penna. 5-13
Kanagy, Sam Newport, N. Y. to Belleville, Penna. 11-4
Keim, Mrs. Esther Garnett, Kan. to Hutchinson, Kan. 0-0
Kempf, Christ Cashton, Wis. to Woodhull, N. Y. 4-3
Kempf, Melvin W. Cashton, Wis. to Jasper, N. Y. Spr-ing
King, Isaac Mt. Joy, Penna. to Millersburg, Penna. 3-0
Kurtz, Dannie D. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Fort Plains, N. Y. 3-0
Kurtz, Dave Lawrence Co., Penna. to Fort Plains, N. Y. Spr-ing
Kurtz, John D. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Dewittville, N. Y. 2-20
Kurtz, Levi Evansville, Wis. to Jamesport, Mo. 0-0
Lee, Andy Clymer, N. Y. to Carrellton, NC 3-0
Lehman, LaVerne H. LaGrange Co.?, Ind. to Wilton, Wis. 5-12
Mast, Albert J. Wayne Co., Ohio to Elizabethtown, Ky. 2-0
Mast, Alva Arthur, Ill. to Stephensville, Tex. 12-2
Mast, Mrs. Amelia Charlotte, Mich. to Blair, Wis. 0-0
Mast, Amos A. Wadena, Minn. to Pine City, Minn. 4-3
Mast, Amos Ethridge, Tenn. to Sonora, Ky. 12-0
Mast, Dan , Upton, Ky. 4-10
Mast, Eli M. Tionesta, Penna. to Sugar Grove, Penna. 6-0
Mast, Gary Butler, Ohio to Mt. Vernon, Ohio 10-21
Mast, John Wadena, Minn. to Kingston, Wis. 5-21
Mast, Jonas A. Ethridge, Tenn. to Sonora, Ky. 12-0
Mast, Jonas J. Bowling Green, Mo. to Kahoka, Mo. 9-21
Mast, Levi Danville, Ohio to Mt. Vernon, Ohio 12-11
Mast, Sam Bowling Green, Mo. to Kahoka, Mo. 8-21
Miller, Abie M. Ethridge, Tenn. to Sonora, Ky. 12-0
Miller, Andy J. Geauga Co., Ohio to Troutville, Penna. 5-21
Miller, Atlee Dover, Del. to Columbia, Ky. 12-30
Miller, Bish. Ervin R. LeRaysville, Penna. to Woodhull, N. Y. 5-27
Miller, Crist Lore City, Ohio to Marion, Ky. 3-20
Miller, Daniel Plain City, Ohio to Milroy, Ind. 0-0
Miller, Daniel J. Ashland, Ohio to Stanwood, Mich. 7-22
Miller, Eli J. Bowling Green, Mo. to Augusta, Wis. 4-15
Miller, Eli J. West Farmington, Ohio to Andover, Ohio 7-2
Miller, Elva W. Arcola, Ill. to Ludington, Mich. 0-0
Miller, Ervin Hale, Mich. to Aylmer, Ont. 5-7
Miller, Ervin E. Jr. LeRaysville, Penna. to Woodhull, N. Y. 4-24
Miller, Ervin R. LeRaysville, Penna, to Woodhull, N. Y. 5-27
Miller, Ezra C. Anabell, Mo. to LaPlata, Mo. 6-10
Miller, Ezra J. B. Amherst, Wis. to Medford, Wis. 4-24
Miller, Felton Kalona, Iowa to Guthrie, Ky. 7-3
Miller, Joe A. Amherst, Wis. to Wautoma, Wis. 4-1
Miller, Joe M. Middlebury, Ind. to Winesburg, Ohio 4-0
Miller, John E. Ashland, Ohio to Stanwood, Mich. 5-0
Miller, Jonas Marion, Ky. to Wautoma, Wis. 5-13
Miller, Jonas A. Amherst, Wis. to LaGrange Co., Ind. 5-20
Miller, Joni, Bishop Topeka, Ind. to Kingston, Wis. 12-3
Miller, Joseph T. Kalona, Iowa to Dixon, Mo. 4-4
Miller, Levi L. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Conewango Valley, N. Y. 3-0
Miller, Marvin Marion, Ky. to Wautoma, Wis. 0-0
Miller, Merlin Guthrie, Ky. to Union Grove, NC 11-28
Miller, Monroe , Upton, Ky. 4-10
Miller, Mose H. Wayne Co., Ohio to Heuvelton, N. Y. 3-15
Miller, Orie Butler, Ohio to Mt. Vernon, Ohio 5-28
Miller, Ray J. Topeka, Ind. to Kingston, Wis. 12-3
Miller, Raymond D. Kokoma, Ind. to Spencer, Wis. 5-20
Miller, Roman A. Lawrence Co., Penna. to Fort Plains, N. Y. 4-0
Miller, Sam L. Middlebury, Ind. to Hillsboro, Wis. 11-18
Miller, Urial , Tex. to Jamesport, Mo. 4-15
Miller, William McRae, Ark. to Amherst, Wis. 8-6
Miller, Willie Stephensville, Tex. to Shipshewana, Ind. 7-0
Miller, Willie M. Dover, Del. to Marion, Ky. 8-21
Mullet, Alvin Wayne Co., Wis. to Clare, Mich. 2-12
Mullet, David L. Middlefield, Ohio to Atlantic, Penna. 3-0
Mullet, LeRoy Boling, Tex. to Stephensville, Tex. 6-6
Nissley, Emanuel Buchanan Co., Iowa to Cashton, Mich. 4-2
Nissley, Ervin Watsontown, Penna. to Guys Mills, Penna. 2-15
Nissley, Ervin Jr. Dover, Del. to Watsontown, Penna. 8-27
Nissley, Ivan C. Watsontown, Penna. to Middlefield, Ohio 4-0
Nissley, Vernon Huntington, Tenn. to Dundee, N. Y. 5-1
Peachey, David S. Allensville, Penna. to Mercersburg, Penna. 4-0
Petersheim, Jacob S. Riceville, Iowa to Wilton, Wis. 4-2
Plank, Mrs. Cindy Evansville, Wis. to , Tex. 10-0
Ropp, Duane Kalona, Iowa to , Kan. 10-29
Schlabach, Amos E. Reading, Mich. to Adams Co, Ind. 0-0
Schmucker, Allen Andover, Ohio to Kinsman, Ohio 3-29
Schmucker, Raymond Scottsville, Mich. to Mio, Mich. 9-0
Schmucker, Vernon Amherst, Wis. to Wautoma, Wis. 4-22
Schwartz, Amos E. Reading, Mich. to Adams Co, Ind. 9-10
Schwartz, Bishop Mose Norfolk, N. Y. to Prattsburg, N. Y. 11-3
Schwartz, Chris A. Norfolk, N. Y. to Centerville, Mich. 11-1
Schwartz, Daniel Attica, Wis. to Evansville, Wis. 0-0
Schwartz, Daniel K. Adams Co., Ind. to Linesville, Penna. 4-29

Schwartz, Daniel L. K. Norfolk, N. Y. to Beaver Center, Penna. 11-6
Schwartz, Henry Granton, Wis. to Amherst, Wis. 4-29
Schwartz, Jake Buchanan Co., Iowa to Amherst, Wis. 4-0
Schwartz, Joe T. Norfolk, N. Y. to Beaver Center, Penna. 4-23
Schwartz, Joel E. English, Ind. to Camden, Mich. 12-12
Schwartz, Mose L. Norfolk, N. Y. to Beaver Center, Penna. 10-28
Schwartz, Paul Homer, Mich. to Quincy, Mich. 11-14
Schwartz, Reuben L. Bowling Green, Mo. to Glasgow, Ky. 11-20
Shetler, Mose D. Norwich, Ont. to Lucknow, Ont. 9-15
Shrock, Alvin Bowling Green, Mo. to Kakoha, Mo. 7-16
Shrock, Andy M. Bowling Green, Mo. to Cashton, Wis. 4-2
Shrock, Dan Prattsburg, N. Y. to Albion, N. Y. 10-31
Shrock, David E., Bishop Haven, Kan. to Jamesport, Mo. 5-12
Shrock, Emanuel Freeport, Ohio to Lodi, Ohio 12-2
Shrock, Raymond A. Prattsburg, N. Y. to Albion, N. Y. 4-7
Shrock, Robert A. Prattsburg, N. Y. to Albion, N. Y. 4-0
Slabauch, John M. Clymer, N. Y. to Middlefield, Ohio 12-4
Slabauch, Mose A. Gladwin, Mich. to Lodi, Ohio 4-23
Smucker, Jonas Narvon, Penna. to Millersburg, Penna. 3-11
Steury, John Spencerville, Ind. to Beaver Center, Penna. 5-0
Stoltzfus, Benjamin M. Christiana, Penna. to Bellefonte, Penna. 3-0
Stoltzfus, Dan L. Trout Run, Penna. to Allenwood, Penna. 6-11
Stoltzfus, David Gap, Penna. to Blain, Penna. 1-30
Stoltzfus, J. Amos St. Mary's Co., Md. to Spring Run, Penna. 2-6
Stutzman, Jake G. LeRaysville, Penna. to Marion, Ky. 2-0
Stutzman, John Henry West Union, Ohio to Stephensville, Tex. 11-0
Swarey, Mrs. Alta Mifflintown, Penna. to Allensville, Penna. 2-0
Swarey, Thomas St. Mary's Co., Md. to Path Valley, Penna. 2-20
Swartzentruber, Dan M. Dundee, N. Y. to Harmony, Minn. 2-27
Swartzentruber, Eli J. Lodi, Ohio to Wayne Co., Ohio 3-25
Troyer, Amos D. Norfolk, N. Y. to Snyder Co., Penna. 4-18
Troyer, Dan L. Carrollton, Ohio to Clymer, N. Y. 10-1
Troyer, Eli Norfolk, N. Y. to Snyder Co., Penna. 4-0
Troyer, Eli M. Wayne Co., Ohio to Elizabethtown, Ky. 2-0
Troyer, Freeman Rexford, Mont. to LaGrange Co., Ind. 6-11
Troyer, Homer Beaver Springs, Penna. to Juniati Co., Penna. 10-30
Troyer, Mose A. Glasgow, Ky. to Dunville, Ky. 6-16
Weaver, Andy J. Wayne Co., Ohio to Lodi, Ohio 3-18
Wengerd, Dan E., Preacher Middlefield, Ohio to Atlantic, Penna. 3-11
Wengerd, Daniel A. Spartansville, Penna. to Clintonville, Penna. 8-0
Wickey, Reuben Jr. New Haven, Ind. to Berne, Ind. 6-0
Yoder, Abe D. Buchanan Co., Iowa to Ontario, Wis. 3-21
Yoder, Andy Union City, Penna. to Greenville, Mich. 12-5
Yoder, Calvin Bronson, Mich. to LaGrange Co., Ind. 8-25
Yoder, Dan E. S. Wayne Co., Ohio to Guys Mills, Penna. 2-27
Yoder, Dan L. Jamesport, Mo. to Gonzales, Tex. 2-27
Yoder, David M. Bloomfield, Iowa to Guthrie, Ky. 4-2
Yoder, David R. Greenwood, Wis. to Fredricktown, Ohio 3-18
Yoder, Enos A., Preacher Ethridge, Tenn. to Park City, Ky. 11-0
Yoder, Ervin Bloomfield, Iowa to Windsor, Mo. 7-10
Yoder, Fred Granton, Wis. to Wautoma, Wis. 7-21
Yoder, Henry A. Buchanan Co., Iowa to Bloomfield, Iowa 4-2
Yoder, Isaac Guthrie, Ky. to Union City, NC 3-26
Yoder, Ivan H. Jamesport, Mo. to Bloomfield, Iowa 3-6
Yoder, Jacob , N. Y. to Six Lakes, Mich. 4-3
Yoder, Jacob (widower) Greenwood, Wis. to Fredricktown, Ohio 3-18
Yoder, Joe E. White Hall, Wis. to Glasgow, Ky. 5-28
Yoder, John Ethridge, Tenn. to Kakoha, Mo. 5-4
Yoder, John L. (Dea.) Randolph, N. Y. to Troutville, Penna. 3-20
Yoder, Lavina, Mrs. Bowling Green, Mo. to Quincy, Mich. 4-17
Yoder, Merle Yoder, Kan. to Garnett, Kan. 9-9
Yoder, Mose Winfield, Penna. to Enon Valley, Penna. 10-20
Yoder, Mose W. McRae, Ark. to Amherst, Wis. 5-29
Yoder, Noah Smicksburg, Penna. to Troutville, Penna. 10-0
Yoder, Raymond , Tex. to Jamesport, Mo. 0-0
Yoder, Roy, Bishop Greenwood, Wis. to Fredricktown, Ohio 3-19
Yoder, Sam K. Windsor, Mo. to Union Grove, NC 5-1
Yoder, Seth Mifflin County, Penna. to Shreve, Ohio 0-0
Yoder, Sylvan Lebanon County, Penna. to Beaver Springs, Penna. 10-14
Yoder, Titus Bowling Green, Mo. to Wilton, Wis. 4-23
Yoder, Wayne Granton, Wis. to Wautoma, Wis. 4-16
Yoder, Will K. Bowling Green, Mo. to Wilton, Wis. 4-23
Yoder, William, Mrs. McRae, Ark. to Augusta, Wis. 12-22
Yutzi, Alvin Bloomfield, Mo. to Kalona, Iowa 7-2
Yutzi, Ferman McRae, Ark. to Amherst, Wis. 11-15
Yutzi, Roy Dixen, Mo. to Salem, Ind. 8-5
Zook, Daniel N. , Upton, Ky. 4-10

1986 had 263 reported migrations up from the 252 in 1985, but still less than the 307 in 1984. New settlements were started in Albion, N.Y., Sonora, KY. Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Fort Plains, N.Y. and Littleport Iowa. *By C. J. Stoltzfus*

Editor's Note! April is still Migration Month. The highest was 56 in April, 9 in June and 3 in January.

LIFE LINES

This topic was printed in "Farm Journal" (The first year after World War 1)--1919

More Labor for 1919 or a Crash

The critical problem this coming year is labor. Farmers cannot make "A Good Living and 10%" unless the supply of farm labor is increased. Neither can they do their part in feeding the hungry nations of Europe.

Before Germany surrended President Hoover told us we must furnish Europe 22,000,000 tons of food this year. That is twice as much as we sent last year. Now the starving millions of the defeated nations, help to feed. We cannot afford to be inhuman to our late foes--we hold ourselves higher than that; we shall help them to the best of our ability.

Last year, with the largest part of our labor drafted, or enticed into war industries by wages higher than farmers could afford to pay, we grew a larger acreage of crops than ever before. We need to do still more this year. There is no possibility of overdoing the thing in the case of crops that can be shipped across the water. In fact, if the government does not prevent hungry Europe from bidding our own food away from us, we shall ourselves go hungry next winter.

Europe will, of course, be doing the best she can next summer, but her labor has been slain in battle. Her work animals have been eaten, or worn out in war. Many of her fields have been torn up so badly that she cannot raise a normal crop. Besides, she never was able to feed herself before the war. Hence it is absolutely imperative that our farmers have all the labor they can use next year.

We are shorted of labor on farms now that we were last year. The question now is, Where can we get more labor? It is yet to early to tell what effect the end of the war will have on the supply of farm labor. One big hope is that the closing up of war industries will free enough labor to meet the demand. Sending the boys home from camp will help too. But we must remember that in former years we were in the habit of absorbing 1,000,000 immigrants a year into our growing industries. For four years past we have not had this immigration. We cannot yet tell how many munitions workers will be absorbed by other industries, and how many will go back to the farm. Even if we could be assured of labor enough to go around, the problem of getting it back to the farm is no small one. The situation is really critical, but the prospects of meeting it are better than they were last year.

It is just as important as ever for us to use every possible laborsaving device this year. We need all the labor-saving machinery we can get. The farmer who last year drove an eight-horse team hitched to a big disc harrow, and at the same time led a four-horse team pulling a big drag harrow, will have to stay on the job. So will the farmer who drove a twelve-horse team hitched to a group of three gang plows.

We must depend on our neighbors to cooperate with us in planting and harvesting, and whenever possible combine to help those who are behind in their labor, planning the work far enough ahead so as to know just how much extra help will be needed at all times. This will give those who are trying to find labor for us time to locate it.

Last year many of the states started in January to find out just how much help the farmers would need during the summer. When this was done the problem of getting help was much simpler. Every state should follow this plan, not only this winter but every winter. This work was carried on through the public school children, under the direction of their teachers, and with the assistance of county agents, school superintendents and various other interested parties.

The United States Employment Service is establishing offices all over the country to help move labor from one place to another as the need arises. County agents are in close touch with farmers and can find out how much help is needed. In every state there is a farm help specialist.

These agencys can distribute to farms such labor as may easily be available. Every farmer who will need more help than he now has should tell his county agent his needs. The county agents in turn will call on the Employment Service for labor, if it can not be supplied directly.

Our soldier boys in Europe will be busy for some time. They must stay until settled governments are formed in Russia and Germany; for until that is done there will be trouble in Europe. The boys now in camp in this country will soon return home. Farmer boys now emplowed in munitions factories can go back to the farms. So can those who have been helping camps, nitrate factories, and the like.

Every effort will be made to send men with farm experience, who are thrown out of employment by stoppage of war industries, to the farms. It is impossible to tell how much labor can be obtained from these sources; hence, we must leave no stone unturned to get labor from other sources, such as the Boys' Working Reserve and the Woman's Land Army.

Farmers naturally do not like to employ inexperienced city boys on farms; they are liable to do as much damage as good. However, there are some things to be said in favor of this plan where experienced help can not be had.

Last year, under the guidance of the Boys' Working Reserve, many thousands of city boys patriotically volunteered to help on farms. Farmers accepted them because they had to. Those who employed these boys were agreeably surprised at their earnestness and willingness to learn. They were not of the type we see idling on the streets or smoking cigarettes.

Of those city high-school boys who had a brief course of training for farm work before going to the farms, even when the training did not last more than two weeks, ninety-five per cent made good; their employers reported favorably on them. This is very satisfactory. Those who had no training, especially those who were not high school or college students, did not do so well; fifty per cent of them failed.

Most of these boys liked the work. Out of 170 city high school boys who had two weeks' farm training in Indiana, twenty-seven liked farm work so well that they applied for admission into he State Agricultural College. Nearly all of these 170 boys made good on the farms to which they were sent.

A course of training in simple farm tasks has been prepared for use in high schools this winter, and every high school in the country is being urged to give this training. If this is done it will help to supply summer labor next year. This kind of labor will be better than most farmer expect it to be; although it will not, of course, be equal to well trained farm help.

In some parts of the country, notably in New York state, the Woman's Land Army saved the day last year. These women were mostly students and school-teachers; some were college teachers. They did plowing, harrowing, cultivating, fruit thinning and picking, mowing, pitching hay, shocking grain, fence making and milking. They were sent out in units ranging in size from four to seventy. Each unit had a chaperon--housekeeper, and they did their own cooking. They lived in vacant houses, barns and tents.

A former master of the New York State Grange employed some of these women. When asked how he liked them he said: "In common with other farmers here when this camp was first established I thought it was a foolish scheme. But I couldn't get other help, so I gave the women a trial. I was agreeably surprised. Of course the women didn't know much about farming, but they learned very quickly. They were very earnest and conscientious. On the hottest days, when ordinary laborers around here were lying in the shade, these women stuck to their jobs. After they had learned how to do things, they made good hands."

The manager of a large farm near one of these camps, when asked what he thougt about city women as farm laborers, replied: "You can judge what I think about it when I tell you that after my experience this year I shall ask to have one of the camps on my farm next year."

There are many women in every large city working like slaves in crowded tenements, who would consider it a god-send to get out on the farms where they could work in the open under healthful conditions. Women should not be denied an opportunity to take part in the work of feeding the hungry people of the world. They are eager to help.

Experience last year and the year before shows that where there is someone to look after the matter plenty of harvest labor can be had. Hundreds of towns shut up shop when harvest time came, and the people went out and helped harvest the crops;. They will do it again next summer. All that is needed is to see that the proper appeal is made to city people. They are no less patriotic than farmers. They want to help.

The Columbus Horse Sale of 1987

It is surprising how much interest there still is owning top quality horses. These times are called the machinery age. The majority of people travel on the road at a high rate of speed, and large operators farm with huge machinery: tractors and equipment that take the place of from 30, 50, or more head of horses. Back in 1950 we heard people say that the horses will be out-dated in the future, that if a person wants to see a horse they will have to go to a zoo, that there would be no more horses out in the country. At about the same time companies that had manufactured horse drawn equipment discontinued it, and converted their factories to making huge farm machinery.

In 1950 officials in Washington predicted that in 20 years the Amish will be forced to use tractor equipment, because tractor equipment could not be satisfactority adapted to horses, and the use of horses and buggies on the road would be out-lawed. Now we have long passed the time that the officials predicted that in the furture there would be no horse farmers. But it is just the opposite, they say no we have more horses in the U.S. than at any time in history.

During the time of World War II the horse farmer was severely critized for not farming with tractor, because the food that was consumed by the horses could be made into better use, that is, to feed the hungry soldiers in the front line of war. Thirty years later when gas prices went up the public was urged to make gasoline out of corn.

At these National Draft Horse sales probably one half of the horses go for breeding stock. The others are used for draft animals. Most of these horses are of prime quality Percherons and Belgians, raised, bred, and cared for as a business. They come from stock that is tame, gentle, easy to break and very intellingent. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois are noted for having the better grade of draft horses. Then we have Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri who are noted to raise the better grade of mules, also of the draft of farm working type. Next in line are the Saddle Bred horses that are used as driving horses by the Team Mennonites and Amish. Then last, but not least is the Standard Bred type of which only about 10% are used for race horses. The other 90% are those who don't make the grade for winners, and these are sold for the use of driving horses. They make excellent driving horses. Then there are other breeds of horses and ponies that are used for riding and driving, mostly for amusements, show horses, hay rides, etc.

On Mackanac Island in Michigan at a state owned park they have around 500 head of horses of the finest quality. They are used to give the tourists wagon tours of the island. Thousands of people visit there every year. This is one of the few attractions where the automoble, motorcycle, and other motorized vehicles are out-lawed. They have an ambulance, fire engine, and a small truck. Here is a good sized town with no stop signs or red lights. The fastest moving vehicle is a bicycle or horses. During the winter months when the tourist attractions are closed the horses are shipped by boat to the main land for boarding. They claim it is cheaper to ship the horses to the feed than to ship the feed to the horses.

Now as we go back to Columbus, Ohio, to join the group of 2000 to 3000 people who came from all corners of the United States and Canada to witness the annual horse sale. Here is a place where the horse lovers meet old time friends, visiting with those who have experience with horse and mules, and exchanging jokes and wise-cracks. This two day sale is a time well spent, and for many it brings back memories of long ago. Then there are magazines and papers published to keep the horse lover in touch with current times. The Draft Horse Journal and the Small Farmers Journal are two widely known papers. They have interesting stories of other peoples' experience with horses, as well as advertisements as to where a person can buy and sell any items that a horseman would need and want.

The Fair Grounds at Columus has huge buildings to accomodate the people. There is a dormatory where bunk beds are installed for probably a thousand people who wish to spend the night there. Motels and restaurants are open at special times to accomodate long distance travelers.

At this sale 559 horses were sold in two days, for about $200 each highter than a few years ago. This proves again that there is more interest in horses than in the past. The highest priced Percheron stallion sold for over $9000.00. The highest Belgian was well over $10,000. The average may have been about $1700.00. About one half went for breeder stock. According to how the consigners had their horses in shape they must have followed an old custom. They said, "If you take the oats from the horse's feed box that is left lay and rub it over his back it will make him fat and slick in the hair." For these horses were all in good shape. The way that the two and three year old colts were trained they must have gotten a lot of attention. We must admit there is still a lot of pride among the breeders.

Martin Reed was our consigned driver with nine passengers. We started at 5 a.m. February 1st, arrived at Columbus, Ohio about 2 p.m. We saw most of these horses hitched. It was surprising how well mannered these young horses performed. On the second day of the sale probably half of the spectators were Amish, mostly from the more western states.

By Gideon L. Fisher

SELECTED GEMS

From Associated Press--1911

Lion in Cage Claws Girl

GETTING TOO CLOSE TO BEAST, CHILD IS MANGLED.

Clawed and bitten by a huge lion in a side show at the state fair at Syracuse, N.Y., Friday afternoon, Laura Burns, 7 years old, of Morrisville, is hovering between life and death. The girl was frightfully mangled.

Cages of lions were roped off to keep spectators four of five feet away. The little girl slipped under the rope barrier. The lion reached out its paw and fastened its claws in her head. He drew the child to the cage, while her screams rang through the tent. With his other paw he clawed at the girl's face and tried to draw her through the bars. Attendants rushed to the rescue, but the animal had her fast in his grasp.

The child's screams attracted throngs to the tent. People crowded through the entrance and jammed against the cage. Attendants beat the lion with bars and prodded the infuriated animal until it finally released the girl. Then it was found that one of her eyes had been gouged out, an ear torn off and the face and the upper part of the body lacerated.

The great throng and the shouts of the crowd frightened the rest of the beasts in the tent so that keepers had to guard them with loaded weapons, fearing they would attempt to escape.

Lightning Kills Dog; Spares Women

CARRIES BED IN WHICH THEY WERE SLEEPING ACROSS THE ROOM. SHOCK TO NERVOUS SYSTEM THEIR ONLY INJURY----ANOTHER FREAK BOLT NEAR POTTSVILLE TURNS SIDEBOARD COMPLETELY AROUND WITHOUT DAMAGING IT----DISHES SMASHED.

Pottsville, Pa. July 21. During a severe electrical storm this morning lightning struck the house of Joseph Witman, at Crossona, near here, and entered a room where three women were sleeping in one bed. The bed was picked up and carried a distance of ten feet without damaging it or injuring the women.

A dog sleeping under the bed was instantly killed. The roof was torn from the house and the weather boards on one side were ripped off.

The women who found themselves sleeping at the opposite end of the room where the bed had been standing when they retired were overcome by nervous shock and required the attendace of a physician. The rain poured into the unroofed house and did considerable damage.

Another streak of the lightning is reported in which a sideboard, filled with dishes, was completely turned around without damaging the piece of furniture, although almost all the dishes were broken.

Plunges Through Bridge

ACCIDENT TO FREIGHT TRAIN SAVES LIVES OF PASSENGERS.

Grand Junction, Colo., July 20. A wreck in which scores of passengers might have been killed was avoided, when, contrary to custom, a freight train on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, preceded a transcontinental express a few minutes out of Debeque yesterday and broke through a bridge over which the express train was due to pass a few minutes later.

The freight train had waited at Debeque for the express to pass, but the dispatcher had finally allowed it to go ahead. The freight reached the bridge, and the engine passed over when the structure gave way, allowing four cars and the tender to fall forty feet. The engine and the rear end of the train remained on the tracks. No one was injured. A flagman rushed back and signalled the passenger train.The bridge had been weakened by the floods.

In Ice Fourteen Years

BODIES BELIEVED TO BE THOSE OF TOURISTS. *RECOVERED FROM GLACIER.*

Berne, Switz., Aug. 29. Tourists while crossing the Lootschen glacier yesterday saw deep down in the clear ice the faces of two dead men. Guides accompanying the party chipped out with their axes the frozen bodies of the two men and brought them to the surface.

The bodies have not yet been identified, but probably they are those of two London tourists named Bomobecko and Coln, who disapeared 14 years ago.

HENRY and the GREAT SOCIETY

Chapter 7

Good Things Come To Henry

By H. L. Roush Sr.--by permission

The progress that had begun to change the face of Willoughby soon slithered out Salem Pike in the form of a visit to Whispering Pines by three of Henry's neighbors. After wiping their feet at the door and being invited into Esther's sweet-smelling kitchen, they were dutifully seated at the round table for coffee. They seemed rather embarrassed and after chit-chat about the crops, Mr. Danner pulled out a legal looking paper and said in a funny voice, "Well, Henry, just as well get down to business. This heres a petition. Clayton Peters' idea was that with all the new tax revenue the county's got, due to the new plant at Chamberstown, and the way Willoughby's booming, it sure looked like the right time to press 'em for improving Salem Pike." Ed Stevens added his enthusiasm, "You know, Henry, Salem Pike being widened and gravelled, or blacktopped, would cut eight miles off the trip from Willoughby to Chamberstown. Not only that, but we've been talkin', Henry, and Salem Pike would become the through route to the county seat and that's goin' to bring a lot of prosperity to all of us. Why--if lots at Willoughby are goin' for $1500, think what your upper meadow would be worth before long if that road opened up!"

Henry had a troubled look on his serious face; and slowly, with the feeling that no one was going to hear him, he said, "But, Ed, I don't want to sell my upper meadow. That's the best piece of hay ground in this valley. My mares know every inch of that field and somehow it don't seem right that bulldozers and strangers should tear it up."

Charlie Moore spoke up, "I know how you feel, Henry, but this thing means a lot to all of us and you know, you can't fight progress. It's gonna come and you'll see--it'll be good for us all. Think what that extra money could mean to you and Esther and the kids! No more grubbin' in the ground to make out . . . ." Somehow Henry had never thought of his life as "grubbin' in the ground to make out"; it had seemed to him to be a good life and his by choice. He looked at Esther, his eyes pleading for her advice; but she looked away and soon got up to fetch more coffee. Fred Danner said, "Esther, what do you think about it?" For a while she just fussed with the stove, and at last in a quiet voice she said, "Whatever Henry thinks is bestabout it is all right with me." Henry cleared his husky voice and promised, "We'll talk about it and let you know. How soon does something have to be done?" "Two weeks," Ed Stevens replied and then added in a pleading tone--"And remember, Henry, a lot depends on your signature. All the commissioners think highly of you and your father. You got a good name in this country and your opinion willl carry a lot of weight. I'd hate to think you'd use that influence to keep the rest of us from the *good things in life."* With the usual thanks to Esther for her hospitality and the small talk of people saying good-by, the meeting adjourned as abruptly as it had convened and soon Henry and Esther were alone in the kitchen.

In the two weeks that followed, Henry was deep in thought about the petition. The phrase "the good things in life" bothered him a lot. One day he came in from the barn and blurted out--"Esther, I got to know somethin'. Do you and the children feel that you are being deprived of the *good things in life?"* Esther looked hurt and putting her arms around his solid shoulders said, "Henry, I've never felt that we have missed anything in life. We have each other, and as long as that's true, we'll never lack for anything. I've been thinking too, Henry. Mayber we should sign for the benefit of others. Nothing can change our lives. Whispering Pines will always be the same, just as it was with your father and grandfather. They moved with the times and nothing happened. Let them build their road. Like I said, Henry, as long as we have each other, nothing can change us." Henry kissed her on the end of her nose, like he always did when he was preoccupied, and hurried out to the barn.

The next day, as Henry was trying to get Daisy in the barn lot, Ed Stevens' wagon drove in the lane and with him were Charlie Moore and Fred Danner. Henry hurried to the house to meet them and walked into the kitchen in time to hear Esther saying, "It's like I told Henry, Fred, there's nothing to fear in progress. It can only change those who want to be changed. We don't want to keep anybody from the *good things in life."* It was that phrase again which seemed to trouble Henry. It seemed to eat away at the security he had always felt in his way of life. He had never felt he had to take a back seat to anyone. He felt confident that he had given his children the best heritage life had to offer. Now--he wasn't so sure. All this talk about the good things in life and prosperity. and money making them possible, disturbed him; but like Esther said, it didn't seem like anything could change unless they changed--and Henry was determined that would never happen.

After the usual formalities of greeting, Fred said, "Well, Henry, you know why we're here. We got to turn this petition over to Mr. Wigal who has promised to take it to the meeting of the commissioners on Friday. And you ought to know this--he said it was a sure thing if you signed it. You know they got the influence of the post office department behind it too; for it means Clayton Peters can sell that old horse and get him a car to carry the rural route." Henry thought of Old Ted and wondered what he would do out in pasture all day and if he would miss the sugar hand-outs along the route. It seemed like that change in Clayton's life would be a good one, but the mail would never be the same without Old Ted.

Henry said quickly, "I'm goin' to sign; not because I want to, but it sure don't seem right that I should do anything that would keep you people from the *good things in life."* Now he found that he had used that phrase himself, and the more he heard it and used it the more it seemed like maybe there was something he had missed. "Well," thought Henry, "we'll see." He picked up the pen offered by Charlie Moore and signed--"Henry L. Morgan," and underneath Esther in her fine hand wrote "Esther A. Morgan," and it was done. They shook hands all around, and with much light conversation the men made their way to the lane where their wagon and team stood patiently by.

As Ed Stevens picked up the lines to turn his wagon around, he said with a grin, "Take a good look at this old rig, Henry; for if this thing goes through I'll be cruisin' down that big road in a new car. I've already got a standing offer for the corner of my big meadow, you know, where those big red oaks stand." Henry couldn't think of anything to say and they drove out with the creaking and rattling of the wagon mingling with the excited talk of the three men. As they disappeared in the turn in Salem Pike, Henry thought about those red oaks of Ed's. Grandpa Morgan used to tell him that old Chief Tecumseh himself used to camp there when the Shawnee had hunted the valley, and it must have been true, because Henry still had the arrowheads he found there when he was a boy. He wondered what the bull dozers would do to it all and what Chief Tecumseh would think if he could see the progress that was coming to Salem Pike.

To be continued

FORT BLOCKER BOYS

A Hunt for Runnaway Bees

Continued rom last month

When, after a good while, the crowd had dispersed, Thad took the cougar-skin and the little bell home, and came back with his water-bucket. Then he and Charley Dick went on toward the spring together. Charley Dick's mother was much better. In fact, she was now sitting up.

As the two friends passed the mill, a rumbling sound was issuing from it. Glancing through an opening, Thad could see oxen climbing the big, tilted wheel, which turned under their weight and thus turned the millstones.

While the two boys strolled on down the water-path, Thad was telling Charley-Dick of Mack Potter and his sleep-talking.

"Maybe he just muttered and mouthed, so's you couldn't understand 'im," suggested Charley Dick.

"No. He spoke right out. I thought he'd been living in Mexico; but he says he hasn't, and can't speak Spanish."

"Don't you reckon he's just lived over acrosst Red River, and learnt to talk the Chicasaw talk?"

"I thought of that. But he denies he can speak any language except ours. If he talks Chickasaw, why should he be ashamed to say so?"

"That I don't know. What do you think, Thad?"

"Why that Mack Potter has been living with the wild Indians--the Comanches or the Kiowas."

At this Charley Dick almost gasped. And he actually stared at his companion.

"There's another thing makes me think that," Thad went on. "When we started out this morning, Mack didn't intend to take anything to shoot with. I asked 'im why not, and he said: "Oh, what's the use of loadin' yourself down with shootin-irons?" And when I wanted to know what he'd do if Indians ran onto us, he said Indians were not as dangerous as most people think; and he had any doubts whether they will ever raid this country anymore. I didn't say much. But in all my born days I've never heard such fool talk as that from anybody else!"

"Me neither, Thad. But if the chap has been livin' among the wild Indians, what's he doin' here now?"

"Who knows? He may just have got tired of the Indian ways. Or maybe--maybe--"

"Could it be that he's here spyin' for the redskins?"

"That's the first thing I thought of."

"If that's what he's up to, the settlers would make it mighty hot for 'im if they found it out."

"They certainly would, Charley Dick. So I guess we'd better keep all this to ourselves."

"That's right. It might turn out to be some other way from what you think, and we'd just git folks down on Mack Potter for nothin'. Used to be two men named Jones that lived on Mountain Creek up in Montague County--a man and his grown son. They'd go to work without their guns or six-shooters, and folks got to s'picionin' them of standin' in with the Comanches. But it wasn't so--narry word of it. While the two men was out in the woods one day, splittin' rails, and without a solitary thing to shoot with, the red boogers run onto 'em and killed and scalped 'em both. My pa was one of the party that found their bodies."

"That so? Then of course we'd better keep our mouths tight-shut about this whole business till we know for certain what's what. Might happen not to be anything in it, after all. But I believe there is something in it, just the same."

"Oh, Thad, it seems like you've been gone two months instead of two weeks, you and Charley Dick," Marzee said, when Thad went to the cow-pen at milking-time. The girl was already out there, milking, on the other side of the partition-fence.

Thad looked well pleased. "It seems a long time to me, too, Marzee. Did you miss us?"

"Why, of course I missed you. I don't know so well about Charley Dick. But you live next door to us, and milk almost in the same cow-lot. I couldn't help missing you if I tried."

"Well, I hope you didn't want to help it. We'd have got homesick for the fort, I guess, but so many things kept happening they didn't give us time."

Both were soon busy with a cow apiece. While milking, Thad gave Marzee more details of the exciting experiences at the sheep-camp; and she, in turn, related various happenings in the fort, especially among the boys and girls.

"Don't you think Humpy has been growing a lot since I went away?" Thad inquired.

"Well, I guess maybe he has. I hadn't noticed it, though."

"That must be because you've been seeing 'im twice every day. He looks bigger to me. And his hump must be growing faster than he is--faster than the rest of 'im. And Specklesides acts like she's just as fond of 'im as ever."

"Yes, she is that, Thad. She thinks there never was another such calf, and never will be another like 'im."

"Guess she's right about that. Never will be another calf like 'im for her. Not many cattle cows happen to find buffalo calves."

"No, I should say not. I never heard of such a thing before."

Later Thad went up to the house, soon returning with a little bell on a chain.

"What are you going to do with that calf-bell?" the girl was curious to know.

"This is not a calf-bell. Or, anyhow, it hasn't been for a good while. It's a co'gar-bell. But Humpy will wear it from now on."

"Maybe Humpy won't like it. If I was a calf, I wouldn't want a bell on my neck that has been on a co'gar's neck--ugh! Makes me shiver!"

"If you were a calf, you wouldn't know anything about it, and wouldn't care any more than Humpy does," Thad remarked, while fastening the chain-collar around the calf's neck with the piece of wire.

"What do you want to bell him for? Afraid he'll run away and you can't find 'im?"

"No. I'm afraid somebody might take 'im for a wild buffalo and shoot 'im for meat, especially after he gets a little bigger."

Mr. Dayberry, who was up at the farm at work, came home about dusk. Next morning he and Thad drove up to the farm together. A day or two later a squad of scouts went out, and Mr. Dayberry was due to go with them. But he had arranged with Hardin Witt, one of Parson Witt's sons, to take his place. So he and Thad kept on with their farm-work. They left the fort early and returned late.

One day, while the two were eating their dinner in the shade of the little granary, the man said, with a glance at the empty, silent hives:

"I'm so sorry the red rogues run off all our bees. This ought to be a fine bee-country--better than Parker County, looks to me like. We could have took out lots of honey in the fall, I almost know."

"Where do you s'pose our runaway bees went to, pa?"

"Back to the woods, I expect."

"Couldn't we come across some of 'em if we went over there and looked long enough?"

"No tellin', Thad. We might--might do that very thing."

"Then why not let's try it some time?"

"I'd just as lieve as not."

"When, pa?"

"Well, say as soon as we git through workin' out our crop. That won't take us a great while now."

One morning, a few days later, Mr. Dayberry and Thad drove out of the fort and on up the valley. Charley Dick Sheegog was in the wagon with them. On coming to the Dayberry farm, they got out, unyoked the oxen, hobbled and belled one of them, and turned them loose to graze. It was a lovely spring morning. They could not have picked a better time for their bee-hunt. Mr. Dayberry had hunted bees before, and knew just how to proceed.

The prairie hill that rose steeply from the west or upper edge of the little farm, was now odorous and beautiful with myriads of wild flowers. The spring rains had caused them to start up, and the heat of summer had not yet come on to wither them. Shouldering their guns, the man and his two companions climbed the hill and tramped away across the prairie. Many bees, the hunters were quick to notice, were already busy among the flowers.

"Now, boys, let's pick out some partic'lar bee and keep our eyes on 'im till he starts home with his arms full of honey. That's the best way to git on their trail."

"All right, pa! Here's one now!" cried Thad.

The little honey-gatherer kept hurrying busily from flower to flower, sometimes remaining a minute or two in one cluster. At last, however, its load of honey was complete. Rising in the air, the insect hesitated a few moments, perhaps till it could get the lay of the land. Then it promptly sailed away on the proverbial bee-line.

"Watch 'im, boys--watch 'im--watch 'im!" called out Mr. Dayberry, as the bee began to rise. And when it was starting off on its course, he shouted: "Run after 'im, Thad, as fast as you can hoof it! Keep right under 'im, and run as long as you can see 'im! Then stop in your tracks and stand as still as a stump!"

The boy, his rifle in his hand, started off at a run. When Thad was some yards away, the man called out:

"There you go, Charley Dick! Keep the bee in sight just as long as you can, and then stop and stand!"

Away went the other boy, carrying his father's rifle. His head was thrown back as his eyes followed the bee. Mr. Dayberry, his shot-gun on his shoulder, was hurrying after them. Soon he saw Charley Dick stop, and a little later Thad also came to a standstill. The man himself had watched the bee as long as it was visible, and he knew that the two boys were now on the line of the bee's flight.

Going to where Charley Dick was standing, he took the boy's place and sent him forward a few hundred yards beyond Thad. Then the man went and occupied Thad's place, sending Thad a few hundred yards beyond Charley Dick. And so they moved on across the prairie, following a straight line.

At length the bee-trailers came to a praire branch. Where the "bee-line" crossed the branch there was not a little timber, some of the trees being large.

"Now, boys, that bee may have stopped here, or he may have kep' straight on over to the big woods. Put your caps where you're standing', till you can find a rock or a chunk to mark the spot. That way we can pick up our course ag'in if we need to foller it fu'ther."

The boys did as the man had suggested. Then they all began to search the strip of woods. They gave most of their attention to trees which bore signs of being hollow. For it was only in hollow trunks or limbs, of course, that the little honey-makers could find a home.

"Put your year ag'inst every tree that looks like it's holler," Mr. Dayberry advised. "If there's bees in it, you're apt to hear 'em buzzin'."

After half an hour of passing from tree to tree, Charley Dick was heard to utter a triumphant whoop. "Here she is!" he called out.

Thad ran to the spot, soon followed by his father. Sure enough, some twenty feet above the ground small winged things could be seen flying in and out at a knothole of a big elm.

"You've struck the right tree, Charley Dick," Mr. Dayberry said, after shading his eyes and squinting up at the bees.

"Pa, do you reckon these are the very same bees that ran off and left our gums?"

"Hard tellin' as to that, Thad. Our bees wasn't branded, you know; and not a single one of 'em had their years marked. Chances air this swarm used to keep house in one of our gums. But of course we'll never know for certain and shore about that. Cain't say as it railly matters a great sight. Out with your knife, Charley Dick, and whittle our brand on it!"

So Charley dick drew the butcher-knife from its sheath and carved a big X in the bee-tree's bark. The rules of the woods required this. Otherwise a later finder could claim the tree. Then the party shouldered their guns, climbed the steep hill, and were soon back on the high prairie.

"Now for another honey-bee to trail!" Charley Dick cried out, as the three entered a brilliant patch of flowers.

"Here's your bee!" Thad exclaimed. And the two boys were soon following the tiny honey-gatherer from blossom to blossom.

When at length the bee rose in the air and sailed off on its homeward flight, the boys started in enthusiastic pursuit. But Thad's father called them back.

"No use to fool away time on that feller!"

"Why not, pa?"

"Because he's takin' the same shoot the other one took. We already know where he lives. Pick out a new bee and take a fresh start."

Several more bees the two boys watched and followed till the homeward flight began. But every bee sped away toward the marked tree.

"Let's move up the prairie a good piece, and see if we cain't pass beyond that swarm's range," proposed the man.

So they all tramped north more than half a mile. Then they tried agan. The first bee they watched sped away toward the already discovered tree. They had to trail it a few hundred yards to make sure. But the second sailed off on a different course. And the hunters followed as fast as they could. The boys kept running ahead, first one and then the other, while the man remained behind to motion them in line.

This time the watched bee went much farther. At length the trail crossed a prairie branch. Here there were only smaller trees and brush, and the bee-hunters did not think it worth while to stop. Still keeping their course, they moved on till they came to the edge of the Cross Timbers. As the great forest here beginning stretched westward for many miles, locating some particular tree in it would be much like finding the proverbial needle in a haystack.

But, as it happened, they were fortunate enough to notice another honey-laden bee bringing home its load; and by following the new guide they found the bee-tree only a few hundred yards out in the woods.

Again the triumphant honey-hunters held a sort of jollification around a crawling, buzzing knot-hole. Later they cut their mark in the post-oak's bark and returned to the prairie. They were also careful to note and mark a conspicious dead tree at the edge of the woods.

This time they did not return to where they had started from, but contented themselves with visiting patches of flowers only a few hundred yards out from the edge of the forest. Several bees the party watched and started to follow; but every bee winged its way toward the tree already discovered. Finally they watched one that set off on a different course. They lined its flight, both to the edge of the woods and for perhaps half a mile into the woods. But, though they tried to examine every good-sized tree along their line, and on both sides of it, they failed to find the tree they were looking for.

After wasting more than an hour, they gave up the search and sought the prairie once more. It was now noon, and they seated themselves in the shade of a persimmon tree, near a tiny running stream, and ate their dinners, each from his own ammunition-bag. Later they stretched themselves on the grass and took a nap. After an hour or more they got up and began their bee-hunting again.

Several bees which they watched and started to follow made toward that same undiscovered tree. So the little party moved northward again, and soon found a bee that sped off on a new course. This one they followed resolutely, examining every larger tree near its line of flight till they were perhaps a mile deep in the forest. Their search had been in vain. But just as the party were about to turn back, Thad caught sight of something through the woods--something which they were all interested in. It was smoke. They hurried on toward it.

"Why, it's somebody's camp-fire!" cried Charley Dick. "Who do you reckon has been campin' out here, away off from any road?"

They approached the smoldering fire. Near it lay some object, which soon took the shape of a hog. For an animal that made its own living in the woods, this hog was of good size and fat. That it had been killed for food was quickly evident; for chunks or slices of flesh had been cut out here and there.

"What in the world does that mean? Who could have--?" Charley Dick began to exclaim.

But Mr. Dayberry lifted a warning finger, as he glanced around uneasily.

"Sh! Don't make a noise! I don't like the looks of things here! Let's spy out the tracks first, and see what they'll tell us."

Before noting the camp further, Thad and Charley Dick lowered their rifles to their arms, where they carefully examined them, to make sure that the locks where in good working order. The man also examined both his double-barrel shot-gun and his six-shooter. All were impressed with a sense of danger. Then with their eyes they explored the surrounding woods in every direction, as far as they could see. But nothing suspicious could they discover. Now the party again turned their attention to the camp-fire.

"What's that thing sticking in the hog?" Thad spoke scarcely above a whisper.

Mr. Dayberry approached the dead animal, stepping cautiously, and stooped and plucked the object out. He held it up, and the three gazed at it, the two boys in utter bewilderment. It was a tiny red flag.

"Who put it there, do you s'pose, Mr. Dayberry?"

"Redskins, I expect."

"And what does it mean, pa?"

"Not much for tellin' for certain. But my guess is it means war. Red stands for blood."

"It means they're startin' out on the war-path, you think?"

Charley Dick spoke in awed tones.

Thad laughed noiselessly. "Starting out on the war-path! That's a good joke, Charley Dick! Why, they've been on the war-path as long as anybody can recollect, the Comanches have. Little use for 'em to give us warning this late in the day. We all know they're on the war-path--know it as well as we know we're alive. Be mighty gumps if we didn't."

"Yes, we know that a'ready. But maybe they don't know we know. Don't you reckon that's the way, Mr. Dayberry?"

"Well, not easy to say for certain as to that, Charley Dick. The Comanches ought to know, of course. But the boogers that camped here may belong to some other tribe--some new tribe, that hasn't been on the war-path till now."

"Guess that's about the way of it--some new tribe," remarked Thad.

"If any more tribes start to make war on us, the whites will all have to git up and dust, won't they, Mr. Dayberry?"

"Looks a right smart like it, Charley Dick. Bad enough now, in all reason. But let's study the signs and see what we can find out around here."

The soil in the Cross Timbers, unlike that of the adjoining prairie, which is black and sticky, is very sandy. In well-shaded spots, where not much grass grew, the sand was almost bare. It was in one of these bare spots that the camp-fire had been kindled, perhaps to keep it from spreading.

The three approached the sandy spot, but kept on the edge of the grass.

"Do you see that?" Mr. Dayberry was pointing to a depression in the loose sand.

"Moccasin-track, ain't it?" whispered Charley Dick.

"But what's this--what does this mean?" demanded Thad, pointing to a track which bore little resemblance to the others.

His father and Charley Dick looked. And now the three stared, first at the track and then at one another.

Boot-tracks Among Moccasin-tracks

"What is that?" asked Charley Dick, still staring, though he knew well enough.

"No mistakin' that print," Mr. Dayberry remarked. "It's as plain as a boot-track or shoe-track as ever was tracked. Long I've heared tell of renegade white men among the redskins. I've never laid eyes on one to know 'im; but right here I see one's sign. Let's read some more signs and learn what the red raiders have printed for us."

Now they carefully scrutinized all the tracks around the camp-fire. There were about ten in the war-party, they thought, but only one white man; or at least only one that did not wear moccasins.

"Let's spy around a little where the horses stood tied, and see what we can make out there," proposed the man, later.

After learning all that could be learned from the signs, the bee-hunters surmised that the raiders had camped here late the day before, to rest and graze their horses and eat a supper of fresh pork. Some time during the night--probably not long after nightfall--the band had mounted and ridden away. Their trail led eastward toward the prairie. After rounding up a bunch of the settlers' horses, they had probably turned and ridden hard toward the west. Already, doubtless, they were far beyond the reach of pursuit.

That was what had probably happened. But of course it was possible that the savage riders were still lurking somewhere in the depths of the great forest.

After learning all that could be learned from reading the signs, the bee-hunters made their cautious way back to the prairie. The afternoon was still little more than half spent, and they went right on with their bee-hunting. But they were less noisy than before, and kept a more careful watch around them.

They found one more bee-tree, not far from the edge of the forest. That made three in all. And they followed several other bees into the forest which they failed to locate. When the sun was not very high, they trudged back across the prairie to the Blocker Creek farm, and from there drove on down to the fort.

"When are we going to cut the trees we've found, pa?" questioned Thad, as the wagon was jogging along down the valley.

"Not till the late summer or the early fall. By that time they ought to have lots of honey in 'im. We'll rob the bees and hive 'em before the flowers are all gone, though, so they'll have time to lay in their winter's feed."

"But them three swarms is not all you lost, Mr. Dayberry. Don't you expect to go out and hunt up the other two?"

"Yes, I ruther reckon so, Charley Dick. First day when the ground's too wet for farm-work we'll come up and take another little hunt."

"Bank of black clouds in the northwest," Thad remarked. "Wouldn't surprise me if it rained tonight."

It did rain that very night--a heavy downpour. As there was no farm-work that could be done next day, Thad's father and the two boys armed themselves, saddled and mounted their horses, and rode away for another bee-hunt.

Blocker Creek almost swam the horses as they forded it. The party did not go up to the farm, but crossed the creek near the spring, then climbed the hill to the high prairie and rode away toward the northwest till they struck the timber, about where they had been the day before. There, at the edge of the prairie, they lariated their horses to bushes. They preferred to do their honey-hunting on foot.

The very first bee they lined led them to a tree only a few hundred yards out in the woods. But after that they lined numerous bees into the forest, only to lose them there. When noon-time came they had located but two bee-trees. After eating their dinner near their horses, and resting for an hour or so, they resumed their bee-trailing.

Now the first bee they followed led them into the woods at a new place. This was a very brushy part of the Cross Timbers, and scarcely had the three entered the brush when a most terrific crashing started up near them. They knew well enough what was the matter. They had disturbed a little herd of wild cattle that were in hiding here. These were the ownerless wild cattle--as wild as the deer or the antelopes--which had been here since long before the first settler came. Like the wild horses, they had spread over this whole southern country from Mexico. Commonly they hid themselves in the woods in the daytime, but would venture out upon the prairie to graze at night.

This bunch of cattle was soon out of sight and hearing. But an hour or two later the honey-hunters had a more thrilling experience with longhorns. But those wore brands, and somebody claimed them. They were grazing on the prairie, not far from the edge of the woods.

As usual, the boys were running ahead, to line out a bee's course. Thad, as he drew near the cattle, scarcely noticed them. That he might get over ground faster, he had left his rifle with his father. He supposed that the cattle would soon turn and betake themselves to flight. His back was toward them, and he was watching his father's motions, when he heard Charley Dick yell:

"Better look out there, Thad! That's cow's threatenin' you!"

Thad swung round quickly, to see that a black cow with a white face had her head lowered; and her upturned eyes were watching him in a sinister way. Some of these range cattle would run when

Continued on page 30

COMMUNITY NOTES

Cochranton, Penna. - House Fire takes Lives of Four Children

The community was saddened by the tragedy that took place at Ray R. Millers on Sunday, February 15, evening, when fire swept through their 2 story-home, claiming the lives of their four children: Robert, 4, Karen, 3, Barbara, 2, and Rosanna, 1. Ray's brother, (and neighbor across the road) Jake, had gone to the barn to finish some chores, and upon returning to the house he saw Ray's house was on fire. He pounded on the door and woke Ray, who saw the flames and woke Leona. Ray jumped out the window (they all slept upstairs.) Leona tried to get the baby, but got confused in her direction, and she also jumped out, with Ray catching her. All was done to try to get the children, but the fire and smoke was too thick, and no one could enter. Somehow, while jumping, Ray cut his leg pretty badly and had surgery that night. He was in the hospital till Tuesday. Leona was treated and released on Monday morning. She had cuts and burns.

Rays had gone to bed at 9:00 and at 9:25 the alarm came into the fire station. The children had been extra happy that day and evening and when they had gone to bed they had said good-night, and then also good-bye.

Cause of the fire: Their wood stove was in the basement, but the above pipe went through the floor then to the chimney. The fire is believed to have started in the wall.

The funeral was Wednesday at Roman M. Millers by Min. Jacob E. Chupp, Holmes Co., Ohio, and the home Bishop, John Henry Byler. Also at Nelson R. Millers, by Min. Ben L. Yoder, Evansville, Wisconsin, and Min. Ervin L. Yoder, and at John H. Millers by Min. Mose J. Miller of Geauga Co., Ohio and Min. Albert R. Schmucker. Around 500 people attended.

The burial was in the new cemetery on Joey Miller's land. Pall bearers were Joe Mullet Jr. and Jerry M. Yoder for Robert, Vernon Schmucker and Mark Byler for Karen, Simon Yoder and Matthew Byler for Barbara, and James L. Miller and Nathan E. Yoder for Rosanna.

Ray's address is R1, Cochranton, Pa. 16314.

Haven, Kansas - Senior Reaches Ripe Age

Samuel J. Petersheim, 94, died February 12th, at his home. Born in Kalona, Iowa, he was a son of the late Jacob J. and Anna (Yoder) Petersheim. In 1914 he was married to Lizzie, dau of Jacob I. and Elizabeth (Yoder) Plank, formerly of Illinois. Lizzie died in 1975 and he married again to Ada Knepp of Kansas. For details of the family see obit.

Middlebury, Indiana - Senior Reaches Nineties

Susie Bontrager, 92, died February 18th, at her home. A native of LaGrange county, she was a daughter of the late Daniel H. and Lydia (Kemp) Lehman. In 1919 she was married to Ezra L., son of Levi J. and Sarah (Yoder) Bontrager. For details of the family see obit.

Harmony, Minn. -- Sudden Death-Mrs.Criss Stutzman

The whole community was quite shocked to hear of the suden death of Abe D. Hershberger, 46, passing away the evening of the 15th. Both Mr. and Mrs. Abe and son Tobie came home Saturday evening of the 14th from a nearly two weeks trip to Ohio where they visited relatives. They were in church on Sunday, and had visitors for supper. After the visitors left Abe went back to the barn and helped finish chores. He came in the house, washed hands etc, as usual, talked a little with the family, got the prayer book to perform the evening prayers, sat on the rocker, and all at once threw his hands up to his breast, leaning his head forward without any words or struggle. The Mrs. and children got him on the floor and worked on him, then took him outside yet in fresh air, but he only took a few breaths and life was gone. He did not complain of not feeling well before. He is greatly missed at home, church and community. He was a quiet man and left a christian example for us all. He leaves his bereaved wife, Lena Miller, and 8 children. 3 boys and 5 girls. The oldest is 20 and the youngest 3 years old. Abes moved from Apple Creek, Ohio to this community 2 years ago. A large funeral was held Thursday, the 19th, with many friends coming from different states.

We had a mild February. The sun shone a while on the second, so the groundhog could see his shadow, but no cold weather followed. Mostly in the teens in the mornings the first half of the month. Then more in the 20's the last half. Had more sunshine days then usual. Not much moisture, the snow is mostly gone.

Topeka, Indiana- Three Men Badly Hurt

Three Topeka men each suffered fractured legs and one of them also suffered head injuries in a freak accident, February, 14.

Driver Larry D. Vardaman, 45, RR# 1, Topeka, and passengers Vernon L. Bontrager, 46, RR# 1, Topeka and Ervin Bontrager, 42, RR# 2, Topeka, were eastbound on U S 20 about eight miles west of LaGrange in Vardaman's pickup when they ran into a bulldozer that had just slid off a flatbed trailer.

The bulldozer was being hauled on on a semi-trailer going west on U S 20.

The bulldozer slid broadside off the flatbed, into the path of Vardeman's vehickle.

The three men in the pickup were taken to LaGrange Hospital and later transferred to Goshen General Hospital, where the two Bontragers are both listed in serious condition and Vardaman in fair condition.

The Vardaman vehicle was demolished and damage to the bulldozer was estimated at between $1000 and $2500.

Oakland, Maryland - !00 Year Old Claims 597 Decendants--

Mrs. Atlee Hershberger

Mrs. Joni (Lizzie) Miller of Wayne County, Ohio was 100 years old Feb. 5, 1987. She is mostly in bed or on a recliner where she can be laid down.

She has 597 decendents. She is staying with her son Uriah and wife.

We had many nice sunny days in Feb. also some snow but it did not last long. Had about 8 inches of wet snow this morning Feb. 23rd. But it isn't cold, was 30 degrees. Snow was clinging to the trees, fences, twigs and wires. A beautiful sight but is dropping off some again now.

Holmesville Area - Reports 2 Members Over 100--

Monroe A. Weaver

We have 2 Amish over 100 years old in our area now. John D. Troyer, R.4 Millersburg, Ohio, 44654, was 103

February 15, and Mrs. Joni Miller (Lizzie) was 100 February 5. Hohn D. Troyers brother-in-law Mart Hochstetler, 9364 Ely Rd. Apple Creek, Ohio, 44606, is 95, you can visit good with him. The above John's mind is also good, but is hard of hearing.

January was mild, average morning temperature was 25 degrees, there were only 3 mornings at zero or below, 6 inches snow, and very little rain. February was also mild, with a low of 5, average temperature about the same as January, 2 inches of snow, hardly any rain.

Hogs 46 to 50 lb. average $48.00-- 45 to 55 lb. pigs are well over a 1.00 lb. Cattle are higher--good beef cows 40.--46.00. Hay is mostly 75.--100.00 top 130.00, about 25.00 higher then a year ago. Straw 50.--100.00, and earcorn is 50.--60.00.

Conewango Valley, NY - Moses D. Stutzman

February started in nice but a cold wind on the first, damp and foggy on the 3rd, it snowed some on the 4th. Then it got very nice and sunny with temperature in high teens in morning and going up to 30 in the daytime. On the 8th it was 32 degrees in morning. It got stormy and 12 degrees in the evening. On the 9th it was 4 degrees and 13 was the highest. The 10th was 20 degrees with a few snow flurries and colder again; the 13th was 12 degrees; the 14th 10 degrees with snow flurries and sunshine. On the 15th it was 2 below but nice and sunny. Only 2 below at 3:00 and 6 below at 9:00 p.m. The next morning from 8 to 20 below it went up to 24 degrees. It was warmer every morning and sunny in daytime. This morning it was 30 degrees and rained by spells but no sugaring yet.

Joni F. Byler, 70, Dewittville was hauling wood with 1 horse and shed. He hit a bump and was thrown off. He had a bruised muscle in his leg and probably cracked a rib. He is doing chores again.

Norfolk, New York - Sue Wickey

The first few days in February we had some snow, but mild in the twenties, till the 4th a cold west wind blew in, and was 4 below next morning. Then we had 33 and 30 degrees for 2 days.

The 9th was zero, and the next 4 days were close to zero, the 14th it was 22 below the next 5 days also below zero. In all we had 10 days in February that were zero or below to start the day. The last week 4 mornings it was near zero but with very nice days, sunshine, and warm. With all the snow that melts it gets slick.

February 8th a lot of snow fell all day. The ground isn't frozen under the snow, so it makes it a little hard for the wood cutters. February 28th we got up to 16 degrees and a cloudy morning.

Jonas Wengerd came home from the Danville, Pa. hospital on the evening of February 18th, but was in Potsdam hospital a few days. Seems to be improving, but is on a very strict diet. He took his first walk outside on Wednesday.

Rensselear Falls, New York - M. E. Shetler

We have had a fairly mild winter so far with a low of 24 below a week ago. About 10 inches of snow at present.

Nach eines Erdbebens das vor einigen Jahren stattfand, waren die meisten bewohnen eines kleinen Dorfes sehr ezschrocken, aber sie waren zugleich erstaunt uber die Ruhe and die ansheinende freude eine alte Frau, die sie alle kannten. Endlich fragte einer, Mutter, seid ihr nicht bang? Nein, sagte die Mutter, ich freue mich das ich ein Gott habe der die Welt schutteln kann.

Newport, New York - Sarah Renno

Our coldest for the month was between 20 and 30 degrees below zero. Warmed up to the 30's. Had a good cover snow all month and the ground isn't frozen much. The last 2 weeks in February were exceptionally clear and sunny. I don't think we had so many sunny days in a row, all last summer. But by the beginning of March we had rains and winds now on March 2nd its snowing again, and quite foggy.

Last week a building in Middleville caught fire and burned to the ground. Someone said they were trying to thaw frozen water pipes with a torch. It was Smith's Honda place, where they work with or repair motors.

Salina Peachey now has her leg in a walking cast, and is getting along as good as can be expected. She plans to go back to school, some this week. Her sister Gertie is teaching till she returns

Fort Plain, New York - Mrs. Levi B. Hostetler

Our 1st below zero was the 27th of January with 10 below. Some snowfall the last days of January. Warmed up a few weeks till the middle of Feb. on the 15th we had 17 below, stayed cold about a week, now temperatures are mostly 8 above and in the daytime goes up to the 20's, was up to 30 degrees yesterday, the 24th, snow keeps melting some and haven't had snowfall to amount anything for some weeks. Fields still covered with snow, roads all clear and good traveling.

On Feb. 4, John J. Bylers moved to the farm he bought this winter after living in part of his brother's house since last spring. Their address is now, St. Johnsville, R.2 - Box 305, zip - 13452, Burrel Road.

On Feb. 9, Levi, son of Menno Hostetlers was released from Albany Hospital. He looks well for him at this time, they do the Peritoneal Dialysis 4 times a day at this time. He has hopes of going to church services this coming Sunday.

Dundee New York - J. Henry Mast

February was a fairly wintry month with a low of 12 below zero. We had a moderate amount of snow, but a lot of it went yesterday with the rain we had. It rained off and on from Saturday evening to Sunday evening.

Visitors in church yesdterday at Eli J. Masts were Bish. Ervin Nissleys, Pre. Joe Stutzmans and 2 sons, Sam Bylers, Ervin C. Nissley and Jake Detweiler, all from Watonstown, Pa. Also 4 young folks from Prattsburg District, namely John and Leah Schrock, and Danny and Edna Schrock. Also Catherine Troyer froim Lakeside, Ontario. She will be staying with grand parents, Uncles and Aunts for a few weeks until her parents, the Noah Troyers come to attend the farm sale from John Mast on March 21st. David Swareys and we with our families returned home from a 6 day trip to Canada when we visited our sisters and families living at Lakeside and Mt. Elgin Districts. Catherine Troyer accompanied us home.

Grandmother Nissley seems to be holding her own.

Curtis Miller plans to make his home in Cashton, Wisconsin, for this coming summer, working as a hired hand.

Allenwood, White Deer , PA - John K. Fisher

February was quite cold with nice sunny days. Not much snow fell but the ground was white all month. Hardly any rain fell since New Years but on the 28th it rained and into the 1st of March.

We are now living at the welding shop in Elimsport. It used to be a gereral store and sold out last summer. It is owned by cousin Ben Lapp. Our moving date was January 29th and we had a nice day for it. Brother Ben and his family expect to move where we lived in the near future. They are from Lancaster County in Georgetown.

Bloomsburg, Montour, Penna - Lydia Stoltfus

The weather in February was mostly sunny, especially the last 2 weeks. Nice weather to clean house and dry the bedding. The 22nd we had few inches of snow during the night. March 1st we had rain which melted a lot of our January snow. Temperature in the high 40's some days. The low for the month was 10 below the 15th and 16th. Had a few more days of snow and some rain.

Dauphin Co., Penna.,- Mrs Benuel B. Fisher

Jan. 1 New Years came in with snow and throughout the month a total of 32 inches, Feb. also a good bit of snow. and 4 degrees below the coldest but not much frost in the ground due to the amount of snow over the ground making some difficulties in getting the manure out this winter. Men are hauling manure, getting the shop work caught after and attending farm sales. 2 farm sales in the area, David Stoltzfus sold to Sam Kinsinger and David Esch to Sam Stoltzfus both of Lanc. Co. David's are both starting carpentar work now. Women are sewing and keeping the fires burning and thinking about spring. A few greenhouses are in the area now.

LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNA, - REPORTS

White Horse Area - Mary R. Stoltzfus

Rebecca, age 10, dau of David Ebersols, fell on the ice and hurt both arms, so that both are in a splint.

Paradise, Pennsylvania

Mrs. Christ L. Kauffman is gaining her strength back again, after she fell and broke her hip. She is walking with a cane and was in church the last 2 times.

Levi J. Fisher, 16 is still in the hospital he was in 6 days with a concusion when he fell in the barn. Came home Friday and by Sat. noon he had severe pains in his stomach. Went to the hospital again, had a appendix operation that day and is in since.

They operated again on Monday, Mar. 2, and is getting along as good as can be expected at last reports, lets hope he can come home soon again. Lets keep him in mind with cards and letters. Levi J. Fisher 115 Black Horse Shoe Rd., Paradise, Pa. 17562 % Henry S. Fisher.

Mascot Area - Mrs. Ben B. Esch

Feb. 1st - Daniel Stoltzfus, son of John K. and Sarah had a mishap while ice skating. Was hit in his eye by a hockey stick and affected his sight a few days. Was in the hospital a few days. Seems alright again at last reports.

Sammie Glick seems to be improving steadily.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

Beginning of February we had lovely spring like weather. Then the 12th February we had a few inches of snow, enough to give a nice white cover over the faded brown snow that was here yet. Then the night of the 22nd we got a real thick blanket of snow. We had 24 inches in our area. That sure was a surprise snow. That week we had nice warm weather, which made it melt a lot and on the 1st of March we had rain most of the day, which made it dissapear almost all except the huge banks that were scraped together. On February 4th Jonathan Z. Beiler's wife Barbara went to the hospital due to heart problems. She was in constant care for 4 days. She had the balloon procedure done to open one of the main arteries to her heart. She was in the hospital one week and was released, but on Saturday evening she was rushed into the hospital by ambulance, because of another tight spell. She only had to stay a few days then. She also has diabetis, which causes complications with the medicine she gets for her heart. She needs our prayers, and we miss her in church. She missed 3 times now. church was at Reuben Lapps on February 22nd and they live in the other end, but she didn't feel strong enough to be at home. So she stayed at their son Amos. She is on the way to recovery now, but it will take some patience yet. The address is J.Z.Beiler, RD 1 Strasburg, Pa. 17579.

Christiana Area - Mrs. John Stoltzfus Jr.

February has been what we'd call an old fashioned winter month. We've had 3 different snowstorms, 2 of them amounting 12 to 15 inches each. The children enjoyed skating almost every day until the last week in Feb. it wasn't fit. As March comes in, it is raining, in the 50's. Would you call that "coming in as a lamb"? Maybe winters not over yet. None the less our thoughts turn to spring and fresh garden goodies

Nine Points Area - Mrs. Ben S. Beiler

February on the dry side until the snowstorm Sunday night the 22nd, which brought us 24 inches snow in one night. Soon started melting again, was nearly all gone a week later.

Tobacco market still very poor for farmers in this area. Farming produce could fare better if taken care of. Spring sales are starting. "Bart Fire Co. 23rd Annual all day sale, is to be held Sat. Mar. 7th.

Bird-in-Hand - David B. King

February started out not so cold, but with some snow and temperature in the twenties in the morning. It went up to 50 and 60 degrees at noon. It felt like spring and the snow melted fast.

February 12 it snowed most of the day, around 2 inch. Sunday, the 15th, it was 5 degrees and was cold all the next week. Sun rises and sun sets are beautiful and we are having perfect winter weather.

Sunday, February 22, it was mild and cloudy in p.m. It felt like rain, but that night around 9:00 it started to snow. Papers stated it snowed 5 inches and hour. By Monday morning it measured 15 inches, and some places 2 feet in the lower county.

February 28 it started to rain, and it rained most of the night and also a few showers March 1st. Sunday, March 1st, temperatures went up to 45 and 50 degrees and the snow melted as fast as it came a week ago. March 2nd, and the ground is bare except where drifts were, and it is cloudy and widy, so I guess March came in like a lion. Sunday was also very foggy in morning.

Peach Bottom Area - Christ Zook

Yes, we had a real winter. Three snow storms, two weeks apart, in February, now March the, rain, and the second, March winds and mild temperature.

Simon Esh's baby had been to the hospital with breathing problems, and Lydia, the mother, was in the hospital a few days later with mental problems. There is a surprise package started for them, to open one package a day. Send to Simeon Eshs, Peach Bottom, Pa. R#1 17563.

Chester County, Penna. - J. Elmer Lapp

February weather was mild for this part of winter. The coldest day was the 16th when the temperature dropped to zero. Quite a few mornings the temperature was between 15 and 20 degrees, then it warmed up considerably during the day. We had light percipitation off and on. The morning of the 23rd we woke up to 20 some inches of snow. By 8:00 we had 24 inches. All schools were closed although roads and drives were mostly open by afternoon. It was a wet snow so there was no drifting. By the 28th the temperature rose to the 50's and starting to rain.

Dover, Deleware, - Neil N. Hershberger

February turned out to be like an old-fashioned winter with snow during most of the month. Yet only a very few real stormy days. We had many nice sunny days with cold nights. Then the warm spell on the 28th with rain and a sunny p.m. on Mar. 1st took all the snow away in a hurry. Maybe a few piles left where it was piled the highest. Low temperatures for the month was 22 degrees on the 6th and that day it warmed up to 52 degrees making our low and high on the same date. Total snowfall was 20 in. and 1 in. rain for the month. The very heavy snowfall of the 23rd averaged about 14 in. here.

Amos S. Masts had their auction sale on the 14th with only fair prices.

St. Marys Co., Md., Amos R. Stoltzfus

We had mostly fair weather throughout February 4th and snow the 23rd, plus several inches rain the 28th.

Mt. Pleasant Mills, Penna. - Sam M. Troyer

We had very little moister this month. Hardly any rain and less than a foot of snow. But we still have snow on the ground from Jan. Its been rather a cool month. Slighty cooler than January.

The men folks are getting supplys around for starting plants, like cantalopes, they are again planting star headliner this year, and some colored corn, some green wrap tomatoes, some miget pumpkins, etc. Things that wealth people like. Poor folks serve the rich! But the rich have served the poor, read about Peter Waldo English Martyrers Mirror, page 275.

Beaver Springs, Penna. - Emery A. Weaver

We had very little rainfall in Feb. but some snow. Had some nice spring like days. We are all well over the flue, large and small. I had made a very stupid mistake with my last Diary report, anyhow it was printed in the Botschaft.

A van load from here attended the sad funeral in Guys Mills for the 4 children that died in Raymond Miller's house fire.

Juniati County, Penna. - David Y. Renno

February was a nice month with many sunny days in the 40's and was in the teens by morning. We've also had different light snows, and one major snow of 15 inches the fore part of the month. The last several years our snows came out of the southeast, and oft times does not reach much farther northwest then here. While in Lancaster and Phila. and on south. They often get much deeper snows then we do here. Also down in the Carolinas where they are not prepared for snow. They have been getting more then we are often times these last years.

My wife who is nearing 69 years, has been a seamstress and made suits and over coats for the men of here and also of the valley, has now quit sewing for other people after doing it for almost 30 years. She is leaving that for the younger women. We have 2 women here with some experience that now do sewing for other people.

Mrs. Jonas (Susie) Petersheim and Mrs. Sam (Emma) Wengerd both of Mifflintown Rt. 2, will now do your sewing of new mutsa suits and over coats.

Our local coachmaker and wheel-wright Joe E. Swarey who had been living alone and kept very busy making and repairing new buggies and carriages, has now instead of hiring a secretary and house-keeper, married one. When he took school teacher, Mattie Kanagy for his wife, and she now does his book keeping and keeps house on their new property 2 miles west of Oakland Mills, Juniata County, Pa.

Mifflin County, Penna. - Catherine Swary

February was a pleasant month, many nice sunny day, snow has melted a lot but there are good many banks that had drifted January 23. Lots of fodder has been taken in. Daytime temperature is from 30 to 40 degrees with cold nights 10 to 20 degrees. Lowest for the month was 2 below. We got more snow February 12 approximately 2 inches and February 23 we had 5 inches. We had rain the last of the month.

Rachel Yoder, the sledding accident victim was home from the hospital 1 week and was again taken back on February 11, she seemingly had a headache and vomiting spells mostly in forenoons. Drs. suspected infection on the brain. They drilled 2 holes in her head to relieve pressure. They are now staying at a McDonell house. Rachel goes to the hospital twice a day for medictation to help clear up the infection.

Newburg, Franklin Co., Penna. - Jacob Flaud

We had real nice winter weather during the month of February. Had some snow on several occasions. On the 23rd we about 12 inches of snow. It was real beautiful with all the snow clinging to the trees and wires, a scene which could not have been designed by human hads. We had some real cold and windy days and very little rainfall. Farmers are getting anxious to start spring plowing.

David Zook, son of Jerry and Donna (Glick) Zook was struck by a car while walking to school. He has head injuries and a broken leg. He is getting along as good as can be expected. He is in the Chambersburg Hospital. He is 9 years old. Their address is Newburg, R.D. 1, Pa. 17240. This happened February 27th.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. David J. Byler

We had a nice month mostly of sunshine. We had a little rain, snow is almost all gone. We had high in the 40's and 40's this month.

They took Bill Fisher's baby to Pittsburg, OH on the 9th to see if they can find out more that is wrong with it. They put a trakiatomy on, now it can breathe on it's own, the last I heard it weighed 6 lbs., 6 oz., the last reports. I heard it is gaining slow, they want to trapper it back to Bubois as soon as they can, didn't hear that it is up or not.

I guess some boys had an experience on Sunday the 15th on the way home from church they were got to do chores and come back for the singing on the way home David, son of Monre E. Miller looked back to see if there was anything coming at the time his horse got caught in the buggy in front of him and broke some of the spock out of the wheel. I didn't here what all broke, but no one was hurt all but Davids horse was bruised a little.

Somerset County, Penna. - Mary A. Kinsinger

Our weather for February has been very nice month on the average.a The ground hog saw his shadow but we've still had a few very nice sunny days. Temperatures were around the 20 on an average. Some in the 30's and 40's. But mostly in 20 and 30 bracket. The 23rd we awoke to a white world of about 12 inches of wet snow. The sun came out at times that day but till Tuesday it had again warmed up and very nice and sunny and has not been very cold since.

It seems colds and flus sure have a grip and are hard to get shook off.

Mrs. John N. (Amanda) Wengerd had surgery to remove a 3 lb tumor. But she appears to be on the mend again and gaining as well as can be expected. Their address is Garrette, R1 Pa.

Sugaring is being started again. Some have tapped but still others haven't and intened to if weather stays nice.

Southern Mercer Co., Penna. - Eli H. Kurtz

February started in mild weather with snow flurries on the first, then cloudy in morning on ground hog day, then sunshine so he could see his shadow if he was out, the 3rd was cloudy and misty, 4th mostly sunshine with snow flurries in eve. 5th was down to 16 and up to 24 degrees, sunshine for 2 days and mild, on the 8th went down to 18 in eve and snowing, 9th was 12 only up to 20 and dropped to 16. Sunshine for 2 days but rather cold, then more mild with cloudy, some rain, snow showers and sunshine, 15th was 6, only up to 14 degrees and down to 4 in eve, 16th 2 above and up to 32 degrees. Was cold but still sun was shining., then 2 days milder with mostly mild weather till last of the month., mostly sunshine with a few snow flurries on the 23rd. Snow has all left except a few patches besides buildings.

Sadie, 10, dau of Stepehn A. and Lizzie Byler had a sled riding mishap when she failed to stop where she had intended and ran into a barb wire fence. Results were a badly scratched up face with a trip to the doctors office and had 75 stiches. She missed a few days of school but is back in school again.

Mrs. Dan L. Byler, Mercer, Pa R.1 is having trouble with the shingles. Is still able most of time to piece quilts by hand and also makes bibs.

Mrs. Emma M. Byler, New Wilmington, Pa. R.2 is not gaining like her friends would like to see. Had a stroke in December and is ailing since.

Mrs. John C. Byler, New Wilmington, Pa. R.1 is also a bed patient for some time having trouble with her heart if I understand right.

Eli Y. Byler, New Wilmington, Pa, R.1 is still in a weekened condition with some days brighter than others.

Barbara E. Byler, New Wilminton, Pa. R.1 has been having trouble with sore legs that she had spent a few days in bed. Was up again and doing some hand work.

Mercer County, Penna. - Dan J. Troyer

January was mostly mild and cloudy with 6 inches of snow on the 2nd. A cold snap on the 5th of 5 degrees in the morning. Mild again for about 3 weeks with morning temperatures in the high 20's. On the 24th was 3 below and nearly zero for 4 days. The up in the 20's and 30's again. The first half of February was also mild and cloudy. The last half was mostly sunny with cold nights going as low as zero on the 16th. Mostly in the low 20's or teens in the mornings, and going up to the 30's and 40's in day time. It was high ast 50 degrees on the 22nd. Very little snow or rain in Februarty. Ground is froze more than usual.

Spartansburg, Penna. - Thomas E. Miller

February started in quite a lot of snow. Temperatures were mild until the middle of the month. We then had some cold weather. The coldest morning was 20 below. For about a week we had cold nights and cool days then it started warming up daytimes and we got rid of our snow. We had very little wind this month as February '87 faded away it was raining hard and is 40 degrees. Maple trees are not tapped yet that I know of . Lumber mills are going strong.

Sugargrove, Penna. - Joe A. Byler

We have had a nice winter, with not the usual snow for this area. Has been a lot of flue.

People are getting ready to tap sugar woods, reports are syrup is in high demand with bulk syrup going for over $20 a gal.

A lot of ice houses were filled with ice from 8 in. to 12 in. thick heard of some 17 in. thick.

WAYNE and HOLMES COUNTIES, OHI0

Apple Creek, Kidron Area - John L. Stutzman

A very unusual mild winter. Not much snow all winter. Ideal weather for the farmers to haul manure. Shred corn fodder, cut fire wood, etc.

Feb. we didn't have much rain or snow. Temperature was a little below freezing in the morning and some above freezing during the day. The natural gas company's are complaining that they are not selling gas. As of the weather being so mild. Some are predicting that March will have a lot of rainfall.

Dairy cows are selling better again. At farm sales they sell well over $1000., some up to $1400.

Quite a few from this area were to Canton, Minn. to the funeral of Abe D. Hershberger, 46. That moved out of this area almost 3 years ago. From a heart attack.

Fredericksb, Benton Area - Mrs. Levi S. Miller

January was mostly mild, the 24th it went to zero but has warmed up since - no big snows so far this winter, but lots of flu and sickness. Coughs are hard to get rid of.

Mrs. Andy E. Swartzentruber had breathing problems, last Sat. night it got worse. So she was taken to the emergency room and given oxygen. Tests and x-rays showed the heart and lungs were alright, along with medication she was released, but didn't gain much, so they went to another Dr. on Tues. who found she has colitis, and it was causing gas which crowded the heart.

Fannie, 15 yr. old dau of Abe M. Troyers has rheumatic fever.

Fredericksburg Area - Eli E. Hochstetler

February 1st it was 26 degrees and pleasant winter weather and it warmed up so that maple sap started to flow Saturday. By Sunday pm, February 8th, a snow storm from the N.W changed many minds. It stormed all night but not enough snow to hinder traffic. The 5th, 6th, and 7th was so nice maple syrup started tapping. February 10th the morning temperatures were 25 degrees but it warmed up by noon so that sap ran some and was that way till Saturday, the 14th, was cloudy and cold. Sunday, the 15th, morning temperature was 10 degrees and with a S.W. wind. It was milder in the afternoon and freezing at night with enough sunshine to promote a few short sap runs. February 27th the morning temperature was 34 degrees and cloudy. February

28th it was 36 degrees and cloudy. The forecast calls for rain or snow. Barometers are at 29.1.

Some farm sales because of moving out of state and others retiring. Many local people are vacationing in Arizona or Florida. It is somewhat dry as Holmes County had very little moisture in November. A good soaking rain or deep snow would be welcome. Hauling manure and sugering is keeping farmers busy.

Millersburg, Bunker Hill - Raymond S. Weaver

Weather during February was mild comparatively. Morning temperatures averaged 26 degrees. The lowest we had was 7 degrees on the 16th but the next morning it was at 30 degrees again. No big snow storms, in fact not much snow at all. We had a very mild winter so far. February was on the dry side.

Toward the end of the month as we approach spring, water fowl, wild ducks and geese, are becoming more active. We see lots of them in our area making use of the numerous ponds nearby.

Farmers have started plowing corn stocks as fields are fairly dry and in good condition. However there are a few frost spots around.

Baltic, Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

For February we had continued mild weather. With only a few mornings temperature some above zero. A few snow flurries, but was soon gone again, a few farmers have started plowing, some also tapped maple trees but not too strong runs were reported. Pigs still selling good, hogs a little higher, good dairy cows also selling good. Farm and implement sales are on the list.

Sugarcreek, Barrs Mills - Jonas N. Bontrager

February was a month of nice witner weather. There was very little snow just around freezing. It thawed and dried with very little mud.

Very little plowing is done as the ground was not open. Farmers were hauling manure, making wood and attending sales, feed and fertilizer meetings, dinners, and suppers.

Ashland County, Ohio - Ammon A. Troyer

We had lots of sunny, spring weather in February which put maple syrup making in full swing. March started in as a lion, windy and rainy, we have a little snow this morning. A lot of ice was put up about the middle of the month which was anywhere from 5 to 8 inches thick.

Stockport, Ohio - Warren L. Fussner

February 1st and 2nd was damp, but fair. On the 3rd it cooled off and was windy. Some light rain on the 4th. Cool and fair weather until the 8th. It was cloudy, in P.M. Stormy with some snow. Then it was nice until the 17th. That P.M. and through the night we had 5 inches of snow. On the 18th the sun came out and temperature rose to 52 degrees P.M. melting a large part of the snow. It remained nice, warmer in the day time and dropping temperatures at night into the twenties, until the 27th, when it drizzled part of the day. The 28th was cloudy, sprinkles until P.M. when it rained steady into the month of March.

Farmers are hauling manure, cutting wood, and cooking maple syrup which is of good quality this year. Some plowing being done and some farmers still have corn to husk and pick.

Feed pig prices remain strong, grade B. Milk $11.50 per hundred. Corn locally at $1.50 a bushel. Hay seems plentiful and prices running up to $75. and 80. a ton, for good quality hay. Home sold eggs are 65 cents to 75 a dozen.

January 27 we attended the Speicher-Hostetler Wedding in Penns Valley, Pa.

Then spent some time at McClure, Pa. with the Diary Write there. He had many old books and some letters of early fore-eldern. One letter to his grandfather 4 or 5 generations back. That was Bishop Johannas Beiler, who moved from Lancaster Co., to Mifflin Co., early in 1800, due to some progressive trends at that time. The letter from a Lancaster Co. brother, written around 1803, concerning some religious matters.

Ohio was admitted to the Union as a State, in 1803 and at a general election on Jan. 3, Dr. Edward Tifflin, elected on first governor. Altho Congress did not approve the constitution and recognize it as a State until February 19th. Adding 8 more counties to the initial 9. The Ordianace of 1787 had declared that when the free male 5000 and 8 counties formed, Ohio would be eligiable for Statehood. As of December 31, 1798 this had been accomplished.

At this same time and after Ohio being made a State a young Shawnee Indian Cheif was joining east to Vermont, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania inspiring the Indians to form a Confederation and Repel the white people from the Ohio Territory. October 5, 1813 this confederation was defeated and Tecumseh, that young Shawnee Cheif was dead, near Chatham, Ont., Canada.

Hicksville, Ohio - David Raber

In February we had more sunshine days then I can ever remember. One snow and a little rain made up the rest of the month. There are alot of farm sales right now with things selling a little higher than a year ago.

On February 9th Bishop Victor Yoder was behind the Naphta store, in Hicksville, where he slipped and fell, breaking his left leg about three inches below the hip. He was taken to Fort Wayne where they put in a steel plate and pins. He came home from the hospital the 16th and went back the 23rd for x-rays. He was told it was healing nicely.

Nunnely, Tennessee - Lester Graber

The night of the 17th we had a wet snow, about the heaviest snow for this season. It was wet and hung to everything, and lasted a few days. During the last week of the month we had a lot of rain, bringing up the creeks again. Maybe the ground water reserves are built up again.

Some farming has been done already, and some people are getting the garden fever. However, some are planting as early this year as last as then many things were frozen after planting.

On the 4th Edna, Jonas and Becky Bontrager, children of Amos Bontragers, left for Mo. where they spent several weeks with friends and relatives. On the 18th, Amos J. Bontrager with a driver went to LaPlata, Mo. to pick them up again and bring them home. They arrived home early morning on the 20th.

Trumane and Martha Borntrager accompanied them to LaPlata, Mo. where they visited with Martha's sister and family, Mose W. Borntragers. Mose had a heart attack recently but is gaining. Also accompanying this load to Bowling Green, Mo. and spending some time with homefolks, the Sam R. Borntragers, were David and Polly Borntrager and dau. Polly of here.

David and Polly Borntrager arrived home from Georgia early morning of the 18th. They attednded church at LeRoy

Bontragers on the 23rd, and left for Ga. again Monday noon with the ride they had coming up here..

On the 20th a load from Indiana and Michigan arrived here for the weekend leaving again on the 25th for home. My father, Fernandis Graber and sister Wilma visited us here at our house; Mrs. Ervin Yoder (Anna) and dau. Wilma visited Anna's sister, the Amos J. Bontragers; these were from the LaGrange, Indiana area. From Bronson, Michigan were Sue Ellen, Wilbur and Mary Bontrager who visited their brother and family, the LeRoy Bontragers. All these visitors and David Borntragers attended church service at the LeRoy Bontrager home on the 23rd.

On the 13th Samuel and Kathryn Borntrager and family arrived home from their several week stay at McRae, Arkansas.

Over the weekend of the 15th, Rudy Borntragers and several of the younger children and Clara Mast were with homefolks at the Huntingdon, Tennessee area. They arrived home Tuesday evening. Polly D. Borntrager was substitute teacher several days till Clara came again.

On the 26th Roman Millers of Centreville, Michigan arrived here to visit their daughter and family, the Noah Hochstetlers. They had planned to leave for home today, (March 2) however plans may be changed, as last night around 6:00 fire destroyed the house and almost all the contents of Noah Hochstetlers. They saved one dresser and the clothes they were wearing. Also destroyed were Roman's suitcases, tickets and everything they had except the clothes they were wearing. Noahs and Romans were at the LaVerne Schmucher for dinner where Amos and LeRoy Bontragers also attended . They made a short stop with us in the afternoon before leaving for home, and arrived there to find the house almost completly engulfed. Noah managed to save one dresser which was inside a side door.

They will temporarily stay in David Borntrager's empty house until arrangements can be made to µove into Amos Bontragers shop. The house wasn't not Noah's, it was rented, and it is not known at this point if it was insured. The rescue squad basically kept a nearby shop full of Noah's tools from getting too hot and burning.

Noahs have 7 children ranging from 3 to 15 years of age. Their address is Lyles, Tennessee, 37098.

Marion, County, Kentucky - Samuel Hertzler

This is the mildest winter we have had in the (almost) 9 years we live here. Feb. has had 16 days with the temperature abover the freezing point in the morning. Wild geese have gone north in huge flocks.

Junior Yoders and us are boiling Maple Syrup this year, Junior does the cooking with his steam operation for boiling sarghum molasses, and we furnish the bigger part of the sap. It takes near 50 gallons to produce one gal. of maple syrup. It is too warm for a good season, and it seems to be about over with.

Anias S. Masts moved to this settlement from Dover, Delaware. They arrived here on Wed. They were delayed a day on account of heavy snow in Delaware.

Guthrie, Kentucky - Jessie D. Peachey

We are having moderate winter weather. We had a heavy rainfall the last of the week, resulting in ponds in the fields. We had very little freezing weather all through February and quite a few planted early gardens then weeks of the 9th. Its been too wet ever since.

There are more machinery sales this spring than I ever remember of before. There are many good buys for the ones that can stay in farming, but its hard on the loan companys etc. that hold mortgages.

Dunnville, Ky. - Marie Schlabach

The first part of February was nice spring weather. On the morning of the 13th it was 25 degrees. Rest of the morning was 30 and up. The highest temperature for the month was 71 degrees. On the 16th we got up to freezing rain which hung on trees and bushes, causing limbs to break off although there wasn't any ice on the roads. We had about 7 inches rain for the month and most in the last half, with some very foggy mornings. The peepers have been singing away for about 2 weeks now.

No oats have been sown yet which is good it hasn't with all the rain. A lot of plowing is done but there is lot to do yet too.

Allen County, Indiana - Mrs. John Schmucher

We had some very pleasant winter days in Feb. Had stormy days on the 9 and 16. Our coldest morning of 12 degrees on the 15 and 10 degrees on the 16. We had rain with snow flurries on the 12, which measured 2 in. in the rain guage. The eve of the 22 it began to snow and tapered off towards Mon. morn. the 23, leaving a total of 17. Had very pleasant days that week. Cloudy on the 27, cloudy and rainy the 28, and on till Sun. Mar. 1. March came in rainy, warm and like a lamb, and our much snow is almost gone. Ground hog could see his shadow. Wild geese and ducks are enjoying spring like weather and can now swim again. Schools were closed on the 23 because of snow.

Men were able to haul out manure and pick corn where snow wasn't too deep. I thought it was mostly just us Stoltzfuses that weren't done picking corn, but there are plenty of English farmers that have corn to pick too.

Allen County, Indiana - Mrs. John Schmucher

We had mostly mild weather in February and not much snow and rain. There are quite a few cisterns that were dry, but it rained quite a lot on the 28th which really helped.

The 3 year old son of LaVern Lengachers came home from the hospital after being there for 38 days. He's still a little weak but is starting to walk again.

Adams County, Indiana - Mary Ann Hilty

February, 1987, has been a mild winter month with sunny days, which has been an early month with sunny days, which has been an easy month to through. On the 16th we had our coldest day at11 degrees with a strong biting east wind. We've had several days of 50 degrees the latter part of the month. On the 27th its 52 degrees with clouds scattered across the sky, along with an east wind. However the last two weeks in February the wind was more or less from the east. The east wind is always cold, no matter from which way it comes. Ground is very dry here in Adams, we've had very little snow and no rain. So alot of people are wishing for rain, to fill their empty cisterns. All of a sudden winter seems endless. Its times such as this that I must remind myself what these cold winter months animals and yes, even people--need winter. The Lord has given us this season as a time to renew ourselves--to rest. But perhaps God also sends us winter to teach us another lesson--patience. But at least there's a promise that spring is just around the bend.

Baby John, almost 2 months old, son of Marcus and Rachel Miller, R1 Monroe, Ind., 46772, still remains in the Parkview Hospital ever since birth. He seems to be gaining now, weighing over 3 lbs. His twin brother Joseph died February 5th.

Elizabeth N. Schwartz, R2, Box 251, Geneva, Ind., 46740, still remains bedfast now for 2 years. She's an M.D. victim and she enjoys mailtime.

Edna H. Schwartz, 13, R1, Monroe, Ind., 46772, dau of Ben V. Schwartz, had back surgery in Fort Wayne in January. She's home from the hospital and needs to wear a brace.

Vernon M. Schwartz, 17, R1, Berne, Ind., 46711, son of Raymond B. and Maggie Schwartz received a broken ankle on February 23rd. He was horse back riding, when the horse slipped and fell on his foot, breaking it.

Land prices are still high. On February 14th a 20 acre farm sold for $3,300 an acre making a total for $66.000. Willis, 22, son of Roman L. Hiltys got the farm.

On January 20, Menno and Mary R. Schwartz moved to Pennville area. On February 21st they had public auction and sold their 46 acre farm--which is located 2 miles from Monroe. Reuben N. Schwartz got 40 acres with buildings for $3,150 and acre, a total of $126,000, and Elmer N. Schwartz got 6 acres with a house and barn for $41,500.

We handicaps have been bless with alot of thoughtful visitors, during our winter months, helping to shorten those shut-in days. And we feel so thankful to our Lord, for such thoughtful, helpful friends. We are kept quite busy with crochet orders, and also dolls, besides also rebinding books.

LaGrange County, Indiana - Anna Eash

We have had nice sun shiney days the first of the month, melting the January snow. Sunday, the 8th, it was windy and some snow, but light compared to Goshen and Nappannee. It was hard to realize the difference and the wind died down and it was fairly nice after 4:00. We had some cloudy days. Temperatures were above average mostly. Then we had spring-like weather for a few days then it clouded up again this week and we are having rain and drizzle.

Some are having colds and hear reports of pneumonia.

Seems to be plenty to do to keep everyone busy! The factories are seemingly going full force and some overtime. Quite a few sales scheduled.

Truly the mercies of the Lord are new each morning.

Nappanee, Indiana -Joni D. Gingerich

February is past, but it can long be remembered as a very mild winter month, the coldest we had was 10 above on the 9th, and there were only a few mornings below 20, and the highest for the month was 48 on the 22nd. We had 10 days of all sunshine that made a person think of spring. Leroy Borkholder, age 50, died very suddenly on January 31st, while at the dinner table. He had finished eating when his head fell back. His wife noticed it was unusual and jumped up and held his head up, he then fell forward on the table and was gone.

House Fire

On February 24 Marvin Bontragers house was badly burned out on the inside, when his wife was cooking maple sap for syrup when it boiled over, running down over the stove. When she was finished she wanted to clean things up, and when she pulled the stove front to clean behind it the gas line broke off which caused the fire. The fire trucks were called and they managed to put out the fire but the furniture and the inside were badly burned.

Hamilton, Indiana - Emanuel B. Eicher

We had a nice February so far not much below weather and not much snow to speak of and snow all gone and gets muddy through the day. We are having a dose of flue at our house with colds, headache, and coughs and really seems to hang on. We are kept busy with winter chores, calves to bottle feed and fat hogs and milking and pallets making.

Kokoma, Indiana - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

The weather for February remained unusually mild most of the time. The ground-hog had plenty of time to see it's shadow with so many days of nice sunshine. We had stormy snow squalls the 8th with high winds for 24 hrs. but we only had a thin layer of snow. It was windy again the 15th and 16th and we had a beautiful all day snow the 17th. The following days temperatures ranged from 28 degrees to the lower 40's so the snow is now gone. We had a slow sprinkle the 27th and 28th. We noticed a change in the weather pattern for this month as in the last year the last part of the month was always more severe weather wise than the first part.

Farmers are busy hauling manure and some plowing has been done. Butchering is nearly donw for most people and some ladies are quilting.

Daviess Co., Indiana - Elizabeth Mae Raber

February was mostly mild for a winter month. On the 8th it was very windy and near freezing so it seemed rather cold. On the 16th we had a freezing rain so it became very icey, but that night we had snow, so the next morning it didn't seem near as slick anymore, we had some more snow yet that day. Snow and ice slowly melted and by Sunday evening, the 22nd, most of it was gone. High temperatures for the month was 54 degrees on 5 different days and low was 21 degrees on the 9th. We had some nice spring like days and also quite a few cloudy days. It is very wet now as we had some rain on the last 3 days.

Fred Rabers farrowing house was destroyed by fire the morning of the 15th, along with some sows and pigs.

Joel Graber was in the hospital 12 days due to pneumonia and leakage of the heart. He is at home again, but not improving as fast as friends would like to see.

Jamesport, Missouri - Amos W. Yoder

We had 5 to 6 inches of snow February 5th, but with temperature up to 40 and 50 degrees the next few days, it was soon all gone. Temperatures was as high as 60 degreesa one day, and not one morning that it was lower than 20 degrees. Farmers were busy in fields these last 2 weeks, plowing, or discing and sowing oats. Now today, the 28th, it is raining, and has rained over an inch already.

Revere, Missouri - Jacob A. Mast

February has been a very nice month to do carpenter work and also to husk corn. Paul Eichers and Petie Borkholders both have their barns under roof. Some field work has been done.

Amos Yoders of Wilton, Wisconsin visited their son David and friends over the weekend of the 15th.

Toby Masts of Bowling Green, Mo. have bought the Paul Woods property with the buildings (140 acres) and plans to move sometime in May. Toby is planning on bringing a load of machinery next week and close the farm deal. The 320 acres of the Paul Woods farm that has no buildings is also being bought by local Amish with intentions to split up in smaller farms later, these farms were bought back by the Loan Company in December and are being bought now for less money.

Windsor, Missouri - Monroe J. Hershberger

February: a warmer month than December and January. The coldest was 26 degrees on the 16th. We had several rains, not a lot of moisture, but no field work done yet. The high, in the 70 degrees. Dandelions blooming could be found all month, and flocks of geese are on their Northward flight.

Several from here attended the funeral of Eldon Beachy at Kalona, Ia. they were the second family to move here in 1985, but they had returned to Iowa, then moved to Pa. where he died, of a heart attack, being only 37, the father of 6 children, the oldest 15.

Eli A. Mast underwent neck surgery in Columbia this month, was released only a week later. Is at home now, using a hospital bed and wearing a halo, to support his head. Is up and around some. This happened in a truck accident 6 month ago, and had much trouble since.

Maywood, Missouri - Moses J. K. Burkholder

February has been another mild month for this area. We didn't have very much precipitation or freezing. Bees were humming part of the time.

Late crops were gathered lately, with some soybeans still yeilding over 35 bu. per acre. Some spring plowing and disking is being done. This mild weather is probably partly the cause of all the sicknesses, such as colds, sore and raw throats, croup and coughs, etc, which seems so hard to get rid of of. Some get it the 2nd round, which is worse yet.

Canton, Missouri - Jacob D. Hochstetler

February was mostly dry and nice. Several days up in the 50's. Had 2 inches of snow on the 5th. It rained on the 27th and the 10th. It froze overnight most of the time until the last week. Quite a few sowed oats and sowed grass seed. Also some plowing done.

Clover seed is real high, $1.57 per pound. So its quite expensive to seed ground down.

Prairie Home, Missouri - Phineas A. Mast

February was very springlike, though the groundhog had a good chance to see its shadow. There are quite a but of oats sowed.

Clark, Missouri - Samuel D. Beachy

The months January and February both were milder than normal. A cold spell in January brought the ice 6 inches thick, a few stored some away for summer use but not as many as wanted to, as the chance for it was short. February brought us hardly any moisture, till today, the 28th, it was raining. Quite a few have been plowing and sowing oats in the last week, and possibly half of the oats have been sown. I have not seen since we were living here, oats being sown so early. Hay is in good demand, due to our short crop last summer, there seems plenty around but it has to be trucked in a ways. You hardly hear of any selling more than $2.00 a bale, or $80.00 a ton, delivered. Hogs are on a downward trend, local hog buyers paid $45.00 February 26. Milk also came down $.20 presently it is .11.15 for Base, 3.5, $.16 differential, per point, minus or plus.

The 2 new milk receiving stations that were built last fall, have been equipped recently and plans are to start taking in milk for the first time Monday, March 2. The 3 were build in 1975.

In 1986 there were 24 births in our area, 13 girls and 11 boys, now in January and February of this year there were already 11 births, 8 boys and 3 girls.

Marshfield, Missouri - Rueben Yoder

Our winter has been quite mild all winter. In January we had some snow and ice but it was all gone and the ground dry enough to work in places. The first week in February it was nice enough to plant gardens but I thought it is still too early then on then 8th we got some rain which turned to ice and snow. There was about 4 inch and was almost a week till it all left. The coldest for the month was 23 degrees. We are getting rain now which seems to be adding up.

Feeder pigs and cattle prices are at an all time high.

Seymour, Missouri - Menno D. Schwartz

This is being a very pleasant, mild winter, mostly clear, but with a few spells of snow and a little ice. Quite a bit of plowing has been done, plowing for oats, and waiting for a little dryer weather to start the oats sowing which is considered time now, here.

The time is about here when they say if March comes in like a lion it will go out like a lamb, or vise versa. But I forget; and only look for it to be nice both times.

Any way, spring times is only 21 days into March, with 11hrs. and 11min. days now.

Dixon, Missouri - Jonathan Shrock

The mild winter days continue. I saw dandilion blossams each month this winter. Geese have gone North and spring birds sing, tulips and hyacinths are up and spring peepers are heard. It was nice till fullmoon the 13th, then we had our heaviest snow fall and ice--two different times. No zero weather yet in this area. Early garden seeds have gone in the the ground and some gardens plowed. Mahlon Yoders and Joe Eichers have sowed oats.

The flue was bad and no snow for 2 days about it.

Mrs. Sylvan Yoder had an appendectomy early the fourth.

Moses M. Schrock Jr. have been to Bowling Green several times as his father is quite ill.

Milo Yoder passed away January 23. See obituary.

Ruben Wickey, Mahlon and Lizzie Yoder and Joseph T. Miller, wife and baby, were to Marshfiedl over the weekend of the 22nd.

It is raining right now.

Dublin, Texas - Andrew B. Beiler

The first two weeks of February were warm and sunny with high in the upper 60's and up to 75. On the 15th it got cooler and rained , after that on through the 27th we saw very little sun. It was cloudy with fog and rain. The temperatures were from 25 to 60. We had a total rain of about 3 1/2 inches. On the 28th it cleared off was windy with high gusts. By evening you wouldn't have believed we had an all night rain the night before. It dried fast in the wind.

Corn planting time is the first Friday in March here. It will have to dry a lot yet for that no Migrators in February. Although we did enjoy our Lancaster Pa. company. The weather was nice. We got the privilege to sleep out all night in the woods up on the hill. We all wanted to hear the coyotes howl. We heard them a lot through the night. Also we saw wild turkeys. Levi Beilers, Mary Allgyer (Beiler) dau Sally and sons Mervin and Abner Allgyer, and also Ben Hershberger. Several of the boys were here before the rest of them came and are still here. A van load from here were to Fort Worth on the special day to buy greyhound tickets. The tickets cost $.59 one way, $1.18 round trip.

Haven, Kansas - Mrs. Enos Schrock

Temperatures from 1 near zero to 57 degrees in the months of Jan. Had several real nice snows, amounting to over 15 inches, not windy, so had no drifted roads. Had some foggy mornings.

Mr. and Mrs. Enos E. Schrock and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jr. Bontrager went to Topeka for a funeral Jan. 4th of a cousin Deacon Dan A. Miller, age 80.

Ervin and Alice Eash, Levi and Elva Knepp, Freddie and Treva Yoder and Mrs. Mattie Miller (Jamesport, MO) had been to Florida a few weeks.

Harry and Mary Bontrager and John and Anna Headings are spending a few weeks in Phoenix, Arizona.

Hutchison, Partridge, KS - Edward A. Mast

February was on the mild side with some real pleasant days the first two weeks. Some oats was planted about the 15th on high ground. It has been too wet since. Some bulbs are starting to push which is earlier than ideal.

February has been a very wet month, with some snow and rain and more rain. It has rained every day this week so far.

We had a lot of company coming for the funeral of our aged brother Sam J. Petersheim. It is right a year now that he began failing in health and his mind became confused and more so the last while. He was only bedfast 4 days, we got a hospital bed Mondays and he died Thursday of the same week.

Bloomfield, Iowa - Mrs. Daniel D. Yoder

The month of January continued fairly mild. Our biggest snow fell about mid month with some drifting. Had one cold snap a few mornings being 5 below. On the 23rd and zero on the 24th making the ponds safe for a few days of skating which was very rare this winter so far.

Mrs. Gid (Anna) Yutzy attended church the last time on December 7, 1986 growing steadily worse until her death on January 21, 1987. Cause of her death was cancer. Her death was the 2nd for this community of appoximately 15 years. The first one being 10 1/2 years ago of Jake Beachys' David, having fallen dead in school. Many children in the community had never been to a funeral before. Obituary will follow next month due to incomplete information.

February was fairly mild throughout with very little precipitation of any kind. Temperature varied from as high as 60 degrees to the 20's. Discing and plowing was done the last week, a little oats sown, and some radishes and lettuce seed was planted. They are predicting a real snow storm with high winds by tomorrow (March 1st) but today and yesterday, February 27th and 28th, we've been having rain. Another farm sale is scheduled for mid March among our people due to financial burdens, making the 3rd one for this winter. It seems we're in trying times.

Johnson County, Iowa - Duane Borntrager

We have had a very nice winter this year so far. On many of the days the temperture was between 20 and 30 degrees in the mornings and would rise to 50 degrees during the day. On Sunday, the 8th, we had a strong wind that did minor damages to some things. The frost is not yet out of the ground so little field work has been done as of yet. There has been no snow on the ground for a length of time yet.

There were several van loads of people here for the funeral of Eldon Beachy. He died in Pa. on February 16 from a heart attack at the age of 37 years. After having a funeral in there they brought the body out here for another funeral which was attended by over 500 people. He had lived in this in his former years.

We have been having some visiting ministers lately. On February the 15th Bishop Freddie Yoder and Minister Clemens Borntrager from Milton, Iowa were here to visit. On the 20th a van load from Bloomfield, Iowa were here on which Bishop Ervin Lambright and Minister Jerry Gingerichs were along. Minister Willis Hershbergers from Winsor, Missouri were also here visiting on that weekend. Also a van load of teachers came to visit the schools in this area on February the 16th from Bloomfield, Iowa.

Buchanan County, Iowa - Clara Nissley

We had a nice, spring-like February temperatures ranging from 20-40 degrees, sometimes higher. There is very little snow left to look at and maple trees are being tapped. Anohter sure sign of spring approaching is the seed catalogs in the mailbox.

Old Andy Kurtz Sr. is planning on going to church once it gets a little warmer. The wedding church of Erwin Gingerich and Laura Raber was held at his grandson's where he lives, so he was able to attend that without leaving the house. Dan R. Gingerich was not able to attend his brother's wedding. He seems better one day and not so good the next. He tires real easily and gets lots of visitors, also from out of state.

Joe, 2 yr. old son of Eli Raber's fell down the cellar stairs the day of the above mentioned wedding and broke his leg right above the ankle. They put no cast on as everything was in place, but has to stay off his feet till it's healed.

Solomon, 8th grader of Philip Yoder's, stumbled and fell down and broke his arm the same day, but understood he was at school when this happened.

Riceville, Iowa - Dan C. Bontrager

Ground hog day. Don't know if the ground hog will see its shadow or not. It was clear early this morning then it clouded up some. Sun is shining again now. I guess it depends when he looks out. We have had mild winter weather so far. January was very mild the 1st half. On the 16th it was 10 below, our coldest for our glass for January had closer to 0 for about 4 or 5 days then it warmed up again and was very mild the last while. It is at 30 degrees this morning. We had a few light blankets of snow in January. It has been thawing some. We have a nice cover yet but a few bare spots starting to show up. Cutting wood and hauling manure is the main work among the men except those doing shop work seem busy in the shops.

Eli M. Shrock Sr. (widower) has been to Bowling Green, Mo. and married there to Elizabeth Lee, January 4th. They arrived here with her belongings on January 23rd. Visitors in church yesterday at Jerry Bontragers were there their sons Emanuel and wife and children from Augusta, Wisconsin and son Joni and wife from Wilton, Wisconsin. A few children were missing in church on account of sore throat etc. Seems to be more sore throat than usual.

Eli Schrock reported being at Rochester a few days ago with his son-in-law Eli J.M. Gingerich from Milton,Iowa, a heart patient. He has had heart surgery several times already and is still having trouble. They have had many Dr. bills and hospital bills. Lets not forget them.

Utica, Minnesota - Atlee J. Shetler

February was real nice. Lots of sunshine. Only a few cold days. Snow is all gone except some ditches yet. Temperatures mostly between 20 to 30 degrees. On Sat. night Feb. 7 it was real stormy, but by day light the wind went down.

Fatal *Accident*

On Jan. 28, a 3 1/2 year old english neighbor girl was killed when a silage cart fell over on her, as she was standing on the side of the cart. The cart was loaded with haylage. Harvey Schmucker, son of Pre. William and Edna Schmucker was driving the cart at the time. It hit a frozen dirt pile which made a bump. The wheels were too far underneath the cart and too close together which made it tip over easy, it was not Harvery's fault. Was a large viewing and funeral.

Amos Jr., son of Amos J. and Lydia (Smucker) Yoder was admitted to the hospital in Winona on Feb. 6. as he couldn't walk anymore. Tests were taken and revealed it's Rheumatic Fever. He came home Feb. 16. They are able to take care of him at home, but has to keep quiet.

Pine City, Minnesota - Phineas Borntrager

Had a real mild, Feb. mercury didn't hit the zero mark. 6 above, Feb. 15th quite a few sunshine days. Most times high 30's or in the 40's, one day 50 degrees. Have no snow. The 21st we had an inch of snow very soon. But most of it was gone by the middle of the afternoon.

Price of eggs 60 to 89 cents per dozen milk from $11.00 and up per hundred for 3.5 test. I think butchering is all done in the neighborhood. Seems quite a few of the big farmers are where they can't make a go and have to sell out.

Amhurst, Wisconsin - Levi J. Borntreger

January was unusually mild. Temperatures mostly around 20 degrees. The second week it was extra mild with temperatures at 40 degrees. The week of the 19th temperatures dropping below zero. Some thermometers show 26 below. Since it warmed up again. On Thurs. the 29th we had an all day snow, which made the country side look nice and clean again.

February was extra mild mostly throughout the month. On the 7th went up to 50 degrees. During the night of the 7th it got windy and was a strong wind all night, the next day it was quite windy in the forenoon yet. But got some colder then. Otherwise temperature ranged mostly in the 20's and went above freezing during the day. On the 22nd we had a most beautiful snow. It clung to every branch and twig. A sight to behold. (But it didn't stay all day.) It was a wet snow. It has melted quite a bit already. But we still have snow left from before, too. We had some snow on the ground all winter.

Ben Schrocks had a mishap recently when there horse kicked while on the road. Results were a broken dash and shafts. But luckily no one hurt.

R.U. Borntragers went to Kansas about a month ago, to help care for her foster dad, Sam Petersheims. They came home and only short time received a phone call that Sam died. They and others went for the funeral which was the 15th.

Meford, Wisconsin - Clarence Miller

February was mostly mild and springlike.

Mrs. Daniel Troyer had another light stroke and is in Marshfield Hospital the last 2 weeks, also she had a blood clot. She was quite low at one time, but is gaining now and can walk with a walker.

Amhurst, Wisconsin - Levi J. Borntreger

January was unusually mild, there was a new record on 2 days with temperatures in the 40's the 13th it was 43 degrees, we had a low of 17 below and 10 inches snow, up to now it was nice to make wood.

A lot of people in the community have the flu or did have the symtoms very considerably some have sore throat and some fever.

Evansville, Wisconsin - Mrs. Ivan Bontrager

February brought more mild weather. We had almost no precipitation all month, and the ground is bare. A wind came up on the eve of the 7th and became a window-rattling gale which lasted for 24 hours.

Wallace and Clara Miller spent a couple weeks in Florida. Lester and Fannie Detweiler went through a health clinic at Reno, Nevada, and attended a Nutrition of Life convention in California.

Word was received of the tragic death of the 4 children of Ray and Leona (Detweiler) Miller of Guys Mills, Pa. Lester and Rudy Detweiler are Leon's uncles. Attending the funeral from here were Lesters, Rudys, also Mrs. Wilbur Helmuth, Ben Yoders, Bill Millers and Andy Planks.

Neil Hostetler did a bit of remodeling in their house, taking out a couple walls and closets. This eliminates the front hall, and makes a nice L-shaped area for the kitchen, dining and living room. Neil's bro. Ervin of Ill. built new cupboards for the north kitchen wall, also a new table. Then Ervins brought the new furnishings up and installed the cupboards. Ervins were visitors in church at Neils.

More visitors in the area recently were John Kramers at Ben Yoders, Ralph Kramers, Noah Kramer and Mrs. Abe (Anna) Kramer at the Planks. These are all from Jamesport, MO, and had been to New Glarus to visit Noah Kramer, who returned recently from Mexico where he took cancer treatments.

Wilton, Wisconsin - Ben C. Borntreger

February was a very nice month, mild weather all the way through, with mostly sunny days. Temperatures ranged from 6 to 30 degrees. It was real nice for cutting wood and hauling manure with very little snow. March 1st we had a snow blizzard till about mid afternoon was about freezing all day.

Cashton, Wisconsin - Joe C. Bontrager

The weather through February was mostly mild from 16 to 20 degrees above in the mornings to up in the 40's during the day time. I don't think we had any zero all through the month, we still have some snow but most fields quite bare.

Blair, Wisconsin - Mrs. Moses S. Miller

February was beautiful, mild, and mostly sunny. My record shows only one day that wasn't sunny at one time or another. It thawed about every day. Very unusaual, mild weather for this area. Yards had been icy from the thaws. Scholars took their skates along to skate in school yard. We didn't have a lot of snow all winter, have some north side of the hills yet. The groundhog saw his shadow heres. Maple trees are being tapped. Hay seems to be plentiful, selling from $50.00 to $90.00 a ton.

Levi V. Bontrager and wife Fannie had been to Texas a while. Reports are Fannie became seriously ill while there. She was in hospital and had one eye removed.

Augusta, Wisconsin - Joseph W. Schrock

February was a very mild month and no precipatation, there is still snow on the north slopes but the south slopes are bare, the coldest was 6 degrees, F on the 8th there was a very strong wind from the north. So far it was nice to make wood, not very much snow which made it easier.

Chetek, Wisconsin - Mrs. Henry Lehman

Our month of February was a very nice month. Mostly it was in the 20's and 30 degrees in the morning. During the day it went to 45 above. The 22nd we had a little snow but was gone by evening. The most snow we had this nice mild winter at any time was 4 to 5 inches. But the ground is bare and trees and lilacs are starting to bud. This is nice weather for cutting wood etc.

This winter reminds me of the winter of 1960 and '61. Was also a very nice mild winter with hardly any snow. Lilacs and trees were also budding but lo and behold we got our winter in March, 30 below 0 and snow bound.

This is the last day of February and it starting to snow a little tonight. The work among the women is quilting. The flu has also when in the community last week.

Clare, Michigan - Abe M. Hochstetler

We had wintery weather the second week in December then it got nice again right up into January, with much weather around the freezing mark. I was able to do some roofing jobs etc. some plowing was done after New Years. The middle of the month colder weather set in, had temperature to 10 below zero with more snow.

Dairy cow prices are stronger. Some go to Canada.

We had a fairly mild February. The groundhog saw its shadow in our county. The weekend of the 8th we had heavy winds, farther west toward the lake they had snow blizzard conditions. The last while temperatures went to 20 degrees at night. It gets muddy in the daytime. There is some snow around yet, especially in the woods. Sap season is just around the corner.

Bronson, Michigan - Ora Graber

The month in general was mild, about 10 to 20 degrees nights, and 25 to 35 degrees in the daytime, with not much variation. No measureable rain or snow at any time of the month, until the lat day of the month enough moisture to get wet.

The ground is open in most places, about all winter. Only the top few inches were frozen. It seems we have had spring all winter, except one week in January, and a few days in Nov. and Dec. and wind storm on Feb. 8th. On the 24th Ura. J. Bontragers moved a house on their premises, from Sturgis, going about 14 miles, the back way.

Quincy, Michigan - Cathyrn Schmucker

The month of February was nice with sunny days. The coldest we had was 6 degrees. Had a few snow flurries and a couple days with strong wind. The ground was mostly bare all month.09

Scottsville, Michigan - Marvin Yoder

The first week of February was mild then on the 8th we had a real wind storm. Only one buggy ventured out for church. It blew our corn crib over and some electrical wires were down at places. One of the car ferries got lose in the storm. The rest of the month was mild again. We don't have much snow on the ground anymore.

Feeders pig price was up to $57.00 for a 40 lb. pig, while fat hog prics are still coming down.

Heard Russia purchased 20% of America's corn supply. America had enough in storage to take us through October of 1988 before that. Maybe more farmers can see to plant corn again.

Horse Chase

Abe Beachys recently purchased a driving horse in Indiana. 5 days later he got out and headed south on U.S. 31. Several trucks had to dodge him. He was timed at 15 miles per hr. for a good ways. He went 15 miles before he was stopped by the State Police. Not being able to find a trailer to bring him home, he was led beside the police car. We were able to go from 10 to 15 mile per hour all the way home. Luckily no accident was caused by the horse.

Dannie Ray Miller is wearing a soft cast as he fell and slipped his bone socket at the foot and ankle. His sister had just taken her cast off of her arm which broke on the same pnod while skating, also.

Daniel Beachy sprained his wrist on the same pond.

Mrs. Jacob Beachy of here broke her foot while in Dublin, Texas. They hope to start home towards the last of March on those $.59 greyhound tickets.

Stanwood, - Michigan - John Y. Schwartz

January and February have been very mild. They have had very little snow this winter. On February 8th we had very strong winds with temperatures dropping to about 20 inches. Our snow is almost gone. Maple trees are being tapped since early February but so far there wasn't much sap cooking done.

We had almost 1 inch of rain we have had since the first of November.

Reports are that Lake Michigan is as high as it was for 100 years, due to the heavy rains last September. They say with normal precipitation it will take 15 years to get back to normal level.

Gladwin, Michigan - Dan Troyer

We have had very mild weather in January and February. The coldest we had in January was 10 below on the 24th but it soon warmed up again. The coldest we had in February was 4 below on the 15th and then also soon warmed up again. So it was over all a mild winter with lots of nice sunshine days since New Years. We have some snow yet but very little compared to some years.

There has been some flu going around which seems to be kinda hard to get rid of.

Mattie (Henry) Hershberger from Ohio was here to work for her brother Dannies and got a sore on her elbow which she thought was a boil but ended up in the Gladwin Hospital and having an abcess deep inside. She entered the Hospital on February 9th and was released on the 14th. Dr. had to open it up which made quite a bad but is healing nicely again. She left for home today and her sister Rebecca is now here to take her place.

A son was born to Dan H. Hershbergers on January 18th weighing 5 lb. 13 oz. On the 19th he was transfered form Clare to Saginaw General Hospital with a collapsed lung. He also got yellow that they had to change some blood for him. He was in the hospital 2 weeks and 2 days, came home on February 4th. He seems to be doing OK now and weighs 6 lb. 4 oz.

Menno E. Swartzentrubers moved on the Dull farm on February 24th.

Dan A. Gingerichs bought a farm in Canton, Minn. and are planning to move some time in March.

St. Marys, Ontario, Canada - David S. Graber

Elmer N. Yoder has been holding his own lately, but hasn't been to church the last two times on account of weather being a little colder. January weather was fair with quite moderate temperatures most of the month. The low of 4 below, and the high of 40 degrees, and on the 23rd had a snow storm which kept people off the roads if not in need to go. Enough snow in the fields now, that makes hard pulling to take manure out with spreaders.

Prices of dairy cattle have been selling stronger, us well as beef and hogs. They say with interest rates down, realestate in towns and citys and small lots in the country are selling good, but farms are somewhat slow yet.

The winter so far has been nice, February was a nice month, the last half nice sunny days. The high was of about 40 and the low of 15 below one clear night. On the 8th we had a snow storm, other than that, not much snow to speak of. We had 1/2 inch of rain end of month.

Alvin E. Yoder is laid up with a cast on his left leg. While on ice, he lost his balance, fell, broke his ankle and tore the ligaments. Today menfolks are having a wood cutting for him.

Deacon Elmer N. Yoder is holding his own, and only missed church twice this winter so far.

Chatsworth, Ontario, Ontario - Daniel Stutzman

The last week of January started in rather cold after our extra mild winter up to here. Being 16 below 0 on the 26th and it warmed up to 25 degrees on the 31st being sunny and snowy off and on. February was mild again in the twenties and thirties until the 8th when the snow storm hit. Being mild in the morning, even milder than before, so everybody left for church with the buggies not realizing what they may meet before going home. By 10 o'clock it was stormy and it stayed stormy till after dark. One man ended up leaving his buggy in a snow drift and riding his horse home the last 1 1/2 mile. After the roads were opened his buggy was welcomed home. An old couple left their horse and buggy by a neighbor realizing that the last 1/2 mile was impossible for wheel transportation.a The neighbor then gave them a lift with his team of belgiums in a boxed up sleigh which was still a drag in the storm. Snow plows started out on their routes soon after dark and had most of the roads open before dawn, leaving a few of the worst ones until the next day made one early morning traveler's trip a few miles longer by detouring a snow blocked road. After the storm severe cold crept in being 3 below 0 on the 10th, dropping on down to 24 below on the 15th but it gradually warmed up and it is in the twenties again being mostly sunny with very little cloudy or snowy weather. The roads were bare even through our coldest weather which seems strange for this country to not have sleigh road during such cold weather. Work has been in the shops part time besides farming while some are making wood ect. Last week we have had a new experience which was cutting ice from the lake and storing it away for better cream cooling during the warm summer months as the laws are getting more particular about acidity and sour cream.

The temperature being as high as 38 degrees in the shade has made a few people get tapping fever but very little has been tapped yet as the snow is rather deep yet with the odd bank along the road about buggy top height. Most of the sap houses are ready for service if the weather only gets a little milder. Rabbit hunting has been splendid on New Years day when 7 hunters bagged 25 rabbits but with all the work around we haven't paid much attention to them since. Fox and wolf hunters are having more luck this year then usual.

Dan J. Zook age 56 had the misfortune of having a light stroke lately which infected his eye-sight and mind a bit not leaving him bed-fast he's back to almost normal again but was back to the hospital for more tests today.

Death List of 1986 of the Old Order Amish in LaGrange and Elkart County.

Jan 2, Lyle Diener (Jake), Shipshewana (invaild)	19
Jan 4, Chris J.M. Miller, Middlebury	88
Jan 14, Ezra E. Miller, Shipshewana (heart attach)	59
Jan 15, Mrs. Anna Mae (Mose) Mast, LaGrange (heart failure)	66
Feb 2, Elmer Bender, Wolcottville (cancer)	57
Feb 2, Menno D. Beachy, Honeyville	92
Feb 16, Mrs. Anna (Will) Yoder, Shipshewana	81
Feb 23, Mrs. Esther (Joe) Bontrager, LaGrange (cancer)	36
Mar 17, Elizabeth D. (Menno) Beachy, Honeyville	87
Mar 23, Monroe Kauffman, Middlebury (heart failure)	72
Apr 3, William D. Miller, Shipshewana (cancer)	53
Apr 10, Dea. Dan D. Miller, Topeka	78
Apr 17, Ruth Wengerd, LaGrange	5
Apr 18, Min. Jacob H. Mast, Shipshewana	90
June 10, Edna C. Miller (Ervin), Middlebury (cancer)	35
June 19, Mrs. Edna (Dan) Weaver, Honeyville (cancer)	67
June 28, Mrs. Edna (John) Lehman, LaGrange (heart failure)	72
July 3, Henry J. Hochstetler, Middlebury	88
July 4, Sam P. Bontrager, (Kansas) Middlebury	74
July 16, Mrs. Mary (Mervin) Farmwald, LaGrange (heart)	74
July 18, Mrs. Lydia (Jonas) Miller, Goshen	93
July 21, Mrs. Mary (Eli) Gingerich, Middlebury (cancer)	66
Aug 15, Jonas A. Hostetler, LaGrange	76
Sept 4, Tobe J. Lambright, Topeka (heart attach)	84
Sept 5, Mrs. Susanna (Bis. Daniel), Topeka (highway accident)	53
Sept 15, Mrs. Mary (Dan) Frey, Topeka	81
Sept 29, Mrs. Sarah (Ervin) Mast, LaGrange	66
Oct 5, Mrs. Mattie (Min. Crist) (Fry) Miller, Topeka	94
Oct 10, Ben Kurtz, LaGrange	74
Oct 14, Glen Bontrager, (Orla), Rome City	7
Oct 22, Alma Hershberger (Glen), LaGrange	6 mo.
Oct 23, Samuel Jay Yoder, Topeka (highway accident, married only five mo.)	24
Nov 11, Mrs. Amanda (Perry) Lehman, Topeka	80
Nov 22, Mrs. Leah (Bis. Abe) Mast, Ligonier	84
Nov 23, Mrs. Anna (Ben) Raber, Topeka	95
Nov 28, Mrs. Anna (Albert) Lehman, Topeka	90
Dec 15, Mrs. Anna (Clemens) Yoder, Goshen	77
Dec 17, Mrs. Mattie (Levi) Schrock, Goshen (cancer)	75
Dec 26, Mrs. Clara (Orus) Bender, Goshen (heart attach)	72
Dec 30, Mattie Miller (Howard N) Miller, LaGrange	6 mo.
Dec 31, Dea. Dan A. Miller, Topeka	80

There were 41 death, 6 were 90 and older and 2 were 6 month.

By Dan A. Hochstetler

Fort Blocker Boys

Continued from page 16

any person approached them, but others had no fear of anybody on foot.

Thad glanced about him anxiously. There was only level prairie. The woods were not far away, with a little group of live-oak trees a hundred yards nearer. But the cattle were almost between him and those nearest trees. And that vicious-looking brute kept moving a step or two toward him every now and then.

Before the boy could make up his mind which way to go, she suddenly lowered her head, till her nose almost touched the ground, and charged him, as straight and as hard as she could drive!

No time to hesitate now. Mr. Dayberry and Charley Dick, with all the weapons, were still a quarter of a mile away. If Thad fled toward them, the cow would catch him before he had covered a hundred yards. Those live-oak trees, he was quick to decide, were his one hope of safety.

So, instead of taking to flight, he faced his enemy. The cow was rushing straight toward Thad, and Thad ran straight to meet the cow, yelling with might and main as he did so.

If the boy had thought to frighten the vicious brute from her purpose, he would have been woefully disappointed; for she came furiously ahead. But Thad had a plan of his own.

When almost in reach of the cow's horns, he suddenly swerved a yard to one side, then dashed by her. Now he sped toward those live-oaks as fast as his frightened legs could carry him.

The cow, seeing her intended victim about to escape,checked herself with surprising suddenness, turned and was quickly in furious pursuit. In fact, fast as the boy ran, she was soon almost at his heels. One glance over his shoulder told him that his situation was indeed desperate.

The trees he was trying to reach were a group of three live-oaks, all growing from the same root, and each leaning outward from the others. Like most of their kind, these trees were low, with spreading tops,and their lower branches were only a few feet above the ground. Thad believed that, with time to pick his limb, he could jump up, grasp the limb, and swing himself out of the cow's reach. But he doubted if that would be possible while going at his present speed.

But something had to be done, and that immediately, or that savage brute would have him on her horns. His first thought was to try to elude her by dodging around the tree-trunks, and he checked his speed slightly for that purpose. But on the moment he changed his plan and darted between them. There was room for him, but not for the cow.

But she could pass round, and she did. By that time, however, Thad had checked himself. He eluded her by slipping between the trunks again, and quickly had them between him and her. But with astonishing swiftness the brute came round after him.

Several times the boy dodged back and forth in this way. The first limbs, where they left the trunks, were all too high for him to reach, or even to leap up and grasp. But they curved over, and at their outer ends were lower. Selecting a limb of about the right height,Thad suddenly left the sheltering trunks and made a dash for it, with his enemy still after him.

Up he leaped. It was a high jump for him. When less excited he could not have made it. But now he clutched the limb with both hands. He had barely time to swing himself up and throw his feet around the limb,when the furious cow rushed under him.

The limb kept swaying up and down with his weight, threatening to lower him within reach of the cow's horns. But he crept along to a higher place, and then swung himself up on top of the limb. Now he was soon on a safe perch.

All this had happened in less time, perhaps, than it has taken to tell it. At first Mr. Dayberry and Charley Dick had started to Thad's assistance. But as soon as he had reached a perch of safety, they stopped and began to consider what was best to do.

"Come ahead and shoot the old wench!" yelled Thad.

He was very angry. Already, in his imagination, he could see Marzee Wilkins, to say nothing of the other girls and boys, laughing gleefully when his father and Charley Dick told in the fort of his undignified adventure. And what boy ever lived who did not resent being made ridiculous in the eyes of his boy-friends and girl-friends?

"If I just had my rifle, I'd show you how to chase people, you old rip!" exclaimed Thad, wrathfully, to the cow. And the cow, nothing daunted by this threat,only shook her horned head wrathfully in reply.

"Couldn't we just walk straight up and shoot her down when she charges us?" Charley Dick was saying to Thad's father, as the two stood together out on the prairie.

"Yes, we could do that. But we don't want to murder the pore brute unless we have to."

"But she deserves to be shot for chasin' Thad like she did."

"Well, now, Charley Dick, I don't know that it's a powder-and-lead offense to chase a boy. That cow has got a young calf hid out some'r's right clost by, I'm guessin'. And she's s'picioned Thad of bein' about to harm it. Good thing these cows have got the spunk to fight for their calves. If the cows didn't stand ready to fight at the drop of a hat, the wolves and co'gars and catamounts would soon have the last calf et up."

"But she ought to have sense enough to know that Thad's not a wolf or a catamount."

"Charley Dick, that cow has got all the sense she was born with. She has to do the best she can with that. It ain't common sense to expect a dumb brute to be as smart as a human. There, the other cattle are startin' off. If we wait a few minutes, the cow will be apt to foller 'em."

And that was just what happened. As soon as his enemy was at a safe distance, Thad descended from his perch of safety and went back to his friends. He grinned sheepishly, and was not surprised when his father and Charley Dick began to tease him.

By this time they had lost their course, and had to go back and follow another bee. They worked steadily, and when the sinking sun warned them to return to the fort, they had found four bee-trees to-day. At least two of the swarms located, and possibly more, were bees that had long been wild.

Marzee was at the cow-pen when Thad, back at home, went out to milk. He had not seen her the night before. She had gone down half a mile below the fort to Mr. Sheegog's--not the family that Charley Dick belonged to--to spend the night with Jenny Sheegog. Now she was very much interested in what Thad had to tell her of their bee-hunting, and even more in the Indian camp they had found the day before, with boot-tracks among the moccasin-tracks.

He also told her of his experience with the fighting cow, but though he tried to make it as funny as he could, the girl did not laugh--scarcely smiled, in fact. She seemed to think the adventure more dangerous than amusing.

After supper Thad crossed over to Marzee's door, and showed her the little red flag they had found sticking in the dead hog at the Indian camp. She was much interested in that, as was everybody else in the fort. The night before Captain Graham had heard of the flag and come over to Mr. Dayberry's for a look at it. There had been some talk of pursuing the savages, but, owing to the shortage of men in the fort, nothing had been done.

Next morning Mr. Dayberry and Thad drove up to the farm, taking their cradle with them. They had several acres of wheat up there, which would soon be ripe enough to cut. Patches were already ripe, and in one of those they cradled what would have been two or three sheaves. That, though they did not bind it, they took it back to the fort, handling it very carefully. During the next few days Thad and his father were busy plaiting wet straw in an endless braid. Later, when the plaiting was well under way, Mrs. Dayberry began to sew the braid together. Soon both Thad and his father were seen going about the square in new, bright straw hats.

And they were not alone. About this time nearly every man and boy in the fort appeared with a similar new head-covering--all of home manufacture.

No sooner were the hats finished than Mr. Dayberry and Thad again drove up to the farm, with their cradle in the wagon. Their wheat was now ripe, and during the next several days they were very busy harvesting.

The man did the cradling, while Thad, who had already learned to bind, followed the cradle and bound the wheat into sheaves. He could not keep up, but, from time to time, his father would lay down the cradle and help him with the binding. And late in the day they would both work together to collect the sheaves.

Like most healthy boys, Thad was very ambitious to do a man's work. Sometimes, when his father had laid the cradle down, the boy would take it up and swing it for a few minutes. He was awkward at first, but soon learned both to cut and to lay the wheat down evenly. However, the cradle was pretty heavy for him, and before long he would be willing to go back to his binding.

"You'll make a purty handy cradler by next summer, Thad," his father assured him. "And by that time,if not sooner, you ought to be big enough to ride out with the scouts in my place."

"I hope so," answered the boy, with more eagerness than he cared to show.

They finished their harvesting about the middle of one afternoon, and drove back to the fort. While they were taking out the oxen, behind the house, Lieutenant Reel came over and said:

"Dayberry, the Widow Tucker, over in the WillaWalla Valley, has several acres of wheat that needs harvesting. She's not very well able to hire it cut, and we're making up a party to go over there to-morrow morning and harvest it for her. If we can get hands enough, we ought to finish up a good while before night. What do you say?"

"I say you can count me in. We cain't afford to neglect the widders. And if you need any boys to shock, Thad can go 'long as well as not."

"Why, yes; the more help we have, the sooner w'ell get through. Finest piece of wheat in the whole country, they say."

The lieutenant soon walked back across the square. Thad got the water-bucket and started to the spring. On the way he stopped at the Wilkins door for a minute, and while talking mentioned the expected harvesting at Mrs. Tucker's.

"I know about that, Thad. Pa's going to make a hand, and I'm going with him to help cook and wash the dishes. He's already said I may."

"I'm glad you're going, Marzee. Ought to be a good many people there, I guess."

"If I was a man, I'd just dearly love to swing a cradle. I love to see wheat fall. Won't you be glad when you're big enough to cradle, Thad?"

"I can cradle now. I can swing our cradle about as well as pa, but not so long. I'll make a hand at the cradle next year. Pa said so."

On the way to the spring Thad heard the mill rumbling,and could catch glimpses of the oxen climbing the big wheel. Several horses stood hitched to trees near by, while their owners; who had come from the surrounding country, were in the mill waiting for their grist. One of the horses looked familiar to Thad. But before he could recall where he had seen the animal, a man emerged from the mill with a bag of meal on his shoulder, and walked straight to that particular horse.

"Hello there, Thad! How are you makin' it by this time?"

"Why, hello, Mack! Pretty well, I guess. What you doing so far from the Catamount Branch sheep-camp?"

"Well, Old Man Bedford happened by on his way to mill, and I up and persuaded 'im to stay there and let me come down here. I've seen so much of them cuss-ed sheep here of late, that the very sight of a sheep turns me sick at my stomach."

"Any more wild animals been troubling you?"

"Yes--yessirree! Last Sunday night a week ago I slep' a little too sound, I guess, and a whooper of a big wolf, jedgin' from the tracks, got into the pen and killed five of the critters. Bedford was mad about it, and wanted to blame me."

"Could you sleep with a wolf in the sheep-pen? That's more than Charley Dick and I could do. Too much noise. And where was Watch?"

"He was there. He must have tackled the brute. Had an ugly gash in his shoulder next mornin'."

The herder soon rode away with his meal, and Thad went on to the spring. While returning, he stopped near the mill, set his water down and began to examine the dusty path. Presently he found where Mack had crossed the path.

"What you lookin' at there, Thad?" It was Charley Dick, on his way to the spring with a water-bucket.

Thad glanced up. "Glad you've come. Take a close look at this track and tell me if you ever saw one just like it."

Charley Dick stared at the footprint in the dust."Cain't say as I ever did."

"Does it look anything like the boot-tracks we saw at that Indian camp?"

Charley Dick stared harder. "About the same size,looks to me like. But what you drivin' at, Thad?"

"What I'm drivin' at is: I think the chap that made this track made the boot-tracks around that redskins camp-fire too."

The Widow Tucker's Wheat Crop

"You do!" Charley Dick stared at Thad, and almost gasped. "Who--who in the world was it?"

"Don't you recollect I told you about a man that talked in his sleep--talked some kind of strange talk I couldn't understand?"

"You mean Uncle Dan's sheep-herder? Yes, I recollect--of course I do!"

"Well, this is his track."

The other boy gazed thoughtfully at the footprint in the dust. "Oh, shucks, Thad! Ain't nothin' in that! One man's track looks just like every other man's tracks."

"Ye-es, sometimes--and sometimes not. But there's more to this. Do you recollect what day of the week it was that we first went bee-hunting--the day we happened onto that camp-fire?"

Charley Dick reflected, "Let's see. That was the day it rained at night. It was--it was--Monday. I know it was because--

"That's right. I recollect well enough it was Monday-- a week ago last Monday. Well, on the night before that, Sunday night, so Mack told me, a wolf broke into the sheep-pen and killed several sheep. And that was the night the Indians must have camped where w e found their fire."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, don't you see? Mack claims he was in the cabin there at the sheep-camp, and that he slept through all that frightful rumpus. But I've got my doubts. The sheep would have made noise enough to wake the sleepiest sleepyhead--anybody but a dead man."

"They al'ays woke both of us mighty quick. I recollect that well enough."

"I'd say they did! And they'd have waked Mack, too, if he'd been there."

"Then, where do you reckon he was, Thad?"

"Over at that camp in the woods with that redskinned gang, tracking the tracks we saw--the boot-tracks."

Charley Dick looked first at Thad, and then at the footprint in the path. Soon he whistled to give expression to his astonishment. "Does look mightily like that's the way of it, don't it?"

"That's just what it does."

For several minutes the two stood over the track, talking of what they suspected.

"Had we better tell anybody, Thad?"

"Well, no-o. Not yet awhile, I guess. Let's keep still about it till something else turns up."

" That's right. Might be some mistake, after all. You goin' to Mis' Tucker's wheat-cuttin' to-morr'?"

Thad nodded. "Yes, with my pa. You going?"

"Yessirree-Bob! Pa cain't go, but I'm goin' all right. He says I can. Ketch me stayin' at home when there's a chance to go anywheres!"

Early the following morning several persons left Fort Blocker for Mrs. Tucker's farm. In one party were Mr. WIlkins and Marzee. They were in a two-horse wagon, and Mr. Dayberry was riding with them. The men sat on a plank seat in front, and the girl occupied a chair just behind them. Still farther back were two cradles and also two guns. Thad and Charley Dick, on horseback, rode behind the wagon.

Mrs. Tucker lived in the Cross Timbers, and her little farm was surrounded by woods. In fact, the farm itself was still woods. For the timber, instead of being cleared off, had merely been girdled. All over the cultivated land stood thickly the skeleton-like, deadened trees, many of their bare, bald trunks and limbs bleached almost as white as bones in the sunshine. But the land was low and the soil rich, and in spite of the standing trees the wheat crop--nearly all the farm had been sown to wheat--was remarkably fine.

As the little party from the fort drew near the hidden farm, the first sound that reached their ears was the ringing of a whetstone against a scythe. On driving up to the fence, they found several cradlers hard at work in the field. Soon Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Dayberry were also swinging their cradles.

Thad and Charley Dick went to binding at first; but when several men arrived to do the binding, the boy turned to shocking the bound grain. Some smaller boys were helping them.

The farm was longer than it was broad, and the wheatfield was almost square. The first cradlers to begin work had started in at the outer edge and cradled their swaths entirely around the wheat. Now they were working inward from the fence.

Soon other men arrived from the Menasco settlement; and at length more than a dozen cradlers, strung along at irregular intervals, were mowing their way around the grainfield. Nearly every man remarked that he had never seen better wheat, or even as good. At the lowest place it was almost waist deep to the cradlers, and in other places a foot deeper. And the heads were correspondingly long and heavy.

"The Widow Tucker will have plenty of wheat to bread her and her family," remarked Mr. Hendricks, one of the cradlers from Fort Blocker.

"Yes, and good many bushels to sell, if she can get it all threshed out in good shape," agreed Mr. Beard, also from the fort.

Round and round the wheatfield the cradlers moved, the numerous cradlers devouring the thick, tall grain, but not so rapidly as they would have devoured lighter grain. And the binders kept almost at the cradlers' heels, picking up the wheat as fast as the cradles laid it down. Thad and the other boys also shocked the sheaves as soon as there were enough to make a shock. In addition to the stocking, Thad and Charley Dick found time to run to the house every round or two for a bucket of fresh water from the well.

The water-bucket was kept at the corner of the grainfield nearest the house, in the shade of a deadened tree or of a wheat-shock. There the whetstones were also kept; and at the completion of his round each cradler would stop to drink and to whet his blade. And there, too, these pioneer harvesters had left their guns and six-shooters, as well as their powder-horns and ammunition-pouches.

When beginning work, most of the harvesters had expressed the opinion that their task would be completed by dinner-time. But the heavy wheat made heavier, slower work for cradlers, binders and shockers. And cutting around the many trees and a number of stumps also retarded the progress of the cradlers.

"What ails the dogs, I wonder?" Thad remarked to Charley Dick, while the two were busy standing bundles of wheat together in a shock. There were three or four dogs in the harvest-field.

"What do you mean, Thad? I hadn't noticed anything."

"Why, when wheat-cutting is going on, every dog is always out in the standing grain, hunting rabbits as hard as he can. But these dogs don't seem to want to hunt."

"No rabbits in this wheat, I guess," was Charley Dick's careless reply.

It was nearly an hour later when Thad happened to notice that the bristles along one dog's back were standing angrily erect all the time; and the animal appeared uneasy. But some dogs act like that when strange dogs are around, and the boy thought little of it at the time. Afterwards, however, he recalled the fact distinctly.

Higher and higher climbed the sun, and still the busy harvest scene went on. Round and round, round and round, round and round the encircling line of toilers revolved, ever cradler shaving off a swath from the diminishing grainfield as he advanced. But noontime came, and a considerable patch of wheat, in the center of the field, still remained to be reaped.

Now Marzee Wilkins came out, accompanied by little Nanny Tucker, to inform the harvesters that dinner was almost ready. It would be on the table by the time they could wash and get ready to eat it.

Lieutenant Reel consulted with several of the men, and then sent back word that they preferred to finish their reaping first and eat afterwards.

Later Mrs. Tucker herself came out, to urge the men to eat at the usual time and complete their task after eating and resting. But they prevailed upon her to wait dinner till the wheat was all cut. So she returned to the house, and the song of the scythes went on, mingled with the harsh clanging of whetstones and the noisy hammering of woodpeckers on the dead trees.

Now the block of standing wheat had decreased to an acre or two, and was almost completely surrounded by workmen.

"Does seem strange how the dogs keep out of that wheat," Charley Dick finally remarked to Thad.

"Yes. They dived in boldly enough at first, I noticed. But they soon got out, and they've never gone in again. They act just for all the world like they're out-and-out scared to venture in there."

"They do. Just watch 'em! All the time they keep their eyes turned t'wards the wheat--the standin' wheat. They act juberous of it. That's plain to be seen."

"They must smell something in there they're afraid to tackle. Wonder what it can be."

"Do you s'pose it's a cat'mount, Thad? Or maybe there's another co'gar in there, like our big, belled feller!"

"Well, now, who knows? Might be the very same kind of a varmint lying hid in that wheat. Most dogs are mortally afraid of a co'gar."

"That's so. Watch wouldn't venture near that belled booger unless we went along. And Watch ain't half-way skeery."

It was as the two boys had said. The dogs seemed restless and uneasy, and at the same time both angry and afraid. They did not bark; but their bristles stood up, and some of them could be heard to utter scarcely audible growls from time to time. Now and then also, as the boys noticed, a dog would approach the edge of the unreaped grain, and stand sniffing the air and listening. But none of them would venture an inch into the wheat now; nor did they go anywhere else to hunt. And when a horseman went galloping by the farm, not a dog ran to the fence to bark, as they would all ordinarily have done.

At last Thad, when he happened to be near enough, called his father's attention to the dogs' action. "Must be a co'gar in there, or some kind of a big, ugly booger," he declared.

Mr. Dayberry swung his cradle a few times more, then, after a glance behind, rested it on the ground. While wiping his sweaty face on his sleeve, he looked over the patch of grain that was left, and then observed the dogs and their ill-tempered backs.

"Do act a right smart like they smelt somethin' they don't like," he admitted. "Powerful good hidin'-place for some big varmint in this wheat. A body would think, though, that the booger would have got up and dusted from there long before now."

"Maybe he didn't know how to git out, Mr. Dayberry," suggested Charley Dick. "Cradlers or somebody all around the patch now. So the varmint, whatever it is, just stays in there and keeps layin' low."

"That might be the way of it. If we thought there was railly a co'gar out there, or even a catamount, we ought to have our guns down here, instid of up yander by the water-bucket."

"Pa, hadn't we better go, Charley Dick and I, and fetch ours down here?"

The man glanced over the patch of thick, yellow grain, looking so peaceful in the May sunshine.

"Why, no; I ruther reckon it ain't worth while. "Tain't noways likely there's anything dangerous in there, anyhow. May just be a big snake, that the dogs feel a little skittish to tackle."

The next cradler was now close, and Mr. Dayberry fell to swinging his cradle again. The boys went on with their shocking. But they were suspicious of that patch of wheat, and kept their eyes on it.

"That there varmint, when he does jump out, will jump on top of some of us, apt as not," Charley Dick said.

"He might, if anybody happened to be in his way. If not, he's more likely to make a straight shoot for the woods, I'm thinking. But, anyhow, I expect to keep my eyes open."

"So do I."

Round and round still moved the toiling reapers and binders, the patch of standing wheat growing steadily less. And the boys kept putting the sheaves together as fast as the binders got enough for a shock. While Thad and Charley Dick were rushing here and there, one of the little boys, who had been standing on a stump--Chunky Joe Wilson's boy it was--came running to them to say:

"Thad, Thad, I saw--I thought I saw its head!"

"Saw what's head, George?"

"Why, that big varmint's head," was the answer, in awed tones. " It--it poked its head up out of the wheat!"

"What did it look like--the head?"

"How do I know, Thad? It looked like--just like--like--I don't know what."

"But it must have looked like sump'n," insisted Charley Dick. "Was it white, or red, or yaller, or--"

"No, it wasn't. It was black. It looked black to me."

"That's funny," Charley Dick said. "Cain't be a co'gar. Co'gars ain't black, heads or tails or any other part."

"I never saw a black co'gar, or a black catamount, either. Still, guess there might be such a thing. Who knows?" answered Thad.

"No black co'gar did I ever set eyes on. And I never heared tell of one."

"Well, most sheep are white, but sometimes there's a black one among 'em. Did what you saw look like a co'gar's head, George?" Thad inquired of the boy.

"How do I know? I never saw a co'gar. But--well-- I guess--"

What little George Wilson guessed will never be known. For just at that moment Charley Dick, glancing over the standing wheat, saw something that almost made him jump off the ground.

"What was it--what did you see?" demanded Thad.

But Charley Dick ran to the nearest cradler. "Did--did you see anything out there just now, Mr. Cogburn?"

"See anything out where?" The man did not miss a stroke of his cradle.

"Why, out there in the wheat. I barely caught a glimpse of--of sump'n. I'd turned my head away, and just as I looked back it dodged down into the wheat."

"And what did you see? What did it look like?" The cradler let his cradle rest for a few moments.

"That I couldn't hardly tell. But it must have been somebody's head. A nigger's head it looked to me like."

The man ran his eye over the acre or more of standing grain. "Reckon someody's runaway nigger could be hidin' in there, Charley Dick?"

"Might be. Who knows?"

"Well, nigger or what not, we'll see in a few minutes." Mr. Cogburn began to swing his cradle again.

Charley Dick returned to Thad. "I'll just bet there's somebody's runaway nigger hidin' out there!"

"Where did you see 'im?"

"Right yander, almost ag'inst that big snag!' The boy was pointing to one of the largest trees in the field, and the most conspicuous. It differed from the others in that it had no top, and its great trunk, which towered up thirty or forty feet, was burned as black as a coal.

"Guess you just saw a knot on that old black tree."

"Think I cain't tell a knot from a nigger?" Charley Dick's tones trembled with indignation.

"Well, then, whose negro could it be?"

"How do I know that? The Lorin's have got niggers, and Uncle Wylie Jones has got niggers, and Uncle Josiah Jones has got niggers, and--and-- It may be some of them."

"But what would a runaway negro be doing here in Mrs. Tucker's wheatfield?"

The other boy thought for a few moments. Then his face lighted up.

"I'll tell you, Thad. He didn't have anything to eat, that nigger didn't. Here he could rub out wheat with his hands and live on that. And there a branch right down there to drink from. This tall wheat would make a bully hidin'-place, too. You couldn't find anybody in it unless you just stumbled onto 'em. Yes, sir! That's the very way of it. I'm mighty nigh certain it is."

"But if it's some black fellow, why didn't he slip out into the woods when the cradlers first started to work?"

"Maybe he didn't think about it till it was too late--till the hands got strung out all around the field."

"Yes, it might have been that way," admitted Thad. "Or maybe he didn't know there were so many of us, and s'posed it would take us several days to cut in to his hiding-place in the center of the field. Well, he can't hide much longer now. If we'd even stopped for dinner, he'd have had a chance to light out for the woods."

"Guess the pore creecher must be about half skeered to death by this time. Do you reckon he'll just lay still and let the cradlers find 'im? Or will he jump to his feet, suddenlike, and streak it for the fence?"

"I wonder which. But we'll soon find out. Won't take all these cradlers long to whittle up what little wheat's left."

While talking the boys had got a good many sheaves behind, and now they hurried their shocking to catch up. Round and round the shrinking grain-patch the harvesters swept, working rapidly. Already it was an hour past their accustomed dinner-time, and they were hungry and eager to get through. Soon the square of standing grain had shrunk to scarcely half an acre, surrounding that big, black snag.

Fast as the shockers shocked, they were not too busy to keep any eye on what was left of the grainfield. Usually the last, few rounds of the cradlers scared out many frightened rabbits; but the boys were expecting bigger game to show itself here.

"Oh, I don't believe there's any runaway negro in there!" Thad exclaimed at length. " Must have been something else you saw, Charley Dick."

"But what else could it have been? It wasn't a catamount's head or a co'gar's head--that I know. And if it wasn't a nigger's head--"

Here, with the suddenness of a thunder-clap, fierce, wild war-whoops rang out! And at the same moment five dark, half-naked figures leaped up out of the wheat around the big black snag and, with drawn bows, started for the nearest woods!

"It's Fun to Ride Double!"

The utter consternation of the harvesters at the sudden appearance of the yelling redskins as they bounded up from the standing wheat, is beyond words to describe. The bursting out of a volcano at the same place could scarcely have been more unexpected, or more astounding. Even Thad and the other shockers,though they half believed that some man or animal was hiding in the unreaped grain, had not once suspected anything as frightful as this.

The events that followed were swift and perilous. Though more intent upon escaping than anything else, the five Comanches were in the midst of unarmed harvesters. And these savages, fully armed themselves, every one, were always fierce for white men's blood and scalps. The settlers' weapons being now more than a hundred yards away, they were, for a little while, well-nigh helpless.

But the frontiersmen quickly recovered from their paralyzing consternation. Scarcely had the red men started in one direction, when the harvesters on the opposite side of the wheat-patch dropped their cradles and their armfuls of grain and made a wild dash for their guns. The important thing was to arm themselves as quickly as possible.

But the whites toward whom the savages were rushing had all they could do to save their own lives. Every savage of the five had sprung up out of the wheat with an arrow in his bow. The men in front of them retreated backwards, and several dodged behind tree-trunks. The boys who were shocking happened to be exactly in the way the Comanches started. Two of the little fellows dived heads first into the standing wheat and stayed there. Two others dropped down and hid behind a big shock. Charley Dick took refuge on the far side of a high stump, and Thad put a tree-trunk between himself and the nearest redskin.

One of the binders had a heavy sheaf of wheat in his hands. Instead of dropping it when he saw an Indian aiming an arrow at him, he instinctively threw the sheaf up as a shield. The arrow struck the grain and passed through it. But the arrow's course was changed and it missed its intended victim by an inch.

Another Comanche made straight for Thad's father. Had the savage used his bow, he could have shot the white man down easily. But the red fellow had somewhere got possession of a knife more than two feet long, which, seeing that the harvester was unarmed, he was eager to use. Furiously he rushed at his intended victim. But Mr. Dayberry still had his cradle in his hands. Being desperate, he gave the cradle a swing. If the scythe-blade had struck, it would almost have severed the Indian's feet from his legs.

But the agile warrior leaped back in time to save himself. Now he quickly sheathed the big knife and threw up his bow and arrow. But the threatened man, still carrying his cradle, ran backwards and dodged behind a near tree-trunk. The Comanche followed evidently bent upon murder. But as he was circling round the tree, a shot roared out above the savage war-whoops. One of the harvesters, as it happened, had been binding wheat with a six-shooter belted on. Leaping to a tree, he had opened fire on the nearest redskin, which happened to be the one that was trying to murder Mr. Dayberry.

The Indian, badly wounded, turned and fled toward the fence for his life, and the other warriors fled with him. By this time several of the white men had got to their weapons and were now coming back at a run. These and the man with the six-shooter promptly opened fire on the retreating savages.

All the Indians reached the fence. Four of them vaulted over it and disappeared. But the wounded warrior stopped when astride the topmost rail and, eager for revenge, began to let fly arrow after arrow at the pursuing whites. They promptly sprang to trees, and several rifles and shotguns roared out deafeningly. The warrior tumbled back into the field and lay motionless.

By this time the rest of the whites had reached their guns and six-shooters and armed themselves. Now they ran to the fence, not where the Indians had crossed it, but farther up, sprang over into the thick woods, and cautiously approached the spot where the four Indians had disappeared. But not a red man was to be found. Nor could they be found for several hundred yards around. Undoubtedly they had fled into the depths of the forest. Finally the white men returned to the field.

Both Thad and Charley Dick, after arming themselves, had joined the party that pursued the savages. As they returned, all stopped for a look at the dead Comanche. Hideous in his war-paint, the savage lay as he had fallen, with his powerful bow still clutched in his left hand. Leaving him lying there, the white party went on to the still standing wheat-patch. One of the harvesters, it was known, had been seriously wounded.

They found him sitting on the ground, with his back against a tree. And the little boys were standing by him. There was an arror deeply imbedded in his side. His name was Brown. He was not one of the party from the fort, but lived a mile or two farther in the Cross Timbers.

"Somebody will have to ride for Doc Bailey," announced Lieutenant Reel, after a look at the wounded man.

"I'll go! Let me go!"' spoke up Thad. Others also volunteered. But the lieutenant said:

"I think Thad can make the ride as quick as anybody,and maybe quicker. That slim young nag of his looks like a traveler to me. Is it all right for the boy to go, Dayberry?"

Thad's father nodded. "If he wants to."

Thad now hurried off toward the house. Arriving there, he found Mrs. Tucker and Marzee Wilkins out in the yard, with some neighbor women who were helping prepare dinner. They had heard the yells and shots and had seen the Indians running. All were very much excited, but as yet they knew little of what had actually happened. Thad told them in as few words as possible, then ran for his horse.

Marzee followed him to the fence. "Thad, where are you going?" she cried.

"For the doctor for Mr. Brown. They're bringing him to the house now." The boy was throwing the saddle on his horse.

"But--but it's not safe for you to go, Thad! Those Indians will kill you!"

"It's catching before killing. Ped will tell the red boogers good-by!"

In a very few minutes he had girted his saddle fast, slung his rifle to the saddle-horn, and was mounted and galloping away.

Soon the harvesting party came from the field. The wounded harvester was able to walk, but a man was supporting him by each arm. The feathered shaft still protruded from his side. It was thought best to let the doctor remove that. Otherwise the steel spike, which was loosely fastened, might be left in the wound.

The man was placed on a bed, and all the others stood around, in the house or out in the yard, waiting anxiously; though they said not a word as to why they were anxious. The Comanches had been known to use poisoned arrows. If they had done so in this case symtoms of the poison would soon manifest themselves.

But after half an hour or longer the wounded man declared that he felt no worse. It was at his urging that the other men sat down and ate their dinner. The table was spread out in the yard, in the shade of a big post-oak.

After dinner a few of the men went back down into the field, to finish cutting the wheat. But some who had come on horseback armed themselves and started out to see if they could follow the Indians' trail.

Those who finished the wheat found, near the big burnt snag, the places where the five warriors had been in hiding. Why had tThey concealed themselves there? That was the question that everybody was asking everybody else, but nobody could answer it. From this position Mrs. Tucker's house, which stood on higher ground but a few hundred yards away, could be plainly seen. That the savages had been here to watch the house, and that they had had hostile designs against the family, could not be doubted.

A few years later, and not many miles from this place, something similar occurred. The Comanches, who had learned from bloody experience the danger of attacking a house that had defenders, concealed themselves near by and kept watch, perhaps for a whole day, upon a cabin where a numerous family lived. Having assured themselves that the men were all away from home, the savages waited till night, when the family were asleep, then burst in and murdered them all, except two. That the five warriors hiding in the wheat-field had similar designs upon Mrs. Tucker's family cannot be doubted. The timely arrival of the harvesters prevented the carrying out of the bloody plot.

When the reapers had finished cutting, binding and shocking the wheat, they went back to the house. By this time Thad had returned, with Dr. Bailey. The doctor was now busy removing the arrow. When the missile was out, spike and all, he pronounced the wound a serious one, but not necessarily fatal. Later the wounded man was taken home in a wagon by one of his neighbors. He was disabled for several weeks, but eventually recovered.

After an hour or two, those who had gone in pursuit of the fleeing warriors returned. Not an Indian had they seen.

"But we struck their trail, and followed it to where they'd had their horses hid out," Lieutenant Reel reported to those who had not gone. "The nags seemed to have been tied there several hours--from some time last night, I'd say. When we rousted the five out of the wheatfield, they made tracks for their horses, and then mounted and traveled from there as fast as they could ride."

"Ought to be easy to foller the horses' trail through these sandy woods," somebody suggested.

"Yes, and some of us are going to follow it," the lieutenant answered. "But they've already got a few hours' start; and I don't expect much to come of the chase. Anybody can make a trail faster than anybody else can track it through these woods. But we'll try. And I'm going to start a runner out to the scouts, to warn 'em to be on the watch-out. But with night now only a few hours off, the chances are that the boogers will outride us."

The runner was started promptly, and several men rode away on the Indians' trail. Alarmed at the danger that had hung over her family and herself, Mrs. Tucker quickly decided not to stay on her farm another night. There were two wagons here from the fort, Mr.Wilkins's and Mr. Henrick's, and her household goods and the family were soon loaded upon those.

Before starting home, Dr. Bailey and others, including the women and Marzee, walked down into the field for a look at the dead Indian. The warrior was still lying in the wheat-stubble, where he had fallen.

"Who claims this fellow? Who killed 'im?" inquired the doctor.

"Nobody claims 'im, I guess, Doc," Mr. Dayberry answered. "Sever'l of the boys took a pop at 'im. No tellin' who hit 'im and who didn't."

"For years I've been wanting a skeleton to wire together. But not being a robber of graveyards, I've never yet got hold of one. This looks to me like it's my chance--a whizzing good chance."

It was Mr. Wilkins that answered: "Just help yourself to the red feller, Doc. He's yo'r'n for the packin' home."

"I'd like to have his bow," spoke up Thad.

"Yes, Thad's welcome to the bow and arr's," Mr. Wilkins said.

So the boy took the trophies he wanted, and later put them into Mr. Wilkins's wagon. A settler who had come with his wagon and team drove down into the field and loaded the dead Indian in. Soon the whole place was about to be deserted. Dr. Bailey and the Indian-hauler drove away toward the doctor's home, and the other settlers scattered homeward. The fort people,with Mrs. Tucker and her household goods, were ready to start to Fort Blocker.

Mrs. Tucker had an unusual quantity of furniture,and particularly of chairs. Her brother-in-law--the brother of her dead husband--made his home with the family when he stayed at home. He had a turning-lathe, and was a chair-maker. That is, he made the wooden frames of the chairs. The settlers usually bought the framework and put the bottoms in themselves, of rawhide. Just now this man was off with a wagon and team, nobody knew where, peddling out a large stock of chairs that he had made while at home.

The Tucker family would ride on the Hendricks wagon. But by the time the men had got through loading Mr. Wilkins's wagon, and had put the cradles and numerous chairs on top, Marzee looked up at the load in dismay.

"Don't see where I'm going to ride," she said.

"No room for you up there. Guess you'll have to ride behind me."

The girl looked at Thad's horse. "Will Ped carry double?"

"That he will! I've tried 'im."

"Are you sure? Wouldn't he kick up if I got on behind you?"

"Not a kick-up! Ped's not a kick-up horse. He's only part Texas stock. He's got good Kentucky blood in 'im, Ped has. His mammy was brought from Tennessee."

"Then, if you don't mind, and pa says I can--"

"Of course I won't mind. I'd rather have you ride behind me than not."

The girl ran round to her father. Soon she came back to report:

"He says I may ride behind you if you'll keep right along with the wagon."

"Why, yes; of course I will. Climb up on a fence-corner, Marzee."

While the girl was mounting the fence, Thad ungirted his saddle and unfolded his saddle-blanket, so that a clean part of it would cover the horse behind the saddle. Then he got his gun, mounted, and after fastening the leather that held the gun to the saddle-horn, he rode up to the fence. The girl sprang on.

"You'd better hold tight to me, Marzee. Take a grip on my belt," Thad advised. For, after getting fixed in her sidewise seat, the girl had tried to hold to the hind part of the saddle.

"Maybe that will be better," she said, taking a good grasp on the leather.

The wagons soon started, Mr. Hendricks in the lead and Mr. Wilkins behind. Thad rode along just in the rear of the Wilkins wagon.

To be Continued

Yesterday Years

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way. Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh, etc.

We have a few more old snow stories.

In 1929 we had sleighing a few solid months with roads drifted time and again. One Sunday eve "We" went up to Jacob Millers (Monterey area in zero to 10 above weather. Who were "We?" That was Barbara and I who is my wife; not married then yet. We were married in 1932.

That night we went through fields some places. There were no snow plows and the roads had to be shoveled open by hand.

The above mentioned Millers had singings pretty often for the young folks at that time and there was only 1 crowd.

As mentioned the roads had to be shoveled open by hand with the whole neighborhood out (men & boys) which was quite a sociable affair. Sometimes there was a major storm, drifting roads and about as soon as they were open another storm came along and closed everything up again. Then we had to go out again and had no choice except to shovel the new snow up over the former drifts which took a lot longer.

In 1935-36 we had heavy snows with a lot of sleet mixed in. That winter we had a lot of shoveling to do and with the sleet and hard crust it was real bone labor to keep the roads open. There was solid sleighing for weeks that winter.

I remember sometime in the 1930's there were 2 Ohio boys here during the winter months, and it snowed and drifted and they helped to shovel us "out." I wish I could name them, if they should happen to read this they can drop me a few lines. Seems to me one was a Hershberger.

Somewhere between 1965 &1970 we had a major storm, a heavy snow and very windy, which closed everything. Snow plows were in existance by that time but they made slow progress. It was over that Sunday that I was asked to go down to a neighbor district to help with church duties and on that Sunday morning with the roads closed, the wind still blowing and the chill factor below zero, I decided there will be no church services that day. This was not on our Sunday in this district to have services. I was settled down on the couch when all of a sudden I heard a rumbling noise and here it was neighbor, B. John Stoltzfus in the bob sled to pick me up to go to church in their district, as he had heard that we were asked to come down. I was about half ashamed of myself that I wasn't more concerned about their church work and neighbor John was concerned enough so that he came for me. The church attendance was very small with only 2 ministers and no deacon, so B. John was asked to read the scripture. Church was at Christ A. Glicks'.

B. John is no longer with us. He was a "special" neighbor and I still miss him.

On Sunday night, February 22, 1987, we had 20 inches of snow here in Lancaster County, but it melted fast. So occaisonally we have snow yet but very little sleighing, as Salisbury Township has a lot of snow moving equipment and the roads are soon open as they scratch it down to the bare blacktop.

John F. Glick

A GENTLE PEOPLE

By Erma Lapp Myers

CHAPTER 10 - FROLIC DAY

One cold evening, the week before Valentine's Day, the children were busy at the kitchen table which was nearly covered with valentines as they tried to decide which lovely card to send to which good friend.

The valentine box at school was all finished. It was beautifully covered in red tissue paper. Mary had said they could now bring their valentines and drop them in.

Dat was reading a farm magazine which had come in the mail that day. He was finding it difficult to stay awake for the warmth of the kitchen stove was creeping in on him after the coldness of his work day. The lumber to rebuild the side porch had arrived and he'd helped unload that, but he had spent most of the day chopping wood. Now feeling well-fed and very warm from the stove, near which he was sitting, his head began to nod.

Mam was mending stockings. There was no end to this job but she really didn't mind for she could keep a watchful eye on her family, get some mending done and still not feel guilty, sitting down.

She watched Mark pick out a pretty valentine and sign it 13-1-18-11, the numbers standing for the alphabet letters in his name. He slipped it into an envelope and Mam dropped her eyes to the stocking she was mending, as Mark glanced around the table to make sure no one was looking. He wrote a name on the envelope and slid it to the bottom of the pile he had already addressed. Mam wondered what new romance was blossoming in the family, but wisely said nothing.

On Valentine's Day Dat took the children to school Valentine Party. The cookies were gayly decorated with red and white candy bits and were as good to eat as they were to look at. Some of the other mothers were also sending treats for the party.

Today was a very special day for Mark. Besides being Valentine's Day, it was also his birthday! His thirteenth birthday! He had received a pocket watch from Mam and Dat this morning with the instructions to take good care of it. He meant to do just that.

As Mam watched Mark jump into the carriage, she wondered where the thirteen years had gotten to. She and Aaron were the parents of a teenager! She prayed Mark would continue growing toward manhood as he seemed to be doing.

The children were filled with excitement as they trooped into the house that afternoon, after school. There was nothing for Mam to do but sit down and look through the valentines the children had received.

"Well, Mark?" she said after looking through Lindy's and then David's and Jonathan's valentines.

"Oh, do you want to see mine?" Mark asked as though surprised.

"Of course," answered Mam.

As she looked through the cards she noticed a very pretty valentine from Esther Miller. The Millers had recently moved into the area from Somerset county. Esther was thirteen and the middle child of a family with seven children. She was very pretty with a hint of green in her eyes, and she had auburn hair and a dimple in her right cheek which fascinated Mark, who liked watching it appear and disappear when Esther talked or smiled.

"This is a very pretty card from Esther Miller. Did you give her a valentine, Mark?" asked Mam, glancing at Mark while she spoke.

"Sure, Mam. I gave all the children a valentine," answered Mark.

The coldness and snowiness of January had continued into February. Then the third week of February brought warming winds and the drifted snow lying in the fields and lawns began disappearing. It was such a relief after the cold snows of January and the sorrow of Fannie's death to have several days of bright sunshine and warmer weather.

Dat had wanted to get the side porch repaired last fall but with the long hour hours of hand picking the mangled cornfields, the weddings they had been invited to attend, and cutting wood for winter use, the porch had to wait. Now Dat and Mam were planning a combination frolic and quilting bee for family and close friends.

"I think the old porch was about the right size," said Dat as the plans for a new one. "Perhaps we could it make a little longer, though," he added.

"It would be nice to add another grape vine in the spring. We've never had white grapes," said Mam. So they planned and looked forward to another spring of planting and the rewards of harvest.

Then first to arrive the morning of the frolic was Steven, Elizabeth and the twins who were now eight weeks old. How Nancy loved them! "Such tiny fingers," she thought as they curled around her own fingers and clung tightly. "Little pink ears and soft satiny cheeks, all so perfect, but so little. Had she ever been this small?" she wondered. "There was nothing wrong with their lungs, either," she decided as they both let out howls of hunger.

Mommy Beiler, who with Doddy and Naomi had arrived by this time, reached for Andrew. He quieted down while Amy was fed.

"I think Andrew favors Elizabeth's side of the family," commented Mommy, as she cuddled him.

John and Anna drove in the lane just then, followed closely by Elam and Amanda King and little Susie. The next to arrive was Mam and Dat's nearest Amish neighbors, Samuel Blank and his wife.

The men set to work rebuilding the porch and the women found their places around the quilt Mam had set up in the room.

The last to arrive were Jake and Lydia who drove in with Jonas and Rebecca, Mary and Little Jonas.

The quilt Mam had put in her frame was a star quilt. She had carefully pieced the top, using scraps from her scrapbag and piecing it in her spare time.. It had taken awhile to get to this point today, where the batting, the back, and the top were in the frame ready to quilt. Mam didn't expect it to be finished to-day but hoped it would be well on the way by day's end. She was making the quilt for Mark to be put away in the chest and kept for him until he married.

"How is Ary Miller?" asked Naomi as she put stitch after tiny stitch into the quilt.

"Much the same," replied Amanda King. "I'm beginning to feel frightened out on the highways. We try to use the back roads as much as possible when we travel from place."

"What happened to Ary?" questioned Lydia.

So Amanda told of the accident which her sister's daughter, Ary, had been in. "It was one of those snowy mornings in late January," began Amanda. "Ary drove her brother and sisters to school and was almost home when a care drove over a knob in the road, skidded on a patch of ice, and slammed into the horse and carriage she was driving. She was thrown out onto the road and has been in a coma ever since that time. She seemed a bit responsive yesterday when they called her name. My sister, Sylvia, thought she saw some movement at her eyes. Of course, they don't know for certain what damage has been done. She does have a broken leg and some cuts and bruises.

The talk turned to David and Rachel.

"Rachel seems to like it in Ohio," said Anna. "She is busy planning her first garden. She wrote she missed Fannie's letters so much. If any of you have time to write her few lines, I'm sure she'll appreciate your letters. I have a feeling she's not telling me just how homesick she really is!

The noise of hammers and saws could be heard as the men worked outdoors. There was a thirty minute lull as the men ate the dinner the women had provided. Each woman had brought a covered dish so it didn't take Mam long to put the noonmeal on the table. She had prepared a ham loaf and scalloped potatoes. For desert she made a big bowl of fruit salad and a luscious chocolate cake. The baked corn, peas, and other deserts had been brought by the other women and were thoroughly enjoyed by the hungry men.

After dinner Naomi washed the dishes and Nancy, Mary, and Susie dried them while the other ladies went back to work on the quilt.

Mam showed the women the rocker Dat had given her for Christmas. "I didn't know my old rocker had been crushed," she told them. "I supposed Aaron had taken it out to the shop to repair it. He found this one in a furniture shop in Lancaster the night we went Christmas shopping," she explained. "It is exactly like my old one."

Meanwhile, Nancy, Mary, Susie, and Little Jonas were busy playing house. By midafternoon Nancy wanted to entertain her own company with a tea party, so Mam gave her cookies and orange juice to give her guests.

It was just before the group broke up to go home that Rebecca made her announcement.

"I want to tell you that we have been told all symptoms of Little Jonas' illness have disappeared. X-rays have been taken and retaken and the doctors are amazed at the results. The only thing they can find is a small scar on the tissue. I believe God could have taken that away, too, but perhaps is leaving it there to show a miracle did happen. This has had a tremendous effect on our family doctor. As a child he was brought up with parents who trusted in God. Though he has always been very kind to his patients there has been a hardness in his heart toward God for years. He knows Little Jonas' healing isn't anything the medical people have done and he also knows several of us were in earnest prayer for the healing of Little Jonas. I certainly believe in miracles still happening.

As Mam listened she breathed a prayer of thanksgiving and wiped a tear from her eye. She, too, believed in miracles.

After Doddy, Mommy, and Naomi left Aarons they stopped at Mose' home to pick up Grossdoddy who had been spending the day there.

"Grossdoddy went with Mose into town after dinner," said Miriam when Doddy went into the house. "I think he planned to drop Grossdoddy off at your house on his way home, " she added.

"Well, I hope that wasn't too early in the afternoon," said Doddy. "He needs to be watched all the time. We'll hurry home now so he won't be alone long."

Doddy fussed and fumed much of the way home. Mommy and Naomi had learned years before to let him talk at times like this, only answering when he asked them a question.

It had been a beautiful day with blue skies and a very warm sun which had been melting snow all day. Mommy knew it would soon begin cooling down as the evening hours approached. Now she could see their home and as they turned into their driveway she had a distinct feeling Grossdoddy was not there. They searched the house for him but he was not in any of the rooms.

"I guess Mose got to talking with someone along the way and hasn't gotten here yet," said Doddy as he settled in his chair near the stove.

Naomi and Mommy fixed supper but still Grossdoddy had not come.

It was while Mommy and Naomi were doing the dishes that Mommy told Doddy that perhaps he should go to Mose and pick up Grossdoddy. "They have to be home by now," she said. "I can;t understand why Mose wouldn't have dropped Grossdoddy off here as he said he would."

"I suppose they had a change in plans. I don't think I'll go tonight anymore. If Grossdoddy isn't home by ten o'clock tomorrow morning I'll drive over for him," answered Doddy.

Mommy felt better, believing Grossdoddy was at Miriam's home being well cared for.

Ten o'clock the next morning found Doddy, warmly dressed and ready to set out for Mose's house to bring Grossdoddy home again.

It was a very cold morning. The temperature hovered around 28 degrees but a brisk wind had been blowing all morning. The sky above was beginning to cloud and the sun shone weakly. Doddy didn't mind the cold, thanks to the years he'd spent as a farmer amid the extreme cold of winter.

The horse passed swiftly over the country roads, glad to be outdoors getting some much needed excercise.

As Doddy turned his horse into his brother's lane he saw Mose walking toward the house with an armload of wood for the stove. He tied his horse to the hitching post and started toward the house. Mose met him at the door and then Dat was in the warm kitchen.

"Good morning, Mose and Miriam," said Doddy.

She was busy preparing dinner and she popped the potatoes into the oven before answering Doddy.

"Good morning. Did Grossdoddy enjoy his day with us yesterday?" Miriam wondered as she straightened up and turned to Doddy.

"Why, I suppose so," replied Doddy. "I didn't get a chance to talk to him since Mose didn't bring him home yesterday as we had planned."

"What do you mean? I dropped him off at your home yesterday afternoon. A little earlier than we'd planned, it is true," answered Mose. from the table where he was sitting.

"Yes," affirmed Miriam. "Mose dropped him off at your house about 3:00 in the afternoon. Grossdoddy said you would be home about 3:30. So Mose took him in to the house and left him in his room."

Dat turned to Mose. "Mose, I haven't seen Grossdoddy since we dropped him off at your house yesterday morning. What happened to him? Where is he now?"

There was no sound in the kitchen as the three of them

To be continued

The large are not the sweetest flowers
The long are not the happiest hours
Much talk does not much friendships tell
Few words are best, the wise know well.

The thing that goes the farthest
Towards making life worthwhile
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a pleasant smile.

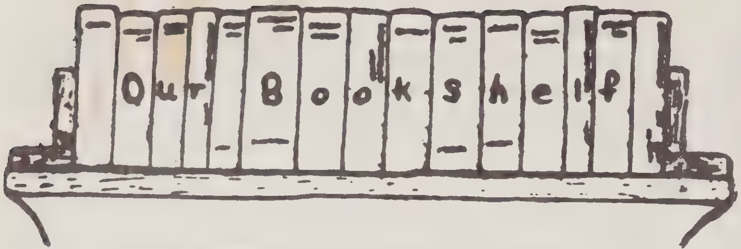
It is no Secret

The chimes of time ring out the news;
Another day is through.
Someone slipped and fell,
Was that someone you?
You may have longed for added strength,
Your courage to renew.
Do not be disheartened,
For I bring hope to you.

Chorus
It is no secret
what God can do,
What He's done for others,
He'll do for you.
With arms wide open,
He'll pardon you.
It is no secret
what God can do.

There is no night, for in his light,
You'll never walk alone.
Always feel at home,
Wherever you may roam.
There is no power can conquer you,
While God is on your side,
Just take Him at his promise,
Don't run away and hide.

You must repent and righteous live,
To have your sins forgive.
God is always kind,
So don't be so blind.
Yes, no matter what you do or take,
God's always wide awake,
If your future looks so blue,
It is no secret what God can do.



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Telephone Number Corrections

Please attach this list to your February issue list.

Never call collect

James E. Stewart, Revere, Mo. 816-948-2481 and
Jim McCoy, Alexandria, Mo 816-754-6163
This list should be Kahoka, Mo, instead of Clark, Mo

Take off Purdy Wright's ph. no. 507-932-4197 for Utica and St. Charles, Minn. area of the list. Change to Abram Hershey 507-932-4943 and you can use Hoff Funeral Homes, St. Charles, Mn. 507-932-4100.

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The DIARY

VOLUME NINETEEN NO. 4
April 1987

A Church Newsletter serving the Old Order Society

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A CHRONICLE

Of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, crop and community notes, historical events, geneology and articles of general interest.

EASTER IS HERE!

LET US REJOICE AND BE GLAD
IN IT!

This Month

2 Births
5 Baptisms
5 Marriages
6 Obituaries
11 Community Notes
25 Migrations
27 Henry & the Great Society
28 Gentle People
30 Rearing Children
31 Fort Blocker Boys

The Diary was organized in 1969, by a group of Amish brethren in Lancaster County, Penna. Dedicated to the preservation of fundamental movements of our church in America as well as Old Order religious literature and its virtues.

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THE RESURRECTION MORN

Oh, the glorious, radiant splendor
Of the resurrection morn;
What great hope and peace it brings us
When our hearts with gried are torn.

Think of the joy it brought to Mary
As she looked in the empty grave.
And it brings us consolation
That the Lord has power to save.

It lifts our spirits higher,
Makes our faith grow real and strong,
So that we can stand the pressures
That tempt us to do wrong.

There's still room for all who seek Him
At the cross whereon He died,
And with humbled faith repenting,
They shalll all be sanctified.

In a special, precious moment,
May not be at rising sun,
All the saints come forth in glory
As our Master, God's own Son.

REPORTS OF

1987			MARCH			1987
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	-	-	-	-

CALENDER SCHEDULE

A monthly Schedule for Annual Items

May .... Ordinations

June .... Senior Members ....

July-Aug .... Zip Codes-Addresses?

Months apply to the months as dated on front cover of The Diary.

Ordinations, Baptisms and Migrations will be entered any month that our reporters send them in. Other items will be held over to this schedule. If we do not get new items from your area, we may print the old one unless we are informed differently by the reporter.

Editor's Note! We wish to express appreciation to the reporters who have cooperated in marking each item. Some use rubber stamps, some use labels and hand written markings will do. A few came in unmarked, perhaps they did not read these columns, and as you will see a few I that are labeled that way in this issue, that is the way unmarked items may appear from now on.

BIRTHS

Fort Plains, ( ), New York -

Byler, John J. (Martha Byler) , a dau **Lena** 3-16

Renesslaer Falls, ( ), New York -

Gingerich, Dannie J. (Mary Shetler) , a son **Levi** 3-4

Miller, Henry M. (Lydia Yoder) , a dau **Elizabeth** 2-26

Miller, Mose H. (Emma Zook) , a son **Levi** 3-2

Shetler, Johnie L. (Annie Yoder) , a son **Joely** 3-11

Yoder, Dannie J. (Lydia Miller) , a son **Noah** 3-20

Conewango Valley, ( ), New York -

Hostetler, Eli J. (Ella H. Miller) , a dau **Lizzie** 3-12

Mast, Alvin L. (Malinda D. Miller) , a son **Eli** 3-21

Miller, John A. (Susan N. Raber) , a son **Noah** 3-13

Miller, Neil J. (Katie E. Miller) , a son **Monroe** 3-23

Raber, Andy N. (Jemima Detweiler) , a dau **Clara** 3-12

Shetler, Harvey J. (Lizzie E. Miller) , a dau **Rebecca** 3-13

Wengerd, Joe N. (Malinda J. Yoder) , a dau **Mattie** 3-1

Yoder, Andy M. (Emma E. Hostetler) , a son **Emanuel** 3-9

Yoder, John E. (Lizzie E. Wengerd) , a son **Bennie** 3-5

DeWittville, New York

Byler, Mose W. (Katie R. Byler) , a son **Rudy A.** 3-12

Southern Mercer, ( ), Penna. -

Byler, Daniel J.L. (Rachel A. Mast) #3 N. Wilmington, a dau **Annie** 3-11

Byler, Jacob A. (Sarah D. Byler) #6 Mercer, a son **Eli M.** 3-18

Hochstetler, Menno Y. (Lena J. Hochstetler) #2 N. Wilmington, a dau **Sally** 3-2

Kempf, Jacob J. (Mary H. Mast) N. Wilmington, a dau **Nancy** 3-16

Swartzentruber, Eli L. (Katie A. Byler) #2 N. Wilmington, a dau **Mary** 3-22

Swartzentruber, Joe L. (Maryann R. Wengerd) #2 N. Wilmington, a dau **Sarah** 3-19

Wengerd, John E. (Lizzie Y. Byler) #3 N. Wilmington, a son **Erwin** 3-16

Gugs Mills, Penna.

Mast, Eli D. (Sara Mae Graber) Meadville, a dau **Joanna** 3-11

Yoder, David M. (Lydiann Gingerich) Cochranton, a son **William** 2-19

Smicksburg, Penna.

Byler, Andy J. (Elizabeth E. Schlabach) , a son **Allen** 3-11

Byler, Jerry (deaf) (Emma M. Troyer) , a dau **Emma** 2-24

Coblentz, Eli A. (Lizzie C. Kuhns) , a dau **Mary** 2-4

Hostetler, Allen E. (Elmina A. Byler) , a dau **Barbara** 2-11

Keim, Paul M. (Barbara W. Miller) , a son **Bennie** 2-26

Miller, Dan L. (Lovina J. Schlabach) , a son **Dan Jr.** 3-12

Miller, Dave A. (Ella L. Miller) , a son **Levi** 2-20

Miller, John D. (Clara R. Byler) , a dau **Kathy** 3-2

Miller, Milo L. (Fannie E. Miller) , a son **Abe** 3-11

Schlabach, David E. (Elizabeth W. Miller) , a dau **Barbara** 3-1

Schmucker, Wallace J. (Sara A. Coblentz) , a son **Mose** 2-5

Troyer, Crist Jr. (Ellen J. Kuhns) , a dau **Fannie** 3-19

Troyer, Mose C. (Margaret H. Hershberger) , a dau **Lizzie** 2-19

Spartansburg, Penna.

Miller, Robert A. (Ada Weaver) , a dau **Laura** 3-21

Weaver, Jake M. (Martha Hostetler) , a son **Melvin** 3-16

Centre County, Penna. -

King, Amos (Rebecca Stoltzfus) , a dau **Anna** 3-10

Beiler, Henry M. (Emma Speicher) Spring Mills, a dau **Kathyrn** 3-20

Perry County, Penna.

Fisher, David A. (Katie Stoltzfus) Loysville, a dau **Mary** 3-8

King, Aaron G. (Christiana Beiler) Blain, a dau **Emma** 3-19

Mifflin County, Penna.

Kanagy, Noah (Barbara Peachey) Belleville, a dau **Rebecca** 3-26

Peachey, Elias (Linda Kanagy) Belleville, a son **Leroy** 3-25

Peachey, Pre. Noah (Sylvia Peachey) Belleville, a son **Jesse** 3-14

Dauphin County, Penna.

King, Jacob F. (Barbara Stoltzfus) Lykens, a dau **Martha** 3-6

Franklin County, Penna.

Byler, Omar (Sara Ruth Smoker) Newburg, a son **Allen** 3-22

Gettysburg, Penna.

Beiler, Jonas M. (Gertrude N. Stoltzfus) Littlestown, a son **Aaron Jay** 2-28

Lancaster County, Penna.

Beiler, Aaron (Arie Stoltzfoos) Kinzers, a dau **Emma** 3-18

Beiler, Elam S. (Rebecca Esh) Ronks, a dau **Malinda** 3-8

Beiler, Levi Z. (Fannie Zook) Narvon, a son **Lloyd Melvin** 3-6

Beiler, Paul (Katie G. Fisher) Quarryville, a dau **Fannie F.** 2-22

Beiler, Samuel (Sarah Fisher) Christiana, a dau **Sally** 3-20

Blank, Jacob K. (Emma Peachey) Gap, a dau **Ruth Marie** 3-23

Esh, Enos Jr. (Sarah King) Gordonville, a dau 3-12

Esh, Gideon S. (Priscilla Esh) Ronks, a son **Jacob** 3-25

Esh, John B. (Malinda Stoltzfus) Parkesburg, a son 3-27

Esh, John G. (Fannie Beiler) Gordonville, a son 3-5

Fisher, Christ K. (Linda E. Stoltzfus) Bird-in-Hand, a dau **Lavina** 2-10

Fisher, Christ Z. (Annie Glick) New Providence, twin **daughters** 3-10

Fisher, David M. (Sarah Yoder) Paradise, a dau 3-10

Fisher, John L. (Naomi Stoltzfus) Strasburg, a dau **Emma** 3-9

Fisher, Melvin B. (Katie Stoltzfoos) Christiana, a dau **Esther** 3-2

Fisher, Omar E. (Sally Ann Yoder) Atglen, a dau 3-12

Fisher, Samuel K. (Mattie King) Ronks, a son **Melvin** 3-12

Fisher, Samuel S. (Rebecca Glick) Mt. Joy, a son 3-30

Fisher, Stephen S. (Lydia Stoltzfus) Oxford, a son 3-13

Glick, Levi S. (Anna Mae Stoltzfus) Paradise, a dau 3-16

Kauffman, Jacob E. (Fannie Stoltzfus) Christiana, a son **David** 3-2

King, Aaron S. (Miriam Smucker) Honey Brook, a dau **Mary** 3-11

King, Benuel S. (Nancy Dienner) Paradise, a son 3-27

King, Daniel (Barbara Esh) , a dau **Rachel** 3-18

King, David K. (Ruth Zook) Lititz, a dau **Anna** 3-18

King, Elam F. (Emma Lapp) Gap, a dau 3-6

King, Elmer (Hannah Stoltzfus) New Holland, a dau **Marie** 3-5

Lapp, Daniel B. (Sarah Lantz) Lancaster, a son **Jacob** 3-25

Miller, Amos G. (Rebecca Beiler) Bird-in-Hand, a son **David** 3-1

Riehl, Christ (Barbara King) Kinzers, a dau **Emma** 2-22

Smucker, Amos (Elizabeth Stoltzfoos) Narvon, a son 3-29

Stoltzfus, Amos L. (Mary King) Gordonville, a son **Abner** 3-26

Stoltzfus, Eli (Barbara Stoltzfus) New Holland, a son 3-12

Stoltzfus, Eli B. (Sylvia Stoltzfus) Gap, a son **Henry Ray** 3-14

Stoltzfus, Eli B. (Barbara Stoltzfus) Bird-in-Hand, a dau **Marie** 3-10

Stoltzfus, Eli S. (Mary B. Riehl) Bird-in-Hand, a dau **Becca** 3-21

Stoltzfus, Enos (Sarah Stoltzfus) Lancaster, a dau **Amanda** 3-20

Stoltzfus, John D. (Martha Zook) Gap, a dau 3-19

Stoltzfus, John S. (Sadie Stoltzfus) Christiana, a son **David** 3-2

Stoltzfus, Melvin K. (Rebecca Fisher) Honey Brook, a son **Ervin** 3-19

Stoltzfus, Roy (Martha Stoltzfus) New Holland, a son **Elmer Lee** 3-3

Stoltzfus, Samuel E. (Erma Glick) Kinzers, a son **Michael Allen** 3-2

Stoltzfus, Samuel R. (Mary Stoltzfus) Kirkwood, a son **Stephen S.** 3-11

Stoltzfus, Samuel S. (Sadie Petersheim) Gordonville, a son **Stevie** 3-17

Yoder, John O. (Malinda Smucker) Lancaster, a son **Daniel Z.** 3-22

Zook, Paul (Katie Fisher) New Holland, a dau **Sadie** 3-6

Zook, Samuel F. (Emma Stoltzfus) Coatesville, a son **Samuel** 3-16

Zook, Stephen S. (Naomi Zook) Ephrata, a dau **Mary** 3-26

Dover, Delaware

Mast, Freeman A. (Ada Byler) #1 Wyoming, a son **Willis** 3-5

Miller, Jonas A. (Mary Miller) #1 Hartly, a dau **Elmina** 3-7

Troyer, Allen A. (Esther Miller) #2 Dover, a dau **Amy Irene** 3-11

Yoder, Jacob E. (Mary Mast) #1 Hartly, a son **William** 3-25

Yoder, Roman L. (Sadie Mast) #1 Hartly, a dau **Lorene** 3-8

St. Mary's County, Maryland

Stoltzfus, Samuel B. (Hannah Stoltzfus) Charlotte Hall, a son **Bennie** 3-28

Ethridge, Tennessee

Gingerich, Ammon (Millie Hochstetler) , a son **Ephraim** 3-17

Gingerich, Andy P. (Millie Hochstetler) , a son **Fred** 2-27

Gingerich, Mahlon D. (Katie Stutzman) , a son **Daniel** 3-4

Hostetler, Menno J. (Wilma Mast) , a dau **Millie** 3-?

Miller, Daniel A. (Lydia Zook) , a dau **Rebecca** 3-7

Yoder, Ben E. (Verna Gingerich) , a dau **Mary** 2-16

Dunnville, Kentucky

Troyer, Mose (Sarah Miller) , a dau **Ada** 3-23

Geauga County, Ohio

Byler, Eli (Alta) , a dau **Betty** 1-15

Byler, Marvin (Mary Byler) , a dau **Marie** -

Miller, Chester D. a son **Norman**

Wengerd, Lester (Emma) , a son **Andrew** -

Miller, Kenneth (Emma Fisher) , a son **Danny** -

Miller, Abner (Ellen Schrock) , a son **Marvin** 1-3

Troyer, Bill (Sarah) , a dau **Rebecca** -

Byler, Levi (Ada Schrock) , a dau -

Yoder, Norman J. ( ) , a dau **Martha** -

Wengerd, Dan (Wilma Miller) , a dau -

Miller, Bill (Lizzie Miller) , a dau **Susan** -

Fisher, Atlee ( ) , a dau **Rachel** -

Frey, Harvey ( ) , a son **Andrew** -

Troyer, Ben (Betty Troyer) , a dau **Arlene** -

Miller, Melbern E. ( ) , a dau **Laura** -

Yoder, Owen (Elva Yoder) , a dau **Ruth** -

Miller, Neil (Mattie Hershberger) , a son **Abner** -

Miller, Dan (Frieda) , a dau **Caroyln** -

Miller, Roman (Emma Schrock) , a dau **Edna** -

Miller, Robert (Betty Troyer) , a dau **Caroyln** -

Kempf, Ben (Anna Miller) , a dau **Naomi** -

Holmes & Wayne Counties, Ohio

Coblentz, Joe J. (Urlma Raber) Apple Creek, a son **Mark Jay** 3-17

Hershberger, Alvin J. (Erma Yoder) Sugarcreek, a dau **Rosie** -

Hershberger, Ananias E. (Katie Troyer) Navarre, a dau **Ada** 1-28

Hershberger, Andy S. (Mary Hershberger) Navarre, a dau **Cevilla** 1-17

Hershberger, Jacob A. (Lizzie Zook) Navarre, a son **Jacob** 1-22

Hershberger, Reuben A. (Caroline Swartzentruber) Dalton, a dau **Naomi** 3-22

Hochstetler, Paul I. (Esther Miller) , a dau **Verna** 3-17

Miller, Andy S. (Susie Slabaugh) , a dau **Lovina** 3-12

Miller, Harvey J. (Ada Slabaugh) Dundee, a dau **Lovina** 3-24

Miller, Larry (Esther Troyer) , a dau **Martha** 3-17

Petersheim, Emanuel U. (Delila Yoder) , a son **Eli** 3-13

Petersheim, John U. (Fannie Mast) , a son **Henry** 3-12

Raber, John E. (Anna Yoder) Sugarcreek, a dau **Rosie** -

Swartzentruber, Andy P. (Saloma Yoder) , a son 3-19

Swartzentruber, Noah E. (Fannie E. Hershberger) Dalton, a dau **Lovina** 2-10

Weaver, Alvin D. (Laura Yoder) Dundee, a dau **Ina Sue** 3-19

Yoder, Andy (Esther Weaver) Orrville, a son **Nathan** 2-27

Yoder, David M. (Fannie Miller) Fredricksburg, a son **Norman** 3-11

Yoder, Eli J. (Edna Troyer) Baltic, a son **Henry** -

Yoder, Enos B. (Mattie Miller) Apple Creek, a son **Ben** 3-21

Yoder, Jacob J. (Ada Miller) Apple Creek, a dau **Rachel** 3-6

Yoder, John S. (Ella Yoder) , a dau **Barbara** 3-12

Yoder, Steven (Bena Schlabach) Apple Creek, a son **James** 3-27

Yoder, Vernon M. (Mable Yoder) Baltic, a dau **Fannie Mae** -

Zook, Dan M. (Amanda Swartzentruber) , a son **Andy** 3-11

Zook, Mose E. (Salome Hershberger) Navarre, a son **Joseph** 4-1

Ashland County, ( ), Ohio -

Coblentz, Mose R. (Anna E. Yoder) , a son **Roy** 3-5

Raber, Levi A. (Laura A. Yoder) , a dau **Amanda** 3-13

Wengerd, David A (Sarah F. Miller) , a son **Levi** 3-5

Yoder, Perry H. (Emma D. Miller) , a dau **Lizzie** 3-5

Butler, ( ), Ohio -

Yoder, Roy (Lydia Hochstetler) , a dau **Laura** 2-5

Yoder, Norman (Mary Hochstetler) , a dau **Emma** 3-1

LaGrange County, ( ), Indiana -

Beechy, Vernon (Esther Miller) , a son **David Lee** -

Bontrager, Daniel A. (Mary H. Kauffman) #2 Topeka, a son **Kenneth** 3-8

Byler, Vernon L. (Edna Fern Miller) #1 LaGrange, a son **Mervin Dean** 3-6

Eash, Levi J. (Orpha Bontrager) #1 Wawaka, a son **Floyd L.** 3-20

Hershberger, Melvin R. (Sue Ellen Yoder) #2 Topeka, a son **Delmar** 2-28

Knepp, Glen (Minerva) , a son **Gerald Lee** 2-23
Lambright, Gerald (Joyce Bontrager) , a dau **Augie Jo** 3-1
Lambright, Harley H. (Marietta Miller) , a dau **Lavera H.** 3-22
Lambright, Jerry C. (Orpha Miller) , a son **Dennis Lynn** -
Lambright, Laverne O. (Esther Miller) #1 Topeka, a dau **Neda Fern** 3-11
Mast, Lyle (Mary Alice Mast) , a son **Lorene Kaye** 3-6
Miller, Albert J. (Esther Yoder) , a dau **Doris Ann** 2-23
Miller, Chris (Lorene Yoder) #2 Shipshewana, a son **William Joseph** 2-28
Miller, Ernest A (Wilma A. Beechy) #2 Lagrange, a son **Laverne E.** 3-19
Miller, Galen (Rosanna Petersheim) , a son **Devon** 2-28
Miller, Homer Lee (Lovina Miller) #2 Shipshewana, a son **Jerry Lynn** 3-18
Miller, Marion E. (Clara M. Miller) #4 LaGrange, a son **Nathan M.** 3-15
Miller, William E. (Mary Ellen Mullet) #3 Ligonier, twins **Jesse & Josie** 3-3
Raber, Harvey A. (Mary A. Beechy) #1 Shipshewana, a son **Paul H.** 3-10
Slabach, Richard (Laura Barkman) , a son **Edward Ray** 3-12
Weaver, Wilmer (Mary Etta Mast) #2 Shipshewana, a dau **Diana Kay** 3-1
Yoder, Floyd W. (Dorothy E. Miller) #1 LaGrange, a dau **Laura F.** 2-27
Yoder, Jacob Junior (Barbara Sue Miller) #4 LaGrange, a son **Earl** 3-19
Adams County, Indiana
Miller, William E. (Elizabeth Beachy) , a son **William** 3-1
Schwartz, Enos M. (Rose D. Hilty) , a dau 3-16
Schwartz, Levi B. (Lucy M. Shetler) , a son **Mervin** 3-6
Schwartz, Menno N. (Fannie Christner) , a dau **Josephine** 2-25
Schwartz, Samuel M. (Susan J. J. Schwartz) , a dau **Mary** 3-3
Schwartz, William S. (Margaret U. Schwartz) , a son **William** 2-22
Shetler, Jake M. (Freida Kauffman) , a dau **Lucinda** 3-1
Allen County, Indiana
Graber, Jacob (Elizabeth Zehr) , a dau **Priscilla** 3-7
Schwartz, Paul (Barbara Lengacher) , a dau **Kanashia** 3-4
Schwartz, Marvin (Malinda Schwartz) , a son **James** 3-21
Yoder, William (Margaret Hilty) , stillborn **dau** 2-7
Daviess County, Indiana
Graber, Raymond A. (Linda Knepp) , a son **Allen Ray** 3-2
Lengacher, Randy (Katie Wagler) , a dau **Dinah** 3-12
Stoll, Stephen (Joan Graber) , a dau **Rosemary** 3-18
Wagler, John (Saranna Weaver) , a son **Bennie** 1-27
Kokomo, Indiana
Miller, Laverne (Rosemary Miller) , a son **Davon Allen** 2-28
Utica, Minnesota
Stutzman, Aden J. (Katie Miller) , a dau **Sarah Ann** 3-12
Steuben County, Indiana
Borntreger, Benjamin (Anna Schwartz) , a son **Jacob** 2-25
Schwartz, Joseph N. J. (Barbara Schwartz) , a dau **Mary** 2-28
Wagler, Menno (Barbara Schwartz) , a son **Rudy** 3-6
Branch County, Michigan
Eicher, William (Lydia S. Schwartz) Montgomery, a son **William** 3-21
Arthur Area, Illinois
Beachy, Abraham (Clara Miller) , a son **Marcus** 2-30
Diener, Nelson (Ruth Farmwald) , a son **Kevin** 2-20
Gingerich, Marlin (Tillie Miller) , a dau **Clara Fern** 2-5
Gingerich, Melvin (Katie Otto) , a son **Richard William** 2-6
Hershberger, Levi (Elsie Gingerich) , a dau **Marlene Sue** 2-21
Hershberger, Nelson (Clara Bontrager) , a dau **Clara Fern** 2-5
Otto, David Lynn (Carol Brenneman) , a son **Eldon Ray** 2-6
Schrock, Wilmer (Ruth Ann Farmwald) , a dau **Elizabeth Ann** 27
Yoder, Wilmer (Clara Mae Schrock) , a son **David** 2-9
Haven, Kansas
Bontrager, Samuel E. (Faye Yoder) , a son **Lester** 2-21
Bloomfield, Iowa
Yoder, LeRoy E. (Lena Sue Mast) , a son **Mathew** 3-9
Yoder, Noah H. (Karen Borntrager) , a son **Kenneth Lee** 3-13
Buchanan County, Iowa
Borntreger, John E. (Ida Troyer) , a dau **Mary** 3-20
Nisley, Henry (Elizabeth Yoder) , a son **Wilbur** 2-27
Raber, Emanuel (Sovilla Miller) , a son **David** 3-4
Yoder, Freeman (Mary Ann Stutzman) , a dau **Betty** 3-14
Yoder, Marvin (Annie Miller) , a dau **Laura** 3-28
Yoder, William (Sarah Nisley) , a dau **Maryann** 3-17
Johnson County, Iowa
Brenneman, Nathan (Hannah Wagler) , a son **Lewis** -
Blair, Wisconsin
Kempf, Joe Katie (Lambr-ight) , a son **Robert** 3-30
Greenwood, Wisconsin
Gingerich, Jacob C. (Katie Shetler) , a son **Ervin** 2-20
Gingerich, Jonas D. (Miriam Gingerich) , a dau **Polly** 3-15
Amherst, Wisconsin
Mullet, Melvin (Mattie Miller) , a son **Jacob** 3-30
Cashton, Wisconsin
Hershberger, Jake (Anna Hochstetler) , a dau **Elizabeth** 3-10
Hershberger, Melvin (Emma Coblentz) , a dau **Dora** 3-21
Medford, Wisconsin
Borntreger, Harvey (Sylvia Gingerich) , a dau **Sarah** 3-13
Miller, Edward (Fannie Borntrager) , a son **John** 3-?
Schrock, Joe M. (Mattie Petersheim) , a son **Joe** 3-16
Stutzman, Eddie (Barbara Miller) , a son **Ezra** 3-22
Augusta, Wisconsin
Hershberger, William (Mary Borntrager) , a son **Samuel** 3-14
Harmony, Minnesota
Hershberger, Eli (Ida Miller) , a dau **Emma** 2-27
Hershberger, Jerry (Lydiann Petersheim) , a dau **Fannie** 3-19
Swartzentruber, Jacob (Rebecca Swartzentruber) , a dau **Barba** 25
Delton, Wisconsin
Schmucker, John D. (Catherine Mast) , a son **Samuel** 3-25
Rexford, Montana
Miller, Ervin (Anna Mary Detweiler) , a dau **Rebecca** 2-18
Yoder, Jonnie (Betty Nisley) , a son **Ernest Ray** 3-1
Canton, Missouri
Borntreger, Menno S. (Miriam Helmuth) , a son **David** -
Seymour, Missouri
Bontrager, Jake T. (Sarah Schwartz) , a son **Jonnie** 3-8
Eicher, Emanuel M. (Katie P. Schwartz) , a dau **Sarah** 3-12
Schwartz, Jacob J. F. (Elizabeth Zehr) , a dau **Sarah** 3-16
Schwartz, Pete W. (Merian Zook) , a son **Aaron S.** 3-10
Jamesport, Missouri
Miller Freeman F. Miriam (Kramer) a dau Verna, 3-23
Yoder, Joe E. Velma (Schrock) a son **David** 3-24
Clark, Missouri
Hochstetler, Jake (Lizzie Gingerich) Clark, a dau **Lydia** 3-16
Miller, Ervin L. (Susie Yoder) Clark, a dau **Martha** 3-11
Shetler, Eli V. (Barbara Shetler) Clark, a son **Dannie** 3-14
Kahoha, Missouri
Burkholder, Peter (Wilma Kemp) Alexandria, a dau **Lydia** 3-20
Clarita, Oklahoma
Yoder, Allen (Mary Hershberger) Coalgate, a dau **Esther** 3-14

Chadsworth, Ontario
Stutzman, Dan E. (Amanda Yoder) , a dau **Lydia** 3-12
Stutzman, Menno J. (Mary Swartzentruber) , a dau **Elizabeth** 3-15
Swartzentruber, Elmer S. (Katie Stutzman) , a son **Samuel** 3-2
Zook, Jacob D. (Mattie Swartzentruber) , a son **Daniel** 3-3
Desboro, Ontario
Stutzman, Dan (Amanda Yoder) , a dau **Lydia** 3-12
Stutzman, Levi (Mattie Miller) , a dau 3-27
Stutzman, Menno (Mary Swartzentruber) , a dau **Elizabeth** 3-15
Swartzentruber, Elmer (Katie Stutzman) , a son **Samuel** 3-2
Zook, Jacob (Mattie Swartzentruber) , a son **Daniel** 3-3
These Items were, not marked
Borntreger, Daniel S. (Susan Yoder) , a son **Samuel** 3-25
Yoder, John D. (Catherine Mast) , a son **Toby** 3-12

BAPTISMS

Bloomfield, Ohio
March 15, by Ervin Lambright
Ernest, son of Perry and Edna (Eash) Yoder
Harley, son of John G. and Katie (Herschberger) Yutzy
LaGrange County, Indiana
In Alvin Lambright district, by Alvin Lambright:
Dean, son of Howard and Esther Miller
Katherine, dau of Howard and Esther Miller
In Calvin Lambright district, by Calvin Lambright:
Rosemary, dau of Felty and Ruby Yoder
In Olen Wingard district, by Lavern Raber:
Susan, dau of Edward and Anna Marie Hostetler
Ruth Ann, dau of Larry and Mary Jones
In Leonard H. Miller district, by Leonared Miller:
Ruth, dau of Elmer and Wilma Beechy
In Sam E. Bontrager district, by Sam E. Bontrager:
Norman, son of Amos E. and Katie Miller
Vera, dau of Sam and Ada Bontrager
Carolyn, dau of Andrew and Mary Lehman
Rose Ellen and Ruth Ann, daus of Perry U. and Sadie Miller
In Daniel W. Beechy district:
Larry, son of Melvin and Mary Ellen Mullet
Enos, son of Enos and Mary Mullet
Raymond, son of Enos and Mary Mullet
Orva, son of Alvin and Ida Beechy
In Ralph Schrock district:
Marion, son of John and Edith Hochstedler
Sarah, dau of Ralph and Anna Schrock
In Freeman R. Miller district:
Karen, dau of Edward and Mary Hochstedler
Dorene, dau of Paul and Elsie Fry
Anita, dau of Ervin Jr. and Mable Miller
Loretta, dau of Edward and Mary Hochstedler
In Jonathan D. Miller district, by Jonathan Miller:
Freeman, son of Lester and Clara Hochstedler
In Perry Hochstedler district, by Daniel Bontrager:
Lorene, dau of Rueben and Marietta Bontrager
In Jacob Petersheim district, by Sam Lambright:
Lorene, dau of Elvie and Ruby Yoder
Wilma, dau of Ervin and Rosa Miller
Allen County, Indiana
By Victor Graber on March 22
Mervin, son of Mervin and Margaret (Schwartz) Graber
David, son of Ferman and Mary (Graber) Graber
Samuel, son of Benjamin and Margaret (Lengacher) Eicher
Saloma, dau of Victor Jr. and Malinda (Brandenburger) Lengacher
Kanoshia, dau of Henry and Kathryn (Schmucker) Zehr
By Victor Graber on March 29
Emanuel, son of Reuben and Effie May (Brandenburger) Wickey
Samuel, son of Enos and Loraine (Eicher) Schmucker
Jonas, son of Reuben and Elizabeth (Brandenburger) Girod
Lester, son of Jonas and Emma (Graber) Graber
Elam, son of Daniel and Elizabeth (Graber) Graber
Marcus, son of Rudy and Lydiann (Schwartz) Schwartz
Marlin, son of David and Marie (Lengacher) Steury
Marilyn, dau of Marvin and Malinda (Schwartz) Schwartz
Lorene, dau of Amos and Barbara Ann (Schmucker) Lengacher
Carolyn, dau of Martin and Martha (Graber) Schwartz
Wilma, dau of David and Margaret (Brandenburger) Wickey
Lydiann, dau of David and Leah (Graber) Eicher
Elizabeth, dau of Reuben and Effie Mae (Brandenburger) Wickey
Priscilla, dau of Jacob and Kathryn (Graber) Brandenburger
Holmes County, Ohio
Dan R. Erb District
Atlee, son of Henry M. and Anna (Yoder) Troyer.
Roy, son of Henry M. and Anna (Yoder) Troyer.
Leroy, son of Erwin D. And Anna (Hochstetler) Miller.
Raymond, son of Ervin D. and Clara (Miller) Troyer.
Robert, son of Mose and Mary (Yoder) Yoder.
Viola, dau of Nelson A. and Bena (Yoder) Barkman.
Anna, dau of Ervin and Clara (Miller) Troyer.
Mose E. Hershberger District
Daniel, son of Jonas and Anna (Raber) Miller.

Marriages

LaGrange Co., Indiana
Schmucker-Bontrager, Abe, son of William and Amanda (Yoder) Schmucker to Polly, dau of Amos W. and Mattie (Miller) Bontrager on March 18.
Schrock-Knepp, Kenneth, son of Bishop Ralph and Anna (Eash) Schrock to Ruby, dau of John and Elizabeth Miller on March 14.
Southern Mercer, Pa.
Kempf-Mast, Jacob J., son of Joe C. and Nancy E. (Byler) Kempf, to Mary, dau of Henry A. and Ada (Kurtz) Mast, by Andy J. Byler on March 5.
Conewango Valley, N.Y.
Miller-Shetler, Menno, son of Eli E. and Ada (Miller) Miller to Mattie, dau of Henry D. and Mary (Miller) Shetler by Noah B. Detweiler on March 5.
Miller-Hostetler, Abe, son of Pete A. and Lydia (Shetler) Miller to Lizzie, dau of Josie and Anna (Yoder) Hostetler on March 12.
Shetler-Miller, John, son of Mose N. and Amanda (Yoder) Shetler to Mary, dau of Isaac D. and Saloma (Miller) Miller by Noah B. Detweiler on March 26.
Wayne-Holmes County
Miller-Miller, Daniel, son of Jonas J. and Anna (Raber) Miller to Miriam, dau of Jacob A. and Mary (Miller) Miller, March 26, in Melvin J. Miller District.

Miller-Mast, Aden, son of Dea. Roy D. and Amanda (Miller) Miller to Susan, dau of Aden D. and Lizzie (Miller) Mast on March 12.

Gingerich-Hershberger, Jonas, son of Elam P. and Mary Gingerich to Mary, dau of Andy E. and Mary Herchberger by William J. Swartzentruber.

Petersheim-Troyer, Sammie, son of Noah J. and Mary Petersheim to Susan, dau of Pre. Enos D. and Caroline Troyer.

Miller-Troyer, Joe, son of Christ U. and Malinda Miller to Mary, dau of Pre. Enos D. and Caroline Troyer by John A. Miller on March 19.

(The above two were a double wedding.)

Swartzentruber-Yoder, Ammon, son of Menno P. Swartzentruber to Susie, dau of Dan A. and Annie Yoder on March 31.

Miller-Hershberger, Willie E., son of Em. W. and Katie E. (Hershberger) Miller to Malinda, dau of Enos J. and Anna (Schrock) Hershberger on March 19th.

Hershberger-Hershberger, Enos, son of Sam J. and Lena (Slabaugh) Hershberger to Amanda, dau of Sam E. and Susie (Miller) Hershberger on March 26.

Swartzentruber-Yoder, Ammon, son of Menno A. and Fannie (Hershberger) Swartzentruber (dec), to Susie, dau of Dan A. and Anna (Hershberger) Yoder.

Buchanan County, Iowa

Lambright-Kauffman, Ervin, son of Pre. Neal and Viola Lambright to Verna, dau of Dan and Lizzie Kauffman on March 5.

Mast-Kauffman, David, son of Henry and Esther Mast to Dora, dau of Dan and Lizzie Kauffman on March 12.

Marion, Kentucky

Yoder-Yoder, Felty Yoder Jr. and Mary, dau of Simon Yoders by John Detweiler on March 12.

St. Mary's County, Maryland

Troyer-Lee, Willis, son of Atlee and Ivy Troyer to Katieann, dau of Gideon D. and Mary (Yoder) Lee, by Bish. Jacob S. Stoltzfus on March 5.

Dover, Delaware

Byler-Mast, Willis, son of Neal A. and the late Rosie Byler to Lydia J., dau of Dea. Jacob N. and Amanda Mast by Bish. Andy H. Mast.

Miller-Miller, Melvin, son of Alta and the late Eli J. Miller to Emma, twin dau of Harry A. and the late Lizzie Miller, by Bish Tobias Petersheim on March 12.

Adams County, Indiana

Schwartz-Schwartz, David X., son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob X. Schwartz to Salome K., dau of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Schwartz (Butch) on March 19.

Schwartz-Eicher, Jacob J.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond M. Schwartz to Margaret M., dau of Mr. and Mrs. Paul V. Eicher on March 26.

Smicksburg, Pa.

Schlabach-Miller, John, son of Ervin John and Katie (Byler) Schlabach to Sara, dau of Dave E. and Mary A. (Weaver) Miller on March 12 by Bishop Jake E. Schlabach.

Haven, Kansas

Knepp-Keim, Glen David, son of Levi and Elva (Yoder) Knepp to Dorothy Lorene, dau of Minister Larry and Verna (Yoder) Keim on March 20 by Jonas P. Bontrager.

Jamesport, Missouri

Miller-Mast, Junior, son of Levi and the late Clara (Keim) Miller to Lydiann, dau of Joe A. and Viola (Ropp) Mast, on March 12, by John Kramer.

Allen County, Indiana

Graber-Wickey, Peter, son of John and Josephine (Graber) Graber to Priscilla, dau of David and the late Leah (Eicher) Wickey, on March 5 by Elmer Schwartz.

Lengacher-Graber, Jonas, son of Melvin and Ruby (Graber) Lengacher to Marilyn, dau of Martha (Gerig) Graber on March 12 by Noah Eicher.

Brandenburger-Gerig, Amos, son of Jacob and Kathryn (Graber) Brandenburger to Anna Mae, dau of Amos and Viola (Graber) Gerig on March 26 by Samuel J. Graber.

Mercer County, Mercer, Pa.

Miller, Coblentz, Dan, son of Lizzie and the late Allen Miller to Sarah, dau of Eli and Katie (Detweiler) Coblentz by Dan Yoder.

Marshfield, Missouri

Kauffman, Raber

Daniel, son of John and Effie (Beachy) Kauffman to Susanne, Dau of John and Rose (Wagler) Raber on March 5.

This Item Was Not Marked. Please See Page 2, of the last 3 issues.

Yoder-Schlabach, John, son of Andy S. Yoders to Lizzie, dau of Albert Schlabachs.

Swartzentruber-Hershberger, Jacob H., son of Harvey J. and Lydia A. (Slabaugh) Swartzentruber to Deliah P., dau of Peter S. and Naomi (Schrock) Hershberger on March 12.

Correction from last month: Union City, Penna.

Coblentz, Shetler

Ben, son of Mrs. Amanda (Shetler) Coblentz of Conewango Valley, to Barbara, dau of Levi N. and Emma (Slabaugh) Shetler, February 10, by Enos Miller.

Obituaries

Beiler, baby girl was the still-born daughter of Christian Sm. and Anna (Zook) Beiler, of 3981 E. Newport Road, Gordonville, Sunday, at the Community Hospital.

Besides the parents, surviving are a sister Ruth and a brother Henry Beiler, at home; paternal grandparents, Joseph F. and Sadie S. Beiler, Gordonville; and maternal grandparents, Elam S. and Katie S. Zook, Leola.

Byler, Mary D., 74, New Wilmington, Pa. R.1

died March 8. She was born October 14, 1912, to David D. and Lizzie (Byler) Mast. She was married to John C. Byler on December 20, 1934. To this union was born 11 girls and 1 son: Mrs. Rudy W. (Lizzie) Byler, Mrs. Jonathan W. (Lydia) Byler, Mrs. Enos D. (Saloma) Wengerd, Mrs. Joe C. (Katie) Wengerd, at whose home she died, Mrs. Andy J.B. (Nancy) Byler, Mrs. Jonathan J. (Franie) Byler, all of this area. Mrs. John D. (Leah) Kurtz, Stockton, N.Y.; Mrs. Abe A. (Sally) Byler, Sugar Grove, Pa. Preceding her in death were 3 daughters, 1 son, her parents, 1 sister Lovina Lee, 1 brother Eli D. Mast and a step-mother Nancy B. Mast. She also leaves 5 sisters and 2 brothers: Mrs. Urie R. (Katie) Byler, Mrs. Jonathan R. (Nancy) Byler, Saloma, widow of Dan J. Byler, Mrs. Amos J. (Sarah) Byler Sr., Andy married to Fannie J. Byler, all of this area; Mrs. Sam J. (Emma)

Byler, Smicksburg, Pa; Jacob, of Mifflinburg, Pa. Also a number of grandchildren, neices and nephews. Preached by Mahlon J. Byler, Dewittville, N.Y. in large house and by Amos E. Byler in small house. Casket carriers were Aaron J. Byler, Isaac R. Byler, Jonathan U. Byler and Dan D. Mast.

Christner, Edna, 85, Salisbury, Pa.

died Wednesday, March 25th, at her home at Wilmer A. Yoders. She was born September 30, 1901 to David Y. and Lizzie (Christner) Miller. She married 1st to Amos Slabaugh who died November 11, 1954. She married the 2nd time to Levi D. Christner on February 14, 1967. He died November 8, 1984.

Survivors are 2 sons: Rufus, Guthrie, Ky.; and Joseph, Grantsvill, Md.; and 3 daughters: Annie, wife of Amos Zook, Myersdale, Pa.; Ida, wife of Joseph Bender, Cattlet, Va.; and Elizabeth, wife of Wilmer A. Yoder, Salisbury, Pa., with whom she resided.

Funeral was held at Summit Mills Amish Church and burial in the church cemetery. Preaching was done David D. Yoder and David A. Peachy. Pall bearers were 4 grandsons, Lewis A. Zook, William W. Yoder, Earnest Slabaugh, and Albert Bender.

Detweiler, Wallace J., 75, 3920 Graber Rd., Fredericksburg, Oh.

died at his home Thursday, March 12, after a period of declinging health. He was born in Sugarcreek in 1911 and a son of the late John and Katie Ann Miller Detweiler. He married Ada Troyer on April 17, 1941 and had lived in the Fredericksburg area for the past 40 years. He was a retired carpenter.

Also surviving are 7 children, John of Wooster, Andy of Fredericksburg, Wallace of Sugarcreek, Mahlon of Kidron, Rudy of Fredericksburg and Mrs. Ray (Katie) Hochstetler and Mrs. David (Sara) Swartzentruber, both of Fredericksburg; 33 grandchildren, 2 great-grandchildren; and 5 sisters, Mrs. Elmer Hostetler, Mrs. Dan Yoder, Mrs. Katie Schlabach, Mrs. Monroe Coblentz, all of Fredericksburg, and Mrs. Andy Bontrager of Dundee. Two brothers, John and Mahlon, a sister and a grandchild also died previously.

Services were Sunday, March 15, at the residence on Graber Rd.; with Bishop Jacob Troyer officiating. Burial was at Rudy Yoder Cemetery in Salt Creek Township.

Dienner, Sarah L., 92, 5502, Buena Vista, Gap

died at the home of John D. Lapp, Leacock Township, after a brief illness.

She was born in Salisbury Township, a daughter of the late John Z. and Barbara (Petersheim) Stoltzfus. She was the widow of Gideon Dienner, who died in 1955.

She is survived by 13 children; John S. Dienner, Leah S., wife of Emanuel B. Zook, Susan, wife of William Stoltzfus, Isaac L. Dienner, Abram P. Dienner, Daniel S. Dienner, and Nancy, wife of John K. Stoltzfus, all of Gap; Andrew Dienner, Intercourse; Barbara L. Lapp, Ronks; Mary, wife of Elam K. Beiler, Coatesville; Gideon Dienner, Gordonville; Sarah, wife of Samuel K. Lapp, Leola; and Jacob S., Gordonville; 91 grandchildren, 269 great-grandchildren, and 21 great-great-grandchildren.

Gingerich, Erwin A., 68, 14875 Georgia Rd., Middlefield, Burton Township

died Wednesday, March 25, in St. Vincent Charity Hospital in Cleveland following a lengthy illness. He had open heart surgery a few weeks ago. He was born August 20, 1918 in Middlefield and was a life long area resident, and married Malinda Miller on January 31, 1946. He was a self-employed carpenter.

Survivors include his wife Malinda, son Erwin Jr. and daughter Mary, wife of John H. Slabaugh, both of Middlefield; mother, Amanda Gingerich; brothers Jonas of Mo.; Sam of Utica, O., John and Allan of Middlefield, William of Florida. Sisters: Mary, wife of Ben Miller, Spartansburg, Pa., and Martha, wife of Jim Miller, Middlefield. Also 11 grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his father Abraham, dau Edna, 1 grandchild and sister Barbara.

Services were held at 1 p.m. Saturday at the Gingerich residence, Bishop Dan W. Byler officiating. Burial in the Yoder Cemetery Parkman Township.

Graber, Joel, 77, Montgomery, Indiana

died at his home on Saturday, February 28. He was born September 19, 1909 to Sam and Mary (Graber) Graber. He married Margaret Raber on December 19, 1933 and she died November 16, 1980. He was in failing health the last few weeks.

Surviving are five daughters and five sons: Elizabeth, wife of John N. Graber, Mary Margaret, wife of Joe N. Graber, Pauline, wife of Henry J. Knepp of Loogootee; Louise, Rachel, Joe, Enos, Glen, and Verlyn Ray of Montgomery and Jerome of Odon; 39 grandchildren and 6 great-grandchildren; four sister and two brothers: Elizabeth, wife of Amos Stoll, Emma, wife of Noah E. Wagler, Barbara, wife of John Henry Graber, Mary, wife of Noah Knepp, Enos, and Eli, all of this area.

Funeral services were held Tuesday in the big house by Omer Miller of Illinois and Jacob Eichers of Aylmer, Can. In Ray's house by William Otto and Marvin Stutzman, both of Illinois. Burial was in the Stoll Cemetery.

Hershberger, Barbara A., 2,

died Friday, March 13, in Robinson Memorial Hospital, Ravenna, following a lengthy illness. She was born January 12, 1985 in Chardon, to Albert and Edna Mae (Byler) Hershberger, 15590, Grove Rd., Parkman Township.

Survivors include her parents, three brothers, Andrew, Bobby, and Billy, two sisters, Ruth Ann and Susan Mae, paternal grandparents Neal C. and Leah Hershberger, and maternal grandparents Andy C. and Barbara Byler both of Parkman Township and great-grandmother Mrs. Andy (Mary) Mast of Mesopotamia. She was preceded in death by her sister Ellen.

Services were at 9:30 a.m. Monday, March 16, at the Hershberger residence. Burial in the Weaver Cemetery, Parkman.

Hostetler, Emma A., 78, R.R.1, LaGrange,

died Monday, March 23, in the LaGrange Hospital.

She was born in Oklahoma June 9, 1908, the daughter of Andrew and Mary Ann (Nissley) Eash. She was married in LaGrange County October 14, 1926. to Jerry J. Hostetler, who survives. She resided in this area one year, moving here from Marshall County. Also surviving are 4 sons: Levi J., LaGrange, Henry J., Nappanee, Jacob J., Milford, and Jerry Jr., Syracuse; nine daughters: Rachel, wife of Edward Hochstetler, Nappanee, Lizzie Ann, wife of Joseph Burkholder, Goshen, Esther, wife of John Henry Hostetler, Bremen, Mrs. Anna Ard, Baytown, Texas, Susie, wife of Wilbur Hochstetler, Charlotte, Mich., Lucy, wife of Olen Fry, Emma, wife of Erwin Troyer, both of LaGrange, Martha, wife of Don Haab, Syracuse and Amelia, wife of Levi Fry, Shipshewana; two half-brothers, Jerry Eash, Orlando, Fla. and Ben Eash, California; 60 grandchildren and 67 great-granchildren.

Funeral services were held Thursday at 9:30 a.m. in the Abe Yoder residence with Marvin Graber, Joe E. Troyer, and Mervin Farmwald officiating. Burial in Miller Cemetery.

King, Katie,

died shortly after birth at 6:05 p.m. Thursday at her home. She was the daughter of Joseph B. and Annie S. (Smucker) King, Box 252A, Smyrna Road, Paradise R1. In addition to her parents she is survived by three sisters; Malinda, Barbara, and Mary, all at home. Also surviving are paternal grandparents, John and Barbara (Zook) King, Smyrna; maternal grandparents, Jacob and Malinda (Stoltzfus) Smucker, Leola; maternal great-grandfather, Levi Stoltzfus, Bird-in-Hand.

King, Verna Mae, 34, Simmontown, Gap R2

died Sunday morning at her home following a four-and-a-half month illness. Born in Leacock Township, she was the daughter of Sylvia (Lapp) Lapp, Gordonville, and the late John U. Lapp. She was the wife of Elmer S. King.

In addition to her husband and mother she is survived by two sons, Melvin and Aaron, and two daughters, Elsie and Hannah, all at home.

Also surviving are two brothers, J. Elmer Lapp, Coatesville, and Moses Lapp, Gordonville; and four sisters: Rachel, wife of John Stoltzfus, Paradise, Hannah, wife of Samuel Glick, Gordonville, Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Stoltzfus, Gap, and Sylvia Ann, wife of Samuel King, Center County.

Services were held at the home Tuesday, March 31. Services by Henry Fisher and Bennie Lantz. Pall bearers were Henry King, Daniel Stoltzfus, John Glick and Elmer Stoltzfus. Burial in Millwood Cemetery.

Lambright, Ammon J., 83, Rt.1, Topeka,

died at 7:05 p.m. Thursday, March 12, in his home following a two-week illness. Born February 18, 1904, in LaGrange Co., he was married February 8, 1927, to Katie Troyer. He was a lifetime area resident.

Surviving are his wife, five daughters: Clara, wife of Amos N. Miller and LeAnna Lambright, both of Topeka; Wilma, wife of Ora Yoder, LaGrange; Alma, wife of Mahlon Lambright, Lawrence, Tenn.; and Mary, wife of Ervin Miller, Alymer, Canada; four sons: Alvin, Harvey, and Orlie, all of Topeka; and Lonnie, Millersburg; 62 grandchildren, 65 great-grandchildren, three sisters: Clara Miller and Wilma, wife of Philip Miller, both of Topeka; and Elsie, wife of Eli Miller, Middlebury; and four brothers: Edward and Freeman, both of Topeka; Melvin, Millersburg; and Jerry, Shipshewana.

Services were held at 9:30 a.m. Monday, with Calvin Lambright and Orla Troyer officiating. Burial in Haw Patch Cemetery.

Marner, Jonas Toby, 6 1/2 month, Loogootee, Ind.

died unexpectedly at his home Saturday, March 14. He was born August 24, 1986 to Steve and Sylvia (Knepp) Marner.

Surviving are his parents, three sisters and two brothers: Mary Ruth, Verna Mae, Sylvia Sue, John Harvey, and Jake Steven, all at home; grandparents, Harvey and Lydia Knepp, and Dan and Martha Marner, step grandmothers Mrs. Mary Marner and Mrs. Lizzie Ann Schwartz.

Funeral services were held Monday at the home. Burial was in the Stoll Cemetery.

Mast, Leon L., 4, R2 Hogback Rd., Fredericksburg, Oh.

was pronounced dead on arrival at Pomerene Memorial Hospital in Millersburg Sunday afternoon, March 8 as a result of a traffic accident. He is the son of Levi E. and Clara (Weaver) Mast.

He was born in Wayne County Sept. 6, 1982. Also surviving are grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben [illegible]. P. Weaver and Mrs. Lavina Mast, all of Fredericksburg; and 3 sisters and 3 brothers, Freda, Arie, Sara Ann, Melvin, Eli, and Vernon all of the home.

Services were held March 11, at 9 a.m. at the residence with Bishop Atlee J. Troyer officiating. Burial at the Dan B. Yoder Cemetery, Salt Creek Township, Wayne County.

According to the State Highway Patrol, the boy was crossing Rt. 241 when he was struck by a northbound car.

Miller, Robert was born April 11, 1982, age 4 years, 10. mo., 4 days; Karen was born June 23, 1983, age 3 years, 7 mo., 23 days; Barbara was born October 31, 1984, age 2 years, 3 mo., 15 days; Rosanna was born January 20, 1986, age 1 year, and 26 days. Date of death was February 15, 1987. Their death was ruled asphxiation (suffocating) due to smoke inhalation in a house fire.

Surviving are the parents, Ray R. and Leona (Detweiler) Miller, Cochranton, Pa.; grandparents, Roman M. and Barbara (Stutzman) Miller and Eli F. and Susie (Miller) Detweiler.

Miller, David J.R., 73, 13340 C.R. 28, Middlebury

died at 6:30 p.m. Thursday, March 19, in his home of an apparent heart attack. A native of Elkhart County, he was born July 6, 1913, and was married December 20, 1934 to Mattie Hershberger.

Surviving are his wife, four daughters: Katie, wife of Olen R. Nisley, Goshen; Mary, wife of Rudy Schmucker, West Union, Ohio; Anna, wife of Perry H. Whetstone, Shipshewana; and Esther, wife of Albert L. Hochstetler, Topeka; three sons: Levi, Nappanee; Lloyd, Middlebury; and Alvin, Goshen; 41 granchildren, 25 great-granchildren; two sisters: Polly, wife of Neal Miller, Middlebury; and Ida Bontrager, Goshen; and five brothers: Levi J.M., Daniel J., Lloyd and Rudy, all of Middlebury; and Sam J.R., LaGrange. He was preceded in death by three children; a great-grandchild, two brothers and two sisters.

Services were held at 9:30 a.m. Monday in the Marion Kauffman home. Allen Miller and Orva Bontrager officiated. Burial in Thomas Cemetery.

Miller, David Lynn,

infant son of Richard H. and Ruth Ann (Plank) Miller, Rt. 3, Middlebury, was stillborn at 10 p.m. Wednesday, March 18, at Goshen General Hospital.

Surviving in addition to his parents are four brothers: LaVern, Devon, Marion and Merlin, all at home; and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Plank, Arthur, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Miller, Shipshewana.

Services were held at 1 p.m. Friday in the Kenneth Stutzman home. Harry Stutzman officiated at the service. Burial in East Barren Cemetery, Shipshewana.

Miller, Mose F., 102, 145 Union St., Shipshewana

oldest resident of Shipshewana, died at 3 p.m. Tuesday, March 3, at the home of a daughter, Elizabeth Schrock. He was born February 10, 1885, in LaGrange Co., and was married January 18, 1906, to Fannie J. Miller. She died October 30, 1969.

Surviving in addition to his daughter are four sons: Jonathan and Joseph, Kalona; Noah, Shipshewana; and Cornelius, Clark, Mo.; 35 grandchildren, 139 great-grandchildren, and 45 great-great-grandchildren. A son and two daughters preceded him in death.

Services were held at 9:30 a.m. Friday at the Noah Miller home. Menno Yoder and Harley Yoder officiated at the service. Burial in Yoder Cemetery.

Miller, Reuben D., 77, Rt.1, Shipshewana

died at 7:55 p.m., Monday, March 2, in his home following an extended illness. Born August 6, 1909, he was married November 21, 1935 to Verba Kauffman.

Surviving are his wife, a daughter: Mary, wife of Melvin Bontrager, Mio, Mich.; six sons: Harley, Decatur, Mich.; Mose and Melvin, Shipshewana; John, Howe, Vernon, LaGrange; and Reuben Jr., Middlebury; 50 grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren, a sister: Katie, wife of Ollie Christner, Plain City; and two brothers: Chris D., Middlebury; and Abner D., Plain City.

Services were held Thursday at the Lewis Hochstetler home. Elva Frye and Andy Raber officiated at the service. Burial in East Barren Cemetery.

Stoltzfus, Priscilla P., 36, Christiana R1

died Tuesday evening, March 10, at Lancaster General Hospital, after a six month illness.

She was the wife of Christ S. Stoltzfus and was born in Leacock Township, a daughter of Amos S. and Ruth R. (Petersheim) Lapp, Bird-in-Hand.

Surviving in addition to her husband and parents are these children: Amos, Christ Jr., Samuel, and Elmer Stoltzfus all at home; Ruth, Sadie, and Miriam Stoltzfus, all at home; five brothers: Christ P., Newburg; John P., Bedford; Steve R., Intercourse; Samuel P., Gordonville; Amos S. Jr., Gap, and three sisters, all of Bird-in-Hand, Leah, Annie, and Mary Lapp, and a grandfather, John S. Lapp, Leola.

Sevices were held by Daniel B. Stoltzfus and Bishop Samuel Kauffman at her home, at 11:00 A.M. Thursday, March 12. A lied was read by Samuel M. Stoltzfus. Pall bearers were Eli Dienner, John Fisher, Levi Fisher and Amos Stoltzfus.

Stutzman, Susan, 84, 7680 Township Rd. 565, Fredericksburg, Oh.

died Wednesday March 11, at the home of Obed Troyer after an extended illness.

She was born in Stark County in 1903 and a daughter of the late Simon Peter and Anna (Troyer) Hershberger. She married Alvin J. Stutzman, who died in 1976.

Surviving are 5 children, Mrs. Bert (Anna) Yutzy, Mrs. William (Dorothy) Brinkerhoff, both of Holmesville, Mrs. Marvin (Katie) King of Sandy Lake, Pa. Melvin of Westland, Mich. and Henry of Sandy Lake, Pa. 3 brothers, Jonas and Levi, both of Millersburg and Andy of Canton; 28 grandchildren and 36 great-grandchildren. Two sisters, 4 brothers, an infant daughter and a son and an infant grandson also died previously.

Services were Saturday, March 14, at the Obed Troyer residence with Bishop Jacob Mast officiating. Burial was at the Hershberger Cemetery, Holmes County.

Troyer, Alma A., 66 yr., 1 mo., 28 da., Ashland, Ohio

died March 2 of probably a heart attack at a son's house. Born in Millersburg, Ohio, she was a daughter of the late Sam E. and Malinda Hershberger.

Surviving are husband Abe J., 6 daughters: Katie, wife of Sam C. Miller, Malinda, wife of Noah C. Miller, Mattie, wife of Ammon J. Keim, Edna, wife of Joe F. Schwartz, Alma, wife of Perry M. Troyer, and Mahala, wife of Abe A. Wengerd; 7 sons: John, Sam, Ammon, Joe, Aden, Abe Jr., and Andy. 1 brother 4 sisters and 85 grandchildren. Two daughters: Fannie and Emma preceded her in death. Services were held in 3 houses on March 5. Preachers were Bishop Albert J. Keim of the home church and Bishop Dan J. Troyer of Mercer, Pa, Pre. Henry B. Miller and Pre. Christ J. Miller of Holmes Co., Ohio and Pre. Noah H. Raber and Pre. Jonas B. Byler of Sugar Grove, Pa. Pall bearers were Henry Coblentz, Roman H. Miller, Ervin H. Yoder and Ben H. Miller. She was laid to rest in the Troyer cemetery 1 mile away.

Wengerd, Mrs. Dan S. (Lydia D.), 77, 9078 Pain Township Rd. 656, Fredericksburg, Oh.

died Sunday, March 22 at her home after a long illness.

She was bornin Holmes County, a daughter of the late Jacob and Katie Hershberger Wengerd.

In addition to her husband whom she married Feb. 17, 1944, she is survived by a son, Eli D. of the home. 2 sisters and 6 brothers, Mrs. Jake (Mary) Schwartz, and Mrs. Sam (Katie) Schwartz of Montgomery, Ind., Valentine Wengerd of Dundee, Christ Wengerd of Apple Creek, Ben Wengerd of Big Prairie, Joe and Jacob Wengerd of Millersburg, and Levi Wengerd of Middlefield; and 8 grandchildren. Two daughters, 3 sisters, 4 brothers and a grandson are deceased. Services were held Wed. March 25 at 9 a.m. at the Emanuel J. Miller residence, Paint Township Rd. 656 with Bishop Melvin E. Mullet officiating. Burial in Miller Cemetery in Paint Township.

Wengerd, Lydia, 77, R2, Fredericksburg

died March 22 at her home after a long illness. She was a daughter of the late Jacob and Katie (Hershberger) Wengerd.

In addition to her husband whom she married February 17, 1944, she is survived by a son, Eli D. of the home, 8 grandchildren, 2 sisters and 6 brothers, Mary, wife of Jake Schwartz and Katie, wife of Sam Schwartz of Montgomery, Ind., Valentine, Dundee; Christ, Apple Creek; Ben, Big Prairie; Joe and Jacob, Millersburg; and Levi, Middlefield; 2 daughters, 3 sisters, 4 brothers and a grandson preceded her in death. Her brother Jacob died March 24.

Her funeral services were held March 25 by Bishop Melvin Mullet.

Yoder, Bishop Roman S., 75, 2062 S. Kohler Rd., Orrville, Oh.

died Monday night, March 16 at his home following a long illness.

Born in Holmes County Dec. 16, 1911, he was a son of the late Samuel and Susanna (Miller) Yoder. He had lived most of his life in Wayne County and was a retired farmer. On Nov. 12, 1955 he was ordained a minister in the Orrville East District. On May 13, 1958 he was ordained a Bishop. On Dec. 25, 1934 he married the former Mary Gingerich who died Feb. 14, 1981.

Surviving are 4 daughters, Miss Emma Yoder of the home, Mrs. Eli C. (Drusilla) Troyer of Apple Creek, Mrs. Roman (Clara) Gingerich and Mrs. Raymond (Mary) Wengerd both of Orrville. 3 sons, Eli of the home, David of Orrville and Albert of Fredericksburg; 38 grandchildren; 7 great-grandchildren; 3 sisters, Mrs. John M. (Lizzie Ann) Mast of Apple Creek, Mrs. Jacob E.

(Emma) Schlabach of Millersburg and Mrs. Raymond (Susie) Swartzentruber of Fredericksburg; and a brother, David S. Yoder of Homerville. A daughter, a brother, a sister and one grandson are deceased.

Services were Thursday, March 19 at 9 a.m. at the residence with Bishop Christian A. Schlabach officiating. Burial at the Erb Cemetery, East Union Township.

Stutzman, Susie, 84, Frederickstown, Ohio

died March 11, at the home of Obed Troyers, after an extended illness. She was born in Stark County, Oh. on February 22, 1903, a daughter of the late Simon Peter and Anna (Troyer) Hershberger. She married Alvin J. Stutzman, who died in 1976.

Surviving are 5 children: Anna, wife of Bert Yutzy, Dorothy, wife of William Brinkerhoff, both of Holmesville; Katie, wife of Marvin King, Sandy Lake, Pa.; Melvin of Westland, Mi.; and Henry of Sandy Lake, Pa.; three brothers: Jonas and Levi, both of Millersburg; and Andy of Canton; 28 grandchildren and 36 great-grandchildren. Two sisters, 4 brothers, an infant daughter and son, and an infant grandson preceded her in death.

Funeral was held at Obed Troyers, by John Wengerd and Enoch N. Byler, both of Pa. and Jacob M. Mast. Susie had been blind the last 12 years of her life.

Yoder, Bishop Roman S., 75, 2062, S. Kohler Rd., Orrville, Ohio

died March 16 at his home of pneumonia. He was to the doctor that day.

Born in Holmes County December 16, 1911, he was a son of the late Samuel and Susanna (Miller) Yoder. On December 25, 1934, he married Mary Gingerich, who died February 14, 1981.

Surviving are 4 daughters, Emma Yoder of the home, Drusilla, wife Eli C. Troyer, Apple Creek; Clara, wife of Roman Gingerich and Mary, wife of Raymond Wengerd, of Orrville; 3 sons, Eli on the home farm, David, Orrville; and Albert of Fredericksburg; 38 grandchildren, 7 great-grandchildren; 3 sisters: Lizzie Ann, wife of John Mast, Apple Creek; Emma, wife of Jacob E. Schlabach, Millersburg; and Susie, wife of Raymond Swartzentruber, Fredericksburg; and a brother David S. Yoder Homerville.

Services were held March 19 by Bishop Christian Schlabach officiating. Burial in the Erb Cemetery, East Union Township, Wayne County.

Yoder, Betty Mae, 56, 5067, Rt. 39, Millersburg

died Tuesday evening, March 17, at Ohio State University Hospital in Columbus following a short illness. She was born in Holmes County in 1930 and was a daughter of the late Martin and Katie Ann (Yoder) Troyer. She lived most of her life in Wayne County and in the Fredericksburg area. She married Ervin E. Yoder who survives.

Also surviving are children: Naomi, wife of Paul Yoder, Fredericksburg; Roy Yoder, Clare; Carol, wife of John Yoder, Holmesville; Enos Yoder, Millersburg; Clara, wife of Danny Slabach, Nappanee, Ind.; Sandra, wife of Mark Yoder, Nappanee, Ind.; and Ervin Yoder Jr. of the home; 15 grandchildren, 3 sisters, Freda, wife of Mose Schlabach, Millersburg; Bena, wife of Leroy Beachy, Millersburg and Clara, wife of Eli Mast, Apple Creek; and 3 brothers, Roy Troyer, Millersburg; Noah Troyer, Sugarcreek and Levi Troyer of Walnut Creek.

Yoder, Katie M., 59, Rt. 2, Topeka, died at 11:55 a.m. Friday, March 6, in Parkview Hospital, Fort Wayne, following an extended illness. Born April 11, 1927, near Middlebury to Milton and Mary (Troyer) Otto, she married Elmer M. Yoder, June 8, 1950. He survives.

Additional survivors include three daughters, Mary, wife of Freeman Weaver, LaGrange; Esther, wife of Eldon Miller and Miss Elsie Yoder, Topeka; two sons: Glen and Ernest Yoder, both of Topeka; 16 grandchildren; seven sisters: Wilma, wife of Daniel Frey, Stockport, O.; Fannie, wife of Joas Lambright, Orleans; Edna, wife of Clarence Wingard and Elmina, wife of Dannie Yoder, both of Shipshewana; Lizzie Ann, wife of Daniel Bontrager and Anna, wife of Perry Lambright, both of LaGrange; and Miss Mary Otto, Topeka; and five brothers: Daniel, Topeka; Perry and Fred, Camabria, Wis.; Jerry, LaGrange; and David Otto, Middlebury.

Services were held Monday in the Melvin Chupp home near Topeka. Freeman R. Miller and Harvey Lambright officiated. Burial in Miller Cemetery.

Yoder, Marilyn, stillborn daughter of William Yoder's is survived by the grandparents: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Yoder of LaGrange, Ind. and Mrs. Mary Alice Hilty.

Services were held the next day by David E. Schmucker. Burial in Amish Cemetery, Grabill.

Yoder, Susanna, 98, 9526 Salt Creek Rd, Fredericksburg, Oh.

died Friday, Feb. 27 at her home following an extended illness.

She was born in Holmes County June 4, 1888 to David and Susie (Weaver) Miller. She had lived most of her life in Wayne County. On Feb. 23, 1911 she married Samuel S. Yoder, who died Feb. 12, 1941.

Surviving are five children, Mrs. John (Lizzie Ann) Mast of Apple Creek, Mrs. Jacob (Emma) Schlabach of Millersburg, Mrs. Raymond (Susie) Swartzentruber of the home, Roman Yoder of Orrville, and David Yoder of Homerville; 48 grandchildren; 237 great-grandchildren and 9 great-great-grandchildren. A daughter, a son, 4 brothers, 5 sisters, 8 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren also died previously.

Services were held March 3 at the residence with Bishop Sol Weaver officiating. Burial was in Erb Cemetery in East Union Township.

Yutzy, Anna, 77 yrs., 10 mo., 30 days

died January 21, 1987. She was born to Noah and Elizabeth Kauffman on February 22, 1909. She married to Gideon E. Yutzy on February 6, 1930 who survives. She had cancer of the liver and died after 3 months of being ill, the last 24 hours in a coma.

Additional surviviors include 6 sons and 5 daughters: David, married to Ella Borntrager, Bloomfield, Ia.; Henry married to Laura Yoder, Fairbank, Ia. (Henry died July 1,1981); Aden, married to Fanny Miller, Ellsinore, Mo.; Esther, married to Henry Mast, Fairbank, Ia.; Norman, married to Ida Miller, Bloomfield, Ia.; Elizabeth, married to William Herschberger, Linneus, Mo.; Rachel, married to Sam Kauffman, Bloomfield,

In the memory of your garden
That you are planting day by day
Plant a deed, a pure white lily

COMMUNITY NOTES

Fredricksburg. Ohio - Boy Killed by Auto

Mast, Leon L., 4, R2 Hogback Rd., Fredericksburg, Oh.was pronounced dead on arrival at Pomerene Memorial Hospital in Millersburg Sunday afternoon, March 8 as a result of a traffic accident. He is the son of Levi E. and Clara (Weaver) Mast.

According to the State Highway Patrol, the boy was crossing Rt. 241 when he was struck by a northbound car.

Shipshewana, Ind. - Oldest Ordained Man in America Expires

Miller, Mose F., 102, 145 Union St., Shipshewana, oldest resident of Shipshewana, died at 3 p.m. Tuesday, March 3, at the home of a daughter, Elizabeth Schrock. He was born February 10, 1885, in LaGrange Co., and was married January 18, 1906, to Fannie J. Miller. She died October 30, 1969. He was likely the oldest ordained man to live in America.

Anna Eash reports: Our senior deacon reached his 102nd birthday on February 10, 1987. His desire to leave this world was granted on March 3. He was ordained daecon in 1933. In 1980 he expressed desire to be relieved of ministry duties and Chris J. Miller, age 20, was ordained and faithfully filled his place.

Orrville, Ohio - Bishop Succumbs

Yoder, Bishop Roman S., 75, 2062, S. Kohler Rd., Orrville, Ohio died March 16 at his home of pneumonia. He was to the doctor that day.

Born in Holmes County December 16, 1911, he was a son of the late Samuel and Susanna (Miller) Yoder. On December 25, 1934, he married Mary Gingerich, who died February 14, 1981.

Gap, Penna. - Oldest Member of Lower Pequea

Dienner, Sarah L., 92, 5502, Buena Vista, Gap died at the home of John D..Lapp, Leacock Township, after a brief illness.

She was born in Salisbury Township, a daughter of the late John Z. and Barbara (Petersheim) Stoltzfus. She was the widow of Gideon Dienner, who died in 1955.

Somerset County, Pa. - Senior Dies

Christner, Edna, 85, Salisbury, Pa. died Wednesday, March 25th, at her home at Wilmer A. Yoders. She was born September 30, 1901 to David Y. and Lizzie (Christner) Miller. She married 1st to Amos Slabaugh who died November 11, 1954. She married the 2nd time to Levi D. Christner on February 14, 1967. He died November 8, 1984.

Topeka, Indiana - Senior Member dies

Lambright, Ammon J., 83, Rt.1, Topeka, died at 7:05 p.m. Thursday, March 12, in his home following a two-week illness. Born February 18, 1904, in LaGrange Co., he was married February 8, 1927, to Katie Troyer. He was a lifetime area resident.

Fredricksburg, Ohio - Senior member dies

Stutzman, Susan, 84, 7680 Township Rd. 565, Fredericksburg, Oh. died Wednesday March 11, at the home of Obed Troyer after an extended illness.

She was born in Stark County in 1903 and a daughter of the late Simon Peter and Anna (Troyer) Hershberger. She married Alvin J. Stutzman, who died in 1976.

Conewango Valley, NY - Noah N. Wengerd

March started in with rain and thunder and lightening, very windy the 2nd and lots of snow the 3rd. After that it was mostly sunny and not very cold. The 30th it rained and rained about all day, which turned to snow. The ground was white this morning and it is still snowing. Lots of plowing was done the last week. People are sugaring, they had a good run, the first few days.

Dewittville, Mayville Dist. NY - Salome J. Byler

March started in rainy on the first, by the 2nd it was windy, snowed and sunshine on the 3rd but it got nice and a lot of the snow melted. Sap ran good the 5th and 7th, by the 9th it was damp and cool on the 10th it was 5/10, 11th 7/10 then was around 20 degrees mornings, was also nice and sunny but not warm enough to thaw until the 19th it went up to 28 degrees, sap ran good again a few days. It was 73 degrees on the 24th, 25th was 50 degrees, had rain off and on the 25th and 26th. The 28th and 29th were nice and warm again. On the 30th it was 50 degrees, damp and rainy all day, cooling off by evening. It started to snow during the night and all day the 31st. It was 24 degrees most of the day and anywhere from 6 to 12 inches of snow. Cleared off by evening and was 20 degrees. Quite a bit of plowing is done and garden made. Different ones have horses sick with shipping fever. There is no ice on Chautaqua Lake.

Saloma D. Byler, 68, Dewittville is going backwards, she has diabetis for 38 years.

D. Kurtz, Stockton, ran a fork in his leg. It was quite sore but last I heard he's coming along alright, with home remedies and some anabiotics that he had been using for ear trouble.

Wallie, 4, special child of Chris W. Bylers, Dewittville, had some kind of epaleptic spell for medication through veins and returned home around 8 p.m. He was his usual self again yesterday.

Clymer, New York - Lydiann J. Bricker

February was a month of beautiful sunshine with some below zero weather. We had bright blue sky most days with magnificent sunsets almost every evening. I saw one over Lake Erie that was a sight I will not soon forget. It rained the 29th.

March came in snowing and blowing. It cleared off till the 3rd. After that it turned nice and cold again. It was 50 degrees the 5th and 60 the 24th, with a thunderstorm and some rain the evening of the 25th.

This was not a good sugaring year. It got cold after one good run. By the time it warmed up again it was too dry. We had a few runs the 3rd week. The sap seemed to be extra sweet, making very nice syrup at the place I helped.

The small office building at Andy M. Millers sawmill burned. They had the trucks out and saved the other buildings.

Norfolk, New York - Sue Wickey

March came in like a roaring lion with north winds and icy and sleet the first few days. Temperatures were in the twenties. Until the second week we had a few below zero, to start out a few days. Also had some very beautiful spring days in the middle of March. Snow has all left except it can be seen in the woods. We heard geese goind north March 24th and 25th, but is getting colder today, March 31st, also was drizzling yesterday afternoon and sprinkled this afternoon with some snow flurries this evening. These nice days give a person spring fever but doesn't take long to cool it off when the weather changes.

Jonas Wengerds heart was getting weaker Thurs., March 12, so they took him to Potsdam Hospital and from there sent him to Burlington, Vermont. He was there till the 21st and seems a lot better since there.

Rensselear Falls, New York - M. E. Shetler

The first of the month was cold but it warmed up to the high 60's and has been rainy the last few days. One of Emery Shetlers boys caught a wild turkey with the help of their dog. With season closed and not being much of a sportsman they turned it loose after showing it to a neighbor. My attitude of sports is different from most hunters. I usually take my wife and one or two of the children along and spend a week or so in another Amish community. Of course I never get any fox, coon or deer but special training on the governments approval are not required. My first impressions of a Christian is not of a man following in the footsteps of a yelping hound with a loaded gun. No, it's not the hound that has the gun, it's the man behind. I work at a sawmill which is viewed by some as quite mechanical to which I agree. Hopefully some day I'll get a promotive so I can pull weeds which would be more fitting.

Newport, New York - Sarah Renno

We had nice sunny weather through March which took away most of our snow. Still a few patches left. The ground is wet and a little plowing was done in March. The 2 last days were windy and we had some rain. Now on April 1st the ground is nearly covered with snow again, but the sun is shining brightly so we don't expect the snow to last long.

Omar Peacheys had public auction on Sat. March 28 for their livestock and machinery. It was a nice day and a large crowd attended. On March 31st three more farmers sent their dairy herds of holsteins to the livestock market and are presently raising heifers.

John Kurtz's had their moving day on March 25. Their oldest son and daughter are staying in Pa., but their second son Andy, has been living here for a year. On moving day when the neighbors were there to help unload and while waiting on the second truck to arrive, I understood the boys found a ball to play with up in the barn. When the ball landed up in the loft, Ikes Sammy went up after it and lost his balance and jumped (about 18 feet). Results were a broken heel. So he'll have to lean on crutches instead of the plow handles for a few weeks.

Seneca Falls, New York - Naomi Byler

We are having beautiful springlike weather the last weeks with some rain.

Levi Hostetler, son of Menno and Nancy Hostetler has not started back to school yet after his sickness. He was taken to the hospital two weeks ago for something wrong in his blood line. But I understood he is improving again.

On March 18 was moving day for Elmer and Lomie Shetler from Union City, Pa. to Fort Plain, N.Y.

On March 2 was moving day for David and Sarah Byler and family from Lawrence County, Pa. to Fort Plain, N.Y.

On March 12 is the date of the arrival of the 7th child of John J. and Martha Byler. A baby girl by the name of Lena.

Dundee, New York - J. Henry Mast

March brought us a lot of real nice mild weather and also some cold. We had a high of 75 degrees and a low of 3 degrees in 36 hours. It rained on the 31st, which turned to sleet and then snow by evening.

Saturday, March 21st was auction day for John Masts with a large crowd and a good sale. They they and Eli J. Mast loaded trucks on Monday the 23rd. Eli's left with their truck Monday evening but Dad's load didn't go until Wednesday morning due to some truck problems. Their destination is Somerset County, Pa.

Monday, the 30th was loading day for David Swareys. They left early Tuesday morning. Our belongings were loaded Tuesday, the 31st and the truck left that afternoon. We will follow on Friday with a pickup pulling a 4 horse trailer.

Visitors here for the auction on the 21st were Noah Troyers and family from Lakeside, Ontario, Canada, and Levi Troyer Jr. and 5 children from Salford, Ontario, Canada. Also Sam L. Masts, Bishop Roman Yoders and Eli Hershbergers, all from Holmes County, Ohio. The Ohio folks left Saturday p.m. Noah Troyers left Wednesday morning. Levi Troyer Jr. accompanied Dads to Pa. to help get settled.

Tomorrow, April 2nd, is to be the auction at Amos Nissleys. Strangers attending church last Sunday and also coming for the auction are Jonas and Daniel Nissleys and families and Jonas and Freman S. Masts and families, from Huntingdon, Tenn. Eli Graber from Prattsburg also attended church.

Fort Plain, New York - Mrs. Levi B. Hostetler

March started in stormy and cold. The second week it started to warm up with 30 to 40 degrees temperatures. By March 11th we had zero again, and from that time on it gradually got warmer day by day till at this time, the 25th, we have frosty mornings and up to the 70's some days. Snow is mostly gone, only patches left here and there where the deepest drifts were.

On March 4th the Dave W. Byler family and his Dad, Wallie C. Byler, moved to this area from Lawrence Co., Pa.

Bloomsb., Montour Co., Pa. - Lydia Stoltzfus

March had lots of nice sunny days. The 1st we had rain and wind and again the 25th we had about a half inch. Now today, the 31st, its raining and is windy. Corn fodder was baled, plowing done, gardens planted, hauling manure, house cleaning done and yard raked, raspberries, grapes, and fruit trees trimmed. We didn't have any new snow in March but there was still some around that melted the first few weeks.

Three Barn Fires

There were 3 barn fires in our area, arson is suspected. 2 were the same night or early morning. The 3rd one a bull and a good bit of equipment burned. They got some heifers and calves out.

Allenwood, White Deer Vall, PA - John K. Fisher

The first 2 weeks of March were mostly cool with mostly cloudy days except the 6th, 7th and 8th were nice and warm. The other part of the month was nice except some rain on the 25th and the two last days. Farmers are plowing and hauling manure. Some gardens are planted.

There are now 20 families living in the settlement since it started 10 years ago.

Nittany Valley, Pa.- Benjamin B. Stoltzfus

March 1st was rainy and the first week was mild. The 9th temperature dropped fast overning and the next morning it was 5 degrees. Most of March was sunny and mild with clear nights and freezing temperatures. The 31st it rained, heavy at times then changed to snow in p.m., had a light coat on the ground. The 14th it snowed an inch or so. We had nice days to work outside. Gardens were planted and field work has begun.

Rebersburg, Brush Vally, PA - David B. Stoltzfus

March came in like a lamb. There was still plenty of snow around and we got some light snowfalls in the beginning of the month. The second and third week were especially sunny and mild with cold nights preventing the ground from thawing very fast but the snow was soon melted. Some fields with south slopes could be plowed the second week. Fields with north slopes and a heavy coat of manure during the winter were slow to thaw, but the fourth week not much frost was left. We had one half inch of rain the fourth week with temperature in the fifties overnight towards the end of the month. The last two days were rainy. A sudden storm-wind with rain struck at about 8 a.m. on the 31st dropping the temperature from nearly 60 degrees to below freezing with snow flurries by afternoon. Total rainfall was nearly 2 inches. Thermometer was down to 22 degrees on April 1st, so March went out like a lion. Some garden things have been planted as the ground was quite drv during most of March.

Dauphin Co., Penna.,- Mrs Benuel B. Fisher

We sure had nice March weather with warm sunchine days throughout the month, making it pleasant to get the rest of the corn fodder in, plow and sow alfalfa, house cleaning and plant garden. The 31st (today) we are having a welcome rain.

An accident occured on Friday evening when a pick-up truck ran into Ben Kauffman and two boys, of Star Rt., Spring Glen. The carriage was pretty well demolished, and the horse ran off and wasn't hurt. Stevie, 10, was flown by helicopter to Hershey Med Center, having a badly broken leg in 2 places and a punctured intestine, which they operated on. His leg is in traction yet, but is coming along pretty good. Ben, 39, and Emanuel, 14, were also taken to the hospital, examined that night and relesed, having mostly brush burns and soreness, but are all coming along well.

Myerstown, Lebanon Co.,. Penna. - Levi S. King

March came in wet with about 1 1/2 inches of rain, then was mostly dry thougout the month until the last day we had another inch of rain. A lot of nice plowing weather, with the ground beginning to get a little dry toward the end of the month. Women folks mostly had their peas and etc. sowed around the 20th of the month and some started peeping out of the ground already.

On Tues. March 31st around noontime the barn at Rueben J. Fishers burned down. Their address is: R1 Newmanstown, Box 425.

LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNA - REPORTS

Mascot Area - Bertha Miller

March brought both farmers and gardeners very pleasant weather. Permitting lots of plowing and gardening to be done before the winter weather of 30 degrees, along with a soaking rain of 1 inch and a chilly north wind returned as a final good-bye to March.

It was good to see Eli Miller attending services on March 29, because of his feebleness he was unable to attend since fall communion.

Mrs. Samuel Miller (Bertha) hasn't attended services since November due to respiratory problems and is constantly on 1 liter of oxygen which gives her relief.

Good-bye to former Mascot Area reporter, Mrs. Ben Esch. We're hoping to visit you at the Strasburg farm. Milking cows in the, what used to be a chicken house, and maybe we'll get to cross that much talked about bridge over the Pequea Creek.

Bird-in-Hand - David B. King

March started in wet but soon got nice. We had some snow flurries on the 2nd , 3rd and 4th. We had cold weather in the mornings but warmed up through the day. On the 15th the ground was covered with snow but gone till noon. The ground dryed off a lot better than most times in March. The last 2 weeks in March the farmers were busy hauling manure and plowing as if spring was here. We had very nice weather for March but not much moisture, it rained nearly 1/2 inch the last of March.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

March came in like a lamb and surely went out like a lion. The wind roared today almost like one anyhow. We had real nice spring weather. Farmers are plowing, hauling manure, women are getting garden seeds in the ground, makes a person hungry for fresh vegetables. We put them in the ground, but leave it to a higher and Almighty hand to make them grow. I think still it is just marvelous and a miracle what comes out of a small seed. Are we thankful enough for it. I feel like a failure to that. March was mostly dry, except the first day and the last day. The 31st we had 1 4/10 inches of rain, which was really welcomed. It made the peas peep through the ground.

Christiana Area - Mrs. John Stoltzfus Jr.

March came in like a lamb and is going out like a lion. March was very spring like most every day and warm. Also more on the dry side. Now the last 2 days we had very good rains and colder. Grass is getting green and asparagus and rhubarb is coming through.

Christiana Area - Rebecca Beiler

Spring seems to be on its way. The birds have returned and the days are warm and sunny, after we had a light snow on Sunday, the morning of the 15th but it was all gone till noon. Farmers are plowing.

Annie, wife of Levi Beiler, had been in church on Sunday for the first time since November. The Fisher girls, Barbara and Anna, moved to Sugar Valley this week. They left March 25th. They had a freundschaft sale on March 6th for some of their surplus. Jacob Fishers, newly weds, have plans to move where they vacated. Daniel Beilers, also newlyweds, moved to Samuel M. Stoltzfus vacant end where Samuel's mother had lived, Widow Katie Stoltzfus. She died February 10th.

Priscilla Stoltzfus, wife of Christ S. Stoltzfus, died March 10th. Funeral services were held March 10th. Funeral services were held March 12th by Daniel B. Stoltzfus and Sam Kauffman, a lied read by Samuel M. Stoltzfus at 11:00 A.M. Pall bearers were Eli Dienner, John Fisher, Levi Fisher and Amos Stoltzfus.

Nine Points Area - Mrs. Ben S. Beiler

March brought spring upon us, but very little rain until the 30th and 31st we had 1 1/4 inches bringing out the green grass fields, spring colors coming up everywhere.

Dan M. and Mary Stoltzfus of Nine Points are still holding their own but not going away. Both just so weak it takes everything to be on their feet for a short time.

Church was at Noah Beilers on Sunday. Noah wasn't able to be up and around due to a bad cold and fever.

Sam S. Stoltzfus are now allowed the permit to build the other end of their house making living quarters for their young married.

Peach Botton Area - Christ Zook

We had real March weather with some cool days and the last full week nice warm days. Lots of wind and not much snow. We had a good shower of rain the last two days March.

The ailing members are all on the go again.

Chester County, Penna. - J. Elmer Lapp

March was unseasonably warm and dry. The 1st day was rainy, then a few showers off and on. On the 30th and 31st it rained again and got colder. On the afternoon of the 7th, temperature was 70 degrees and on the morning of the 11th temperature was 12 degrees. Farmers were baling corn fodder, plowing, disking, and quite a bit of alfalfa seeding, some in already sprouted and in the 2 leaf stage. A lot of gardens were planted early, peas are coming up.

Dover, Deleware, - Neil N. Hershberger

March was a most unusually nice month this year. Many nice and sunny days with cool and cold nights. No rain until the last days which was much needed to give the grass a boost. Also not many real windy days as March is known for. Total rainfall was 1.4 inches with a high temperature of 72 degrees on the 1st and again on the 26th. Low temperature was 23 degrees on the 4th. Farmers got their spring oats out in good time, and have a lot of plowing done this year, everyone is looking forward to good grass since hay shortage last summer and winter. Our first martins came the 26th.

St. Marys Co., Md., Amos R. Stoltzfus

March came in rainy and windy but was warm, around 72 degreesd. We had some lovely days for a week then it rained and got cold, also snowed some. After the 16th we had clear and nice spring-like weather till it was becoming dry towards the end of the month. The 30th and 31st brought rain and a thunder shower so its now too wet to work in fields. A lot of field work was done during March.

Delta, York Co., Penna. - Andrew H. Beiler

We had a rather dry, warm March. We had a good rain the first, then very little until the 31st, about 1 1/2 inches. Farmers had a good chance to plow, haul manure and some have sown alfalfa.

Mt. Pleasant Mills, Penna. - Sam M. Troyer

We had much nice weather this month, which was very nice for getting the field work done. But it is getting a little dry for plowing. We had only about 2 inches or less of rain and a skiff of snow this month. Soft maples and pussy willows are in bloom.

The menfolks are helping Sam Burkholders get ready for sale which is to be Thursday, the 2nd of April. Sam Burkholders are planning to move to Agusta, Wisconsin, next week sometime.

Alvin Christners and Mrs. Amos Eicher of Berne, Indiana, are here at present.

McClure, Penna. - John Y. Speicher

The first part of March was like spring with temperatures at 40 degrees in the morning and warmed up to 68 degrees during the day. A lot of plowing and gardening was done. By the middle of the month it got colder with about zero degrees in the morning but warmed up again the week of the 23rd. The last day of March it rained and turned cold with some snow flurries in p.m. February was also changeable, geese started to fly in Feb.

Tues., March 3, Joas M. Speichers moved in the Doddy house.

Thurs., March 5, Yost and Barbara (Zook) Speicher moved in where Joas had lived and will take the farming over.

Tues. March 31, Ben S. and Nancy (Speicher) Hostetler moved to Penns Valley in part of Ben Y. Hostetlers house. Ben S. plans to do carpenter work.

March 28, Jacob C. Hostetlers moved in the basement of his Bro. Dan R. Hostetler. Rudy E. Hostetlers plan to move in where Jakes had lived.

Beaver Springs, Penna. - Emery A. Weaver

April 1: We didn't have much rain in March but some nice spring like days and early gardens being planted, but the 30th and 31st we had a good slow soaking rainfall, and turned colder, could even see some snow flakes this morning. We still have some sick people among us off and on, seems hard to clear up.

Mifflin County, Penna. - Catherine Swarey

March was a nice spring like month, with rain the beginning of the month, nearly an inch. Many nice spring like days but still a cool air and most times cold at night. Lowest temperature was 8 degrees on March 11. Snow again on the 14th about 4 or 5 inches, lasted a few days. Highest daytime temperature was in the mid 70's. The last 2 days in March were 52 and 55 degree morning temperatures and by evening of March 31 it was 26 degrees with a cold wind, felt much colder. Rained and sleeted and snowed during the day, another two inches of rain. Lots of plowing has been done some oats has been sowed.

Rachel Yoder, the sledding accident victim was released from the hospital March 10 because the medication was having a bad affect on other parts of the body. She went back March 18 for a check up. Doctors said the infectious tissues are now dead and the infected spot slightly smaller.

On Wed. eve. March 11 Daniel Peachy son of Pre. Daniel and Olive Peachy, a cousin to Rachel fell from the hay hole on the cement floor hurting his head. He was taken to Lewistown Hospital by ambulance but shortly to Danville by helicopter when they had commenced to operate on his head before the parents got there. A blood clot was removed. He was released March 18 and seems to be getting along well but tires easily. He was back to have the stitches removed March 25.

Landisburg, Perry Co. Penna. - Lydiann Fisher

March came in pretty mild with a good soaking rain. It has been a very beautiful month with blue skies and sunshine every day but a few, which also means it has been dry. The only precipitaion we had was several inches snow on the 14th and about 1/2 inch rain on the 18th until the 30th and 31st we must have had several inches of good soaking rain. Today, the first of April is down to 20 degrees again. All through March the temperature has gone down at night and mostly in the 50's and 60's in the daytime except the 7th and 8th it was up in the 80's. Farmers are plowing, sowing alfalfa, hauling manure, etc. Here we are getting plants going in the greenhouse, planting garden, etc. Trees are pushing their leaves already.

Gettysburg, Penna. - Elizabeth A. Stoltzfus

March came in like a lamb and had many pleasant spring like days. We had rain Feb. 28th and March 1st, a total of 1.4 inches. The last day was rainy, a total of 6 inches. Heard several rumbles of thunder, cleared off and got colder with gusty winds and 32 degrees this evening. Seemed like March was going out as a lion. Men folks were busy plowing, hauling manure, spreading fertilizer, sowing alfalfa, picking corn, and baling fodder. Early gardens have been planted.

Path Valley, Penna. - Daniel Z. Beiler

It was rather cool in the beginning of the month, but warmed up yet the first week up to 80 degrees. Second and third week were more cool and it snowed some. It was mostly warm and sunny then until the last 2 days were rainy days. A lot of plowing has been done as it is a little dry for this time of year. Farmers were working ground for oats. Don't know of any that sowed yet. Most women have peas, onions, etc. planted. Some have lettuce out of hotbeds.

Mose Hostetler spent some time in the hospital. He was in and out several times and stayed a week or so one time. He had some fluid removed, etc. Now he gets chemotherapy. Seems better at last reports and was up and about some. His grandson Moses, 19 month old son of Ammon Hertzler spent a week in Hershey Hospital. He is a celebral palsy child and had pneumonia. He also seemed better but not like before.

Daniel Zook has not been in church all winter. Ivy Hostetler was in church on Sunday as it was such a nice day. She hadn't been going for quite awhile. Also about only half our women and only a few smaller children had been attending church in our district due to whooping cough there a few times. But there were most of those in church now again on Sunday.

March 31, feels cold this evening, some snow flying, a big change from a few days ago.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. David J. Byler

It was mostly dry this month with some rain. The temperature for this month was in the 70's and 80's. Farmers are starting there spring plowing.

Eli, son of Crist and Anna Fisher, had an appendix operation on March 9. He is back to school again and is back in good health as far as I now.

Lavina, daughter of Dan and Katianna Miller spent a couple of days in the hospital, she was dehydrating.

Bill Fishers baby is gaining and now weighs 8 lbs. They hope to bring it home soon.

Smicksburg, Penna. - Mrs. David E. Schlabach

March came in like a lion and went out like a lion. 2 to 3 inches of snow fell on March 31st. Most of it melted. Now its snowing again today, April 2. We had beautiful spring weather most of the days in March. Had a thunderstorm on the eve. of the 25th and some rainy days since. Farmers are plowing when weather permits.

John J. Miller Jr. was taken to Kittany Hospital with severe headache which turned out to be infected. There is a lump on his head and his eyes are swollen. Doctors are puzzled what caused it. He is at home again. Address: R1 Smicksburg, Pa. 16256.

Somerset County, Penna. - Mary A. Kinsinger

March came in with rain and again went out with rain and snow. It was also quite windy on the 31st. This morning we have a nice white ground cover. We have had really nice sunshine weather through March with an accasional snow shower or rain, but not very much of any. It appeared to be on the dry side which shortened the sugaring season. The maple syrup seemed quite sweet but didn't last long.

Mrs. Abe Kinsinger had a cataract removed March 18 and seems to be gaining satisfactory.

Noah Wengerd is fast losing out. He has cancer and hasn't been well all winter.

Bennie A. Zook also hasn't been feeling his best. He is due for more tests on Fri. the 3rd. The address for all is: R1 Meyersdale.

Oakland, Maryland - Mrs. Atlee Hershberger

Most of March has been mild so far. There have been many nice sunny days. Some days it was quite windy. Our winter has been short unless we recieve more, which wouldn't be impossible.

Southern Mercer Co., Penna. - Eli H. Kurtz

The month of March started in with rain on the 1st, then snow flurries from the 2nd to the 4th, then 5th to 8th sunshine, 9th cloudy and a cold wind, was up to 70 degrees on the 8th and down to 20 degrees the evening of the 9th, then 4 days of nice sunshine but cold being in the teens in the mornings, daytime temperature in the upper 30's. On the 14th we had about six inches of snow, but a lot of it melted on the 15th, it being up to 42 degrees and sunshine. We had sunshiny days from the 15th to the 24th. Rain showers on the 25th with 2 more days cloudy, then 2 days sunshine with an all day rain on the 30th. Daytime temperature ranged from lower 30's up to 74 degrees. The 31st is stormy, snowing today. Temperature dropped to 24 degrees. Was a nice month for farmers to start plowing etc. Women are quilting besides usual housework.

Jonathan R. Byler, R2 New Wilmington, has trouble with diabetes and fluid and is at present spending a few days in the hospital.

Mrs. Aden A. Mast, R3 New Wilmington is also in the hospital having had an operation for gall stones.

Andy S. Byler, R2 New Wilmington, received a gash in his upper leg while crawling over a fence at the sale barn and was helped by a fierce animal which wasn't really needed. He is getting along alright and was back to work again.

Mrs. Eli J. (Amanda) Byler was taken sick and went to the emergency for a couple of hours. Doctors diagnosis was a case of the flu.

Mose B. Byler fell down a hay hole and was unconscious for a while. He went to see a doctor as his head wasn't feeling quite right. He is on the go again.

Henry S. Byler fell from a roof while helping his brother-in-law John U. Byler build a house. He broke his arm and hurt his ribs. Abie D. Hostetler is helping out with his work.

Urie A. Byler has been ailing for a while already, not being able to work. Doctors were taking test but haven't heard any details yet.

Eli, baby of John R. Kurtzs is again at the Pittsburg Hospital having had a touch of pneumonia. This is the little boy that spent over 2 months in the hospital last fall. Haven't heard yet that he is at home.

Guys Mills, Penna. - Mrs. Crist J. Miller

March came in like a lion and went out like a lion. The first and second we had rain and the 3rd. We had several inches of snow. Then nice weather with freezing nights warming up through the day, until the 14th we again had several inches of snow and a week of below freezing, then again warm days and below freezing nights, making ideal sugaring weather, except it needed more moisture so it was just a fair year. By the 30th we had an all day rain and then March gave its final fling, by bringing in one more ice and snow storm.

Ray R. Miller has discarded his crutches, and putting weight on his leg, which he hurt so badly, when jumping out of an upstairs window in their house fire on Feb. 15th. They have demolished the burned out house, and started to rebuilt.

Menno Yoder Jr. received 16 stitches in his leg after he cut it with a chain saw.

Marlin C. Miller, was very sore after a 10 month old colt kicked him in the chest, throwing him into the gutter.

Little Joanna Mast (Eli) made several trips to emergency after having infection in his bronichal tubes.

Spartansburg, Penna. - Thomas B. Miller

March came in with rain and turning to snow with some wind. Such was our weather for the first few days and then it got nice and warm during the days and cooler at night. It was excellant maple syrup weather. All during the month we had spring like weather and toward the last part it got somewhat dry. Farmers started plowing. Sap quite running because the nights weren't below freezing. Crocuses are in bloom and spring peepers were singing and it really looked like spring had sprung until the 31st when we woke up to a new blanket of fluffy white snow. At least it should give the syrup producers another good run.

Conneautville, Penna. - Mrs.Menno E. Fisher

Most of March was unusually mild and warm for this area, very beautiful and with a lot of sunshine. We had an unusually low amount of rainfall, only 3.7 incnes, 1.46 of that occuring on the second to last day in March. This rainfall then turned to snow by the morning of March 31, and on that day we had nearly a foot of snow. Up until then we only had two brief snowfalls, one the first week in March, the other on the 14th. Both were only several inches and both only lasted a few days. The major part of the month was very nice, and at one time so dry we were almost wishing for rain, which we don't too often do here. The beautiful spring weather gave some early birds the urge to plant garden, but those urges have somewhat subsided, after all the rain and snow we received the last two days.

Beaver Center, Linesv. Dist, Pa. - John C. Miller

Plowing has begun in the latter part of March. Early garden things have been put in some gardens. March came in raining and wet out snowing. Sunday the 29th people were sitting in yards with not coats, about 75 degrees. Monday it rained most of the day. Tuesday morning we awoke to a white blanket of snow on the ground and it snowed and blew most of the day. April1, We have beautiful sunshine again. We did have many beautiful days in March.

On March 18 the women of the community took a carry in lunch to school as a surprise for one of the teachers (Arlene Schmidt) birthday.

Sun. the 29th the children of Jake K. Schwartz's met with a slight accident coming home from church. The fifth wheel let loose from the rest of the buggy and the horse ran off with the two front wheels. Their were a few bumps and bruises but nothing serious.

Mercer, Mercer County, Pennsylvania - Dan J. Troyer

The first of March was cloudy with a little rain. We had a little skiff of snow on the 4th. Then mostly clear and warm with a few days up to 60 degrees on the 7th. It was colder again with an all day snow on the 14th about 5 inches. Then mostly clear for about 10 days with cold nights down in the 20's and up to 50 degrees and a little higher in the day time making some good sap rums. The 25th, 26th and 27th were cloudy. 28th and 29th, mostly clear with an all day rain on the 30th and on the 31st it snowed and blew, around 4 inches. Very little plowing is done yet although I heard of 1 big tractor farmer that got some oats planted. Purple martins came back on the 25th, 4 days earlier than before.

Union City, Penna. - Levi D. Stutzman

We had showers on March 1st. The 2nd and 3rd it was stormy and blustery, clearing by the 5th, then being nice up to the 8th. It was colder up to the 17th with snow on the 13th and 14th. The 18th and 24th were real nice with rain the 25th to 27th. Real nice the 28th and 29th and rained about all day on the 30th turning colder and stormy with a lot of snow on the 31st. Our low for the month was 7 degrees on the 10th and a high of 70 degrees on the 29th.

Geauga County, Ohio - Eli E. Miller Jr.

We had nice weather this last month with temperatures from 20 to 40 degrees; a few days to 48 except the 8th it started to rain in the morning and turned to snow by noon and got colder. It was 8 above by evening and we had a real blizzard but it warmed up some the next few days. The 15th and 16th we had our coldest, 3 and 4 below in the mornings with some wind the rest of the month. We had some cold northeast wind.

There isn't much syrup making yet as it is a little cold. A few have boiled some. The snow is about all gone and it rained March 1st.

Dairy cows are selling higher again, eggs are selling up to 80 a dozen. Feeder pigs at last sale went for $1.23 per cwt for top lot. Fat hogs price from $42.00 to $48.00 per cwt.

Stark Co., Ohio - Mrs. Sam J. Hershberger

Much of March seemed more like May weather, but the March Lion finally showed his strength during the night of the 30th when we received around 6 inches of snow with wind. Rain on the 29th and all the moisture was welcome. Much oats sowed.

WAYNE and HOLMES CO.,OHIO - REPORTS

Apple Creek, Kidron Area - John L. Stutzman

March is going out like a lion with the temperature at 23 degrees and snowing and blowing. The public and Kidron Christian Central School is being closed. It is the most snow and unpleasant weather that we had all winter. Farmers were busy plowing and different ones have sown their oats. A couple of early birds have sowed their oats beginning of the month. We had very little rain or snow this month. The maple syrup season wasn't so long. The syrup is scarce and high priced. Pigs are still a good price, selling over $1.00 a lb.

Holmesville Area - Monroe A. Weaver

March was a duplicate of February weather wise. We had 1 inch of rain, and 1 1/2 inch of snow. The coldest was 12 degrees, and the warmest 75--average temperature around 42 degrees.

Some oats are sowed, none are up yet. Lots of spring plowing is done.

Hogs 45 to 50 lb are $45. - $50.; pigs $49. - $60. per head; steers 61.60 down; Bulls $45. to $61.; better calves $90. - $120.; hay (stronger) mostly $75. - $155; straw $40. - $95; earcorn $45. - $70.

Quite a lot of wild geese from the north wintered in this area due to the mild weather.

Fredericksburg, Benton Area - Mrs. Levi S. Miller

March started in stormy and rainy, then was real nice and warm, mostly sunny days in March until Sun. eve, the 29th it blew and brought us a much appreciated rain, all day Monday, then turned to snow Mon. night and snowed Tues. a.m. Looks like "Winter Wonderland." Lots of plowing was done in March. Some oats was sown too.

Dan B. Troyer was here with his portable sawmill and sawed out lumber for a new barn this spring. Mrs. Enos L. Swartzentruber will be building a new barn and straw shed this spring, and Levi (Jonas L.) Swartzentrubers a straw shed.

Fredericksburg, Ohio - Eli E. Hochstetler

March winds howled the late winter month in but no severe cold, although we had some rain and light snow but nice spring like weather with freezing at night and thawing in the p.m. with colder week ends. Temperatures were mostly in the twenties to high forties. Maple syrup seems to be history as buds are showing. We've had cool nights and warm sunny afternoons, a few cold weekends until this morning Mon. March 30th we are being blessed with a much appreciated rain and a cool 50 degree north west wind. Probably 1/3 to 1/2 of the oats is sown but due to lack of moisture and it is plenty early most farmers were not in too big a hurry. Most spring birds are with us but Easter is late, yet Easter Lillies are in bloom, but like the old saying "What grows in March will freeze off in April", may hold true. Quite a few cash crop farmers are selling hay to live stock feeding farmers at the Mt. Hope weekly auction. Livestock prices are high while feeding grain is some what lower which is in the farmers favor, although Grade B milk dropped some, 20 cents per cwt. Plowing is well along and some manure is to be hauled on pasture. It is very cloudy this morning with the temperature going down, the barometer is also falling so our rain may turn to snow. Tues. March 31, We have snow this morning with 24 degrees. The storm from the northwest brought us an all day rain yesterday with cold winds, at dusk it turned to sleet and snow. So March came in like a lion although not as stormy as it ends. The papers say turn your clocks ahead 1 hour on April 1.

Millersb., Bunker Hill Area - Raymond S. Weaver

March was dry and warm. The beginning was stormy with a slight snow on the 4th but most of the month was warm with many cloudless days. Temperatures were above normal most of the month. The last two days however brought some rain and a 4 inch snow cover to top it out. Farmers have done a lot of plowing and some have sown oats. Women have planted some garden.

Baltic, Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

For March we had a few inches of snow in the forepart of the month with very little rain. We are having some drizzle on the 30th. Lots of plowing is done and quite a bit of oats sowed already, but still a lot to do yet. Temperatures are mostly in the thirties, some mornings were down to 20 degrees and some days up to 70 degrees. Grass is starting to green but more moisture would be appreciated. Pigs are selling good, hogs are some off. Lots of hay and straw sold at the local sales. There are still some farm sales.

Ashland County, Ohio - Ammon A. Troyer

March was mostly nice but snowed alot on the last day. Some people have oats sowed.

On Monday morning, March 2, at about 9:30, while attending church services for Pre. Lewis Weaver of Gladwin, Mich. in a neighboring district, Mrs. Abe (Alma) Troyer went out to the wash house and when she didn't return for awhile her dau. Katie went out to check on her and she found her laying on the wash house floor and life had fled. We didn't know anything was wrong with her and was a great shock to all.

Butler, Knox County, Ohio - Alvin Yoder

March has been very mild. Sunday, the 29th the temperature was up to 75 degrees but dropped to 30 degrees till Monday evening with a strong cold wind. We had a much needed all day rain which turned to snow by evening. We had a mini blizzard and more snow during the night. Snowed several inches with foot deep drifts. Farmers are plowing and women are making early gardens.

Sullivan, Ohio - Gideon J. Hershberger

Winter is past, and it was a mild one. We've had some very nice, sunny days lately. Also we had a little bit of rain.

Maple syrup season is coming to a close and it was a fair season, averaging 40-50 gallons sap to a gallon on syrup. It is selling around $18.00 a gallon.

New Amish Settlement

A new Amish settlement is starting 11 to `12 miles south of here, close to Jeromesville. People from Tilsonburg, Ontario, Canada are buying farms.

David S. and John A. Yoders bought a 95 A. farm for $80,000 just east of Albion. Daves are building a barn and Johns want to put up new buildigs sometime too.

Stockport, Ohio - Warren L. Fussner

The month of March was exceptional nice weather, until the 30th it started to rain and turned to snow on the 31st. Which lasted most all day. It was very little rain fall for the month. Farmers are busy sowing oats, plowing and other spring work. This year was an extra good maple syrup season. Syrup was real good and good quality. "Ich wunder als, thun mir Unser Lieber Gott genung danken?" Our milk price seems to be holding at $11.50 per hundred for 3.5 percent Grade B. Eggs are in the 65 to 75 cents range at the farm. We recieved word that Athens Farmers Market will open May 9th. There farmers can sell produce, baked goods, eggs, cheese, honey, plants, etc. But most be your own, home raised or made. The news for our area for this month is somewhat scarce.

Several months ago I had written concerning that Shawls and Bonnets were at one time not worn by the Amish women. I did receive word that several didn't believe this. So I wrote a couple letter and can base my statements on facts which as I wrote can be seen at N.J.B. Millers of Clark, Ohio. Noah stated in his letter that by 1912 the shawls were the accepted style of outside coat dress. He wrote that they have the Original Old Style long Mandel of his mother-in-law Mrs. (Bishop) Benj. Troyer (Bevle), which was made around 1890 and worn until around 1912. It is black lined inside with light green. Not brown as I had stated. His mothers mandel which is also in his possesion was made in 1893 and has faded to a brown color over the years. He explained a bit of his family tree to me and it was interesting that his fore fathers were of the first settlers in Ohio, the Holmes Co. area. Do we appreciate our heritage? I recently heard a elderly lady say that the younger people think the old folks were born to soon.

She said she is glad she was, that the life then was full and not all the evils as now a days. I feel that the Amish people have much to thank God for. Christian parents, Christian homes and a faith, tried and proved with fire and blood. I feel more and more what I have missed out on in my youth. I only hope that with God's help I can provide some of the things I missed in my youth for my children.

Nunnely, Tennessee - Lester Graber

Most of March was nice, sunny spring like. Many people had the urge and did plant a lot of garden already. However, on the 30th things were set back somewhat when a norther moved in early that morning bringing us up to 3 inches of snow and temperatures Tuesday and Wednesday morning were down in the 20's. However by Wed. the high was back up in the 60's and spring continued on its way again. Some trees have leafed out already, as well as lots of fruit trees were blooming. This likely set many things back.

Felty and Betty Yoder arrived here on the 30th with a load of things from Marion, Ky. area for the Hochstetler family and spent one night in this area before heading to Nashville for business then home.

Harold Smith is busy these days making his own sawmill outfit. Rudy Borntregers are building a buggy shop.

Noah Hochstetlers whose rented house and almost all of the contents burned down on March 1, are now living in a shop on the Amos Bontrager farm. They plan to build a shed or something to live in on their rented farm as soon as arrangements can be made with the owner who lived in Arizonia at present.

The local women had several sewings for the family of 7 children and many things have been brought in. Their address is Lyles, Tenn. 37098.

Visitors with us on the 9th when church was at the LeRoy Bontrager home were Mr. and Mrs. Joe A. Borntregers of Wilton, Wisc. They were in this area about 2 days before heading for other points.

Lester Kuhns of Marshfield, Mo. visited in this area with the Noah Hochstetler family the week of the 16th. They were here 2 nights and 1 day before continuing on to Nashville, Tenn. and other points.

The same week Henry Millers of Centreville, Mich. arrived in the area to spend several days with the Hochstetler family. They stayed for the weekend before heading north after spending some time in Phoenix, Arizonia and other southern points.

Tennessee Tanglewoods had their last day of school on the 25th. Jonas Masts and family and Harvey Hochstetlers of Huntingdon, Tenn. area spent the day in this area. The teacher, Clara Mast, then accompanied them home. Norman Borntrager, son of Truman and Martha, graduated from the eighth grade this year.

Ethridge, Tenn. - Daniel M. Gingerich

Weatherwise we have been treated very nice. Most spring oats have been sowed. The biggest part of plowing has been done and spring is here.

Grandma, Mrs. Lizzie J. Gingerich has times when she is pretty low. Then other times she feels fairly well.

Mrs. Menno (Lizzie) Gingerich has been sick off and on a big part of the winter. Doctors say it is the flu.

Our community has been bothered by a small gang of thiefs this past winter. They wait until people are in church then they break into the houses and take all the money they can find. The Amish are fairly sure who they are, because some well-known non Amish boys have been seen out walking on Sundays and on several occasions have come to a house when somebody was at home where they usually claim to have been walking a long way and want a drink of water. These boys have now got a car so I guess we'll have to see what happens.

Marion, County, Kentucky - Samuel Hertzler

March came in like a lion, and went out like two lions. March 1 was very stormy but not cold. We had 5 mornings with temperatures below the freezing point. Most of the month was mild. It turned colder on the 29th and snowed heavy most of the day on Mon. It melted mostly as it came. On Tues. morning it was 20 degrees with a stormy wind. Peaches, plums, etc. have been blooming for a week or 10 days. The dogwood blossoms are showing a tint of white. A few strawberries are in blossom.

An item of interest: The Rabers Almanac lists 12 Amish ministers older then year 1900. 2 of those Daniel Stoltzfus of Loganton, Pa. and Christ Borntrager of Wilton, Wisc. who died.

Guthrie, Kentucky - Jessie D. Peachey

March, for the most part has been very mild and dry. I don't recall ever seeing it like this, as usually it is wet until planting time, while this year we could be finished with corn planting before its actually time, although some went on and planted. Temperature had soared in the upper 70's last week, but this morning the story had changed and planting fever quickly vanished. The temperature dropped fast last evening and it rained some, now this morning we have a chilly 35 degrees and almost enough snow to cover the ground.

Park City, Kentucky - Enos A. Yoder

It is now 5 months that we moved to this area from Ethridge Tenn.

We had quite a bit of rainy weather at times but also much nice weather, a mild winter. The last week was real spring like. Yesterday, March 29, temperature went up in the 70's, till in the p.m. it started raining and later in the evening we had heavy thundershowers and rained a lot during the night. Also this morning and a.m. it then turned to sleet and later snow and snowed the rest of the day. At first it melted but this evening there is around 2 inches on the ground with temperature at 20 degrees. People have planted some early garden and some oats have been sown.

We made logs for a cellar nouse and barn.

It was 2 years in December that this Amish settlement was started. There are 19 families here now. Phone no. for this area: Thomas Rennichs, R1 Park City, Ky. (502) 678-4462.

Dunnville, Ky. - Marie Schlabach

March came in like a lion and also went out like one. So that saying don't hold true always. First part of the month was on the dry side but plenty of moisture last part was good too. Lowest morning temperature was 20 degrees on the 4th. Highest daytime temperature was the 7th and 25th with 80 degrees or close to it. Rained all day the 30th till evening it turned colder and by morning we had a little snow. A few snow flurries in a.m. By p.m. it got warmer and all the snow was gone. Redbuds (a wild bush or small tree) are just ready to start blooming, also tulips. Crocuses are past and Hycinths are still nice. I haven't seen the forsythias bloom so thick for a long time. Oats are up nice and cabbages are all planted. 4 acres at this end counting and English neighbor that we helped to put out. Tobacco beds are all started and a lot of gardens put out.

Allen County, Indiana - Mrs. John Schmucher

March came in pretty much like a lamb but is going out with colder and windy weather. Also some rain and snow flurries. Some oats was sown and a little garden made.

When Mrs. Andy Graber was discing a bridle came off the one horse which caused a runaway and she somehow got her leg cut bad and had to have surgery on it.

Mrs. Jacob (Elizabeth Graber) was in the hospital 3 weeks from strep infection after the birth of her baby. It also had a touch of it. Elizabeth wasn't gaining very fast.

Adams County, Indiana - Mary Ann Hilty

March was a changeable month, also a very dry month that caused a lot of grass fires. We've greatly enjoyed the warm, sunny days. Alot of oats is sown and early garden things planted. On March 29 we had a warm day of 76 degrees. Children were playing outside with out coats and even straw hats were seen. Later that evening it started raining along with a north west wind. However the next day morning we were surprised to find everything covered with a blanket of snow and a shivering cold temperature of 31 degrees. Our warm sunny days made a sharp sudden change and old man winter was back-a-whistleling again. The 5 inches of snow left the county in a tinsil of white splendor. The Lords hand gently, delicated such a beauty upon the land. The first of April we're still having freezing temperatures and snow flurries. The robins and blue birds made their return and we're looking forward to seeing the Martins soon.

Lorene Troyer, 19, R1 Monroe, Ind. 46772, dau. of Ernest C. Troyers had surgery to remove a cyst and ovary. She spent 3 days in the hospital and is now recovering at home.

Baby Lucinda Shetler, 3 weeks, R1 Monroe, Ind. 46772 is a patient at the Parkview Hospital in ICU. She has pneuomia and other complications, expects to be in the hospital for 3 weeks or until she reaches 5 lbs. Her brother Freeman, 5, received a broken arm, when he fell on it somehow.

LaGrange County, Indiana - Anna Eash

We had unusual March weather in that it was somewhat unpredictable and changeable. We had real nice spring like weather, some 60 degrees and on Sunday the 18th it was 70 degrees. We had little moisture and the wish for rain was granted as we had over 1 inch. The last week it was cloudy and some light rain, light thunderstorms during the night of the 23rd.

A lot of buildings are going up and quite a few real estate and farm sales. Factories are working full force. We had 8 funerals, several weddings to keep everyone busy. We also have quite a few sick people, mostly colds, pneumonia, etc. Few weddings are scheduled for April.

Our senior deacon, Moses F. Miller who reached his 102nd birthday on February 10, passed away March 3. He weakened but was alert until the last. He was not bed fast until the last few days. His desire to leave this world was granted on March 3. He was ordained deacon in 1933. In 1980 his desire to be releived of his duties and Chris J. Miller, 20, was ordained and has faithfully filled his place.

We had funerals in March and also the body of Mrs. Joe L. (Minnie) Miller of Martinsburg, Ohio was brought here and funeral was held here at the Amos Jay Miller residence. Burial beside her husband in the Miller Cemetery.

Kokoma, Indiana - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

March came in like a lamb with very nice days of sunshine which warmed to the high of the month the 8th with 80 degrees. The following morning it was down to 28 degrees and cloudy with very chilly east winds. We had mostly chilly east winds the following two weeks but we had enough nice days of sunshine with it to give us all some spring fever. Farmers were busy hauling manure, plowing and sowing oats. Some of the women made garden as it was unusually dry for this time of the year. We had nice little showers off and on in the last week but not enough to keep farmers out of the fields. We had 15 degrees the 10th and 25 degrees the 31st with some now flurries and partly cloudy.

Daviess Co., Indiana - Elizabeth Mae Raber

March came in with rain on the first day, also had some rain on the 15th, 18th, 24th and 29th. We had snow on the 30th, a nice cover but most of it melted the next day. We also had quite a few cloudy days and also had some nice warm days with 6 days of 70 degree temperature or more, had a high of 76 degrees on the 23rd, and a low of 25 degrees on the 3rd and 31st. Some early gardens have been planted and quite a bit of plowing done.

Galen, 3, son of Loren Waglers was in the hospital. They found out he has diabetes and needs insulen.

Mrs. Noah P. Wagler was in the hospital alittle over 2 weeks with pnemonia and other ailments. She is at home and improving.

On March 4 was the funeral of Lewis Knepp, 71, who was brought here for burial from Florida where they had made their home the last few years. His first wife died in 1946 and was buried here. He leaves his second wife the former Lydia Diener and 3 children.

Lovington, Arthur Area, Ill. - Henry R. Yoder

The month of February was unusual dry and mostly sunshiny days. Several days were real windy and the coldest temperature was around 18 degrees. Towards the last of the month there were quite a few oats sown. In March the pattern was about the same, also more sunny days then average. We did have rain right on the last of Feb. but the ground was soon dry enough that oats sowing was mostly finished by mid March. We had several days in March of rain but not much accumulation. Farmers seem well caught up with their field work, the ground is working exceptionally well. Reports were that some corn has been planted but don't know where. Southern Illinois is up to 250 miles south of here and naturally they would be planted earlier than here. It's rather unusual to have so many field working days in March. Coldest in March was around 20 degrees the last week, hardly any frost. No snow during the month of March as of yet. March through here is known of sudden changes.

Market reports aren't changing much, from Feb. 1st till now there wasn't much change on Grain prices. Corn dropped around 20 cents in that length of time but gained back again is now around the same as Feb. 1. Mostly small changes from day to day. Soybeans have changed but very little. May be up a penny or two then back the other way. So the price now is about the same as Feb. 1. Cattle and hogs about the same, the demand for feeder pigs is good yet. Fat hogs at local yards were from $50.00 per hundred on down and not enough local cattle on feed or going o market in central Ill. to establish a price quote. Farm land isn't noving. Some for sale but buyers are more slack. There are some estates sold at auction ranging in price from $12,00 to $1,500 per acre down to one half of several years ago.

It was real cold on the 30th and looks like March might go out like a lion.

Suvilla Kauffman is now in her new home at the Ivan Plank place.

Robert L. Yoders moved to their new house across the road from Ura Yoders.

Joe M. Masts moved in a trailer on the Mrs. Jerry Diener property. He operates the machine shop.

Laplata, Missouri - Neil Kauffman

Morning temperatures ranged from 20 to 35 degrees and varmed up to 60 degrees in the daytime. It was very mild and pleasant weather. Some have peas and lettuce planted, also oats sowed. The last days in February were cloudy and rainy. The 27th vas cloudy and foggy.

Mose W. Bontreger was in Grim and Smith Hospital then ransferred to Columbia hospital with heart problems. He was here 1 week. 3 weeks later he in hospital again over night. Stress seems to be part of the problem according to the doctors.

March came in like a lion with cold north winds. We had some ainy days, also foggy on the 20th and 21st. Also nice days, on he 8th it went up to 80 degrees then the next morning to 32 legrees with north winds. Went down to 18 degrees about the 0th. The 14th, 17th to 21st we had 40 degree morning emperatures, also 50 degrees at times, till the 28th we had 34 legrees again. It is a rainy day and wind to the north again. If March goes out like a lamb it has to change in the next couple ays.

Mosie Petersheims have moved on their own farm on Mar. 20 ere in the settlement, LaPlata. they were renting from Felty Masts.

Ezra Millers, renting from Eli P. Gingerich, have bought their wn farm now. They are supposed to get possession April 1st, lso here in LaPlata.

Jamesport, Missouri - Amos W. Yoder

The first half of March was nice and warm, and first sowed oat ields are greening up. We had about 4 inches of rain, from the 15th to the 29th. It has slowed down field work. Some garden hings are also up and apricot trees were blooming, now these ast 2 mornings the temperature was down at 20 degrees.

Revere, Missouri - Jacob A. Mast

We had a lot of nice weather in March, most of the oats were sown in the first part of the month, are having wet the last part.

Henry Eichers baby was in the hospital with pneumonia about a week.

Paul Eicher, John Burkholder and Alvin Schrock families attended the funeral of their Dad and Grandad Mose Schrock of Bowling Green, Mo. on March 5, also some of the others from here attended.

About a dozen from here plan to take the noon bus for Bowling Green to attend the wedding of their nephew and cousin, Jake Schwartz and Josephine Eicher that s to be on April 2.

Ordung gma was held at Henry Eichers on the 29th. Gros gma to be at Jacob Masts on April 12 Lord willing. Dan Eicher of Bowling Green attended Ordung gma.

Windsor, Missouri - Monroe J. Hershberger

March was a fairly nice spring month, with a combination of weather! There wasn't much wind, like some years. Early gardens are in and some oats are sown, but it is wet enough now to keep us out of sowing and planting as much as we want to.

It is drizzling now, and the forecast is for 3 inches of snow. They had so much snow in Western Kansas the fore part of this week that Interstate I-70 was even closed!

Maywood, Missouri - Moses J. K. Burkholder

March has been a wet month in this area. The first part was not quite as wet, in fact some field work was done then. However the latter part was wet with the creek running 3/4 bank full a few times. Wheat looks good so far and the oats has been sown too, but isn't up a whole lot yet. Pastures are greening up, some trees are blooming and now yesterday morning and this morning the temperatures are below freezing again. The wet weather slowed down the loggers, so now we're slacked up on the sawmill. Have plenty to do once we get the logs. This morning I'm laid up with a severe back pain. Guess I'll try to see a chiropractor today. The flu has been in the area too. Quite a bit of early garden things are planted already. Some is up nicely now. My wild bird watch has passed the 40 bird mark now. Last year I saw over 80 different species of wild birds.

Canton, Missouri - Jacob D. Hochstetler

March was a nice month. It was at freezing the first few days but warmed up, the 8th when it got up to 80 degrees. Several people got their oats sowed that week. It cooled off again on the 16th and froze. Also had a hard frost the 30th when it went down to 22 degrees. Quite a few trees had started to leaf out already. Grass is really green and was growing nice. Cattle and hogs are still high as feed is plentiful. Hog prices have worked up again as spring is coming cattle are kept off the fields. So more people are buyi

Prairie Home, Missouri - Phineas A. Mast

March has been real spring like except for the last 2 mornings we had a good hard freeze. This morning it was down to 18 degrees. Oat fields are looking nice, plowing is well underway. Early gardens are up nice, don't know what the freeze did to them.

Eli Borntreger is building a barn at present. The sawmill business is holding steady, oak farm lumber is selling for 22 cents and soft maple grade lumber for 26 cents picked up at the mill.

Clark, Missouri - Samuel D. Beachy

The first part of the month gave us a good chance to get the oats sown early and get some plowing done, while the latter part of the month was too wet to work ground, but we didn't have any real heavy rains. On the last 2 days it turned off unusual cold for this late of the year. Morning temperature was in the teens so likely fruit trees are frozen and possible other things. Cattle prices are high, lighter feeder cattle sell over 80 cents and heavier from 65, up to well above 70 cents. A Holstein bull weighing 1660 lbs. brought 47.75 a hundred and a Jersey Bull weighing 1180 lbs. brought 53.75.

Mrs. Chris Yoder, around 65, had a heart attack Friday morning March 27 and was taken to the hospital and after 4 days she was still in Intensive Care. It was hoped she would be moved out yesterday, March 31.

Marshfield, Missouri - Rueben Yoder

Overall March was very mild. We had a cool spell on the second but it turned off nice and was unseasonably warm all through the month, so that the apricot, peach and plum trees have bloomed. Children were going barefooted. On the 28th temperatures were in the 70's then it started to rain and by 1:00 Sun. morning the temperature dropped to 30 degrees. This morning the 31st the temperature was at 22 degrees with a clear sky and a promise of warmer weather for April. I fear the fruit is gone for this year.

The highlight in the community was the sale of Herman Stutzmans. A beautiful day and a large crowd resulted in very few bargains as most things sold high.

Seymour, Missouri - Menno D. Schwartz

March came in fair and is going out fair, a little on the cool side, but not cold. A real nice sunny day except a slight frost. Oats are up and grass is green but not up enough for pasture. We had enough rain but not too much, keeping the ponds full which is a very important thing though here. Lots of farmers have springs or ponds with wells if needed. Our well with a wind mill is down in a hollow where the summer winds don't always blow enough. We also don't have the wind chill to figure in the winter either. So we have a big pond for our main water supply. Hogs are still at $50, shelled corn at $1.90 the last I heard, delivered.

Dixon, Missouri - Jonathan Shrock

Most of March continued mild. Peach and plum trees in full bloom. Some gardens and oats are up even a few strawberry blossoms. Cooler the last few days and the last morning it was down to 14 degrees.

Stephen and Katie Stoll from Aylmer, Can. visited friends in this area the 20th, 21st and 22nd and left for home on Monday.

On our way home from town a pipe fell from the carriage, scaring the horse who started kicking and ran out of control. Having a sleeping child, Esther, on his lap Reuben Wickey couldn't control the horse so he caught a young tree on the side of the road to stop him. The buggy turned slowly on its side and the horse ran on to the gate at the end of the lane. Being not far from home, his wife Carolyn and baby Judith walked along home with Rueben. The only known affects was Carolyn bruised and was sore a few days later.

Sylvan Yoders have dug and cemented the walls for their new home, on part of what used to be Roy Yutzys farm.

Clarita, Oklahoma - Kathryn Miller

February started in with a rainy day, but it then cleared off and got nice. It went up to 70 and 80 degrees. Folks planted their early gardens the 2nd week. On the 15th it was rainy and had a hail and thunder storm during the night. We got 1 1/2 inch of rain. It was kinda rainy most of the time since the 15th. On the eve of the 27th. We had another hail and thunder storm with 2.6 inches of rain.

The robins are back again and the fields are starting to get green from all our rain and warm sunshine.

Andrew, 14, son of Andy Miller's was to the Shreveport, La. Shriner's hospital for a check-up on the 3rd of February. He has badly broken in arches and they gave him some inserts to put in his shoes.

Visitors at the Elmer Yoder home over the 15th were his brother Yost's from Lakeside, Ontario, Canada.

Visitors at the Noah Coblentz home over the 22nd were Noah and John Bylers from Clinton, Pa.

On the 18th and 19th Andy Millers, Elmer and Yost Yoders went to the Stephville, Texas area.

Visitoys with the Andy Millers over the 15th of March were the Calvin Yoder's from Dover, Delaware. Elmer Yoder left to visit home folks at Lakeside on the 24th.

The first part of March was very nicespring-like weather. Some children went barefooted some days. Towards the middle of the month we got some rain but the last part of the month it felt like winter again. Ground and mud holes were frozen some mornings which also made some of the spring flowers hang their heads.

Jacob and Elma Brandenburger, Joas and Susan Borntrager & 2 children Samuel and Malinda all of Bronson Mich. spent 5 1/2 days here with us, their brother.

Early garden things have been plantedand some have peas up already.

Men folks are kept busy working fields and sowing oats.

Mrs. Clarence Jay (Edna Mae) Miller had surgery the 23rd, she seems to be recovering well.

Haven, Kansas - Mrs. Enos Schrock

March started in like a lamb, a very nice day. The first of the month temperature was up to 75 degrees one day, but the last part is a cold, snowy, north wind with temperature down to below 20 degrees. We had quite a lot of rains this month, wet, wet, wet! Oats aren't planted yet. Those warm days we had sure gave the wheat fields a lift, they look so rich and green.

Jerry Bontragers and my sister Mary (Mrs. of the late John Y. Miller) were here from Riceville, Ia. from March 19 to 24.

Hutchison, Partridge Area, KS - Edward A. Mast

The first part of March was quite mild. Some field and garden work was done the second week. Since then it was quite wet causing the leaves and blossoms to come out early. A cold wave on the last weekend brought us two mornings of 20 degrees and a high wind. This wasn't so good for the blooming peach trees and peeping peas and potatoes. Perhaps it slowed down the weevel in the alfalfa fields.

Bloomfield, Iowa - Mrs. Daniel D. Yoder

It was fairly dry and warm the first 2 weeks of March. Many early gardens were planted and some went barefooted. The 3rd week it started raining with some nice days sprinkled in. The last week was cloudy, rainy and chilly. The eve. of the 28th it really hailed about 5 minutes with high winds. On the 29th we had a real wet snow melting about like it came down. Temperature was a little above freezing. The morning of the 30th and 31st it was 20 degrees with a strong cold wind and mostly sunny on the 30th and quiet and clear on the 31st. Some oats was sown during the warm and dry time. Several farm sales are among our people. Pig prices are still strong.

Johnson County, Iowa - Duane Borntrager

We have had a very mild winter this year with no snow on the ground as it melted during the next week. March has been mild with an average amount of rainfall. The frost is out of the ground so most people have done quite a bit of plowing lately. Some oats have been sowed already. No gardens have been planted this year yet.

On the weekend of March 22nd, seven loads of people went to

Nappanee, Ind. for the wedding of Alfred Miller, son of Eddie Jay Millers, and Laura Swartz, dau of Ray Swartzes. He had lived with his parents until he was 20 and then went to live in Nappanee, Ind. He is planning to live at Ray Swartzes for the present time.

Barbara Chupp, who lives at her daughter, Salina's home has not been very well lately.

My grandparents, Eli and Delila Bontrager, are living in their house again since February 1st.

The north 2 church districts are planning to join together for the summer again.

Buchanan County, Iowa - Clara Nissley

Our March was mostly warm and sunny. The first part was really nice, temperatures soaring way up to 69 degrees. It turned colder around the 9th as we had temperatures at 28 degrees then. It usually warmed up during the week and got cold on the weekend. Sunday the 15th it snowed most of the day but it warmed up after that until the last part of March. We had blizzard like weather on Sunday, the 29th. Cleared off but is cold yet. Some farmers are done plowing and a lot of it is being done yet. A few have sowed their oats, but not very many. Robins are hopping across the snow these days.

Dannie R. Gingerich was in the hospital a few days and was fed through the veins to try and get more strength into his body as he wasn't eating enough. He's been some better since, he eats better and also sleeps a lot better then he did at one time. He still spends most of his time in bed, doesn't have much pain anymore.

Andy Kauffman was also in the hospital a few days to take tests due to a bowel blockage of some kind. I have not heard what the cause was.

There is a lot of rhuematic fever associated with this flu thats going around. There are several slight cases in this community and lots of flu still circulating.

Riceville, Iowa - Dan C. Bontrager

March has been a mild month as a whole but we had a wet snow and wind on March 1, but through the month it has been very mild. We had a few showers in March. Then on the 28th towards evening it started to snow and the 29th in the morning it looked much like a blizzard although not cold at 22 degrees. But by noon the sun was out. We had some pretty fair sized drifts. I didn't write for Feb. as we and Joni B. Petersheims (our dau. Fannie) had gone to Old Mexico to consult doctors at the Del Mar Hospital, where Fannie ended up removing a cyst and 2 tumors. Thankfully they did not show maligant. We left home on March 12. We drove through snow while going through Texas. February was also mild with less snow then normal. Some plowing has been done in March. But no seeding yet.

Rexford, Montana - Roman Schlabach

At present we are having cold nights and beautiful days. Our winter has been mild also a warm early spring. Now the last week we have a cold snap and some more snow. Although the snow is gone here in the valley now, the mountain are still heavily covered. It seems the mild winters account for more sickness than normal. Many in the community had colds accompanied by hard coughs this winter.

Border Lumber Company is going back to working full time again after being off several weeks due to mud. County roads are still closed to heavy traffic, so no logging or lumber trucks will be running for awhile yet. Most woods work is at a standstill.

The Kauffman mill is sawing on a limited scale. The Kauffman boys John, Jr. and Howard are logging the area between here and the Canadian border.

Many new calves are seen on the local ranches these days.

New Amish Settlement

Tomorrow is moving day for the Jonnie Yoder family. They, along with a Hershberger family from Wayne Co., Ohio are forming a new settlement at Shawano, Wisc.

Sam Yoder has built a new log building for his candle and soap business.

The family of Ezra Bontrager and two sons-in-law, Freeman and Leland Yoder families of Kingston, Wisc. spent over a month in the community. The men spent most of their time in the Seattle, Wash. area, building a large post and beam house. They left for Kingston again March 23.

Utica, Minnesota - Atlee J. Shetler

March came in like a lion with 6 inches snow. It was nice the rest of the month and people started plowing for oats then on the night of the 28th we had a snow storm, only a few inches on the level. It was stormy on the 30th with 18 degrees but the sun is out. If March will go out like a lamb it will need an unshorn fleece yet.

Harvey, son of William and Edna Schmucker broke his leg as the horse he was breaking to ride fell on him.

March 24 was Deacon Dan E. Gingerich Farm sale and they are loading trucks today, March 30th and headed for Augusta Wisconsin.

Pine City, Minnesota - Phineas Borntreger

The weather in March was mostly mild. We didn't have no zero weather. Had some winds a few days. It was 10 above this morning which was the coldest we had in March. We still didn't get our March snow blizzard and only have one day to go, it is nice and clear today. The farmers were thinking of going to the fields now they changed their mind. They are doing mostly chores and hauling manure.

Harmony, Minnesota - Mrs. Criss Stutzman

March first brought us around 6 inches snow again. Most of the snow had disappeared which fell in Jan. Not much snow all winter to what we were expecting. The first week in March was mostly sunshine with temperatue in low twenties to upper forties. We had a few days which rained some and turned to snow only to about cover the ground, then melted again. Wind was in the east 3 weeks, at times a little north east then south east again and back to east with not much moisture. The 25th it changed to North west and got colder, rained some most of the day. From the 15th to the 25th it was warm spring like weather. Some farmers worked in the field and gardens spaded the 23rd and 24th. The night of the 28th we got 5 inches snow, was very windy and snow whirled in heaps around the buildings etc. Temperature dropped to ten above zero the last two mornings, but reached the 40 degree mark during the day so the snow won't last long.

Canton, Minnesota -

Migrations

Eli E. Glicks and two children moved from Heauvelton, N. Y. to this area on March 5th. Ezra Glicks came on March 25th from the same place.

The Dan A. Gingerich family of Clare, Mich. Moved here march 23rd and are living on a farm they bought with no buildings, so friends and relatives put up a wash-house and shop combined to live in for the time being. The saw mill will be moved in shortly to saw logs for a new barn.

The Jacob J. Byler family from Dundee, Ohio moved to this community on March 26. They also bought a farm in pardnership with his brother Emanuels who came las fall. Some buildings need to be put up too later.

Pardeeville, Wisconsin - Magdalena Bontrager

March came in nice and warm. We had a wet snow on March 14th which covered everything nicely. The trees and twigs were beautiful. There is little syrup made in this part of the county. The maple trees are mostly in the yards. People are beginning to plow. The land has some rock and other fields have quite a few, the soil being a sandy loam. Oats will soon be in the ground, Another spring, as our Lord has promised.

Amhurst, Wisconsin - Levi J. Borntreger

We had very nice springlike weather throughout March. On the 1st we had a nice snowfall but it warmed up and it didn't last too long. Two weeks later it snowed again. After that we had very nice days with temperatures above 60 degrees. Our old snow was almost all gone. We had rain on the 25th. Then on the 29th we got more snow again, a wet snow, trees were ladden with snow. It turned colder since with temperature dropping to 8 to 10 degrees above zero. (Some thermometers were at the zero mark). The first few weeks it was cold enough that it froze overnight. Some people tapped maple trees and reported a good run. For a while it seemed like sap season was over but, not doubt it will start again being its colder again. Some early farmers were out plowing already but not doubt this weather will take their spring fever away.

C.R. Borntrager had the misfortune of having his horse being hit by a van the other week, while on his way to town. He stopped by highway A, for traffic to pass. He failed to see the van coming from the north and as he turned on the highway the horse was hit by the van. The horse was knocked down and recieved a gash in the leg. A vet was needed to dress the wound. The van was damaged some also, but luckily no other injuries.

Minerva Beachy, dau. of Mose Beachys sprained her ankle and is going on crutches at present.

Ernest Schmucker was admitted to the Waupaca Hospital last week. He had an appendicits operation. The same week Dena age 3, dau. of Roy Borntragers was also admitted. She also had an appendix operation which was already ruptured but just before surgery. Dena was still in the hospital at last reports.

Wilton, Wisconsin - Ben C. Borntreger

March has been another nice month with 12 degrees being the coldest morning temperature. We had quite a few mornings around 40 degrees and quite a few nice sunny days. There has been some plowing done in that nice mild weather, no oats sown that I know of. I heard one family had made a little garden already. Although we had quite a snow storm Sat. night and Sun. forenoon. By Monday morning it was real nice and a sunshine day which was a little hard on the snow. It was down to 15 degrees April 1 and at 18 degrees April 2nd.

Cashton, Wisconsin - Joe C. Bontrager

March started in with a snow storm the first, but soon warmed up. Was mild most of the month with a few light showers and also a few light snow flurries. On the 29th we had another snow storm with a high north wind which lasted all day till around 5 P.M. The wind let down and cleared off. It was nice on Mon. but at 4 degrees Tues. morning. Today is nice and clear.

Greenwood, Wisconsin - Jonas P. Bontrager

January, February and March were all unusually mild with only five days with zero or colder temperatures in January and no zero degree temperaturs the other 2 months. We had a few days with close to zero including this morning, March 31 with 3 degrees. We also had below normal snowfall for all 3 months. Our milk price dropped down to $10.50 for a 3.5 test, feeder pigs are around $50.00 for 40 lbs.

Blair, County - Mrs. Moses S. Miller

March 1st brought snow, about 8 inches. Since it has mostly been nice sunny weather, a few damp rainy days, also a few windy days. Another snow the 29th of a few inches, then turned colder with 2 degrees on the 30th and down to zero the 31st. Grass is getting a little green but slow.

Levi V. Bontrager and wife returned March 23 from their stay in Texas, where the Mrs. had been sick and was in the hospital. She is somewhat better.

Perry A. Lambright and wife returned hom March 10 from their trip to Kenton, Ohio where they attended a wedding and also visited at Glasgow, Kentucky.

Alvin Miller and wife had gone to Van Wert, Ohio to have a hernia operation (For Alvin) on March 24. The have returned home again.

Ira A. Bontragers returned home from their trip to Tenn. and Ky. on March 26.

Moses J. Millers had fire in their harness shop March 28. To all appearance a chunk of firewood had fallen and pushed a cardboard box against the heater, wood stove. The box burned and wood box also partly. The fire trucks were there and was not hard to get it out. Not much damaged, a few harnesses were damaged from the heat. Ceiling was smoked. There had been too much smoke to enter the building but fire men put on masks and soon had it under control.

Moses J. Miller and wife had gone to Reno, Nev. for tests. Moses had bad head aches. They also made a stop at Phoenix, Arizonia also to Old Mexico to consult a doctor making a stop at Jamesport, Mo. before returning home on March 7. They got work that Moses grandfather, Moses F. Miller of Ind. passed away, while they were gone and didn't make it to the funeral. Moses F. Miller being 102 years old. Funeral was March 6.

Augusta, Wisconsin - Joseph W. Schrock

March went in as a lamb and went out like a lion. The coldest was 10 degrees on March 9th, 10th, 30th and 31st and the warmest was 66 degrees a few days. Snow fall was 11 inches. We had nice spring weather. Some started plowing before the last cold snap. We had about 3 inches of snow the 29th just like winter. Now the ground is frozen alittle.

Chetek, Wisconsin - Mrs. Henry Lehman

On March 1st we had 5 to 6 inches of snow. The most for all winter. It also blew and drifted some. But in 3 to 4 days it was gone again from the nice warm temperatures going up to 75 degrees some days. It cooled off the 13th and snowed and drizzled a little all day. Had a nice cover of snow the morning of the 14th but by evening it was mostly gone again. We had a few light showers of rain but not very much moisture so far this spring. The last 2 days of March we had a chilly and raw wind. Also rained a little on the 31st with our first thunder for the year.

Migration

Henry H. Millers loaded trucks and moved to Tomah, Wis. R4 on the 13th of March.

The 17th Ezra C. Millers moved on the farm where Henry Millers were and Joseph D. Masts moved to where Ezras vacated.

Joe W. Schrocks of Medford, Wisc. brought a load of machinery last week and the family and the rest of the belongings are expected in a few weeks.

Mrs. Joni Miller was in the hospital 3 or 4 days but is at home again and improving.

Medford, Wisconsin - Clarence Miller

March 1st we had snow but was mostly spring like. The 25th and 26th we had some rain. A little blizzard on the 29th of several inches of snow. And also snow the eve. of the 31st and had a little lightening and thunder that night. It turned colder the 28th and stayed so the rest of the month.

Mrs. Daniel Troyer came home from the hospital March the 13th and seems pretty good. She walks with a walker.

The three church districts here made a scrap book for her.

Clare, Michigan - Abe M. Hochstetler

March has been an unusual mild and dry month. Some oats was put in around the 26th with plowing done. It turned colder the last few days with 15 degree temperatue on the 31st. Horses are selling some better then a year ago. Good grade work horses are from 5 to 8 and 9 hundred a pc. Dairy cows are about the same. Oats are 145 a bu. Pigs are selling good.

Migration

Henry and William Coblentzs moved into the area from Dover, Del. on March 31. The moving truck was delayed some due to running into a snow strom through northern Ohio where they closed the turnpike for some time.

Herman Stutzmans moved to this area on March 11 from Marshfield, Mo.

Vernon Yoders had sale on the 28th of March and moved across the road on a property they bought.

Bronson, Michigan - Ora Graber

A continue of mild and very little rain. The only measurable moisture was on the 9th and 10th of about 3 inches of snow. The rest of the month did not have enough moisture to keep anyone out of the field. We had a few weeks of nice sunshine. A few days of drizzle and a strong cold wind from the east for about two weeks. Oats are being sowed and early gardens planted, some signs of spring. But this morning, the 30th a cold northwest wind is prevailing and a possible freeze tonight. Our gladiola farms are busy planting bulbs. There is a great demand for these flowers, and it seems they are not able to supply the demand. Apparently people would rather look and smell than eat. This might be a great diet for those that want to reduce.

It looks like people still have the money to build, at least there's a lot of building going on. But not everyone, as an elderly couple asked to stay in an old house that most people would hold a match to it. They are glad for just a place to stay and are willing to put up with things that most of our own people would refuse to do.

Quincy, Michigan - Cathyrn Schmucker

March 1st it rained then it started to warm up. It was 70 degrees by the 7th then the 14th we had 7 inches of snow. It stayed kind of cold the rest of the month with temperature of between 40 and 50 degrees. Now it rained again the 29th and cooled off again. Some farmers have started plowing.

Montgomery, Michigan - Mrs Noah N. Schwartz

February and March have been very mild with temperatures in the 50's and 60's. We have had very little rain and snow all winter. Cisterns are getting low in water. It is also getting dry to plow for oats.

House Fire

Feb. 8th was cold and very windy. We had very gusty winds. At 4:00 p.m. the house of Christ N. Schwartz burned down leaving them with out a home, clothes and furniture. They have 4 children ranging from 1 year to 4 years. They cause of the fire was probably from the chimney burning out and sparks behind the siding. The house was rebuilt and they moved in 2 weeks after the fire. Their address is: Montgomery, Mich. 49255.

On March 27th Sam M. Schwartzs had retirement sale with prices running fairly high.

Stanwood, - Michigan - John Y. Schwartz

March came in as a lion, but in general it was sunny and above normal temperatures. We had about 3 inches of snow and a day or two of light showers. The temperatures reached 70 degrees a few times.

Spring plowing is being done which is on the early side for here.

This was a good year for maple syrup making.

Bear attacts small girl

A local man had a bear in a pen which got out and attacted a little girl after she got out of the school bus, but not much harm was done. The bear ended up in a local butcher shop, weighing 500 lbs.

Desboro. Ontario, Canada - Noah J. Stutzman

March 2nd was stormy and blowy closing some highways. The first week was mild in daytime. March 8th, the temperature hit 54 degrees in the shade, followed by several days of northeast wind with temperature 4 below on the 10th. This past week was mild with temperatures from 30 to mid 50s. The last snow flakes were on march 12th. We had a .6 inch rain from the 25th to 27th.

Snow started melting on the 4th, by the 8th bare spots appeared. Today's fair south wind and 56 degrees dried off the soft ground and we can hardly see any snow. Looks like rain. Farmers have been spreading manure.

John L. Stutzman will have private sale on April 1st, to sell some of their belongings to thier children. On april 10th they will have public sale to sell the remainder before moving in with their daughter, David Hostetlers, (in the dawdy part.) Then their son will move on the farm to continue farming. Dad will build a new shop to make, repair buggies, sleighs, wheels etc.

Barn Fire Report: Of Dan E. Stutzman are reported in another letter. We will add abstracts. The fire was caused by corn fodder wrapping on the main shaft of a silo filler, causing heating. They had stopped to clean this out when suddenly the barn was engulfed with flames. Dan had been in the mow checking for embers 3 minutes ealier. A strong south wind fed and ignited fodder, straw and dust unbelievable fast. Nothing was saved upstairs. All stock except 2 sows, 22 pigs were saved. About 14 ton tons of grain plus a grain binder, corn binder, corn planter, 2 grain drills, a plow, cultivator, disc, hay tedder,oat roller, 2 hammer mills,Lister Diesel, water pump and other various items were lost.

Chatsworth, Ontario, Ontario - Daniel Stutzman

March started with wind and rain but turned to snow. It cleared off on thr 4th and no visible snowfall since, being sunny most every day with temperature rather mild, although it was down zero on the 10th and 11th but warmed up again to 63 degrees on the 24th. On the eve of the 25th we had thundershowers and is staying more wet since with temperatures in the 40s. A lot of snow melted under the March sun with only patches of snow left and the grass is getting green. The sap season is at a standstill just now but hopefully it isn't past yet. The maple syrup is selling as fast as it can be made at $28. for 4 litters (metric gallons). April is schudeled for a public auction for John N. Stutzmans as they are retiring from farming to continue in the buggy and sleifg business.

Foot warming nearly tragic

A while ago during colder weather, the John J. Stutzmans had a scary mishap when their 3 year old daughter Katie, got the idea of warming her one foot. Leaving the girl on her chair nearby the the kettle the mother went into the house on an errand. Soon crying was heard from the wash-house and the mother came to her rescue sitting by the open kettle door with her one foot inside and the rubber buckle burning fiercely. Luckily she kept her foot front kicking to get rid of the fire. The blaze was soon drowned with water only to leave a big hole in a nearly new bucket containing a hot shoe and a warmed up foot.

Runaway team scrapes car

Just as Andy Schrock Jr. had unloaded his pigs at the Keady sales barn still being at the rear of his hack his horse scared of a truck's tarp flapping and took off at a gallop. After crossing the parking lot lot, making a sharp turn they swung the hack sideways into a a 1986 car. Leaving the hack by the car they continued their run going through a busy driveway parked with peddlers and many people on foot, turned and headed back they were caught by the owner. The damadge to the car is estimated from 2 to 3 thousand dollars with the hack only a bent axle and the feeling quite lucky that nothing worse happened.

Barn Fire

March 25th about 2:45 P M Dan Stutzman's 40x60 barn with a lean to shed set on fire after shredding corn stalks with a cutter-box as it wrapped on the shaft and got hot. The fire started in the straw shed and in a few minutes was burning through the entire top of barn. Two neighbors saw the smoke as soon as visible and they were there to help to help to get the livestock out. All the horses and cattle were saved. The pig pen door was opened but only one got out safe, 2 got out scorched and another got burned badly and had to be killed. One sow with with her litter of 10 small pigs, and a just bought boar suffered death burns. Also a line of good machiner, some dry oar lumber and numerous other items were lost in the fire. At least 10 ton of grain plus hay and straw were burned. About 30 bags of grain was saved after the fire. Surrounding Buildings were saved by the Chadsworth fire department. The mess is now mostly cleaned up but no plans are made to rebuild.

Harvey, 19, son of Dan E. Stutzman had an appendendix operation 3 weeks before the fire and is doing light work work again.

Migrations

The Jacob J. Byler family moved from Holmes Co, Ohio to Canton Minn.

The Harvey F. Coblentz family moved from Dover, Del. to Clare, Mich. on March 30

The William F. Coblentz family moved from Dover, Del. to Clare, Mich.on March 30.

The Bishop Henry Detweiler family moved from Dover, Del. to Gradyville, Ky. on March 30.

The Aaron and Lizzie (Fisher) Lapp family moved from Christiana, Pa. to Allenwood, Pa. on March 4.

The Ben and Rachel (Zook) Fisher family moved from Paradise, Pa. (Georgetown) to Allenwood, Pa. on March 11.

The Dea. Dan E. Gingerich family moved from Utica, Minn. to Augusta, Wis. on March 31.

The John Gingerich family moved from Guthrie, Ky. to Crofton, Ky. on March 9.

The Eli E. Glick family moved from Heuvelton, N.Y. to Canton, Minn. area on March 5.

The Ezra Glick family moved from Heuvelton. N.Y. to Canton, Minn. on March 25.

The Levi L. Hershberger family moved from Wayne Co. to Mt. Vernon Area.

The Billy H. Hershberger family moved from Wayne Co. to Mt. Vernon Area.

The Elmer King family moved from Bellefonte, Nittany Valley, to Gap, Pa.

The Dan S. Mast family moved from Dover, Del. to Marion, Ky. on March 16.

The Eli and Sadie Mast family moved from Dundee, N.Y. to Myersdale, Pa. on March 23.

The John and Lydia Mast family moved from Dundee, N.Y. to Myersdale, Pa on March 25.

The J. Henry and Anna Mast family moved from Dundee, N.Y. to Salisbury, Pa. on April 3.

The Roman J. Masts moved from Wayne Co. to Mt. Vernon area.

The Henry Miller family moved from Cheteck, Wis. to Tomah, Wis. on March 13.

The Norman E. Miller family moved from Chouteau, Ok. to the Clarita, Ok. area on February 25.

The Emanuel Nislys from Cashton, Wis. to Augusta, Wis. on March 4.

The Johnnie Yoder family moved from Rexford, Mt. to Shawano, Wis.

The Andy P. Swartzentruber family moved from Holmes Co., Ohio to the Mt. Vernon area.

The Mose J. Swartzentruber family moved from Wayne Co. to Mt. Vernon area.

The David and Rosie Swarey family moved from Dundee, N.Y. to Myersdale, Pa. on March 31.

The Eli A. Yoder family moved from Lodi, Ohio to Ethridge, Tenn.

The Raymond Hershberger family moved from Tinonesta, Pa. and expect to moved to Cashton Wis. April 2.

The John D. Kurtz family moved from Lawrence Co., Pa. to Herkimer Co., Newport, N.Y. area on March 25.

The Andy J. Miller family moved from Geauga Co., Ohio to Guys Mills, Pa. on March 3.

The Emanuel Nisley family moved from Cashton, Wis. to Augusta, Wis. on March 4.

The John Nisley family moved from Fairbank, Ia. to Cashton, Wis. on March 19.

The Amos M. Schwartz family moved from Homer, Michigan to Edon, Ohio, Stauben Co., Indiana area on February 24.

The Joseph M. Schwartz family moved from English, Ind. to Hamilton, Ind. on March 7.

The Elmer L. Shetler family moved from Union City, Pa. to Fort Plain, N.Y. on March 17.

The Herman Stutzman family moved frolm Marshfield, Mo. to Clare, Mich. on March 10.

A Barrel of Whiskey

A barrel of whiskey contains something more than an ordinary barrel of the same size, for in addition to the regulation 42 gallons, it contains:

A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes,
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows,
A barrel of tears of a world weary wife,
A barrel of sorrows, a barrel of strife,
A barrel of unavailable regret,
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt,
A barrel of hunger, of poison, of pain,
A barrel of hopes ever blasted in vain,
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries,
That fall from the maniac's lips when he dies,
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight,
A barrel of terror that grows with the night,
A barrel of crimes, and a barrel of groans,
A barrel of orphans most pitiful moans,
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass,
From the head of the liquor that glows in the glass.

Easter Day

Lo! the earth is waking
To a glad new Day!
Wonderous light is breaking,
Night has fled away!
Morn, with dew drops on her brow,
Brings a gracious message now,
Tells the Story of the Spring--
Life from Death is blossoming!

Happy birds are singing--
In the sunlit air;
Blossoms pure are bringing
Perfume everywhere!
All the Story now complete,
Bird and blossom will repeat;
Winter's gloom hath passed away,
Spring hath brought us Easter Day!

Yea, the world is standing
By an empty tomb:
And a Voice, commanding,
Clears away the gloom.
This is He whom men denied;
Whom they scorned and crucified.
Lo! the stone is rolled away!
Christ the Lord hath risen to-day.

Oh, the wondrous morning
Floods the earth with light,
Everywhere adorning
With its promise bright!
Every life seems clothed anew
In the Resurrection hue:
Hope replies to every need--

"Christ the Lord is risen, indeed!"
Yea, the Lord is risen!
And the grave shall be
Nevermore a prison;
Christ hath set it free!
Therefore, sing, of ransomed souls!
As the Easter glory rolls
Upward, from the solemn night,
Bearing life, on beams of light!

While the Easter glory
Makes the world so fair--
While this wondrous Story
Echoes everywhere--
Let us from that empty grave,
Follow Him, Who died to save;
Keep the Feast in truth and love,
Seek "those things which are above!"

Our glad Easter keeping,
Let us, too, arise!
Turn from sin and sleeping,
Press toward the prize!
He who died and rose again,
Is the gracious Friend of men.
Lenten shades may fall awhile;
Easter sunshine is His Smile!

EASTER

He is dying! Natures shudders. Planets waver in their course.
Distant quasars faintly flicker as expires their power source.
Savage lions leave their carcass', stealing sullen to their lairs,
Nature pauses, breath abated, in the torrid stagnant air.
He is dead! Chaotic horror races o'er the waiting world,
Mountains fall. Earth bursts asunder. Oceons o'er their bounds are hurled.
He is gone the great sustainer, aimless planets loose their way.
Dark despair and wails of terror echo through infintiy.
He is risen! songs of rapture, swept across the ravaged land.
Dawn is breaking, morning coming, louder still the song expands;
Soaring upward o'er the mountains, bursting out at break of day;
Send the tidings throught the cosmos, roll ye planets on your way.

HENRY and the GREAT SOCIETY

Chapter 8 --Henry's World Enlarges

By H. L. Roush Sr. --By permission

The road was hastily approved and soon men and equipment were swarming all up and down the pike. The commissioners visited the scene themselves with the county engineers, and the right-of-way was secured from all involved parties. It upset Henry because when the 40 foot right-of-way was staked off, it took out the big mulberry tree in the corner of his barn lot; and he had to move his fence in places; and somehow it irritated him to think of strangers defiling the sanctity of Salem Pike. But he remembered what Charlie had said about not being able to fight progress; so he just busied himself in the back meadow plowing and discing and pretended like nothing was happening. But it was.

Several months later the dust had settled; the dozers and trucks were removed; the last red-flagged stakes pulled up, final inspections made, and Salem Pike had somehow been transformed into a 30 foot blacktop with a shiny white line down the middle. The commissioners had been real considerate and placed a "cattle crossing" sign at the barn lot, but in the days ahead nobody seemed to pay too much attention to it. Soon the traffic from Chamberstown to Willoughby zoomed by Whispering Pines at 60 miles per hour, and Henry never realized how many people he and Esther seemed to know, for almost every one of them blew their horn in passing. Not many of them stopped, and when they did it was to say that they had just been driving by and stopped to say "Hello," which they did and then drove on. Henry and Esther were amazed at how many people had so many places to go and so many things to do. They noted that often they saw the same car making two and three trips a day to Willoughby or to Chamberstown and marveled at how complex their lives must be to require so much business in the city.

Nothing changed in the Morgan's lives at once. Nothing, that is, until the second trip to Willoughby on Saturday to do their shopping. That was the day the mares bolted into the ditch when the tractor-trailer came too close and the wagon nearly upset. Henry did get upset and shouted things he shouldn't have, or care, for by that time he was two miles down the pike. When Henry came home that day he told Esther that he just couldn't take the team to town anymore. Not only was it dangerous to get out on the highway, but he couldn't stand the remarks and the embarrassment to the children when they came in the wagon to Wigal's. Henry had seen Fred Danner at the store that day, and Fred said he would be glad to stop by for Henry any Saturday he wanted to come to town, and that Henry rode to Willoughby with Fred and all went well until he overheard a remark at the post office about people that imposed on their neighbors when they could have their own car as well as the next man. This troubled Henry and Esther, for they had never been people to impose on anyone; and if it worked a hardship on fred that they didn't know about, well-there was but one thing to do and that was to see about a car.

Henry got a ride to Chamberstown with Ed Stevens the following Tuesday, the day he had set aside to cultivate the cornfield. While Ed tended to his business at the court house, Henry looked over the used cars. He was shocked at the prices they asked and learned that the cars carried no guarantee or warranty of any kind. He learned a new phrase that all of them used, "As is." He came home discouraged and told Esther that a used car would wipe out his savings; for any car that would be decent would cost $1,000 and that was almost the exact amount of what he had saved for a rainy day. "Well," he joked, "maybe this is the rainy day we've been expecting; but to tell you the truth, I never expected such a storm."

The following Monday, the day he thought sure he would get the big meadow mowed, he and Esther went to Chamberstown to see about the car. Henry said he thought if they rode in with Mr. Wigal, who always went there early on Monday to see about merchandise, they could be back by noon. So they arrived and were taken in tow by a friendly used-car salesman, who soon fixed them up with a "real sharp" four-year-old car that was a one-owner, local driver car, "good as new and would give years of trouble-free service," he said. This relieved Henry considerably; for the thought of any repairs or further expense frightened him. The deal almost fell through when Henry told the man that $1,000 was all the money he had, and the man told him that there was an additional $55 for taxes, license and title transfer. Henry hadn't thought of that, and the man had failed to tell him that part the time before. So, after calling the manager, there was further kindness shown to Henry by the good manager agreeing to "knock off" $55 from the price as a personal favor to Henry. This unexpected kindness impressed Henry and as he later told Esther, "It sure proved the honesty of those people."

Since the car was automatic, there was nothing in learning how to operate it and, after a visit to the court house, Henry obtained a learner's permit and off he and Esther went in a cloud of exhaust (just like Ed Stevens said he would do, "cruisin' "down the highway toward Whispering Pines. They thought it would be a good surprise to drop by the school and pick up the kids on the way home. As they pulled in the school yard, a sense of pride swept over Henry as the kids admired the car and showed it to their friends.

He was consoled as they drove homeward and he heard the excited chatter of the children in the back seat planning all the places they could go now, and Henry wondered if maybe this wasn't one of the good things in life he had heard so much about.

To be Continued

A GENTLE PEOPLE

Chapter 11 - Trouble

By Erma Lapp Myers

Mose had taken Grossdoddy to his room at Doddy's house, and after being assured by Grossdoddy that he would be fine until Mommy and Doddy arrived home, Mose drove away in his buggy.

Grossdoddy left his room and went out to the kitchen looking for his wife, Hannah. Grossdoddy had suddenly slipped back into the past. He couldn't find Hannah and he decided she must be back at the farm where they had spent most of their married life. With these thoughts haunting him, Grossdoddy decided he should be there with her.

Dressing warmly, very warmly, in fact, he then let himself out the back door and started down the road toward Steven's farm. The sun was shining brightly and he enjoyed his walk. He soon decided he had put on too many clothes for his outdoor walk, but Miriam, his wife, had always told the children to put on an extra sweater, for if you were too warm you could always take off the sweater.

As the afternoon progreessed toward evening he felt a change in the air and was glad he'd worn extra clothing.

Grossdoddy didn't walk fast but kept a steady pace. Several automobiles passed him but not a single carriage went by. He finally admitted to himself that he was beginning to tire. In his present state of mind he didn't realize the mistake he had made by starting for the farm on foot at his age.

There, ahead, was a road turning off the the right. Perhaps he should take that road. "It might be a short-cut to the farm," he thought.

Branching off to the right he soon entered a wooded area and now he noticed the sun would soon be setting. The sky, through the trees, had varying shades of pink, rose, and crimson splashed across the west. Grossdoddy was partial to country sunsets! Sunsets meant a day of hard work had been completed. Now it was time to sit down and enjoy your family or do some reading. As the children grew up and married, leaving his home for homes of their own, he found this time of day a special time to think about the blessings of God and also a time to just quietly dwell on the goodness of life.

Just ahead a short distance off the road was a log on which he could sit down and rest a while. He reached the log and was grateful to ease down and rest his tired feet.

The wind was picking up and Grossdoddy began thinking maybe he should spend the night here. He really didn't think he could go any further just now. There were leaves piled behind the log, blown there by the autumn winds. Here he decided to he could lie down and have some protection during the night-time hours. Out of the wind it didn't feel too cold bundled up as he was. If only his feet were warm he felt he would be fairly comfortable.

The night was long and as the temperature dropped Grossdoddy wished for more clothing or a nice warm blanket. Then his thoughts went to his warm bed at Doddy's house.

"Why," he wondered, "was he here anyway?" He knew he should be home with Mommy and Doddy, warm and comfortable, and not here in the woods lying behind this log.

He slept fitfully as the stars twinkled and the moon rode high in the sky. By morning he was too cold and numb to even attempt getting up and continuing his journey.

About this time an automobile came down the road taking its occupants to school where they were both teachers.

"Look, Carl. What is that splash of green over by the log?" asked Jane. "I think we should stop. I'd like to see what is over there."

Carl pulled the car to the side of the road and they both ran over to check what Jane had seen. They reached the log together and stopped in shocked silence.

"Oh, Carl," whispered Jane. "What shall we do?"

""You take the car and return home. We are going to need an ambulance right away, " replied Carl. "And please hurry. He seems so cold. Is there a blanket in the car?"

Carl threw a heavy blanket over Grossdoddy and stayed with him while Jane went back to their home up the hill and made a call for help. She returned to stay with Carl until the ambulence arrived for Grossdoddy.

Grossdoddy was very cold and not speaking so Carl explained to the ambulence crew how they had found him lying behind the log. Grossdoddy was whisked off to the hospital where he was carefully examined and tucked into bed.

Grossdoddy's wallet was found and several addresses along with the telephone number of George Adams, a close neighbor of Doddy and Mommy Beilers.

While Doddy, Mose, and Miriam stood lookin at each other in Mose and Miriam's kitchen, wondering where Grossdoddy could be, a car turned in the lane. It stopped at the walk and they saw Mommy step from the car. She hurried up the walk and Miriam met her at the door.

"Come in," invited Miriam.

"Have you heard that Grossdoddy has been found?" The words burst from Mommy's lips.

They all shook their heads so Mommy hurried on. "George got a telephone call asking him to contact us, saying Grossdoddy has been brought to the hospital. I don't know why or when he was taken, " Mommy added. "I think we should go to the hospital and see him. We must find out what happened."

There was complete silence in the kitchen for a few seconds. Then they all began to speak at once.

"Grossdoddy is in the hospital?" questioned Doddy and Mose together.

"How long has he been there?" asked Miriam.

"Yes, he is in the hospital and I don't know how long he has been there," answered Mommy. "George said he would drive us in to the hospital to see Grossdoddy."

So they learned how Grossdoddy had been found in the woods and that evidently he had spent the night there behind the log. The first part of the story they pretty well could piece together.

Grossdoddy didn't speak to them but they thought he seemed glad to have them nearby although he slept much of the time. The doctor told them he was very weak and with his age Grossdoddy might not recover. He spent a week in the hospital and then was released to the care of Doddy's, who took him home and gave him the best of care.

March arrived blustry and cold. More snow fell and the children spent evenings sledding and skating. Soon spring would take over the countryside and the winter sports would be gone. So they enjoyed their snowball battles and their games in the snow.

Mam and Dat pored over the seed catalogues, planning the garden and several more fruit trees they wanted to plant in the back yard.

As the month progressed and the warming winds of spring melted the snow, outdoor work began. Dat worked in the soil in the garden and Mam began planting the new seeds. She was happy to be outdoors again. A number of hours were spent raking the yard, clearing it of all the wnter debris the winds had blown in. Dat was busy plowing the fields for the planting which would soon begin.

One Sunday Dat and Mam and the children went to visit Doddy Beilers. They were surprised to see how thin Grossdoddy had become. He was tucked warmly into a comfortable chair next to Doddy near the stove. He still did not speak but gave a weak smile when he saw them.

Mommy spoke quietly to Mam, telling her she thought Grossdoddy no longer wanted to live. He wasn't interested in food and everyone knew how much Grossdoddy had always enjoyed a good meal.

"I don't think he will be with us much longer," Mommy said sadly.

A week later Dat and Mam received the news of Grossdoddy's death. He had passed away during the night in his sleep.

The funeral was held a few days later on a warm spring day. It was the kind of April day Grossdoddy would have loved. A warm soft breeze was sweeping across the land. The sky was blue, red and yellow tulips were blooming, and the birds were busy nest building. It was a large funeral with family, neighbors, and friends attending.

Easther Sunday dawned cold but became incredibly warm as the day went on. The children received their Easter candy with delight. They all loved chocolate and the peanut butter eggs, coated with chocolate, which Mam had made were delicious. The chocolate bunnies among the jellie beans and Easter eggs looked very pretty as Mam fixed them for the children.

Dat read the Easter story to the children during the morning hour before dinner. Nancy listened intently and wondered how those wicked people could put those nails through the hands of Jesus who loved them so much. She could not understand their cruelty. Dat ended the story with the statement that Jesus' death was necessary so that every person might have the opportunity to receive Him into their life and then live with Him in Heaven, forever. This was a new realization for Nancy and how thankful she was that Jesus had died for her!

The family went on a walk in the afternoon. Down by the pasture stream the grass was new and green. The meadow was alive with robins, happy in the spring sunshine. Mam noticed clumps of daffodils blooming here and there, and she wondered how they had come to be there. The weeping willows by the farm pond had burst into leaf and the ducks were having a glorious time on the water, chasing each other or dipping into the pond, head down. In the woods the mayflowers were abloom and Lindy who just loved violets, kept a watchful eye out for them. Mam thought it might be just a little too early for violets.

Mam worked hard getting the garden planted and her spring house cleaning finished. She was cleaning the kitchen cuboards one beautiful April morning. This was her last room to be housecleaned and she wanted to get it finished to day. She had a lot of sewing to be done and she was anxious to get it started.

Her headache had started again. She knew she must tell Dat about these headaches soon and then make a doctor's appointment. The headaches were increasing in intensity and frequency. She sat down for a little while until the headache was gone. The headaches worried her and she hated telling Aaron about them for she knew it would worry him too.

Dat and Mam breathed sighs of relief when the April showers began. The showers sank deep into the thirsty earth and the seeds, newly sown, sprouted and took root in the rich soil.

Together Dat and Mam painted the new side porch and planted the new grape vines. They were all looking forward in a few years to when the new grapes would grow in bunches, ready to be picked and eaten. Mam's new rocker was on the porch now, in exactly the same position the old one had been in.

The middle of April found the school children eagerly counting the remaining weeks of school. That is, all except Lindy. Lindy loved school and would have been quite happy to attend all twelve months of the year. Nancy was looking forward to September when she would begin first grade. Then she would learn to read and write and she could begin to tell Sarah all about the exciting stories she had read. But first it would be summertime and with Lindy home from school what fun they would have!

One morning Mam received a letter from her brother, Abram. It was a beautiful day and she settled in her porch rocker to read the letter. She very much enjoyed Abram's letters and his wife, Anne, always added a few interesting paragraphs. It was with joy Mam read of their intended visit in June. How wonderful to see them again, and their two little ones.

Abram was a teacher at a small Christian school in Virginia, and Anne was a nurse, although she had not been working since the birth of their children.

Sally was thinking how Abram had grown up with them, going to school and loving it. He had attended church and other social activities as they all had, but had never become a member of the Amish Church. Doddy and Mommy had talked to him but he wanted to become a school teacher and was determined to go to college. After finishing eighth grade, Abram helped on the farm until he was twenty-one. Then, taking a test which he passed with a high score he received his equivalent of a high school diploma. He enrolled in a nearby college and by working full-time and also working very hard on his classes he eventually graduated at the top of his class.

After graduation from college, Abram found a teaching position in Virginia and began attending a small country church nearby. There he met Anne and they were both attracted to each other and several years later were married by Anne's father who was minister of the Church. Anne had worked in the Community Hospital for several years until Jason was born. Now Jason was five and Katherine was three. It had been several years since Abram's family had been up for a visit and Mam was so excied she could hardly wait to tell the family of the intended visit.

Mam was busily planting pansies in her flower bed in the front yard later that same morning when Jonas and Rebecca drove in the lane. Rebecca, with Mary and Little Jonas, came walking out to where Mam was working.

"Hello, Rebecca," welcomed Mam as she rose to her feet.

"How good it is to see you and the children. How are you all?" Mam noticed how well little Jonas was looking.

"Hello, Mary and Little Jonas. How are you feeling, Little Jonas?" questioned Mam, giving him a smile.

Little Jonas smiled back but seemed too shy to answer Mam.

"Little Jonas is feeling fine and we are all so happy," declared Rebecca, and then she went on. "Jonas had some business over this way and since it was such a nice day we decided to come with him and spend some time with you."

"I've just finished planting this flower bed so let's go inside. I need to wash my hands and get dinner started," said Mam gathering up the left over pansies as she spoke.

"I've received a letter from Abram and his family just this morning. You can read it while I wash," said Mam as they entered the house.

They had a delightful visit while the children played happily.

Dinner was over and the dishes washed and put away when Mam felt another headache coming. She explained to Rebecca about the headaches and told her she had been to the doctor and was now waiting for his report.

"Oh, Sally, I am so sorry to hear this," said Rebecca, looking at Sally with eyes filled with love. "Have you told anyone else about this?" she asked.

Sally shook her head and replied, "No, only Aaron and myself know. I don' want you to say anything either, until I get the doctor's report.

It was soon after this that Jonas came to pick up Rebecca and the children.

"I'll pray for you," whispered Rebecca as she hugged her sister good-by.

Mam hoped the doctor's reprt would soon be made known to her for she felt quite ill when one of the headaches came. Today, however, the headaches never did develop and Mam was grateful for that.

Mam sat on her porch rocker late in the afternoon when the girls were taking their naps. She looked out over the garden and then thought of the time when the tiny seeds would come pushing up through the loose soil. Later there would be plenty of fresh vegetables to serve at mealtime as well as put up for the winter. Mam didn't sit long for it was nearly time to start supper.

Dat was just coming in from the barn that evening when Fred Martin came driving in the lane.

After greeting them Fred told them the doctor wanted to see them at 9:00 the next morning.

Mam slept fairly well that night although she woke up several times wondering what the doctor would say. Mam had placed this whole matter completely in the Father's hands, but it was extremely hard not to worry.

To be continued

Rearing Children

There is no magic formula for rearing children. No one method or technique will work in every case. Rearing childrena teaches parents humility. We find we don't know as much as we thought we did, and there is a continuous need to seek God. We need faith to rear children. The following principles are important, however.

1. To people of faith, children are a blessing and reward of the Lord. (Psalm 127, 3-5.)
2. Children are naturally foolish (Pr 22:15), rebellious and sinful (Rm 5:19) and need chastening in order to put this nature down and implant real wisdom. (Pr 29:15)
3. Discipline and chastening of children is
(a) a solemn responsibility on the parents--see below.
(b) the responsibility of both parents. (Pr 3:11-12; 29:15)
(c) a proof of parental love. (Pr 3:11-12, 13:24)
4. Discipline will be more effective when the person doing the disciplining has already cultivated a positive relationship with the child. The child now has a desire to please the adult, and knows that the correction is being done out of love, and not just because the adult does not like them. The most effective discipline, and the ultimate aim, is where the child *wants* to do what is right because it wants to please, and hates the broken relationship that comes about when it is at odds with that adult. This helps to build an understanding of God our Father in heaven. The fear of punishment, like the fear of God, must be there, but fear alone is not enough. –
5. Chastening should be done in an attitude of faith and love. It should be carried out in a controlled manner, out of principle, and not out of selfish anger or frustration. Proper chastening has two functions:
(a) Justice. Wrongdoing must bring justice.
(b) Teaching.
6. Very young babies do not understand many forms of discipline. They must be brought up in an atmosphere of peace and security. Nevertheless, right from the start a parent should still be disciplining the child by giving it good habits as soon as possible, and by use of the voice to show pleasure or dispeasure. Thus a young child learns from the tone of the voice what is required or forbidden. Chastisment can then be reserved for deliberate rebellion against what it knows to be right.
7. Nevertheless, there can also be a place for a child who has erred ignorantly to be chastised severely to teach it a lesson he/she will never forget, where this may be necessary in order to save the childs life. Nevertheless, prevention is better than cure.
8. The young baby should not learn that it can control its mother. Therefore we do not encourage demand feeding. Similarly, an older child must learn that it does not pay to cry in order to be taken out of a meeting, but that chastening will follow.
9. A child must be brought to discipline early, before it is too late. (Pr 19:18). The earlier, the better. Thus by the time it is three years old a child should already be obediant.
10. The child must learn that it cannot always have what it wants. The will of the child must be broken, and subjected to that of its parents. Once discipline has begun in a situation the parent must be patient, determined and consistent so that the child learns it cannot possibly win. The will of the child must be broken, and subjected to the parents. The sooner it is taught this, the easier it will be. If a child does not have his rebellious self-will broken, it will find it impossible to become a Christian later. (Pr 23:14).
11. All that a young child knows of God it learns from its parents, who are models for the concept of God that will be formed. Therefore they must be diligent in their dealings with the children that they show righteousness, justice, judgement, mercy, love and unselfishness, etc.
12. Parents must not let their emotions get in the way of chastening

their children. Especially, they must not be soft on the child just because it cries, (Pr 19:18), and must never give a child what it cries for, just for the sake of peace.

The chastening should be hard enough to be meaningful to the child, and usually this will involve crying; but the child must then learn to cry softly and not sulk. Otherwise crying becomes a weapon in the hands of the child to fight back at the parents. Neither must a child be allowed to stump its feet, say no, or show any other form of rebellion or fighting back, but must learn to submit meekly to punishment and to respect older people.

13. Children (and adults) must learn to endure some pain; if they are hurt they must not yell or scream, but must learn to cry softly; crying does not solve the problem.

14. There is a place where it is good and right to put a hand over a child's mouth in order to:

(a) prevent the child from disturbing the peace of a meeting or a meal. It must learn that others have rights as well as itself; that the noise in unacceptable and that others should not have to suffer it.

(b) teach a younger child what it is that the parent requires of it.

15. After a child has been chastised and brought under control it must be brought to a place of repentance, love and faith, where

(a) the child will apologise for doing wrong.

(b) the child realises that the parent believes in the child; that the child can do better and come through in the end.

(b) the child realises that the parent still loves him/her and they can show one another affection. In this way the child learns early to understand sin, repentance and forgiveness. It learns also that the discipline was out of love, not anger or selfishness.

16. A light correction, done consistently, will be more effective than a heavy punishment applied intermittently. Lack of consistency produces

(a) a sense of injustice in the child, which can lead to rebellion.

(b) a thought that it can get away with wrong most of the time.

(c) a confused sense of right and wrong.

17. It is foolish to give warnings or make threats and then not to carry them out. This only causes the child to despise its parent or teacher. It is better to spank a child quietly and quickly rather than to yell at the child. It should learn to obey at the first word rather than to wait until the third warning or the like.

18. A child who is taught disciplined habits with respect and treasure them when he is older. (Pr 22:6) However, this is not an absolute promise relating to salvation. A good upbringing is not guarantee of salvation, but it will make it easier for the child to come the Christ later. (Pr 23:14)

19. No child must be allowed to refuse food.

20. Children should be taught to work at an early age.

The above was written by Faithful Pilgrim, a teacher in the Springbank Church-Community, R#1, Rangiora, New Zealand, at the request of John A. Hostetler who visited the communty in February, 1987.

Yesterday Years

The Hershberger boy John F. Glick wrote about in the March issue happened to be my husband. He plans to give John an answer about it. The other boy was a Miller.

By Mrs. Atlee Hershberger, Oakland, Md.

FORT BLOCKER BOYS

By Lewis B. Miller

A continuation of chapter 20

Charley Dick remained back with Thad and Marzee for a mile or two, while they talked of the recent exciting happenings. Later Charley Dick passed the wagons and pushed ahead, to where several men from the fort were riding as a guard for the wagons. Thad was still bringing up the rear.

When the wagons came to Clear Creek, a larger stream than Blocker, they went on across and climbed the bank beyond. But Ped, thirsty after his rapid ride for the doctor, plunged into a rather deep pool by the side of the ford. Not till the stirrups and Thad's barefeet were under water did the horse stop and begin to drink.

"Not afraid of getting your feet wet, are you, Marzee? Ped likes to wade out into deep water when he drinks."

"Of course I'm not afraid. They're not wet yet, but they're going to be. Maybe I can splash some of the dust off."

Holding to Thad's belt with one hand, she leaned over and with the other began to wash her feet. And she kept on till they were white and clean. Thad took his feet out of the stirrups and kicked and splashed in the cool, clear water till all the loose dirt was off.

The horse had quenched his thirst by this time, and the pair rode on. The wagons could still be heard, but were a good distance ahead.

"S'pose some redskins were to get after us while we're away back here by ourselves," suggested the girl, glancing off, a little timidly, into the thick woods.

"Ped would soon carry us to safety. He can run. He's got race-stock in him, Ped has. Want to gallop a little, Marzee?"

"Just as lieve as not."

So Ped was urged to a gallop. And he kept galloping till they had overtaken the wagons. Then they rode along behind, at a walk.

"Charley Dick has left us. Don't you wish you'd let me ride on the wagon, so you could have gone on ahead with the men?"

"No, I don't. It's fun to ride double."

"Is it always fun, Thad?"

"Well, I recollect one time when it wasn't so overly funny. I mean when Charley Dick and I rode over here to the woods for that hog."

The girl laughed, softly. "And wasn't there another time, Thad?"

"Don't recollect it. That was the last time I've done any double riding--till now."

"No, not the last. You forget when you and poor little Frizzly rode in from the prairie together."

Now Thad laughed. "I wasn't thinking of that time. No, that wasn't such great fun as it might have been. To make it real fun, you must be riding with somebody you like."

"Then don't you wish you had somebody behind that you like, instead of me hanging to you?"

"Somebody I like!" Thad tried to stare at the girl over his shoulder. "Where am I to find anybody I like better than you,

Marzee--or as well?"

"Do you like me, Thad?" The girl spoke without a trace of self-consciousness. But she spoke very softly.

"Why, of course I do!"

"How long have you been liking me?"

"Oh, ever so long--since the first day I saw you. Didn't you know that, Marzee?"

"Well, I thought maybe you did. You've always been nice to me. And when a boy is nice to a girl she thinks he likes her, whether he does or not."

"Well, you thought right this time. Don't you like me, Marzee?"

"Why, yes; of course I do," the girl answered, in a matter-of-fact way. "Why shouldn't I? "

"And you'll be a good friend of mine, won't you, and let me be your friend?"

"Certainly. We're already good friends, it seems to me."

"Good friends, yes. But I want you to be my best friend, and like me better than anybody else."

"I'll be your best friend if you want me to. But--but if I liked any boy better than anybody else, nobody would ever find it out, let alone the boy. If you were a girl, now, it would be different."

"Yes, but little good that does me, Marzee--don't you see? I'm not a girl; and I'm not expecting to turn to a girl any time soon. And I want you to like me better than anybody else at all."

"I never would tell any boy I liked him that way."

"I don't see why, when I like you best. And I'm not scared to say so."

"But that's different. You're a boy."

"But I don't see why you won't like me best, Marzee. Did you never tell Buck Thompson you like him best?"

"No, I didn't! I never even told him I liked 'im at all. And I don't, either--now. And I never will again--never!"

As Thad well knew, Marzee and Buck had quarreled. And he knew the reason. Well pleased, he wisely decided to let matters stand as they were.

When the party entered the fort, Thad rode up close to the Wilkins cabin, and the girl alighted on her own door-sill.

"It's great fun to ride double--don't you think so, Marzee?"

"Yes, I do," she laughingly agreed.

During the next several days Thad was unusually cheerful. It was astonishing, even to him, that the friendship and liking of one shy, soft-voiced little girl could go so far toward making a boy light-hearted. If there was anything of sentiment--anything more than mere liking--in their mutual friendship, neither was aware of the fact. But they told each other their little secrets; and if either had anything worth dividing, it was sure to be shared with the other.

Their close friendship was very pleasant, and Thad, at least, delighted in it. And it was well for him to bask in the sunshine of the girl's favor while he could. The time was nigh when she would scornfully refuse to speak to him, or even to look at him.

Watermelons On the Sandy Land

After an absence of two or three days, the scouts under Lieutenant Reel, who had followed the fleeing war-party's trail from the Tucker place, returned to Fort Blocker on jaded horses. They had not caught a glimpse of an Indian. But that was to have been expected.

Mrs. Tucker and her children remained nearly a week with the Wilkinses, and then passed over to the next door west and spent about a week with the Dayberrys. Afterwards they were taken care of by other families till a house in the fort became vacant. Then they moved into that and continued to live there.

A few days after the harvesting of Mrs. Tucker's wheat, Thad's and Charley Dick's fathers, together with a number of other men, were ordered out on a scout. Marzee's father was also one of the party.

The weather was now warm, and Thad and Charley Dick planned to do what several of the other settlers had already done--build brush-sheds to shade their front doors. There being no trees inside the square, something of the kind seemed very necessary.

Not a little work was connected with the undertaking. Forked posts had to be cut and set in the ground in front of the houses. Poles were now laid with one end in a fork and the other end between the house-logs, under the eaves. Across these other poles were laced, and on the whole green limbs and bushes, cut and hauled in the ox-wagon, were piled till they were several feet thick; and not the tiniest sun-spot could find its way through. The green leaves would shrivel up and the brush would settle down, but they would still make a compact shade.

After erecting a big shed over Thad's front door, the two boys passed on to the south side of the square and set up a similar shed against the Sheegog cabin. Then they made still a third shed for the Wilkinses.

As soon as a shed was completed, the family moved their table out into its shade. From this time on till cool weather--except when rain was falling--they would eat out of doors. It was also too warm now to cook inside; and during the rest of the summer the big fire-places would be unused--would be kept filled with greenbushes to hide their ugliness, in fact. All the cooking would be done on camp-fires kindled just beyond the outer edges of the brush-sheds.

"Now this is better," declared Thad, after the family had seated themselves for their first meal out in the cool shade.

When Mr. Dayberry returned from scouting, he and Thad went up and "laid by" their crops--gave them a final hoeing and plowing. After that, needing some new wheat to take to mill, they beat out a few bushels with flails, and winnowed it--separated the grain from the chaff--by pouring it from a bucket to a wagon-sheet in a high wind. Then they sacked the wheat and hauled it down to the fort.

Tim Hart's ox-mill did not attempt to make flour. But a day's travel away, down in Denton County, was a steam-mill, owned by a man named Keep, which ground wheat for all this part of the country. And to Keep's mill they proposed to take their new grain.

Mr. Dayberry had intended to go himself; but by considerable persuasion Thad and Charley Dick got permission to make the trip.

So one morning they put Spot and Jerry, Mr. Dayberry's oxen, to the wagon, got the wagon-sheet and bows on, to keep their grist dry in case of rain, and drove away. Besides the few bushels of the Dayberry wheat, the wagon carried a few bushels more for Mr. Sheegog and Mr. Wilkins, and a two-bushel sack each for Uncle Johnny McDaniel, for Mr. Welborn and for Mr. Trueblood. The frontiers man seldom went to mill for himself alone, unless he went horseback.

One day the boys spent going. The weather being warm, the oxen were allowed to jog along at their own deliberate gait, and the sun was setting when the wagon arrived at its destination. The mill stood on a creek-bank, out in the woods, and the boys went into camp near by. A number of other wagons were camped close to the mill. Some of these had traveled two or three days. Most of the owners came over, from time to time, to talk with the boys from Fort Blocker. And the boys visited the other camps to hear the news from other parts of the country. Wherever they went, most of the talk was of Indian raids.

All the following day the two boys waited for their grinding; for there was much grain ahead of theirs. It was dusk when the last sack that belonged to them was ready to load.

Early on the third morning they yoked their oxen, put them to the wagon-tongue, and drove up to the mill-door. When all their sacks had been loaded, they set out for home.

The shadow of that big hill to the west had already spread its coolness over the whole fort when the ox-wagon rolled into the square. Now the boys drove from house to house, distributing their load. Each man who had sent wheat received his flour in one sack, the "seconds" and "shorts" in another, with a string tied between, and the bran in a third sack.

While the Dayberry family were at supper, under the brush-shed, Thad related his experiences. That being the first steam-mill he had ever seen, he was full to overflowing of things to tell. After supper he passed over to the Wilkins front yard, where Marzee was straining milk on the table, and repeated them all to her. A very eager listener the girl proved.

"I tell you, Marzee, it's great fun to go to mill!" he assured her, in conclusion.

"Oh, I just know it must be, Thad! How I do wish I could see a steam-mill! Pa has half-way promised to take me to Keep's mill some time. When he gets ready to go, though, it's always too cold or too hot, or there's too much danger of Indians, or something. So I have to mope around home. I never do get to go anywhere or see anything!"

The next day or two Thad and his father spent hauling firewood, to cook with, from the Cross Timbers. Then Mr. Dayberry, Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Sheegog and others rode away for another two weeks of scouting. Now Thad had little to do but milk, look after Ped, carry water from the spring, help his mother on wash days,and chop wood. As the wood was burnt on a camp-fire out of doors, not much chopping was needed. Sometimes the boy mounted his horse and rode up to the farm for a sack of roasting-ears and other vegetables. Occasionally, too, he made a similar trip up to the Wilkins place for Mrs. Wilkins. The rest of the time he had to amuse himself as he pleased.

The principal amusements of the fort boys were hunting and swimming. Most of the game was not fat at this time of the year, and hunting was more or less neglected. But the weather was unusually oppressive, even for the summer season, and the swimming went on early and late.

The best swimming-hole, both long and deep, was more than a mile down the creek. But the boys cared nothing for the walk, and the warmer the weather grew the oftener they went. And nobody went oftener or stayed longer than did Thad Dayberry and Charley Dick Sheegog.

One sultry morning almost every boy from the fort was down there. After swimming long enough, they began to come out on the east bank to dress, one or two at a time. While Buck Thompson was getting into his clothes, he looked over into the field that occupied the valley on the west side of the creek, and said:

"But don't I wish I had one of Old Man Harbolt's fat watermelons to fill up on about now!"

"You'd better fight shy of Harbolt's melons, Buck. He's got a big pea-patch planted, they say," Thad remarked.

"Think so, smarty?" sneered Buck, his face reddening. For every boy was laughing. The mention of a pea-patch was a very pointed allusion to some recent happenings.

Harbolt, the owner of the farm, instead of moving up to the fort, was still living here, his house standing over at the far edge of the field, at the foot of a hill. Whatever his faults, he was a good farmer. One evidence of that was that he owned the best peach-orchard in the country. It was known that he had ripe peaches from May till frost.

But, unlike most frontier people, he kept them all to himself. Once, earlier in the season, two or three of the fort boys had gone to his house and asked him for some peaches.

"Raise your own peaches, you lazy rascals!" Harbolt answered, angrily. "Feller would think mine's the only land that a peach-tree will grow on! I've got somethin' better to do than rasin' peaches for such as you!"

It was only a few nights after this that three or four boys from the fort, led by Buck Thompson, had made a secret raid on Harbolt's orchard, which was over near the house. They obtained not a single peach. What they did get was the contents of Harbolt's double-barrel shot gun, and a chasing out of the orchard.

The gun had been charged with somehing light, supposed to be peas. They did little serious harm, but stung frightfully. And Buck, who got most of the two charges, had his hands and face covered with red spots for days.

Harbolt was not popular; and, as in most country communities, stealing a few peaches to eat was never considered sure-enough stealing. But to be shot and chased out of somebody's orchard was a sensationally good joke. Ever since the facts had become known, Buck and the other unfortunate boys had been pelted with ridicule wherever they went. Charley Dick detested Buck, and Thad was not very fond of him. And nobody had furnished more of the ridicule than these same two boys.

Marzee, learning what had caused those red spots, had refused to have anything more to do with Buck Thompson after that.

"Boys that get shot stealing can't be friends of mine," she informed that crestfallen youth, indignantly. And from that time on she would seldom so much as speak to him.

Soon after this it was that Marzee and Thad became such good friends. Thad knew, as did every other boy and girl in the fort, just how the peach-stealing experience had brought about the quarrel. If he had only been wise enough to profit by it!

Soon Buck went on, speaking to Thad: "Talk's cheap, but you'd be skeered to death to set foot inside of Harbolt's field, let alone help yourself to some of his peaches or watermelons!"

"Bet you a dollar I wouldn't be afraid!" hurled back Thad, resenting the charge of cowardice. "I could go all over Harbolt's field if I felt like it, and eat the finest melon in his patch if I was hungry for melon," he declared, rather rashly.

Buck laughed in a taunting way. "Hear 'im talk--just hear Thaddy Blowhard talk! Bet you he wouldn't dare set foot inside of Harbolt's melon-patch!"

"Could if I wanted to."

"Then let's see you! I dare you to!"

"But I don't want to."

"Oh, no! He don't want to! I just knowed he wouldn't want to! Nobody wants to when he's afeard!"

"But I'm not afraid," protested Thad.

"Then we'll see whether you are or not. I dare you--double-dare you--double-dog-dare you, to go into that field and fetch me out a melon!"

In boy language that was a terrible dare. Thad was usually a sensible boy. But he had his share of boyish weaknesses. And like most persons, grown-up people as well as younger ones, there were occasions when he was not so sensible as usual. This time he answered more sensibly than he felt:

"Steal your own melons if you want 'em! I've got something better to do. When I carry out melons, it'll be for myself!'"

"Carry out melons! Carry out melons! Why, little boy, if Harbolt was to ketch you in that melon-patch, and so much as crook his finger at you, you'd faint away!" Buck pronounced the last words in a high-pitched voice, a sort of girlish squeak.

Thad returned a defiant, taunting answer. Most of the other boys were now amusing themselves by skating flat stones on the water. Thad and Charley Dick tried that for awhile, then strolled away up the creek by themselves. As they moved along the top of the rather high hill which rose not far back from the east bank, Thad, looking down upon Harbolt's farm, remarked:

"I wouldn't be afraid to go over and fetch a melon out of that patch if I wanted to."

"Reckon you could, Thad? One would taste purty nice about now." Charley Dick smacked his lips. "And wouldn't it be a bully good joke on Harbolt?"

"And it would stop Buck Thompson's big mouth,"said Thad, who resented, more than he had shown, that staunt of cowardice. No boy likes to be called a coward; and frontier boys were especially sensitive on that subject. The taunt was rankling even yet.

Most of the settlers living in the fort, being too far from their farms to keep the crows away, had not planted any melons this year. The Blocker Creek valleys above here, as well as the other prairie-creek valleys, were very black--the "black-waxy" land. But the watermelon, like the sweet potato and the goober-pea, dearly loves a sandy soil. Part, if not all, of Harbolt's field was very sandy, and he always raised fine melons. This year, as could be seen from the hill where the boys were standing, he had a good-sized, thrifty looking patch.

Most of the settlers planted a patch of cotton every year, for spinning and weaving. But Harbolt had a strip of twenty or thirty rows running all the way from the creek to the house. Above the cotton was oat-stubble and below it wheat-stubble. About midway between the creek and the house--far enough from the house to be safe from the melon-loving chickens--was the melon-patch. Watermelons and cotton grow well together, and the melons had been planted in the cotton-rows. The cotton was rather low as yet, and not only could the thrifty melon vines be seen from the hill, bu here and there a big melon appeared, showing its fat, striped back above the vines.

Strolling slowly along, Charley Dick and Thad talked of the melons in sight. And the longer they talked, the hungier they grew for melon. Before they were past the farm, they saw its owner, a great, over-grown, ungainly fellow, walking down from the house toward the melon-patch.

"He noticed us over here, and he's comin' down to make shore his precious watermelons are safe," Charley Dick remarked.

"Just the same, I could get all the melons there that I could carry out--if I wanted to."

"Maybe you could, Thad, and maybe you couldn't."

"May-bees don't fly in July. It wouldn't take much to make me raid that melon-patch, just for the fun of the thing, and to show Buck and the other boys what I can do. I'm half starved for watermelon anyhow."

"So am I," admitted Charley Dick. "A big, cool feller, with a red heart, would taste mighty good a sizzlin' day like this."

All the way back to the fort there was talk of the same kind. And the longer the two boys talked of watermelon, the more their souls yearned for water-melon. They had as yet no real expectation of robbing the melon-patch. But they kept telling each other how easily they could rob it if they wanted to. They were dallying with temptation--a dangerous thing to do.

Next day, not long after dinner, Thad and Charley Dick went down to the big swimming-hole and had a good swim, by themselves. While on their way home they looked over into the melon-patch and could plainly make out several big melons. The weather was hot and the boys were thirsty.

"We could get one if we wanted to," Thad remarked.

"Then let's do, Thad. Let's slip over there and slip out a big one a piece."

"We could, but--but I don't just like--it makes a fellow feel kind of funny to think of--of going straight in an taking something that--that don't belong to 'im," answered Thad, weakly.

"Shucks! Slippin' a few melons out of an old skinflint's patch ain't stealin'! declared Charley Dick, rendered bold by his combined hunger and thirst for watermelon.

"Reckon it must be something akin to it," Thad argued, still rather weakly.

"No, it ain't! It ain't even thirty-third cousin to stealin'! I know just lots and lots of men that went into melon-patches when they got thirsty and busted a ripe melon and et it. But they wouldn't shore-'nough steal--narry one of 'em wouldn't. It would only be a good joke on Harbolt for us to take a melon apiece. Serve 'im just right, too, for bein' so stingy. And wouldn't it be a fine thing to tell Buck and the other boys--that we'd up and done what they wouldn't dare do! We could even show 'em the empty rinds."

This argument appealed to Thad. That taunt of cowardice was still rankling.

A few minutes later the two boys, with their eyes on Harbolt's cabin, half a mile away, were going cautiously down the hill toward the creek. Wading across at a shallow place, they climbed the far bank. Just at the top of the bank stood the rail-fence. After another glance at the house, without seeing anybody, they slipped over between the fence and the rider and dropped to the ground. They were now in the same strip of cotton that the melons were in. But the melons were still a few hundred yards away.

The cotton being not very tall, the only way to reach the melons without exposing themselves was to crawl on their hands and knees. That the boys at once proceeded to do.

Now that he had launched out upon the venture, Thad took the lead. Charley Dick came close behind. On they crawled, between two cotton-rows. The midday sun blazed hotly down on their thinly clad backs, and especially on their necks and the backs of their heads. But they crawled on steadily, resolutely, with a determination worthy of a better cause.

Those few hundred yards seemed to stretch out to a few miles. So hot was the dry ground that it almost blistered the boys' hands and knees as they crept along. But at last they found themselves among watermelon vines.

"You crawl over that way, Charley Dick, and I'll crawl to the right. Pick out a melon in the shade of some cotton-stalks if you can. It'll be cool."

"All right. Here goes!"

Not daring to stand up so that they could see over the cotton, the boys had to keep crawling about till they happened upon what they were in search of.

I've found one!" Charley Dick's voice soon announced. "Now to see if she's ripe!"

Vigorous thumping was heard, every thump ringing out distinctly.

"Green as a gourd! Don't bother That!' Thad told him.

Both crawled on. There was plenty of melons, and many of good size. But it was early in the season and most of them were "green." But at last, after perhaps half an hour of crawling about in the broiling sun, the boys had a big one apiece that thumped ripe and felt cool.

Now they started back toward the creek, crawling as they had come, and rolling their melons before them.

"Ain't mine a beauty, Thad? The two were crawling along side by side, with only a cotton-row between them.

Thad peeped between the cotton-stalks. "Yes, but not a bit nicer-looking than mine."

On they crawled, at their slow pace; over the hundreds of yards of blistering, sandy ground. Sometimes one of them would put a hand or a knee on a cockle-buror a grass-bur, and have to stop with a suppressed cry of pain, to pull the sticker out. Down between the cotton-rows there was no breeze, and the sweat was actually dripping from the boys' faces. Indeed, their whole bodies were wet with it.

"That sun would roast a turkey-aigg!" Charly Dick declared once.

"It has already roasted my back," answered Thad.

On they crawled, and on and on and on. The distance seemed endless.

"Yonder's the fence at last!" announced Thad. He had caught a glimpse of it about fifty yards ahead.

"My, but I'm glad! Won't we have a jolly time stuffin' ourselves when we do once git these big, juicy fellers off in a shady place? Believe I can make away with the whole melon. Never was so thirsty in all my born days, seems to me like. And I never was so hungry for melon, either."

"Same over here. I'll clean this fat fellow out and scrape the rind, I guess. Fact is--"

Hearing a suspicious noise close behind. Thad paused in his melon-rolling to glance over his shoulder. Next moment he had leaped to his feet and was yelling lustily:

"Run, Charley Dick! Run! run! He's after us--he's right after us!"

Raiding Harbolt's Melon-Patch

Charley Dick needed no second warning. Up he bounded, and, their hard-earned booty forgotten, the two young melon-thieves fled toward the fence in wild terror. Every moment they expected to hear the roar of a shotgun. One glimpse only had they caught of their pursuer, and that showed him almost upon them. After that they dared not so much as glance back.

Harbolt carried no weapon; but he came tearing after them as fast as his big, lubberly figure could get through the cotton. And he could run surprisingly well for his size.

Terror seemed to lend the fugitives wings. They reached the rail-fence and tumbled over between the fence and the rider. But the hindmost got through just in time to elude Harbolt's outstretched hands.

After that they splashed across the creek and fled on through the woods and brush which grew along the east bank. Very glad were they to escape with whole skins.

Harbolt followed only as far as the fence. There he bellowed after them:

"You low-down, thievin' boogers! If I ever ketch you inside of my field ag'in, I'll give you somethin' that'll make you sick for a month!"

The two boys heard, but not for a moment did they slacken speed. They kept in the shelter of the woods. And not till they had run half a mile, and were about to drop with heat and exhaustion, did they dare pause to breathe.

After listening a few minutes for pursuing foot-steps, they sat down on a big log in the shade of an oak and began to fan their red, sweaty faces with their hats. Their whole bodies were rising and falling with their heavy breathing. And their eyes were gazing anxiously back the way they had come.

Several minutes passed before either spoke. Charley Dick was the first to break the silence:

"How in this round world did that big booger find out there was anybody in his melon-patch?"

"Just what I'd like to know. But it's too much for me." Thad shook his head, in despair of ever solving the mystery.

"Reckon him or some of his folks heared us talkin'?"

"Away up there at the house? No, of course they didn't."

Suffering tortures from thirst, the two now walked over to the creek, where they lay down, with their faces to the water, and drank and drank and drank.

"To think of us rollin' them two big, cool, juicy melons almost to the fence, and then havin' to come here and swig down a lot of hot creek-water!" moaned Charley Dick, between drinks.

After quenching his thirst, Thad waded the creek and climbed the west bank. From there he could look down and across Harbolt's field.

"Yes, I saw 'im," he reported, on coming back. "He was walking up toward the house, with your melon under one arm and mine under the other."

"The stingy old skinflint!" exclaimed Charley Dick, in exasperation. Being still very warm, the boys threw off their clothes and plunged into the creek at the nearest deep place. When cool, they came out and dressed, and then strolled on toward the fort.

"But wouldn't Buck Thompson crow like a rooster if he knowed we'd been chased out of Harbolt's field? If he onct finds out, we'll never hear the last of it--never!"

"And he'll find out, too," Thad answered, gloomily.

"Harbolt will be just dead certain to tell."

"Wisht there was some way to git melons in spite of Harbolt."

"Well, maybe there is. Believe I know a way already."

"How, Thad?"

Thad explained his plan. And, as they walked on toward the fort, they talked it over. By the time they were entering the square they had resolved to try it.

Just at dusk that night the two boys got together again and strolled down toward the spring. They passed behind the Wilkins cabin instead of in front of it. For some reason Thad did not care to be seen by Marzee.

At the spring the two climbed the far bank. Then they set off down the creek, following along the west side. Later they crossed back to the east bank. In duetime they found themselves by Harbolt's field-fence, at the place where they had entered the field that afternoon.

Still and starlight was the night. The boys looked up the cotton-rows as far as they could see, which was not very far, but could discover nothing to alarm them. They also listened, but heard no suspicious sound. Then they climbed over the fence and started up the cotton-rows, walking cautiously and noiselessly. When they spoke, it was only in whispers; for they had resolved that this time no carelessness of theirs should betray them to the melons' owner.

But just as they came to the edge of the melon-patch, Thad who was in the lead, made a warning gesture and suddenly dropped to the ground. His companion did the same.

What's the matter?" whispered Charley Dick, after they had been lying there a minute or two.

"I saw somebody!"

"Somebody! Who was it, Thad?"

"Harbolt, it looked to me like."

"I don't hear anybody."

Neither do I. I'm going to take a peep."

After removing his hat, Thad slowly raised his head, higher and higher, till he could look over the tops of the cotton-stalks. But he quickly dodged down again.

"Yes, he's there, Charley Dick! And he's got his gun too!"

"Then, let's put out from here, before he takes a notion to walk down this a way!"

"Yes, we'd better. And that's all we can do."

So they started back toward the creek; but not as they had come. Much afraid of that gun, they were now crawling on their hands and knees. And, in spite of the sun's absence, the crawling was worse in the dark than it had been in daylight. For now the cockle-burs and other sharp things could not be seen and avoided, and hands and knees suffered fearfully. Aside from that, too, it was a long, tiresome crawl.

At last they reached the ends of the cotton-rows. But not till they had listened and looked, to make sure that the melons' owner was not close behind, ready to take a shot at them, did they dare stand upon their feet and climb over the fence.

"That man must lose a sight of sleep," Charley Dick broke the silence to remark, after they had put a safe distance between themselves and the guarded field.

"He certainly does," agreed the other boy in discouraged tones.

"Reckon he stays up all night, Thad?"

."Not unless he naps in the daytime. He couldn't. Nobody can do without sleep."

"Well, he don't do much nappin' in the daytime. That's certain and shore."

"No. Anyhow, not every day." Thad laughed ruefully. He was thinking of that daylight raid. They trudged on wearily to the fort.

For some reason the news that Thad and Charley Dick had been chased by Harbolt, and almost captured, did not get abroad, even among the boys and girls. The two friends had little doubt that the fact would become known sooner or later. And they were now eager to do something to save their standing with the other boys.

Next night they did nothing. But the second night, not long after dark, found them down near Harbolt's field again. Again they waded the creek, climbed the far bank and crawled cautiously over the rail-fence. Once more they made their noiseless way up the cotton-rows to the melon-patch. And again, to their fright and disgust, they discovered Harbolt's figure standing quietly on guard among his melons.

Again, in fear and trembling, the two empty, but frightened, young melon-hunters dodged down between the cotton-rows, then crawled all those cockle-burry hundreds of yards back to the fence. And again they climbed over the fence, waded the creek and trudged their discouraged way up to the fort.

"Let's give it up as a bad job," said Charley Dick, when they were about to separate for the night.

"Never!" declared Thad. "We started out to get some melon, and not a bite--not so much as a good smell--have we had yet. We won't let up till we're outside of at least one good mess of watermelon."

"But we might get outside of sump'n else--sump'n we hain't bargained fur," suggested Charley Dick.

"What else?"

"I mean what's in Harbolt's shotgun."

"Shucks! Who's afraid of an old gun?"

"Well, I am for one."

"Of course. Everybody's afraid of a gun. What I mean is, we'll get the melons without giving Harbolt a chance to shoot us. He can't stand there on guard all the time, day and night both. We'll raid the patch some time when he's up at the house."

The next day found the two boys still hungry for melon, and the following night found them in Harbolt's field again. Once more they stole up through the cotton to the melon-patch, only to discover that patient figure of their enemy standing there, with a gun on his arm, waiting for them. And once more they had to crawl back to the fence and return to the fort as melon-hungry as they had left it--ten times hungrier, if the truth must be told.

Twice again, under cover of darkness, they visited the melon-patch, only to find it guarded. By this time Charley Dick was much disheartened and wanted to abandon their purpose. But Thad, more determined, declared that he would keep trying as long as there was a melon in Harbolt's field.

Their next move was of Thad's planning. He spent the night with Charley Dick, and the two slept on some quilts in the loom-house loft. Two hours before dawn they donned their pantaloons, put on their hats and stole out of the loom-house and out of the fort. Half an hour later they were climbing over Harbolt's fence.

Feeling sure of finding the way clear this time, they walked boldly up the cotton-rows. But that same guard was on duty, standing now at the near edge of the watermelon-patch. And, as before, his gun was across his arm.

Believing that Harbolt would be at home and asleep, they had made some noise while approaching the melon-patch. And so frightened were they at the sight of their big, armed enemy that they dodged down and crawled back to the fence faster than they had ever crawled before.

Again they made their way back to the fort, disappointed, disgusted and out of temper. Even Thad was discouraged by this last failure.

"He never does sleep, the stingy old owl!" he said, when the two were in the loom-house loft again. "Looks like we might as well drop the whole business."

"So it looks to me," agreed Charley Dick. "Harbolt's too long-headed for us."

Probably they would not have tried again. But two days later they accidentally discovered the secret of Harbolt's perpetual watchfulness.

Late in the day the two tramped down to the swimming-hole, alone, and night was coming on when they slipped into their old clothes and started home. Looking from the hill over into Harbolt's field, through the gathering dusk, they saw one Harbolt standing guard in the melon-patch, and another Harbolt walking from the melon-patch up toward the house.

"So that's how it is!" exclaimed Thad, in amazement.

"So that's how it is!" echoed Charley Dick in equal amazement. "Just some of Harbolt's old clothes stuffed with straw that we got skeered at! It was just an old skeercrow!"

"Scareboy would be a better name for it. Looks just like 'im, though. Crooked stick for a gun, I'll bet."

"Only think of all the times we crawled back to the fence on our hands and knees, just to keep that skeerecrow from shootin' us with a crooked stick!" groaned Charley Dick, unutterable self-disgust in his tones.

"And just think of all the nice, ripe watermelon we could have stuffed ourselves with! But, like two scared gumps, we crawled off on our poor, bur-stuck hands and knees and never once took a bite!"

"But we'll make up for it! Now that we have found out, we'll show Harbolt what's what!"

"Won't we, though!"

"We'll come right down here this very night!"

"That's just what we will, Charley Dick."

"And we'll eat melon till we're fit to pop!"

"As long as we can choke down a bite!" declared Thad. "We'll hunt out the finest, fattest fellows, too, and we won't eat anything but their hearts. And besides eating all we can stuff down, we'll carry out about half a dozen big ones and hide 'em in the brush, so we can help ourselves, thank you, whenever we feel hungry for melon."

He laughed gleefully in anticipation, and Charley Dick laughed with him. Now they hurried on up to the fort to get their suppers.

So impatient were they, and so hungry for melon, that they did not eat much, and could scarcely wait for the time to start. An hour later found them on their way down the creek, and soon they were climbing over Harbolt's fence. Boldly enough they marched up the cotton-rows now, careless of any noise that would not reach the house.

"There stands the old skeerecrow that skeered us out of here so many times," remarked Charley Dick, as they approached the cleverly prepared figure, which they had mistaken for Harbolt.

"Still got its old, crooked stick for a gun," mentioned Thad. "But we're not scared any more."

"Looks for all the world like the old skinflint hisself, don't it? Must be his twin brother," said Charley Dick, as they began to feel around among the vines with their bare feet for melons.

"Ten times better-looking than he is!" Thad declared. Soon Charely Dick said: "Just watch me knock that old hat off!" He jerked a green boll from a cotton-stalk and aimed it at the scarecrow's head. He missed the hat, but struck the figure on the shoulder.

"And to think we let that ugly old booger frighten us away from these melons so many times!" exclaimed Thad, disgustedly.

"I'll tell you, Thad. Let's stick fire to the old concern! I mean after we pack our melons out of here." But Thad was reluctant. "I don't just--just like to burn anything," he protested.

"Shucks! Who cares for some old duds stuffed with straw? If you're afeard to fire 'im, I'm not. I've got a flint in my pocket. If we can find a boll of cotton open, we can strike fire with your pocket-knife."

"Doubt if there's any cotton open yet, Charley Dick. We couldn't set fire to the thing if we wanted to. And I'd rather not burn anything of Harbolt's. He's never done us any harm, and--"

"He hain't, eh?" Charley Dick fairly snorted.

"Hain't he imposed on us? Hain't he fooled us time an ag'in, and made us a laughin'-stock for the whole fort--if they knowed about it? Of course he has! Just think of all the times we crawled back from here on our pore hands and knees, holler as two gourds, and half skeered out of our senses! And just think of the danger we run of gittin' snake-bit, crawlin' so much in the dark! It was mean of Harbolt--downright mean! It's a low-down trick to fool folks like he fooled us!"Charley Dick's voice quivered with righteous indignation as he recounted their wrongs.

Thad was not convinced. "Guess we fooled ourselves," he said. "I'll tell you, Charley Dick. Let's carry that old fellow down to the creek and pitch 'im head first into the big swimming-hole! Then Harbolt will have to strip off and swim in and drag 'im out if he wants 'im. It'll be a good joke on the stingy old rascal."

The suggestion struck Charley Dick favorably.

"That it will, Thad--a bully good joke! And won't Harbolt rip and snort when he finds his twin brother has been drownded?"

"I'd say he will. And it's better to drown this old chap than to burn 'im. If we stuck fire to 'im, some of Harbolt's folks would see the light, and here he'd come tearing with that old shotgun of his."

"Guess that's what he would. All right! Into the creek old Mr. Skeercrow goes! If Harbolt ever sticks' im up ag'in, then we'll set fire to 'im. But let's find our melons before we do anything else."

Now for several minutes the two were very busy, feeling around with both feet and hands, and thumping melons vigorously. At length they had located three big, ripe ones apiece. These they brought and laid together, a few yards from the scarecrow.

"Now let's cut into one, Thad. I'm just about starved to death for melon. Don't seem like I can wait a minute longer."

"No, we'd better hold off till we carry our melons out. Then we can eat in peace, as long as we want to. If we stopped to eat in the patch, Harbolt might come sneaking down here and surprise us."

"All right, then. I'll try to tough it out a little while longer. But, first thing, let's pack that beauty down to the creek and give 'im a duckin'. That'll be fine fun! Then we'll come back for our melons. How's he fastened, do you reckon, Thad?"

"Just two sharp sticks stuck in the ground, I'd guess. But Harbolt may have stuck 'em in pretty deep. We're the boys that can pull 'em up, though."

Now they approached the big, ungainly figure which, in the dim light, looked much like a sure-enough man. But as they stooped to grasp the scarecrow's legs, the scarecrow suddenly leaned forward over them, as if about to fall.

"You'll pitch me in the creek, will you? You'll stick fire to me, eh? I'm a skinflint, am I?" roared the scarecrow, in tones husky with anger.

But it was Harbolt's voice. And it was Harbolt's big hands, too, that had already clutched the boys fast, one hand gripping Thad and the other Charley Dick!

The Trangressor's Hard Way

How the two cleverly trapped young melon-thieves kept from shrieking aloud in their terror, as they felt those great hands close upon them, is more than they could ever tell. As soon as they had recovered from the paralysis of fright, both began to struggle as if for life. But it was all to no purpose. They were utterly helpless in the angry farmer's clutches.

Drawing Charley Dick up close, Harbolt placed him between his big knees, which held the boy like a vise. Then he turned Thad over one knee and proceeded to administer the kind of punishment commonly administered to young children. When through with Thad, he reversed their positions and gave Charley Dick fully as much.

It was frightful. Thad afterwards declared that he saw stars every time that big right hand struck; and Charley Dick admitted that if he hadn't been too big to cry he would have bellowed like a calf. The sounds could be heard plainly all over the farm.

When the awful ordeal was over, Harbolt, grasping each by an arm, started off toward the creek with them.

What he was about to do they did not know. Fearing something dreadful, they kicked and struggled and tried hard to escape. But they were as helpless in the big man's hands as two mice under the paws of a cat. Harbolt first shook them--almost shook the breath out of them--then dragged them along resistlessly.

Soon he had them at the big swimming-hole. Here there was no fence, the high, upright bank on this side making rails unnecessary.

"You wanted somethin' pitched into the creek, and now you shall have your fill of it!" the settler announced. And catching them up, one at a time, he hurled them far out toward the middle of the deep pool. They sank out of sight.

Both were good swimmers. Bobbing up, they shook the water from their eyes, then made frantically for the far bank. Reaching it, they climbed out among the willows, relieved beyond words to be free once more.

"Now clear out of there, you young varmints!" roared the long-tried, exasperated farmer. "And if I ever ketch you inside of my field-fence ag'in, I'll whale you both to a frazzle!"

The two culprits fled, streaming water as they ran. Nor did they pause till several hundred yards away. Even then they stood for some time in a

NARRATIVE STORY

This is a story of long ago
Of a man who owned a little store
He said ""I was proud to have my name up over the door.
It was some two thousand years ago, as I recall.
Located in Jerusalem, across the street from Pilate's hall.

I thought I had everything anyone would need.
And folks would come from miles around,
regardless of their creed.
The only thing I had I didn't think I could ever sell.
Was in a corner on a shelf--
Three old rusty spike nails.

And then one day a big Roman soldier came through the door.
As he walked up to me it seemed He shook the floor.
I said, ""Can I help you sir? With a voice I guess seemed frail.
He looked at me with a sheening grin and said,
""I want to buy some big, big, nails."

""Three rusty spikes is all I have."
He said to me, ""That will do."
""For the job I have, three's enough.
Now, how much do I owe you?"
He put the money in my hand,
and I was glad to make the sale.
Then I wondered and asked him,
""Sir, what can you do with just three nails?"

He said, ""Did you ever hear of a man
called Jesus the Nazerene?"
""You mean the one who goes about doing good?"
He said, ""Yes, that's the man."
""Well, today I intend to show the world that I am boss,
For with these three rusty spikes,
I am going to nail Jesus to the cross."

I stood there almost numb
You'll never know how I felt.
I said, ""Please, sir, don't do that!"
As on my knees I knelt.
He just turned and walked away,
and I got up and followed him.
I said, ""Please, sir, I'll buy them back."
but he just looked at me and grinned.

But in the distance I could see
the howling mob through tears that filled my eyes
""Away with him!" ""Crucify him!"
I could hear their angry cries.
Over the tops of all the noise and groans of agony.
I could hear the sound of the hammer,
as that big Roman soldier nailed Jesus to the tree.

listening attitude, half suspecting that their enemy might be in pursuit.

"He sp-panked us, didn't he?" shivered Charley Dick. Somehow their dripping clothes felt very cold in the night air.

"Yes, he did, the stingy old rip!"

"He wasn't so--so very stingy with his sp-pankin'."

"No, that he wasn't. Wish we could do something to him to get even."

"So do I, Thad. I wish we could up and chuck him in the creek, like he did us."

"Time wasted to wish that. He's too big."

"But we've just got to do sump'n, Thad. If nothin' else, I'll go back and pull up his old melon-vines by the roots. I've been spanked, and I'm bound to have satisfaction."

"Yes, go back, and Harbolt will give you ten times as much. For my part, I've got all the satisfaction I want. I'm ready to quit if he is. He's too sharp for us."

"But how can we go home, Thad? We're both as wet as drownded rats; and we've lost our hats."

"That's so. Guess I left mine in the creek."

"So did I mine. Reckon we'd dare go back and fish 'em out?"

"Don't know. Harbolt may be hanging around there, watching for us."

"He's more apt to be up in the melon-patch."

"No telling where that big booger is, Charley Dick. But he's dead certain to be where he's not wanted."

"We cain't go home without our hats."

"No, of course not. Let's go back and risk it."

So back they stole to the swimming-hole. After assuring themselves that their enemy was nowhere close by, Thad swam in, found their hats, and swam out with them. Then they trudged off toward the fort.

"I ain't so overly hungry for melon now."

"Charley Dick, just the sight of a watermelon would make me sick at my stomach."

Farther on they speculated as to whether it was worth while to try to keep their humiliating experience a secret. Doubtless Harbolt would take pleasure in shouting it from the housetops. But they decided to tell nothing until he told.

Thad spent the night with Charley Dick. Together they climbed to the loom-house loft. There they hung their wet clothes and hats up to dry while they slept.

Day was breaking when Thad awoke. Finding his clothes dry, he slipped them on and went home without waking Charley Dick. From the house, after rekindling the cooking-fire in the yard, he passed on to the cow-pen.

When he came back, with a big tin bucket full of milk, his mother was out under the shed, cooking breakfast. As he set the bucket on the table, she exclaimed:

"Why, Thaddy, what in the world is the matter with your clothes?"

Thad tried to inspect the clothes for himself. "Ma, I can't see anything wrong with 'em."

"You can't! Then there's something bad the matter with your eyesight! They're all wrinkled up. A blind man could see they've been wet."

Thad weighed his reply. "Yes, they have, ma. But they're dry now. So it don't amount to much." He started off.

"But how did you come to get 'em wet?"

"Why, ma, I fell into the creek. Charley Dick and I both tumbled in where the water was deep."

"Tumbled into the creek! How in the round world did you happen to do such a gawky thing?"

"Ma, I can't just explain how it was. But we were right on the creek-bank, both of us; and first thing we knew in we tumbled, kersplash!"

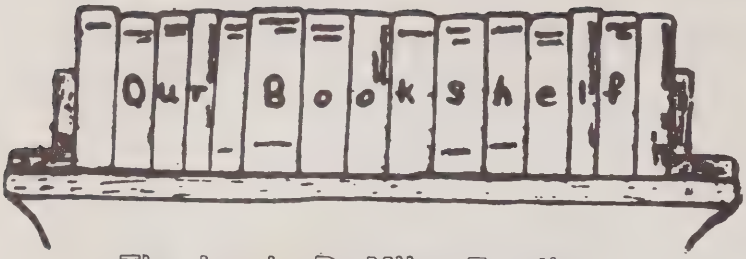
To be continued

Die Heilige Woche

Als Jeſus von ſeine Mutter ging,
Und die groſe heilige woch anfing,
Da hatte Maria viel herzeleid
Sie fragte den Sohn mit trauigkeit.
Ach Sohn, du liebſter Jeſu mein
Was wird du am heiligen Sontag ſein?
Am Sontag wird ich ein König ſein
Da wird man mir kleider und Palmen ſträ'en.
Ach Sohn, du liebſter Jeſu mein
Was wird du am heiligen Montag ſein?
Am Montag in ich ein Wanderns man
Der nirgend ein abbach finden kann.
Ach Sohn, du liebſter Jeſu mein
Was wird du am heiligen Dienſtag ſein?
Am Dienſtag bin ich der Welt ein Prophët
Verkündig wie Himmel und erde fergeht.
Ach Sohn, du liebſter Jeſu mein
Was wird du am heiligen Mittwoch ſein?
Am Mittwoch bin ich arm und gering
Verkauft um dreizig ſilberling,
Ach Sohn, du liebſter Jeſu mein
Was wird du am heiligen Donnerſtag ſein?
Am Donnerſtag bin ich ein ſpeis ſaal
Das Oſterlamm bei dem Abendmal.
Ach Sohn, du liebſter Jeſü mein
Was wird du am heiligen Freitag ſein?
Ach Mutter, ach liebſte Mutter mein
Kännt dir den Freitag verborgen ſein
Am Freitag, liebſte Mutter mein
Da wird ich am Kreutz genagelt ſein
Drei nägel die gehn mir, durch händ und füß
Verzag nicht Mutter, das end iſt ſüß.
Ach Sohn, du liebſter Jeſu mein
Was wird du am heiligen Samſtag ſein?
Am Samſtag bin ich ein weizen korn
Das in der erde wird neu geborn.
Und am Sontag, freue dich, O Mutter mein
Dann wird ich von todt erſtanden ſein
Dann trag ich das kreutz mit der fand in der hand
Dann ſiehſt du mich widder im Glorien land.

"THE WAY OF THE CROSS LEADS TO GOD"

He carried the cross to Calvary,
Carried its burden for you and me,
There on the cross He was crucified,
And, because He suffered and bled and died
We know that whatever ""our cross" may be,
It leads to God and eternity...
For who can hope for a ""crown of stars"
Unless it is earned with suffering and scars,
For how could we face the living Lord,
And rightfully claim His promised reward,
If we had not carried our cross of care,
And tasted the cup of bitter despair...
Let those who yearn for the pleasures of life,
And long to escape all suffering and strife,
Rush recklessly on to an ""empty goal"
With never a thought of the spirit and soul...
But if you are searching to find the way
To life everlasting and eternal day--
With faith in your heart take the path He trod,
For the way of the cross is the way to God.125



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A CHRONICLE

Of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, crop and community notes, historical events, geneology and articles of general interest.

The Diary was organized in 1969, by a group of Amish brethren in Lancaster County, Penna. Dedicated to the preservation of fundamental movements of our church in America as well as Old Order religious literature and its virtues.

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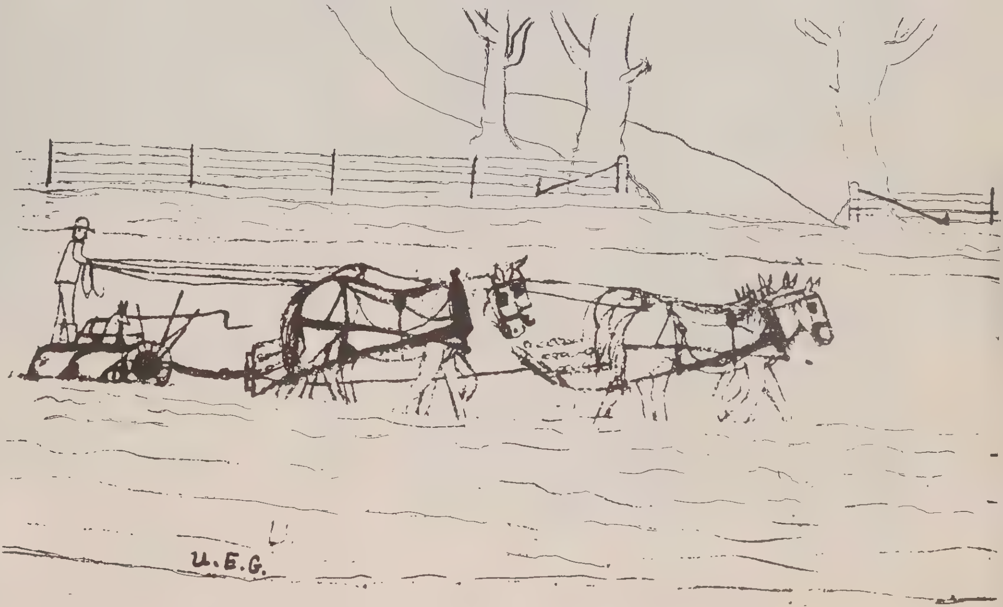

GATHERING SEED

Out on the highway, wherever we go,
Seed we must gather, seed we must sow.
Be it a thistle or be it a flower.
Out of each moment some good we obtain,
Something to win now, and scatter again;
All that we listen to, all that we read,
All that we think of is gathering seed.
Gathering seed, we must scatter as well;
God will remember the place where it fell.
Only the gain of the harvest is ours-
Shall we plant thistle, or shall we plant flowers
That which we gather is that which we sow;
Seed time and harvest alternately flow.
When we have finished with time 'twill be known
How we have gathered, and how we have sown.

HOW GREAT THE YIELD FROM A FERTILE FIELD

The farmer ploughs through the fields of green,
And the blade of the plough is sharp and keen,
But the seed must be sown to bring forth grain,
For nothing is born without suffering and pain--
And God never ploughs in the soul of a man
Without intention and purpose and plan,
So whenever you feel the plough's sharp blade
Let not your heart be sorely afraid
For, like the farmer, God chooses a field
From which He expects and excellent yield--
So rejoice though your heart is broken in two,
God seeks to bring forth a rich harvest in you.

Reports of...

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	-	-

1987 **APRIL** 1987

Calender Schedule

A Monthly Schedule for Annual Reports

June	Senior Members
July	Zip Codes
October	Baptisms
November	Ordinatios
December...	Widow and Widower List

Months apply to the month as dated on front cover. Ordinations, baptisms and migrations will be entered any month they are sent in. Other Items will be held to these months. We will not accept or save senior lists, Widow lists, or telephone numbers on off months (except when such numbers expire.)

Diary Reporters Notice! The address of Diary Reports have changed now to **The Diary, PO Box 456, Lancaster PA 17603.** Send all Diary reports to that address but **Diary Reports Only.** Send all other mail to The Diary or to Pequea Publishers, at the old address.

BIRTHS

Rensselaer Falls, New York

Gingerich, Levi J. (Mattie Miller) a dau **Amanda** 4-10

Glick, Enos E. (Sarah Shetler) a son **Ezra** 4-11

Shetler, Eli B. (Lovina Miller) twins **Jacob & Jonas** 4-22

Conewango Valley, New York

Hostetler, Raymond B. (Mary Detweiler) a dau **Mattie** 3-29

Miller, Jacob M. (Lydia Shetler) a son **Mosie** 4-6

Somerset County, Penna.

Kingsinger, Aaron A. (Ada E. Yoder) Salisbury, a dau **Sarah** 4-1

Summy, Harvy E. (Rhoda P. Yoder) Grantsville Md., a son **Simon** 4-19

Yoder, Noah E. (Annie S. Brenneman) Grantsville Md., a dau **Lucy** 4-28

Smicksburg, Penna.

Byler, Jonas A. (Mary E. Schlabach) a dau **Barbara** 4-14

Coblentz, Wallie E. (Amanda B. Byler) a dau **Mattie** 4-24

Hostetler, Samuel M. (Clara E. Schlabach) a son **Raymond** 2-26

Miller, Ben W. (Amelia A. Byler) a dau **Esther** 5-1

Shetler, Freeman B. (Esther J. Byler) a dau **Lucinda** 4-9

Troyer, Eli M. (Elvesta J. Miller) a dau **Emma** 3-30

Spartansburg, Penna.

Miller, Andy L. (Ida Miller) a dau **Margaret** 3-29

Nittany Valley, Penna.

King, John (Susan Stoltzfus) Bellefonte, a son **David** 4-8

Mifflin County, Penna

Peachey, Elmer (Mary Zook) Belleville, a dau **Tena** 4-11

Peachey, Leroy (Nannie Byler) Belleville, a dau **Rhoda** 4-13

Peachey, Pre. Daniel R (Olive Peachey) Belleville, a dau **Annie** 4-11

Swarey, Phares (Hettie Swarey) Allensville, a dau **Mary** 4-23

Juniati County, Penna.

Peachey, Sam J. (Emma Renno) #2 Mifflintown, a son **Israel** 4-11

Renno, Moses K. (Hannah Lapp) #2 Mifflintown, a son **Simon** 4-21

Wengerd, Solly (Lavina Swarey) #2 Mifflintown, a dau **Orpha A.** 4-2

Dauphin County, Penna.

Lapp, Elam (Naomi Stoltzfus) Millersburg, a son **David** 4-18

Stoltzfus, Amos (Linda Lapp) Millersburg, a son **Amos Jr.** 4-

Lebanon, County, Penna.

Esh, John M. (Rachel Smoker) Myerstown, a dau **Leah** 4-6

Fisher, Amos S. Jr. (Katie Glick) Myerstown, a son **Elam** 4-6

Lapp, Aaron F. (Fannie Lapp) Myerstown, a son **John** 4-7

Swarey, Jacob (Fannie Lantz) Myerstown, a dau **Sadie Mae** 4-17

Franklin County, Penna.

Correction (from last month)

Stoltzfus, Omar (Sarah Ruth Smoker) a son **Allen**

King, John (Fannie King) Shippensburg, a son **Omar** 4-21

Stoltzfus, Ammon (Sarah Esh) Newburg, a dau **Katie** 4-12

Path Valley, Penna.

Stoltzfus, Amos (Fannie Kanagy) Spring Run, a son **Samuel** 4-20

Stoltzfus, Samuel H. (Lizzie Yoder) Willow Hill, a son **Levi** 4-8

Zook, Enos (Mary Kanagy) Dry Run, a son **Jonas** 4-17

Gettysburg, Penna.

Beiler, John A. Jr. (Fannie B. Fisher) a son **John David** 4-10

Lancaster, County, Penna.

Correction (from last month)

Smucker, Aaron K. (Elizabeth Stoltzfoos) Narvon, a son **David** 3-29

Beiler, Daniel D. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) New Holland, a son **Christ** 4-4

Beiler, Jacob B. Jr. (Malinda King) Ronks, a son **Jake Matthew** 2-26

Beiler, Samuel S. (Anna Mary Stoltzfus) Kinzers, a son **Jacob Lee** 4-28

Esch, Elam (Anna King) Ronks, a son 4-15

Esh, Eli K. (Susie Glick) Quarryville, a son 4-5

Esh, Jonathan (Malinda Lapp) Nottingham, a son **Benuel L.** 4-16

Esh, Steven E. (Lydia Smucker) Bird-in-Hand, a son **Leroy** 4-13

Fisher, Amos E. (Anna Blank) Kinzers, a son 4-7

Fisher, Levi (Lizzie Fisher) Peach Bottom, a son **Isaac** 4-14

Glick, Samuel K. (Elizabeth Esh) Gap, a son 4-20

Huyard, Jesse B. (Sadie King) New Holland, a dau **Rachel** 3-31

King, David S. Jr. (Sarah Stoltzfus) Gap, a dau **Barbara** 3-14

King, John A. (Barbara Zook) Lancaster, a dau **Susie** 4-4

King, Jonas B. (Priscilla King) Morgantown, a dau 4-14

King, Joseph B. (Annie Smucker) Paradise, a dau **Katie** 4-2

King, Levi (Ruth Ann Stoltzfus) Honey Brook, a dau **Mary G.** 4-28

King, Melvin (Mamie Stoltzfus) Narvon, a son **Mervin** 4-10

King, Samuel B. (Emma Fisher) Gordonville, a son **Abram F.** 4-26

Lantz, Ammon B. (Amanda Stoltzfus) Lititz, a son **Daniel** 4-8

Lapp, Ephraim (Malinda Stoltzfus) Kirkwood, a dau 4-6

Lapp, John E. (Rosanna Stoltzfus) Gap, a son **Elmer Jay** 4-24
Lapp, Levi S. (Susie Beiler) Quarryville, a son **Elmer B.** 4-19
Miller, Amos R. (Lydia Lapp) Christiana, a son 4-8
Riehl, Christ B. Jr. (Miriam King) Ronks, a dau **Susie** 4-2
Smoker, Stevie B. (Dora Lantz) Christiana, a dau **Rebecca Ann** 4-13
Smucker, Benuel K. (Leah King) Gap, a dau **Kathryn** 4-4
Smucker, Benuel M. (Lavina Beiler) Narvon, a son **Mervin** 4-8
Smucker, David Y. (Esther Huyard) Lititz, a son **David** 4-23
Stoltzfus, Alvin J. (Elizabeth Beiler) Paradise, a dau **Ruth** 4-15
Stoltzfus, Daniel S. (Malinda Fisher) Honey Broook, a son **Daniel S.** 4-24
Stoltzfus, Daniel X. (Emma Fisher) Elverson, a dau **Naomi** 4-19
Stoltzfus, Elam E. (Fannie Fisher) Honey Brook, a son **Elmer** 4-19
Stoltzfus, Elmer E. (Rebecca Beiler) Coatesville, a son **Isaac B.** 4-11
Stoltzfus, John B. (Bena Stoltzfus) Manheim, a son **Allen S.** 4-16
Stoltzfus, John F. (Sarah Fisher) Lancaster, a dau **Barbara F.** 4-15
Stoltzfus, John K. (Sarah King) Honey Brook, a dau **Lydia** 4-9
Stoltzfus, Reuben K. (Sadie Ann Stoltzfus) Morgantown, a son 4-25
Yoder, Daniel S. (Hannah Stoltzfus) Oxford, a dau **Mary S.** 4-27
Zook, David S. Jr. (Naomi Lapp) Christiana, a son **Michael L.** 4-7
Zook, Melvin (Sadie Ruth Stoltzfus) Gordonville, a son 4-27
Allenwood, Penna.
King, Amos B. (Barbara Stoltzfus) Watsontown, a dau **Arie** 4-
Lapp, Jonas K. (Fannie Fisher) Allenwood, a son **David** 4-
Montour County, Penna.
Yoder, Benuel L. (Susie Fisher) Bloomsburg, a son **Sammy** 4-27
Dover, Deleware
Yoder, Andy L. (Ada Coblentz) #1 Hartly, a dau **Lizzie** 4-17
Yoder, Harvey Jr. (Vera Yoder) Dover, a son **Paul** 4-7
Yoder, Leroy Jay (Annie Byler) #1 Wyoming, a son **John** 4-17
St. Mary's County, Maryland
Hertzler, Isaac Jr. (Elizabeth Swarey) Charlotte Hall, a son **Enos** 4-7
Hertzler, Samuel (Sadie Stoltzfus) Charlotte Hall, a son **Aaron** 4-9
Ethridge, Tennessee
Hershberger, Herman J. (Emma Yoder) a son **Jacob** 4-21
Hostetler, Joe J. (Leah Zook) a dau **Lizzie** 4-6
Guthrie, Kentucky
Graber, Melvin (Martha Byler) a dau **Freida** 4-22
Miller, Joe (Esther Yoder) a son **Jonathan** 4-24
Holmes & Wayne Counties, Ohio
Beachy, Marlin (Mary E. Keim) Fredricksburg, a son **Ezra** 4-19
Byler, David T. (Susan Gingerich) Apple Creek, a son **Peter** 4-
Coblentz, Ben W. (Arie Yoder) a dau **Emily Sue**
Hershberger, Andy E. (Barbara Swartzentruber) Apple Creek, a dau **Mattie** 4-
Hershberger, John (Erma Miller) Fredricksburg, a dau **Leah** 4-19
Hershberger, Tobie J. (Anna L.) a dau **Edna** 4-17
Mast, Levi (Martha Burkholder) a dau **Rebecca Ann**
Mast, Peter E. (Mary S. Miller) Apple Creek, a son **Ezra** 3-26
Mast, Raymond (Viola Burkholder) Orrville, a son **James** 4-7
Miller, David J. (Elsie Yoder) a dau **Mary Ellen**
Miller, Enos S. (Lydia Schrock) a son **Andy** 4-19
Miller, Ivan E. Dundee, a son **Ray Allen** 4-
Miller, Jonas E. (Mrs. Miller) a son **Marlin** 4-17
Miller, Perry R. (Freda Yoder) a son **David** 4-5
Miller, Roy D. (Martha Stutzman) a dau **Esther** 4-1
Miller, Sam J. (Katie Stutzman) Apple Creek, a dau **Mattie** 4-12
Mullet, David (Ruth Schlabach) Dundee, a dau **Rose Mary** 4-30
Schlabach, Reuben (Susan Wengerd) Dalton, a dau **Sarah** 4-
Stutzman, Bert L. (Mary Bowman) a dau **Ruth**
Stutzman, Chriss E. (Emma Troyer) a son **Chriss Jr.** 4-14
Troyer, Andy A. (Mary Troyer) a dau **Ruth** 4-13
Troyer, David L. (Rebecca Miller) a son **Michael** 3-31
Weaver, Eli G. (Soville Burkholder) a dau **Linda** 3-31
Wengerd, Eli E. Orrville, a dau **Ella** 4-12

GOD'S LOAN

"I'll lend to you for a little time
A child of Mine," He said,
"For you to love the while he lives,
And mourn for when he's dead.

"It may be six or seven years,
Or twenty-two or three,
But will you, till I call him back,
Take care of him for Me?"

"He'll bring his charms to gladden you,
And should his stay be brief,
You'll have these precious memories
As solace for your grief."

"I cannot promise he will stay,
Since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there,
I want this child to learn."

"I've looked the whole world over
In My search for teachers true,
And in the crowds that throng life's land,
I have selected you."

"Now will you give him all your love,
Nor think the labor vain,
Nor hate Me when I come to call,
To take him back again?"

THE TONGUE

"For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile." I Peter 3:10

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.
"The tongue destroys a greater hoard,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

A Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue_an early death;"
Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
The Chinese say, "outstrips the steed;"
While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."
From Hebrew writ this maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the
tongue."
The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

A PREACHER I KNEW

There are men who toil to build name,
Who squander life for wealth and fame
I knew a man who had no gold,
Whose treasure was a brother's soul.

For threescore years and more than ten
He lived His life for other men,
In modest church and humble home,
With scarce a day to call His own.

Yoder, Abe L. (Esther Yoder) Baltic, a son **Leon**
Yoder, Levi A. (Mattie Raber) Big Prairie, a son **Aden** 4-3
Yoder, Ray E. (Barbara Mast) a dau **Martha** 3-29
LaGrange County, Indiana
Beechy, Daniel W. (Edna Schrock) #4 LaGrange, a son **Edwin D.** 4-28
Bontrager, Samuel D. (Wilma Miller) #1 Rome City, a dau **Marie** 4-8
Bontrager, William A. (Martha J. Troyer) #1 LaGrange, a dau **Naomi W.** 3-29
Eash, Floyd J. (Esther Anna Miller) #2 Topeka, a dau **Norma J.** 3-28
Eash, Freeman (Edna Fern Bontrager) #1 Topeka, a dau **Wanda** 4-13
Fry, Ben R. (Leanna Bontrager) #2 Topeka, a dau **Norma** 4-27
Hochstetler, LaMar P. (Esther L. Bontrager) #2 Topeka, a dau **Norma Jean** 3-25
Hochstetler, Melvin E. (Lena Miller) #3 Howe, a son **Orlie** 4-4
Lambright, Menno (Christine Schwartz) a son **Nathan** 4-17
Miller, Calvin E. (Susan C. Lambright) #2 Topeka, a son **Larry C** 4-2
Miller, Christy Jr. (Martha Pauli Miller) #1 Topeka, a dau **Diane Marie** 3-28
Miller, Dennis (Ruth Ann Miller) #3 Ligonier, a son **James All.** 3-25
Miller, Ernest (Irene Miller) a son **Michael** 4-
Miller, Ernest Eugene (Ruth Ann Bontrager) a son **Laverne R.** 3-25
Miller, Levi E. (Mattie Petersheim) a dau **Edna Fern** 4-
Mishler, Harry Jr. (Amelia Slabauch) #5 LaGrange, a dau **Darcas** 4-14
Troyer, David D. (Linda E. Yoder) #2 Topeka, a son **Danny D.** 4-8
Whetstone, Mervin E. (Sarah M. Miller) LaGrange, a dau **Joann** 4-2
Wingard, John J. (Sarah E. Miller) #2 Topeka, a dau **Naomi J.** 4-14
Yoder, Freeman (Mary Bowman) a dau **Polly anna** 3-21
Yoder, Henry H. (Edna Beechy)Topeka, twins **Marion & Marvin** 4-10
Yoder, Larry (Irma Wingard) #2 Shipshewana, a son **Cletus** 4-3
Etna Green, Indiana
Bontrager, Mahlon Lee (Sarah Hochstetler) a son **Jerry Lynn** 3-18
Burkholder, Melvin (Linda Hochstetler) a dau **Veronica Jane** 3-17
Hochstetler, Glen (Martha Miller) a son **Anthony John** 4-5
Hochstetler, Maynard (Judy Schmucker) a dau **Neva Fern** 3-25
Miller, Paul M. (Lora Jane Hochstetler) a dau **Loretta Sue** 3-26
Yoder, Dewayne (Judy Slabauch) a son **Garry Allen** 3-23
Yoder, Henry Jr. (Emma Helmuth) a son **John Henry** 3-17
Steuben County, Indiana
Schwartz, David N. J. (Katie Schwartz) Hamilton, a dau **Katie** 4-1
Schwartz, Jake (Katie Schwartz) Hamilton, a dau **Mary** 4-25
Wagler, John Jr. (Sarah Schwartz) Hamilton, a dau **Elizabeth** 4-12
Adams County, Indiana
Eicher, Jacob H. (Elizabeth Swartzentruber) a dau **Lavina M.** 4-22
Eicher, Sam J. (Edith M. Schwartz) a dau **Lucy** 3-23
Hilty, Martin A. (Elizabeth L. Miller) a son **Walter** 4-17
Hilty, Reuben R. (Bertha J. M. Schwartz) a dau **Lydia** 4-12
Hilty, Sam J. (Martha B. Schwartz) a dau **Michelle** 4-7
Hilty, Sam S. Jr. (Laura A. Shetler) a son **Solomon** 4-25
Miller, Emanuel L. (Lydiann N. Schwartz) a son **Enos** 4-16
Schwartz, Dan A. (Edith X. Schwartz) a dau **Edith** 4-18
Schwartz, David A. (Susanne Schwartz) a son **Pheanis** 4-26
Schwartz, Enos L. (Elizabeth W. Schwartz) a dau **Lydia** 4-13
Schwartz, Enos M. (Rosie D. Hilty) a dau **Lucy** 3-16
Johnson County, Iowa
Beachy, Paul (Rosemary Miller) a dau **Marilin Elaine** 4-28
Bontrager, Ivan (Mary Lou Kauffman) a dau **Sarah** 4-19
Miller, Charles (Ellen Gingerich) a dau **Junanita Leann** 4-8
Amherst, Wisconsin
Lambright, Levi (Elsie Schmucker) a dau **Luella** 4-1
Cashton, Wisconsin
Yoder, Jake (Sarah Miller) a son **LeRoy**
Yoder, John (Erma Miller) a dau **Melinda** 4-17
Wilton, Wisconsin
Borntrager, Daniel S. (Susan Yoder) a son **Sam** 3-25
Yoder, John D. (Catherine Mast) a son **Toby** 3-12

No choir in robes behind him sang;
No chime in roof above him rang;
He said no lines that men prepare,
But from his heart he gave his prayer.

The hymns he sang were those I know,
The ones he taught me years ago,
"On Jordan's Stormy Banks I stand,"
And "Hold to God's unchanging Hand"

Seside the where teardrops start
He gently soothed a broken heart,
And children gathered at his knees
To hear him tell of Galilee.

THE WAY TO GOD

If my days were untroubled
And my heart always light,
Would I seek that fair land
Where there is no night?

If I never grew weary
With the weight of my load,
Would I search for God's peace
At the end of the road?

If I never knew sickness
And never felt pain,
Would I reach for a hand
To help and sustain?

If I walked not with sorrow
And lived without loss,
Would my soul seek sweet solace
At the foot of the cross?

If all I desired
Was mine day by day,
Would I kneel before God
And earnestly pray?

If God sent no "Winter"
To freeze me with fear,
Would I yearn for the warmth
Of "Spring" every year?

I ask myself this,
And the answer is plain_
If my life were all pleasure,
And I never knew pain...

I'd seek God less often,
And need Him much less,
For God's sought more often
In times of distress.

And no one knows God
Or sees Him as plain
As those who have met Him
On "The Pathway of Pain."

Augusta, Wisconsin
Miller, Ben S. (Mary Stutzman) a son **stillborn** 4-2
Miller, Emanuel (Mary Borntrager) a son **Jerry** 4-18
Schrock, Noan (Emma Schrock) a dau **Rebecca** 4-6
Harmony, Minnesota
Hershberger, Enos D. (Katie Miller) a dau **Lovina** 4-18
Hershberger, Jacob (Anne Hershberger) a dau **Anne** 3-31
Jamesport, Missouri
Kauffman, Eli N. (Susan J. Kurtz) a son **Perry** 4-3
Schrock, David W. (Martha Kauffman) a dau **Clara Mae** 4-6
Yoder, Dan L. (Lydia L. Borntrager) a dau **Marilyn** 4-21
Seymour, Missouri
Schwartz, Aaron E. A. (Maggie D. Schwartz) a son **Aaron** 3-31
Schwartz, Neal E. A. (Maggie Schwartz) a son **Aaron** 4-17
Desboro, Ontario
Zook, Dea. Peter (Anna Stutzman) a dau **first child** 4-26

BAPTISMS

Allen County, Indiana

April 5, by Noah Eicher
Ernie, son of Melvin & Ruby (Graber) Lengacher
Ileen, daughter of Amos & Viola (Graber) Gerig
Kathleen, daughter of Victor & Marie (Gerig) Wagler
Margaret, daughter of Joseph & Lavina (Brandenberger) Helty
Leanna, daughter of Jeromia & Esther (Graber) Schmucker
April 19, by Christy Schmucker
Jonas, son of Christy & Leah (Wittmer) Schmucker
Steven, son of late Joseph Jr. & Elizabeth (Miller) Schwartz
Paul, son of Jacob & Elizabeth (Zehr) Graber
Elizabeth, daughter of Daniel & Roas (Eicher) Miller
Miriam, daughter of Menno Jr. & Mary Ann (Brandenberger) Zehr
April 19, by Amos Schwartz
John, son of Jacob & Marian (Lengacher)Zehr
Abraham, son of Christ & Eileen (Zehr) Graber
Ernie, son of Thomas & Mary (Wagler) Graber
Steven, son of late LaVern & Barbara (Graber) Miller Nolt
David, son of late John & Ida (Christner) Lengacher
Loretta, daughter of Robert & Verna (Schwartz) Graber
Mary, daughter of David & Emma (Schmucker) Schmucker
April 25, by Noah Eicher
Laura, daughter of Samuel & Frances (Eicher) Brandenberger
April 26, by David Graber
Enos, son of John & Josephine (Graber) Graber

Davies County, Indiana

April 12, by Paul Stoll
Mary Catherine, daughter of Abraham & Mildred Graber
Lori, daughter of Paul & Martha Knepp
April 19, by Joe Graber, Northeast District
Norman, son of Ervin & Lydia Raber
Joyce, daughter of Edwin & Katie Lengacher
Rosa, daughter of Daniel & Mary Ruth Graber

Etna Green, Indiana

Kenny Yoder (Tobe)
Loretta Burkholder (Jake)
Loren Burkholder (Melvin)
Cindy Slabaugh (Richard)
Aaron & Ruth Troyer (John)
Brian Hochstetler (Lonnie)
Esther Mullet (Glenn)
Karen Schmucker (Jr.)
Sarah Jean Burkholder (Tobias)
Devon Kuhns (Freeman)
Loretta Miller (Vernon)
Brenda Yoder (Ivan)

MARRIAGES

Spartansburg, Pa.

Lee-Byler: Ervin, son of Simon S. & Mary Lee to Esther, dau. of Urie J. & Ida Byler on April 9 by Bishop Jake R. Byler.

Burkholder-Byler: Mark, son of William R. & Mary Burkholder to Ruth, dau. of Jake D. & Mary Byler on April 16 by Bishop Daniel D. Kurtz.

Mercer Co. Pa.

Byler-Byler: Mose, son of John U. and Lydia (Wengerd) Byler to Mattie, dau of Aaron J. and Sadie B. (Kurtz) Byler, April 2, 1987 by Andy J. Byler.

Holmes & Wayne Counties, Ohio

Barkman-Yoder: Andy, son of Elie J. and Mattie (Miller) Barkman to Saloma, dau of Emanuel H. and Fannie (Miller) Yoder,Apr. 16

Hershberger-Miller: Ervin, son of Andy & Fannie (Yoder) Hershberger to Edna, dau of Roy D. & Mary (Troyer) Miller, Apr. 30

Hershberger-Yoder: Ray, son of Melvin & Lovina (Troyer) Hershberger to Wilma, dau of Levi T. and the late (Katie) Troyer Yoder, Apr. 23

Troyer-Keim: David, son of Eli J. & Katie (Hershberger) Troyer to Susan, dau of Ervin & Elizabeth (Miller) Keim, Apr. 21

Troyer-Stutzman: Atlee, son of Eli D. & Lizzie Ann (Miller) Stutzman to Miriam, dau of Robert W. & Edna (Hershberger) Troyer, Apr. 9 by Bishop Aden Troyer.

Weaver-Hershberger: Dan, son of John A. & Clara (Yoder) Weaver of Lakeville to Emma, dau of Albert Hershberger of Cambridge, Apr. 2 by Aden Troyer

Allen County, Indiana

Graber-Brandenberger: Steven, son of Enos & Betty (Schmucker) Graber to Laura, dau of Samuel & Francis (Eicher) Brandenberger, Apr. 25, by Victor Graber.

Graber-Schmucker: John, son of Mervin & Margaret (schwartz) Graber to Naomi, dau of James & Kathryn (Wittmer) Schmucker Apr. 16 By James Schmucker.

Graber-Wickey: Enos, son of John & Josephine

(Graber) Graber to Ada, dau of David & late Leah (Eicher) Wickey, Apr. 26, by David Graber.

Wagler-Zehr: Jonas, son of Victor & Marie (Gerig) Wagler to Miriam, dau of Menno Jr. & Mary Ann (Branderberger) Zehr, Apr. 19, by Christie Schmucker.

Shipshewana, Indiana

Yoder-Yoder: Eugene, son of the late John & Mary Kathryn Yoder to Rosetta, daughter of David F. & Ida Mae (Miller) Yoder, Apr. 23, by Mervin M. Miller.

Fry-Yoder: Le Roy, son of Jacob & Polly Anna (Miller) Fry to Linda, daughter of Will & Katy (Frye) Yoder, Apr. 15, by Elvie Frye.

Miller-Schlabach: Ervin, son of Ora & Katie Bontrager to Karen, daughter of John & Katie (Weaver) Schlabach, Apr. 29.

Adams County, Indiana

Schwartz-Schwartz: Chris B., son of Sam Y. Schwartz to Fannie J., daughter of John E. Schwartz, Apr. 23.

Daviess County, Indiana

Stoll-Wagler: Delbert, son of Levoy & Rosa (Knepp) Stoll to Noami Ruth, daughter of Lydia Ann (Wagler) Schwartz and the late Lewis Wagler, Apr. 2, by Ben E. Wagler.

Wagler-Wagler: Norman, son of David & Esther (Wagler) Wagler to Leah Rose, daughter of Amos & Susanna (Graber) Wagler, Apr. 5, by Levi Graber.

Lengacher-Graber: Norman Ray, son of Ezra & Sarah (Raber) Lengacher to Joan, daughter of Enos & Mary (Wagler) Graber, Apr. 9, by Ben E. Wagler.

Wagler-Stoll: Arthur, son of Simon & Keturah (Graber) Wagler to Noami, daughter of Paul & Marie (Lengacher) Stoll, Apr. 16, by Paul Stoll.

Graber-Knepp: Francis Jr., son of Francis & Viola (Knepp) Graber to Rosanna, daughter of Amos & Margaret (Graber) Knepp, Apr. 19, by Amos A. Graber.

Amherst, Wisconsin

Schrock-Yoder: William, son of Mose & Anna Mary (Detweiler) Schrock to Pauline, daughter of Elmer & Martha (Borntrager) Yoder, Apr. 23, by Bish. Tobe Detweiler.

Miller-Yoder: Olen, son of Willian & Alberta (Yutzy) Miller to Lydia, daughter of Elmer & Martha (Borntrager) Yoder, Apr. 30, by Bish. Dan A. Miller.

Etna Green, Indiana

Miller-Schwartz: Alfred, son of Eddie J. Miller to Laura, daughter of Raymong & Esther (Slabaugh) Schwartz, Mar. 21, by Leon Miller

Arthur, Illinois

Paul-Diener: Helmuth to Katie, Apr. 2

Schrock-Plank: Glen to Dorothy, Apr. 9

Schrock-Schrock: Eli to Erma, Apr. 15

Mayes County, Oklahoma

Knepp-Miller: Floyd, so of David & Anna Mae Knepp to Ruth Ann, daughter of Cristie C. & Edna (Yoder) Miller, Apr. 9.

Partridge, Kansas

Beachy-Yoder: Jacob, son of Harley & Susie (Schrock) Beachy to Luanne, daughter of Thomas & Vera (Petersheim) Yoder, Apr. 2.

Kingston, Wisconsin

Kuhns-Schmucker: Marvin, son of Melvin & Clara Kuhns to Elizabeth Fern, daughter of Min. Ivan & Laura Schmucker, Apr. 15, by Edward Schmucker.

St. Marys, Ontario

Gasch-Coblentz: Noah, son of John & Martha Gasch to Nancy, daughter of John Henry & Anna Coblentz, Apr. 2, by Bishop Elmo Stoll.

ORDINATIONS

Lancaster County, Penna.

Abner L. Stoltzfus, 44, son of Samuel J. & Susie Lapp Stoltzfus, was ordained Bishop in Wakefield District, April 24th. Married to Sarah B. King, daughter of Daniel K. (Dec) & Anna Beiler King. Others in lot were Benuel Esh & Joseph Stoltzfus.

Jacob M. Zook, 49, son of Daviel L. & Susie Bieler Zook, was ordained Deacon in Northeast Georgetown District, April 18th. Married to Annie Miller, daughter of Christ S. & Sarah (Dec) King Miller. Others in lot were John Kauffman, Jake King, Levi King, Amos Bieler, & Ira Bieler.

Samuel F. Stoltzfus, 32, sone of Jonas K. & Fannie Fisher Stoltzfus, was ordained Minister in Nottingham District, April 20th. Married to Malinda S. Fisher Stoltzfus, daughter of Benuel S. & Arie Smucker Fisher. Others in lot were Christ Blank, David Blank, & Emanuel Stoltzfus.

Benuel L. Petersheim, 40, son of Christ & Emma Petershein, (both Dec.), was ordained Minister in West Lititz District, April 18th. Married to Rebecca Riehl, daughter of Pre. Ephriam & Rebecca Riehl. Others in lot were Sam Lapp & David King.

Benjamin S. Glick, 37, son of Deacon Aaron & Mary Glick, was ordained Minister in West Witmer District, April 23rd. Married to Elizabeth, daughter of Elam & Malinda Esh King. Others in lot were Amos King, Amos Stoltzfus, Daniel King, Christ Esh, & Aaron King.

Dover, Delaware

Christy W. Byler, 27, was ordained Deacon in Middle North District, April 26. Married to Sylvia, daughter of David D. & Mary Miller.

Shipshewana, Indiana

Elmer E. Schlabach, 32, son of Ervin & Fannie Troyer Schlabach, was ordained a Deacon in Alvin Lambright District. Married to Mary Beth, daughter of Ervin Hochstedlers. There were 13 others in the lot with him.

LaPlata, Mo.

Neal Kauffman, son of Lewis S. Kauffman, was ordained a Diener Zum Buch, April 19th. Others in lot were Mose W. Bontrager & John Yoder. Visitors were Dave A. Bontrager & 2 daughters, Bishop Neal Bontrager, Neal Bontrager Jr., Amos Kauffman & Norman Yoders.

Reno County, Kansas

Clayton D. Knepp, 35, was ordained as a Deacon in the North District Amish Church, April 26. Others in lot were Ora W. Miller, Atlee Keim, David R. Bontrager, Lynn Bontrager, Glen L. Yoder, Joseph Petersheim Jr. & Laverne Yoder.

Chetak, Wis.

Joseph D. Mast, 21, son of Daniel J. Mast, was ordained Minister, April 28th. Married to Clara, daughter of Henry J. Lehmans. Others in lot were Henry J. Lehman, Enos Mullet, Joe F. Yoder, & Levi J. Miller.

Cashton, Wis.

Joe E. Shrock, 47, was ordained in West District. Others in lot were Menno & Chris Schmucker, Jake Detweiler, Andy M. Schrock, Levi Mast, John Henry Miller & Joe A. Yoder.

Wilton, Wis.

John J. Miller, 25, son of Deacon Jonathon Miller, was ordained a Minister in West District, April 14. Married to Elsie, daughter of Dan & Barbara (Miller) Mast. Others in lot were Dan J. Mast, Amos J. Yoder, Noah Kauffman, Neil Borntrager, Ezra Borntrager & Eli A. Borntrager.

Joe M. Borntrager, son of Mose & Mary Borntrager, was ordained Deacon in S.E. District, April 13. Married to Fannie, daughter of Dave (Dec) & Lovina Hochsterler. Others in lot were Jonas Borntrager, Henry Yoder, Chris Schrock, Enos Borntrager & John Borntrager.

Allen County, Indiana

David H. Schwartz, 41, was ordained Minister, April 26. Married to Barbara Eicher.

Franklin County, Penna.

Benjamin Kurtz, was ordained Minister in Cumberland Valley District, April 22. Others in lot were Elmer Fisher, David Miller, John Esh, Raymond Fisher & Isaac King.

Kakamo, Ind.

Joni Yoder, 27, son of Andy E. & Clara (Herschberger) Yoder, was ordained Minister, April 25. Married to Elnora, daughter of Tobias & Mary (Miller) Miller. Others in lot were Joe A. Yoder, Ivan J. Gingerich, Jerry Herschberger, Joe L. Miller, Clarence M. Bontrager & Ray A. Herschberger.

Diary Reporters Notice! The address of Diary Reports have changed now to **The Diary, PO Box 456, Lancaster PA 17603.** Send all Diary reports to that address but **Diary Reports Only.** All other mail to The Diary or to Pequea Publishers keep the old address.

OBITUARIES

Byler, Emma M. 84 yr. 7mo. 28 days, New Wilmington, Pa. R.2

died Mar. 29, 1987. She was a daughter of Mose K. and Dorothy Byler both deceased, was married to Wallie R. Byler, Feb. 16, 1922, who died Jan. 28, 1981. To this union were born 5 children, 3 boys and 2 girls. Rudy married to Lizzie J. Byler, Jacob died May 12, 1971 and was married to Annie D. Byler, Jonathaon married to Lydia J. Byler, who reside on home farm and faithfully took care of her. Lizzie widow of Albert D. Lee. Albert died Sept. 16, 1977, Mary wife of John J. B. Byler all of this area. She also leaves a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, also 1 sister, Lizzie M. Mast, Fryburg, Pa. Preached by Erwin N. Byler, Smicksburg, Pa. Casket carriers were Joe J. Yoder, Chris A. Byler, John J.J. Byler, and Simon Sommers.

Byler, Jacob R. 83 yr. 11mo. 6 days, New Wilmington, Pa. R.2

Died April 17, 1987. He was a son of Rudy K. and Franey Byler, both deceased. Married to Mary M. Byler, who died Dec. 8, 1986. Lo this union was born 1 daughter, Fannie, who died April 19, 1981 and was married to John K. Byler, who now resides at Belleville, Pa. He also leaves 2 grandchildren, 1 brother, Urie, 3 sisters, Mrs. Chris L. (Malinda)Byler, Mrs. Chris J.(Ada) Kurtz, and Mrs. Rudy J. (Lovina) Kurtz. Preached by Mahlon Hostetler, Spartansburg, Pa in the house and by Sal Wengerd in the barn. Casket carriers were Andy Y. Hostetler, Chris A. Byler, John J.J. Byler and Simon Sommers.

Byler, Jonathon R. 76 yr. 3mo., New Wilmington, Pa. R.2

died April 14, 1987. Was born Dec. 17, 1910 a son of Rudy K. and Franey Byler both deceased, was married to Nancy D. Mast who survives him. Lo this union were born 1 son and 2 daughters. David married to Mary E. Byler who live on home farm, Sarah wife of Phineas J. Byler, and Ada wife of Eli J. Byler all of this area. Also surviving are a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, 3 sisters, Mrs. Chris L. (Malinda) Byler, Mrs. Chris J. (Ada) Kurtz, Mrs. Rudy J. (Lovina) Kurtz, 2 brothers, Urie married to Katie Mast, Jacob who died 3 days later. Preached by Gideon J. Byler in large house and by Chris L Kurtz in small house. Casket carriers were John U. Byler, Sam U. Byler, Eli L. Swartzentruber and Joe L. Swartzentruber.

Byler, Mrs. Crist Savilla (Hostetler), 70, 16595 Swine Creek Rd., Ohio

died Sunday evening March 29th in the Geauga Community Hospital, after a lengthy illness. Born Nox. 22, 1916 in Belleville, Pa. She was a resident of Mesopotamia before moving to Middlefield 8 years ago. Was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. She married Chris E. Byler on Nov. 25, 1946, he preceded her in death Oct. 16, 1980, Survivors include daughters, Sarah at home, Mrs. Lee (Ida) Bontrager, Middlefield. Sylvia of Newburg, Pa., Mrs. Ben (Orpha) Hershberger of Pa. Sons Andy and David of Mesopotamia, step-daughters, Martha Martin, Alta Swary of Pa., Ella Swary of Mich., Saloma Hostetler, Barbara Swary and Ada Stoltzfus of Marryland. Step-son, Henry of Maryland and Crist of Middlefield. Brothers Andy and John Hostetler of Bird-in-Hand, Pa. 22

grandchildren also step grandchildren. She was also preceded in death by her parents & 1 brother. Services were held at 9:30 am., Wed. April 1st at the residence by the home Bishop. Mose J. Miller and Bishop Crist R. Hershberger. Burial in Hayes Corner Cemetery, Middlefield.

Gingerich, Daniel April 14,1987 Kakomo, Ind.
was stillborn at Howard Community Hospital.His parents are Ivan J. and Mary (Herschberger) Gingerich. Survivors are three brothers and three sisters: Jonathan 12, Irene 10, Louella 8, Henry 6, Benjamin 4, and Leona 2; Paternal grandparents John Gingerich of Bloomfield Iowa,and maternal grandparents Andy A. Herschberger of Kakomo; six uncles and five aunts. Paternal great grandparents John G. Hochstedlers of Kalona Iowa and maternal great grandparent Joe E. Herschberger of Amboy Ind. and other more distant relatives. His oldest sister preceded him in death. Funeral services were held Apr. 17, at the Andy Herschberger residence by Ezra A. Yoder of Bloomfield Iowa, Marvin Stutzman of Arthur Ill., and Bish. Marwin Otto. Burial is in Christner Cemetary.

Girod, Mahlon G. 9 months, R1 Monroe Indiana
died at his grandparents home Jacob X. Schwartz, on April 30, when he choked on a balloon late Wed. morning. He was playing with a small balloon, put it into his mouth and swallowed it. Shortly thereafter the toddler went into cardiac arrest. EMS personnel rushed to the scene but were unable to revive the boy.The autopsy found a piece of the balloon at the base of the windpipe, causing him to choke to death. Surviving are his grief stricken parents Stephen E. and Mary X. Schwartz Girad, two sisters Emma and Mary both at home. Grandparents Enos S. Girods and Jacob X. Schwartz. The boy was born in Adams County on July 18, 1986. Funeral services were held May 1, at his parents home. Burial was in the Schwartz cementery.

Herschberger, Alma 62 yr
died on April 6, 1987, She was the second wife of Henry D. Miller. Besides her husband she leaves 2 brothers and 4 sisters. Edward & Levi of the Arthur Area and Elizabeth wife of Obed Miller, West Phalia, Ks., Nettie wife of Rudy Schrock, Edna wife of David Nisley, Goshen, In. and Verna at home.

Hertzler, Moses, 1 yr. 9 mo. 6 days, Spring Run, Pa
died at his home on Tuesday April 7 from pneomonia after being a cerabral palsy child since birth. He had been in the hospital for a week about 5 to 6 weeks before death and wasn't so well since till the week before he died he seemed surprisingly well but it did not last. He was the son of Ammon and Rebecca (Hostetler) Hertzler. Surviving in addition to his parents are 2 sisters, Lydia 5 and Rachel 4, paternal grandmother, Lydia (Stoltzfus) Hertzler, widow of Jacob Hertzler, of Spring Run, Pa.; maternal grandfather, Mose Z. Hostetler, widower of Mary (Stoltzfus) of Dry Run, Pa. and a great grandmother, Hannah Stoltzfus of Mechanicsville, Md. also uncles, aunts, & cousins. Services were held at his home by Andy Byler and Christ Hostetler. Lied by Henry Hertzler, Lied at cemetary by Samuel S. Stoltzfus. Casket carriers were Aaron, son of Walter Yoders and Moses, son of Gideon B. Stoltzfus.

Hostetler, Mary E. 61 yr. 6mo. 29 days, Mercer, Pa R.1
died April 5, 1987. Was born Sept. 6, 1925 a daughter of Eli Y. and Lydia A. Byler. Was married to Jacob M. Hostetler. Lo this union were born 5 sons and 5 daughters who all survive her. Elizabeth, wife of Eli L. Byler, of this area, Mose married to Katie W. Byler, John married to Lizzie Ann J. Byler, both of Dewittville, NY., Amelia, Lydia, Nancy, Anna, Andy at home. Eli married to Mary J. Byler who resides on home farm, David married to Anna Petersheim, all of this area, also surviving are a number of grandchildren, 3 brothers & 1 sister, John, widower of Lydia K. Byler, Enon Valley, Pa., Ben married to Lizzie S. Yoder, Selinsgrove, Pa., Amelia, widow of Martin A. Miller, of this area, and Joseph. Preached by Menno E. Miller, Conewango Valley, NY. in Jacobs house and by Sam K. Yoder, Friendship, NY., in son Eli's house. Casket carriers were Andy E. Mast, Sam J, Hostetler, Erwin U. Byler and David D. Byler.

King, Katie, Paradise, Pa.
died shortly after birth, April 2, 1987, daughter of Joseph B. & Annie (Smucker) King. In addition to her parents she is survived by 3 sisters, Malinda, Barbara & Mary all at home. Paternal grandparents, John & Barbara King, Christiana. Maternal grandparents, Jacob & Malinda Smucker, Leola. Maternal great-grandfather, Levi Stoltzfus, Bird-in-Hand. Short funeral services were held the next day. Burial in Georgetown Cemetary.

Lambright, Emma 70, R.R.1 Topeka
died Wednesday, April 22, in her home. She was born in LaGrange County February 3, 1917, the daughter of John V. and Ada (Lehman) Lambright. Miss Lambright resided in the area sll her life. Surviving are four brothers, Harvey J. of LaGrange, Daniel or Wolcottville, Menno of Topeka and Mahlon of Lawrenceburg, Tenn. Funeral services were held Saturday at 9:30am. in the family home with Bishop Daniel Otto officiating. Burial was in Yoder Cemetery. Miller Funeral Home of Middlebury was in charge of arrangements.

Lambright, Harley, 24, R.R.1, Topeka, Indiana
died Monday, April 20, in his home following an illness of several weeks.

He was born in LaGrange County, January 15, 1963, the son of Alvin & Ada (Fry) Lambright.

He was a former employee of R.C. Industries in Goshen. Surviving with his parents are a sister, Mrs. Norman (Clara) Kauffman of Nappanee; three brothers, Larry of Topeka, Paul of Ligonier and Lonnie of Middlebury, and his grandparents, Mrs. Katie Lambright and Mr. and Mrs. David O. Fry, all of Topeka. Funeral services will be held Thursday at 9:30am. in the Perry Jay Yoder home with the Rev. Elmer Miller and the Rev. Howard Miller officiating. Calling hours will be held in the family home. Buiral will be in Hawpatch Cemetery. Miller Funeral Home of Middlebury is in charge of arrangements.

Miller, Aaron Jr. 29, 554 Gibbons Road, Bird-in-Hand, Pa
died at the Community Hospital of Lancaster Monday, at 6:30am. after a brief illness. Born in Lancaster, he was a son of Aaron P. and Mary Blank Miller, with whom he resided. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church and worked in the Bird-in-Hand Bake Shop. In addition to his parents, he is survived by two brothers, Christian B. and David B. Miller, both of Bird-in-Hand, and three sisters, Amanda wife of Daniel S. Esh Jr., Bird-in-Hand, Elizabeth wife of Amos Glick, Leola, and Nancy wife of Ben Lapp, Intercourse.

Miller, Amos J.M. 71 yr. 5mo. 16 days son of Jacob and Katie (Christner) MIller was born Oct. 1915, died April 4, 1987 at Florida, was married to Anna J. Helmuth, Oct. 19, 1939. Lived in matrimony 39 yrs 10 mo. Leaves to mourn his departure, 4 sons and 4 daughters. Carolyn wife of Noah Burkholder, Nappanee Glenn, Nappanee, Harley of Etna Green, Ada Mae wife of Herman Miller, Unity, Wis., Katie wife of Alvin Miller of Bourbon, Jacob of Tempe, Arizona, Amos Jr. and Mary wife of Kenneth Miller of Nappanee. 30 grandchildren. Preceded him in death are his parents, his wife Anna, 3 sons, 1 daughter, and twin grandsons. He married the 2nd time to Katie Miller, June 9, 1984. He leaves to mourn, his wife, 2 step-sons and 1 step-daughter, 9 step-grandchildren, 1 step-great-grandchild. 4 brothers, Eli, Edward, Amzie & Obie, 3 sisters, Alice, Waneta & Edna. Also 2 brothers & 2 sisters preceded him in death. Pallbearers were, Floyd Stutzman, Richard Yoder, Clarence Gingerich, Vernon Miller, Maruin E. Miller and Elmer Beachy.

Miller, Anna H. 4mo. 8 days, Fredericktown, Ohio
died at her home March 8th of a illness of health since her birth . She was a daughter of Min. Henry Jr. and Ada (Miller) Miller. She has two sisters Katie and Ella of the home. A brother Andy also died previously. Her living grandparents are Pre. Henry B. Millers of Ashland, Ohio and Pre. Abe L. Millers of Homes Co.

Miller, John, 2 days, Middlefield
died Thursday morning April 9th in Cleveland. Infant twin son of Ervin D. and Leona (Barkman) Miller, Kinsman Rd., Middlefield, born April 7, 1987 at Geauga Community Hospital. Surviving are his parents, twin brother Joseph, Robert Ervin Jr., Samuel, Elizabeth and Sadie. Grandparents Enos and Lizzie Barkman and Mrs. Dan Sadie Miller, both of Middlefield. Funeral services were held Fri. April 10th at the residence by Bishop Eli A. Wengerd. Burial in the Wilcox Rd. Cemetery, Mesopotamia.

Miller, Nathaniel, 72, C.R. 500W and 500S, Topeka
died Saturday, April 4, in the LaGrange Hospital. He had been in a wheel chair for six years. He was born near Goshen March 20, 1915, the son of Nathaniel P. & Mary (Miller) Miller. Miller lived most of his life near Topeka. He was a farmer and also operated a cabinet shop. He was married September 19, 1940, to Mary E. Miller who survives.

Also surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Ezra (Leanna) Schmucker of Nappanee and Mrs. Melvin (Loretta) Chupp and Mrs. John (Sara) Wingard, both of Topeka; a son, Larry of Wolcottville; three sisters, Mrs. Sylvia Miller of Shipshewana, Mrs. Henry (Mary) Yoder of Goshen and Mrs. LeRoy (Lucy) Lapp of Parksburg, Pa.; three brothers, Phillip of Topeka and Johan and Lee, both of Middlebury, and 16 grandchildren. Funeral services were held Tuesday at 9:30am. in the family home with Bishop Freeman R. Miller and the Rev. Harvey Lambright officiating. Burial was in Hawpatch Cemetery. Miller Funeral Home of Middlebury was in charge of arrangements.

Renno, Thomas, 5, R.2 Belleville, Pa
died April 4, 1987 at home. Son of John M and Elsie (Byler) Renno. He had never been a normal child since birth. A twin sister Tena age 6mo. preceded him in death. Surviving besides the parents are brothers and sisters, Lavina, Benuel, Hannah, Martha, Nathan, grandparents Andy J. Byler, widow, Mrs. Katie Renno, great-grandfather, Jonathan R. Bylker. Services at the John B. Kanagy residence by Abram Renno & Daniel Swarey, Burial in the Renno Cemetery.

Schwartz, Katie, 3 wks. old, R.2 Hamilton, Ind.
died on way to hospital in Angola from heart problems, daughter of David N.J. & Katie Schwartz. Surviving in Addition to his parents are 6 brothers & 2 sisters at home. Paternal grandparents, Mrs. Anand Schwartz, Ashland, Ohio, Maternal grandparents Mr. & Mrs Sam Schwartzs, Branch Co., Mich. Services at the home by William Eicher, pallbearers are Jake R. Schwartz & Johnny Wagler.

Schrock, Moses, 73, R.3 Bowling Green, Mo.
died in his home, Monday pm. March 2, after being ill about 3 months with cancer in bones and leukemia. He was born Sept 6, 1913 in Reno Co., Ks. to Mr. & Mrs. Joe Schrock. Married Dec. 19, 1940 to Wilma Yoder (who died June 1984). Surviving are 7 sons and 8 daughters; William (Fannie Martin), Augusto, Wis.; Lydia (Paul M. Eicher), Kahaka, Mo.; Joseph (Rachel Eicher), Maynard, Mo.; Mosie (Eva Martin), Dixon, Mo.; Barbara (Sam Burkholder), Augusta, Wis.; Sarah (Jesse Wagler), Prairie Home, Mo.; Andy (Lydiann Burkholder), Eashton, Wis.; Alvin (Anna Schwartz), Kahaka, Mo.; Noah (Lizzie Schwartz), Seymour,

Mo.; Wilma (Ivan Miller), Medford, Wis.; Verna (Johnny Burkholder), Kahaka, Mo.; Johnny (Mary Borntrager), Maywood, Mo.; Lizzie (Ervin Borntrager), Maywood, Mo.; Emma (Dannie D. Eicher), Curryville, Mo.; Rosa (Samuel D. Eicher), on home place, 83 grandchildren. Funeral was held Thursday at his home by Bish, Simon Burkholder and Bish. Christ Borntrager of Augusta, Wis. in big house and Pre. Raymond Wagler and Pre. Noah Schwartz of Cashton, Wis. in small house. Pallbearers were Toby Mast, Noah A. Schwartz, Ernest Bortrager and Andy Eicher.

Slabaugh, Lydia, 78 yr. 3 mo. 11 days, Whelan, Minn.

died on April 11, 1987 from several strokes, the first one in Sept. 1986. She was helpless the last few months. Leaves husband, 7 sons and 7 daughters who were all here for the funeral. 1 daughter Katie (single) was staying with her parents. Quite a few relatives of Ohio had come for the funeral.

Smoker, Annie K., 61, Myerstown, Pa.

died Sat. April 18th at her sister Hannah home. She was born to Jacob Z. and Barbara (Kanagy) Smoker, May 19, 1925 at Belleville, Pa. She was unmarried and a well known seamstrss until the early 1980's when she was troubled with hardening of the arteries and continued getting weaker until her death. Surviving are four brothers, John and David of Myerstown, Stephen of Kirkwood, Benjamin of Leola, and three sisters, Lizzie, wife of Abie Peachey, Madisonburg; Hannah, widow of Abram Stoltzfus, Leola; and Katie, wife of Levi King, Myerstown. Also a number of nephews and nieces. Preceding her in death were her parents and a sister Suvilla (Mrs. John Swarey) of Path Valley. Short services were held at her brother David's by Benjamin F. Stoltzfus, hymns read by Amos Z. Esh. Further services Tuesday April 21 at Benuel B. Smokers by John Petersheim and Jonas Lapp, hymn red by Simeon King. She was buried beside her parents in Lapp's cemetery near Reisthville.

Stoll, Elizabeth, 79, Loogootee, Ind.

died April 9 at the Good Samaritan Hospital. She had been in failing health the last few weeks. She was born Nov. 7, 1907 to Samuel and Mary (Graber) Graber. She married Amos R. Stoll on Sept. 8, 1932 and he survives. Surviving are 7 sons, Samuel and Joel Stoll, Kokomo; Joseph and Amos Jr. Stoll, Hicksville, Ohio; David R., Eli and Ora Stoll and 1 daughter, Barbara Stoll of this area. 21 grangchildren and 9 great-grandchildren. 2 brothers and 3 sisters survive; Eli and Enos Graber, Mrs. Noah (Emma) Wagler, Mrs. John Henry(Barb) Graber and Mrs. Noah (Mary) Knepp all of this area. 1 son, 1 sister and 3 brothers preceded her in death. Funeral services were held Sunday April 12 at the neighbors Joel Stolls by David Raber, Hicksville, Ohio and Joe L. Graber of here. Burial was in the Stoll Cemetery.

Stoltzfus, Ruth B., Paradise, Pa

died April 15, daughter of Alvin J. and Elizabeth K. (Beiler) Stoltzfus. Died of cardiac arrest at Hershey Medical Center a few hrs after birth there. She is survived by her parents and a sister Ida at home, paternal grandparents Sol E. and Rebecca Stoltzfus, Paradise, Maternal grandparents, David and Rebecca Ebersol, Gap. #1 Paternal great-grandparents Abe and Lizzie Stoltzfus and Maternal great-grandparents Christ and Barbara Flaud, all of Gap.

Stutzman, Sarah J., 59, Millersburg

died Monday morning, April 20 at her home following a long illness. Born in Walnut Creek Township in Holmes County on July 15, 1927, she was a daughter of the late Jonas A. and Anna Beachy Miller. She lived all her life in Holmes County and was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. On Nov. 18, 1948, she married Perry A. Stutzman, who survives. Also surviving are 2 daughters, Mrs. Andrew (Fannie) Hershberger of Millersburg and Mrs. Atlee (Katie) Troyer of the home; a son Jonas of Fredericksburg; 5 sisters, Mrs. Dan S. (Amanda) Hershberger, Mrs. Mike O. (Anna) Yoder, Mrs. Mose J. (Ella) Miller and Mrs. Levi A. (Ida) Stutzman, all of Millersburg, and Mrs. Abe M. (Susan) Schlaback of Mt. Hope; 3 brothers, Andres, Mose and Monroe Miller, all of Dundee; and 23 grandchildren.

Services will be today (Wednesday) at 9:30 at the the residence with Minister Levi D. Miller officiating. Burial will be in Locust Hill Cemetery, Salt Creek Twp., Holmes County. Spidell Funeral Home at Mt. Heaton is in charge of arrangements.

Troyer, Susan, 79, Rt.1 Baltic, Ohio

died Sunday Apr. 26 at her home following a brief illness. Born in Holmes Co.. A daughter of the late Mose B. and Bena (Miller) Raber.

Survived by her husband Mose A. Troyer, 4 daughters & 6 sons. Sara Raber of Baltic, Bena; Mrs Noah Chnupp of Sarasoto, Fla; Katie Ann, Chester Hill, Lafayette; Lizzie Ann, Mrs Ronnie Edwards of Cashocton, Crist M. of the home; Eli of Florida; Andy of Killbuch Attlee of Rt. Sugarcreek; Henry and Mose of Rt3 Fresno; 3 step-daughters, 1 stepson; Jonas M.S., Mrs Abe A. (Fannie) and Miss Amanda Troyer of Fresno, R3 and Mrs. Henry C. (Mary) Mast of R5 Millersburg; 7 sisters and 3 brothers; Mrs. Henry A. Katie Hershberger of Rt.5 Millersburg; Sarah and Frany of Rt.4 Millersburg; Mrs Henry A. (Lizzie Ann) Raber; John F, Elias M., Amanda and Maryann of Baltic, Rt., Mrs. John J. (Bena) Yoder of Rt2, Fredericksburg; David M. of Sugarcreek Rt.2; 62 grandchildren, 27 great-grandchildren, 4 sons, 1 grandchild, 1 great-grandchild are deceased. Services were held Wed. at Crist M. Troyer residence Bish Andy E. Yoder officiating. Burial in Yoder Cemetery, Clair Twp.

Troyer, Susan B., 75 yr. 8 days, R.1 Hartly, Del.

died April 2, 1987, was born in Kansas, March 25, 1912. Was married Dec. 5, 1940 to Simon S. Troyer II, lived in matrimony 46 yr, 4 mo. and 4 days. Leaves to mourn, her husband, 5 sons, 3 daughters, 66 grandchildren, 2 great-grandchildren, 2 brothers and 2 sisters. Funeral services were held at the home on Monday, April 6 by Joe Troyer of Ind. and Bish John J. Yoder. In small house by Ervin Coblentz and Sam H. Mast, at Adam Millers by Adlai N. Mast and Andy H. Mast.

Wengerd, Noah D., 83, Garrett, Pa.
died at his home from a recent illness on April 6, 1987. He was born June 21, 1903, son of Daniel and Lydia (Hostetler) Wengerd, (both deceased). He was married to Catherine (Katie) Kinsinger (deceased) on May 18, 1924. She died in Dec. 1984. A son John survives with whom he resided. He also had a daughter Emma who also died in 1978. 3 grandchildren & 2 great-grandsons also survive. Funeral services were held at the Summit Mills Church by Wilmer Yoder and Bish. Bennie A. Yoder

Yoder, Ammon S., 85, Shipshewana
died Saturday, April 4, in the LaGrange Hospital. He was born in LaGrange County March 1, 1902, the son of Samuel and Amanda (Yoder) Yoder. Yoder, a retired farmer, lived in the area all his life. He was married March 8, 1924, to Mattie S. Yoder, who survives. Also surviving are a son, Joe A. of Three Rivers, Mich.; A sister, Mrs. Nora Slabach of Martinsburg, Ohio; a brother Clemens S. of Middlebury, and a grandson. Funeral services were held Tuesday at 1:30pm in the David Whetstone home on S.R. 4, east of Goshen with Bishop Menno Yoder officiating. Burial was in Thomas Cemetery. Miller Funeral Home of Middlebury was in charge of arrangements.

Yoder, Deacon J.A., 85, Arthur Area
died April 19, 1987. Leaves sons Ervon & Noah Arthur, Melvin at home, Eli of Waltoma, Wis., Freddie of Milton, Ia., Abraham also of Milton, Ia., Daughters, Lucy wife of Harve Schrock, Arcola, ILL., Anna wife David Stutzman, Milton, Ia.

Yoder, William, 68, R.3 Bowling Green, Mo.
died in his home Monday pm., April 13, after an illness of fast growing cancer in his bladder.

He was born Dec. 26, 1918 in Nappanee, Ind. to Andy and Barbara (Troyer) Yoder. He was never married. He had only 1 sister, a twin Wilma who was married to Moses J. Schrock, who died June 25, 1984. Moses died Mar. 2, 1987. Their mother died when they were 1 yr old., 3 years later Andy married Verna Beachy, Andy died in 1945 in Portland, Ind. (In 1960 Verna was married to Joe J. Miller (of Kansas). They lived in Bowling Green where Verna died Aug. 1964. William had his home with his uncle Dan. W. Yoder in Ind., a few years till he got killed by a bull in 1965, he came to Mo. to have his home with Moses where he lived till he died.

Funeral was held Thursday at his home by Jake Girod and Bish., Jacob Miller. Pallbearers were Sam N. Schwartz, Noah S. Borntrager, Elmer Borntrager and Daniel L. Schwartz.

Yoder, Yost J., 73, Grantsville, Md.
died at his home of heart complications on April 26, 1987. He was born May 6, 1913, a son of John U. and Mary (Kensinger) Yoder (both deceased). He was married to Emma J. Yoder, daughter of Joseph J. and Lizzie (Schrock) Yoder (deceased) on Oct. 29, 1939. His wife survives and also 3 sons, John, Salisbury, Pa., Rufus (with whom they have their home) and Norman both of Grantsville & also a daughter, Lizzie who is at home with her Mother & brother & family. He also has 12 grandchildren. 1 grandson preceded him in death.

Services were held at the Niverton Church by David Beachy and Bish Albert E. Brenneman and the burial at the church cemetery.

Zook, Barbara S. King, 71, 592-A White Oak Rd., Christiana
died April 14, 1987 at the home of her step-daughter, the Emanuel Kings of Kirkwood. Born Sept 22, 1915. Her death was unexpected though she hadn't been well for a wk. or so. She leaves 152 survivors. She was the wife of Samuel S. Zook. She was also the widow of John B. King, who died in 1958. Mrs. Zook was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. Born in Soudersburg, she was the daughter of the late John B. and Mary Stoltzfus Fisher. Surviving besides her husband are five sons; Daniel F. King, Mill Hall; John F. King and Christ F. King, both of Christiana; Elam F. King, Atglen; and Isaac F. King, Oxford; and two daughters; Mary L. wife of Daniel Riehl, Oxford and Sallie F. wife of Christ B. Stoltzfoos, Quarryville. Also surviving are three step sons; Henry F. Zook, Kinzers; David L. Zook and Samuel F. Zook, both of Christiana; and five step-daughters; Katie wife of Samuel Lapp, Allenwoo; Sarah wife of Emanuel King, and Rachel wife of Benjamin Fisher, both of Kirkwood; Lizzie wife of Ben Stoltzfus, Peach Bottom; and Annie wife of Amos Zook, Ephrata.

There are 52 grandchildren; 9 great-grandchildren; 62 step-grandchildren; and 7 step-great-grandchildren. In addition, she is survived by 2 brothers Isaac B. Fisher, Mechanicsville, Md.; and Stephen Fisher, Gettysburg; and four sisters: Susie wife of John F. Esh, Quarryville; Sarah wife of Levi B. Stoltzfus, Bart; Levina wife of Isaac L. Stoltzfus, Gettysburg; and Mary wife of Jonas Yoder, Gap;

Funeral services were held at the home Thursday April 16 at 9:00 by a nephew John Stoltzfus and a cousin (Levi's) Dan Stoltzfus. Israel Fisher of Md. read "Mein Lebens fahda lahft zum ende" at the house. Dinner was served before burial at Bartville Cemetery beside her 1st husband. Benuel Esh read "Gute Nacht" and Emanuel Fisher had a absheid. Pallbearers were grandsons (Dan) John King, (John) Christ King, (Elam) Jacob King, and (Dannie) Reuben Riehl

Yutzy, Jonas, 87, Nappanee R.3
died April 5 at home after a lingering illness. He was buried April 8.

MIGRATIONS

Freddie Borntrager moved from Amherst Wis. to Augusta Wis.

David Yoder moved from Utica Minn. to Amhurst Wis.

Milo J. Bylers and family moved from Merce Pa. to Fredericktown Ohio.

Danny D. Bylers moved from Spartansburg Pa. to Lewisville Ohio in April.

Danny A. Bylers moved from Spartansburg Pa. to Lewisville Ohio in April.

The Dan A Gingerich family moved from Beavertown, Mich. to Canton, Minn. on March 20.

The Jerry M. Swartzentruber family moved from Beavertown, Mich. to Mt. Vernon, Ohio on April 1.

Preacher Omar Peachey and wife Hettie, moved with their family of 10 children from Newport N.Y. to Mifflin County Belleville, Pa. area on April 15.

Joe H. Schrock and family moved on April 15 from Medford Wis. to R1. Chetek, Wis. 54728

Sam Burkholders moved from MT. Pleasant Mills Pa. to Agusta, Wis. on April 10.

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COMMUNITY NOTES

Bowling Green, MO - Senior dies on visit

David Eicher, 80? died suddenly at the home of Amos G. Esh, Gordonville, RD Pa., May 3 while he and his wife with the wife of another visiting party were alone in the home. Their hosts had gone to church with the husband of the second party.

The Eichers' with the other couple were to a clinic in eastern Pa. According to reports David had a hernia operation at the clinic but that was not a probable cause of death as it was said he wore a pacemaker. More details next month.

Arthur, Illinois - Deacon Expires

Yoder, Deacon J.A., 85, Arthur Area

died April 19, 1987. Leaves sons Ervon & Noah Arthur, Melvin at home, Eli of Waltoma, Wis., Freddie of Milton, Ia., Abraham also of Milton, Ia., Daughters, Lucy wife of Harve Schrock, Arcola, ILL., Anna wife David Stutzman, Milton, Ia.

New Wilmington, Pa. - Senior Dies

Byler, Emma M. 84 yr. 7mo. 28 days, New Wilmington, Pa. R.2

died Mar. 29, 1987. She was a daughter of Mose K. and Dorothy Byler both deceased, was married to Wallie R. Byler, Feb. 16, 1922, who died Jan. 28, 1981.

New Wilmington, Pa. - Second Senior

Byler, Jacob R. 83 yr. 11mo. 6 days, New Wilmington, Pa. R.2

Died April 17, 1987. He was a son of Rudy K. and Franey Byler, both deceased. Married to Mary M. Byler, who died Dec. 8, 1986.

Conewango Valley, NY - Noah N. Wengerd

We had some snow the first few days. Also quite a bit of rain and wind through out the month. We had some very nice & warm days too. A lot of oats went into the ground, and still quite a bit to go.

Joely, 5, son of Jonas E. & Katie (Miller) Burkholder, spent almost a week in the hospital, when he had a ruptured appendix. They operated on Apr. 6. He was a very sick boy. He is at home and gaining.

Dewittville. New York - Salome J. Byler

Apr. started in snowy and 20 degrees in morning on the 4th, was stormy & blizzard like in P.M. Started to rain next day was sunny and nice on the 6th was damp & foggy. Heard frogs on 7th, was nice. Was 30 degrees on the 8th up to 50 by the 9th, by 10th snow was almost all gone. Rained on 11th & 12th. Got nice on 13th, damp & rainy on 14th & 15th, then warmed up & was nice. Was 74 degrees on 20th, on 23rd it rained some in pm.. Cool on 24th, was more of less cool but sunny rest of month. Rained pm. of eve of 27th, rain, sleet & few snow flurries on 28th. Windy but sunny on 29th.

John M. Byler, Mayville, NY. fell while carpentering when on a ladder & 1 of rungs broke. He hurt his knee & was on crutches a while.

Mrs. Jonas E. Byler (Anna Kuhns) is laid up with back trouble. Is or was in traction.

Saloma D. Byler fell in bedroom and hurt her rib so that is quite painfull.

Clyde, New York - Mrs. Noah S. Byler

April started in with nice sunshine but that did not last long. Then we had changeable weather up till Good Friday, it started clearing off and then was nice and warm till the 22nd when it started getting colder again.

Had some rain the 25th again, then nice sunshine but a chilly wind till the 28th when it rained again and was dreab most of the time till the 29th and 30th.

The temperature ranged from 38 degrees on the 8th to 80 degrees on the 20th & 21st, then it dropped to 39 degrees again on the 25th. It has been chilly since.

Norfolk, New York - Sue Wickey

April came in with cold, snow, sleet etc. the first few days. Had the most beautiful spring days from the 8th to the 20th, then cold winds again, and sprinkles. The last few days we had April showers, and we again have the stove going, after a few weeks of having the windows and outside doors open.

April the 13th, Jonas Wengerd, age 55, had a fatal heart attack which came on really sudden. Leaves a family of 6 children at home and 4 married living around here. He seemed so much better the last few weeks. He was buried on the 16th.

Last day of school May 1st!

Rensselear Falls, N. Y. - M. E. Shetler

Quite warm for most of April, then cooler again with a low of 28 and a good frost on the 25th. Some of our farm stock and produce prices are very frail, they need supports to hold them up. Our local livestock auction is a very important asset to the community. I will explain in detail.

There are few performances of this caliber that offer free admission. The ring itself is big enough so that even a very large cow can turn around. There is usually somebody in the ring to check for mastitis and a host of other ailments and if a bidder doubts their word he may further the investigation himself. No money is neeeded to bid, but be carefull lest your bid be the last one. There are usually a handfull of buyers standing around the ring that do most of the buying. A lot of elbow rubbing can be evidensed. The rest of the stock is bought by the local farmers who usually fill the seats to capacity. After quite a few stock has been sold they have recess. At this point you can imagine the auctioneer and the main buyers being nearly exhausted so most of the crowd takes a stroll across the street, entering next to the sign "Miller High Life."

After recess the auction is resumed and the rest is sold. The calves are sold very rapidly. The auctioneer announces a price and a buyer nods his head and......watch out, here comes another calf. The man that nodded his head is announced as the buyer and the price on the next calf is announced ere the next one enters. Sometimes the process is slowed if a local farmer raises the price with his bid, but this is time consuming. Some folks call it rapid selling, I call it lack of competetive bidding. By the end of the day some of the farmers have gone bananas. The banana stand is usualy sold out. There is an interesting court case coming up the 28th of May, nine miles from here. The case concerns a local man vs. the State Department of Environmental Conservation. (DEC) He built a dam and the DEC has challenged his actions for about a year. It will be a jury trial.

Newport, New York - Sarah Renno

We had some nice warm weather in April, dandelions started blooming & we had asparagus to eat, & some went barefoot a few days. Then on April 28, after the cherry trees were in full bloom the ground was covered with snow. It stayed cool & windy a few days, but the snow soon melted. Some farmers have sown oats & finished plowing for corn.

Sometime beginning of the month when we had rains, a bridge on Interstate Route 90, collapsed & some people were killed, we heard there were 10 altogether, some were found soon, & others hadn't been found the last we heard. They re-routed the traffic on other roads, which made Rt. 28 busier than usual. Then later about 3 miles from where the first bridge collapsed, another bridge went down, but no one was hurt.

Crist & Saloma Renno moved into their little house, which they moved from Peter Smiths over to the Jacob Peachey farm. On April 14, Omar & Hettie Peachey and family moved back to Belleville, Pa. about next door from where they had moved out 7 years ago. Th will be greatly missed in this area. 2 more Amish farms are for sale in this area. Isaac Peacheys built a new greenhouse about 20' x 40'.

Fort Plains NY - Mrs. Levi B. Hostetler

The first 2 days in April we had 28 degrees in the mornings Then is gradually got warmer and has averaged 40 degrees and 50 degrees in morns and up to 60 degrees and 70 degrees in day time. One week was some days up to 80 degrees. Enough rain during this month to get the pastures and fields green and growing nicely. April 15 the Rudy J. Byler family from Lawrence Co., Pa. moved to our area. We now have 12 families with 63 children in all, 33 school age.

Levi, son of Menno Hostetlers has been going to school during April. He missed some days, has to rest at times more and also go the Albany for check ups. Last week he missed going but this morning again went and seems to be feeling quite well.

Montour Co., Penna. - Lydia Stoltzfus

April showers bring May flowers but we did not really have a lot of rain, a lot of cloudy and windy weather. Also a few days that was in the low 80's. Had frost a few mornings. Cherry & Apple trees are blooming, also lilacs and strawberries. Aspargus, lettuce & radishes, also rhubarb on the menu.

Men are busy getting ground ready to plant corn, probably some are planting already.

May 1st: 26 degrees this morning, looks like some of the strawberry blossoms are black in the centers.

White Deer Valley, Pa - John K. Fisher

The first half of April was cloudy and rainy with hail and thunder on the 4th. The last half was nice and warm although some days were on the cool side. The last two days seemed more like April with high winds and quite cool.

Most of the plowing is done and gardens are growing nice what is planted. April seemed to be a good growing month and with not plenty of rain before is what we needed beings we had an early spring.

Nittany Valley, Pa. - Benj. B. Stoltzfus

April was cloudy and cool at first, but had some nice sunny days. The third week was real warm for April and the last week cooler again. 29th and 30th we had strong winds. Had a little over 4 inches rain. Corn is being planted.

Dauphin Co., Pa.,- Mrs Benuel B. Fisher

April came in nice & warm reaching to the 70's and things really grew, with an ample supply of rain. The last weeks were more cool, the 25th 30 degrees with a little frost but no damage. I heard, strawberries are starting to bloom. Men were plowing and starting to plant corn. Rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, aspargras are ready to eat.

Esther 1 1/2 ys old dau. of Elam & Naomi Lapp was taken to the hospital the 29th with chicken pox. They seem to be making a round in North Mt. View school with quite a few children missing.

Lebanon Co.,. Penna. - Levi S. King

The month of April is noted for showers which we had quite a few through out the month. Not much field work was done untill the last week of the month, which was ideal corn planting weather. A few warm spells got the grass and grain fields growing rapidly, but cooler weather slowed things down again. We had a lot of wind the last week which dried the ground out considerably making field work dusty.

It seems like the financial crunch is still being felt by the area farmers, and a few more have started working away from home part time. Only about one half of the Amish families are full time farmers in this area.

LANCASTER CO., PENNA - REPORTS

Mascot Area - Bertha Miller

April 5-6 brought us a coat of snow along with daylight saving. Gives us added pep at beginning of day but watch out for the ending! Longer evenings call for those precious hours in the garden and yards.

Let us thank our Master we are blessed with those good Edibles.

Blueberries are in full bloom, strawberries would do well to have good soaker. 'Tis on the drier side.

Farmers are in their joy working in the soil and planting corn by April 27.

Growth has become slow by the dryness and oh--April went out like a two lions, too.

Fannie Stoltzfus, age 94 living now with Deacon John K., is kept out of her flower garden due to weakness in her hips.

Mother (Bertha) is showing her energy again by sewing two straw hats this week!

Oh better not tell her I told on her.

Ronks Area - Rachel King

The Eli Lapp family had a sudden scare when their son Jesse (age 8) was found laying still on the eve of April 1st. He was kicked by a mule which caused a fractured skull and a brain concussion. He was rushed to the hospital, where he was in intensive care and on the breathing machine, but responded nicely after several days. At the present he is coming along good, but is not back to school except he was there for a short period as a visitor. School is a most to active place for an injured head. Send him a few lines. Address is Paradise Lane, Ronks, Pa 17572 c/o Eli K. & Katie Lapp.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

Beautiful spring weather indeed which April has brung us. A nice mixture of rain & sunshine is sure making the garden vegetables grow. We're having the pleasure of eating fresh asparagus, radishes, lettuce & onions. A good spring tonic. I feel sorry for the people without gardens to miss all that. Farmers are busy plowing, etc. Saw someone planting corn the other day. Isn't he rushing the season a little bit.

Peach Botton Area - Christ Zook

Very changeable weather in April. Some April showers, but not much more than a few inches of rain for the month, ground is getting dry, specially in this windy day the 30th.

Dover, Deleware, - Neil N. Hershberger

April was a cool month with only a few warm days and many cloudy days with unusually long spells of east wind, yet not a large amount of rain. Total rainfall was 2.8 inches with a low of 33 degrees on the 10th and a high of 85 on the 22nd.

Grain and hay crops have made good growth and look good. Early rye and barley were well headed out by the end of the month. Alfalfa cutting has begun.

This spring our county reassed all real-estate. They hired some out of state, supposeably experts and raised the assesment from 400% to 1100% higher than it was, needless to say, the general public is very dissatisfied, with appeals and special hearings some have been able to get their assesment down a good bit.

St. Marys Co., Md., Amos R. Stoltzfus

Weather Report - St. Mary's Co., MD - We had beautiful growing weather through April. Crops and gardens are off to a healthy start. Rains amounted to probably about 4 inches for the month.

Community Notes - St. Mary's Co., MD - Rebecca, wife of Ike Hertzler is again in the hospital about her heart condition, though no longer in Intensive care.

Anna, 13, Triplet daughter of Levi Swareys, Mech., is recovering from a case on Mono. She was in bed since January and has attended school only 2 days since the.

Joseph, 11, son of Samuel B. Stoltzfus, Charlotte Hall, Rt 1, has been absent from school for about a month due to a severe case of rheumatic. Grandparents are Samuel S. Stoltzfus of Spring Run, Pa. and Widow Rebecca Stoltzfur of Charlotte Hall.

Community Notes - St. Mary's Co., MD - On April 1, Jacob Fisher, 22, son of Isaac L. Fisher Sr. married to Lena, dau. of Andrew Hertzler; was struck by a car when he was crossing the Rt 5 at the tobacco auction. Both bones were broken off at an angle below the knee. He spent a week in the hospital, but is at home now with pins through his leg and a cast; and is doing pretty good. A busy time of year for a young farmer to be laid up.

Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa. - Sam M. Troyer

The weather has been quite pleasant this month. Had some slight frost at different times, which is quite normal. On the first it was down to 24 degrees in the morning which was the coldest for the month. Had more wind than normal, or so it would seem to me. Like 27 and 28 it blew strongly from the south, but got cooler then it switched to the north west and got warmer, and blew down a small tree, etc. We had over 3 .5 inches of rain, but its getting a little dry again.

Spring work is going on. Getting the ground ready. Planting seeds, mellon and pumpkins, in the green houses. Most are planning truck farming, to sell thru the Titus Hoover Warehouse. The poorer class must work for the wealthier, growing or making things which they want. We can live quite cheap on the things we grow and we don't spend for gas and electricity, etc.. Like the world does. We can get along without luxries but the world can't or, at least we should be able to get along without luxries. A question, where does eating leave off and glutteny begin??

Beaver Springs, Pa. - Emery A. Weaver

We had a nice supply of rain in April, have 36 degrees this morning but no killing frost to the blooming fruit yet. Garden things are growing rhubarb & asparagus plentifull.

Mart Weaver shot a nice wild turkey back of their home on Sat. morning, wt. 19 lbs.

Juniati County, Penna. - David Y. Renno

The weather here was favorable with the normal amount of rain fall and no snow or very little frost.

Had many nice sunny days with last wind nearly all month but no heavy showers.

It seems it don't rain very easy yet so we stand a chance of having some dry weather. Field work is will on and are starting to plant some and have a very good stand of hay. Fruit trees are in full blossom.

Mifflin County, Pa. - Catherine Swarey

April started in cool and cloudy rain, snow, sleet, and hail on April 4, some places a lot of hail, that it was gathered up by the bucket full also thunder and lightening. 3 sunny days till after April 8 which had been previsely 4 cloudy showery days till April 11, again, a few cloudy days till April 19, again 4 sunny days. The last week was more sunny but cool air and wind light frost mornings of April 26, 27, 28, lowest temperature 32 degrees highest high 70 total rainfall 4.5. Early garden things growing nicely. Alfalfa & pasture fields, a beautiful green. Oats coming up nicely, some corn planted, some farmers still plowing.

Noah L. Peachey has not been well since his hospital stay the latter part of March with gout.

Accident: Bishop Shern Swasey fell while trimming trees April 15, result a bad break in the right leg, a compount fracture. Was taken to the hospital but did not keep him.

Levi, 14, son of Urie & Nancy Swasey was badly bruised when the horses started to run off while the boys were picking stones the wagon going over the full length of his leg, he was also sent home after being examined at the hospital, and finding no broken bones

Newburg, Franklin Co., Pa. - Jacob Flaud

The beginning of April we had heavy rain on the 4th. There was a mixture of thunder storms and heavy rains and also hail. Some areas there were flooding and heavy snow storms.

Then we had warmer weather some good showers and warm sunshine. Real good spring growing weather. Farmers were busy plowing and seeding oats and alfalfa.

Gettysburg, Pa. - Elizabeth A. Stoltzfus

We had many cloudy days in April. Also had those beautiful April showers bringing a total of 5 inches. We also had several very warm days with temperatures in the seventies. Also had light frost April 26th and 27th. Grass is growing and our lawn was mowed the third time. Men folks have been busy plowing, hauling out manure and getting the land ready to plant corn. Pears, plum, cherry trees have bloomed and apple trees are loaded with blossoms. Strawberries are blooming. Asparagus, rubarb, onion, radishes etc. are on the menu.

Moses P. Stoltzfus of 605 Rock Creek/Ford road Gettysburg, Pa., had open heart surgery done in the Harrisburg Hospital, Apr. 13th. His Aorta valve was replaced with a pig valve. Only one fifth of his blood could pass through that valve anymore and go out to all parts of his body. He was born with a heart murmur. He came home again Apr. 23, and is doing as well as can be expected.

Path Valley, Penna. - Daniel Z. Beiler

was mostly rainy till the 19th. Had some nice sunny weather after that, though rather cool at times. Some plowing has been done, a little corn planting too.

Smicksburg, Pa. - David E. Schlabach

We recieved a wet April & the trees are pushing their leaves. Early gardens are up. Farmers have their oats in the ground.

John A. Bylers took their 8 month old son, Andy, to Pittsburg on April 30. He was scheduled to have tubes put in his ears. They plan to come home the same day.

Albert, 18 yrs. old, son of Ervin John & Katie (Byler) Schlabach got kicked by a horse on the eve of April 25th. He was hit in the face & shoulder & knocked unconcsious. He regained concsiousness shortly after midnight. Drs. found he had a cracked bone beside his eye. The bone was pushes in crowding his sinus, so they did surgery Mon. 27th & he could come home the next day. He will be laid up for a while. Address is R.D.#1 Box 255. Smickesburg, Pa 16256

William M. Bylers had a mishap Monday morning on the 20th when their dau. Fannie was filling the washing machine motor a fire came from the cooker (10-12 feet away) to the gas can in her hand. Everything went up in flames & she ascaped & ran for the fire department. This happened in the cellar & it was badly burned out, but they saved the rest of the house except for smoke damage.

Meyersdale, Penna - Mary A. Kinsinger

Our April weather has indeed brought us plenty of showers. We had snow showers the 2nd to the 5th which left us with close 8 to 10" of snow and it was a heavy wet snow. Since we've had plenty of rain & some thunder especially this eve the 29th. It seems plenty wet to plant more gardens. What was planted in March is growing nicely.

Men are anxiously waiting for drier weather to sow Oats & women to plant more gardens, children are anxiously waiting for the last days of school which is still 2 wks & 2 days.

Mrs. Jacob (Freda) Kinsinger had a thyroid operation the 14th & returned home the 17th from the hospital. She seems as good as can be expected.

Salisbury, Penna - J. Henry Mast

April brought us quite a lot of cool, and some cold weather. And also a few real nice warm days with temp. as high as 80 degrees. We had some heavy wet snow the first part of the month. Also a thunder shower on Wed. eve. the 29th.

Oats is being sown, and at least one farmer has planted some corn already -- maybe a frost-proof variety??? Gardens are also being planted with some people having rows of tiny peas peeping through.

Trout season opened with a least one young Amish lad finding out that large rocks in the middle of the river can be too slippery to stand on. The end result being on unplanned dip and a quick swim to show!

John Masts are progressing on the addition to their house. They will be moving Grandmother Nissley here when the addition is finished. She is staying at Calvin Nissleys in Oakland, MD. at present. John & Eli Masts spent Easter Monday in Oakland.

Ordnungs Gms was held at Enos Lees on the 19th Communion Services to be held there on May 3rd.

Southern Mercer Co., Pa. - Eli H. Kurtz

April started in with a cold 16 degrees in the morning of the first day, had some sunshine with snow showers in afternoon, on the 2nd more mild in lower thirties, cloudy, snow flurries, also on the 3rd and on the 4th had a real snow blizzard. 5th to 7th cloudy and up to 56 degrees. Sunshine from the 8th to 11th, had a shower of rain in afternoon and from 12th to 17th had some rain every day going up to 66 degrees. 18th to 22nd nice sunshine up to upper seventies and 80's, more rain on 23rd and 24th, then sunshine 3 days with a thunder shower on eve of 3rd day, a few light showers on the 28th and a cool air being in lower forties. Morning temperature on the 29th was 32 degrees with a little sunshine and a cool wind blowing.

Farmers are plowing, seeding oats, hauling manure, will soon be corn planting time. Gardens are mostly plowed while some are still waiting to be plowed. Women are cleaning house, planting gardens. Fruit trees are in bloom, also dogwood trees.

Andy L. Kurtz spent a few days in hospital fearing a heart attack but proved it wasn't. Haven't heard just what his ailment was.

Susan, about 1 yr. old, dau. of Jonn R. & Ada Byler had pneumonia last week and also spent a little time in hospital.

Urie A. Byler who has not been feeling so well for sometime is again doing a little work and is feeling better.

Spartansburg, Penna. - Thomas B. Miller

April started in with cool weather & some rain & snow flurries. By the 6th the weather changed to warm & sunny. Over Good Friday we had a few rainy days but soon was very nice weather again.

Trees started pushing leaves & the woods are getting green again. The last week of April it was frosty almost every morning. A lot of fruit trees are starting to bloom & the frosty mornings will draw a black line over the yield if it doesn't get warmer. Farmers are plowing. Not much oats was sown yet.

New settlement prospect

A new Amish settlement is being formed in Lewisville, Ohio, 210 miles southwest of here. Two families are making their home there now.

Conneatville, Penna. - Miss Anna Fisher

April came in like a lion - with 10 inches of snow on the first morning. Most of the month was fair, not as wet as our Aprils often are. After rain and snow the first week we had dry weather up until the last week in April. Farmers and gardeners took advantage of this dry period, and a lot of oats were sowed, and gerdens planted.

The week of the 20th we had very unusually high temperatures, going way up to 85 degrees on the 21st. But it wasn't as humid as it oftern is later in the summer, and so was not uncomfortably warm.

The last week we had several nice showers, and cooler weather, down in the lower 30's each morning.

Total snowfall was 16 inches. Total rainfall was 2.08 inches.

Geauga County, Ohio - Eli E. Miller Jr.

The 1st week of April was snowy & wet, the 4th we had a real blizzard with strong wind which made some good sized drifts some roads were closed awhile, turned to rain in pm. - it was warm enough that it didn't freeze real hard, we had a few showers the rest of month but not enough to soak ground. Warm enough so grass was growing good, had frost again the last of April & May 1st. Fruit trees are blooming had a lot of windy days.

Oats are being sown winter crops & new seeding are looking good; plowing is coming to a end for horse farmers. Feeder pigs were up last sale to $1.46 per cwt. dairy cows prices about same.

WAYNE and HOLMES CO, O - REPORTS

Apple Creek - Kidron - John L. Stutzman

Some old natives claim, when we have dust in March, we will have snow in April, and this year it held true. The 4th we had more snow than any time this winter. The Kidron machinery sale was to be on Sat. 4th.

A lot of out of state people came for the sale, but on account of around 12 inches of heavy wet snow during the night before, and all day Sat. Many people were snow bound and the sale called off until Mon.

Some were drifted in that couldn't get out to go to church. The snow plows had a hard time pushing their heavy wet snow. The weather warmed up in to the 70's. Melted a lot of the snow. And Kidron fire department sprayed water on the machinery Sunday. By Mon. the snow was pretty well gone on the auction ground.

The oats are about all sown, corn planting has started, Cows on pasture. The fruit trees are just full of blossom. This morning the 30st we have a light frost.

Mt. Hope Area - Mrs. Levi S. Miller

We're having good growing weather. Oats were mostly sown in Apr., also quite a bit of corn was planted. Early gardens are planted. We see a lot of those plastic water walls in gardens this year, which are put around tomatoe plants to keep them safe and warm. Lettuce is on the menu. Fruit trees were in full bloom, some are loosing their pedals now.

Hay fields look very nice. We are about to dismantel our old barn and start to rebuild next week. Mrs. Enos

L. Swartzentruber is also having her old barn torn down & building a new barn and strawshed. Levi J. Swartzentrubers are having their strawshed raising on May 5th.

Fredericksburg Area - Eli E. Hochstetler

The last few days in March & beginning of April was stormy, rainy & snow flurries. April 4th it stormed all day but not cold. 25 to 35 with heavy snow and strong N.E. wind, 12" to 15" of heavy snow with deep drifts. Most east & west roads were closed. Milk trucks had a snowy time and couldn't get thru & some didn't even try. Sunday the wind calmed & in pm. most roads were opened. Some piles along the road lasted all week. Some farmers sowed oats before the storm and the rain & snow gave much needed moisture. The week of 12 - 18 was mostly cool & cloudy. Grass is making good growth and early sowed oats is up.

April 19. Easter Sunday. A beautiful spring day & Easter lillies, crocus & tulips as well as many wild flowers are blooming, 19 to 25 we had a few day rainy weather. Most of the oats is sowed & corn planting is starting April 27th 42 degrees partly cloudy with a good April thunder shower in pm. April 29, 42 degrees & cloudy. April has been mostly cool , damp, & cloudy with enough sunshine to promote growing weather for grass & oats. Wheat & barley also look promising. Some corn is planted .

Baltic, Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

For April we had a unusual start, having a snow storm on the 4th with a total of 12-13 inches and some places more was reported which was more than we had all winter. Some roads were closed. Snow moving equipment got stalled at some places. Weather continued warmer following snow and in a few days things made fast changes. Some warm days with temp in 70's. Oats were mostly sowed, some corn was planted, and grass fields are making good growth. There is still a good demand for hay at local sales. Pigs are also still a good price. There are also quite a few dairy and heifer sales.

Fredericktown, Ohio - Sarah Miller

April started in nice and warm till the night of the 3rd rain of and on, than during night it start to snow and till the 4th we had a snow blizzard and a high wind with temperature at 50 degrees roads were closed had snow 12 inches deep. But was nice and till the 6th just had a few snow banks left yet, rest of month was nice and warm barefoot weather till the 27th than that week was damp and cool.

Most of oats is in ground and men are busy making fence to turn the cattle out in pasture. Garden planting and mowing yard is on the womens list now.

One of Sam Mullets boys had a funny feeling one morning, which he had the work team of horses. And was plowing and soon the horses decide we did enough plowing so they start on a runway and headed for the barn, they lost the plow what was behind them. No one was hurt.

Cabinet shop destroyed by fire

One day at 11:30 Roy Millers cabinet shop burned to the ground with no idea what it start. They got lot of things out, but lot of things is total loss with all their big and little shop tools and their machinery and lot of lumber and shop is a big loss. they started to rebuild again

Migration

Milo J. Bylers and family moved from Merce, PA to Fredericktown, Ohio.

Stockport, Ohio - Warren L. Fussner

The month of April started cold, clear, nice day. The 2nd was not cold but snowy. The 3rd was blustery and on the 4th we awoke to a heavy snow falling, Large flakes and snow very wet, ground was not frozen. Roads soon started to drift. It snowed then until early Sunday the 5th. Snow plows had a hard time as the snow was so wet and heavy. This area claimed to have up to 22 inches in some spots. That afternoon it started to melt some. The 7th it was damp and snow melting fast. It was warmer on the 8th. It was then nice until the 15th which was damp and drizzling rain. Was again nice until the 23rd and had rain about all day and again damp and rainy on the 24th. It was nice tho, until the evening of the 27th, when we had high winds at choretime. Downing trees and etc. It took our silo down also damaging shed door, upset a top buggy, and blowing it along on its side. At Eli E. Gingerichs it also blowed their silo apart and left it leaning against the barn. The remainder of the month was cool and fair.

Farmers are plowing and sowing oats early oats look nice. Also fall sown grains.

Fruit trees are loaded with blossums. Women are busy making garden.

Our milk price for April was $10.90 cwt. for 3.5%. Corn average is about $1.75 per bushel at the farm.

Sarasota, Florida - Noah Stutzman

Thanks for the new report, keep it up.

The Poineer Bus came in again Thursday noon in fact it brought my wife and me also our 1st ride on it, as we had been to Indiana to see the Delbert Stutzmans to Orva Petersheims our children living in northern Ind. had a chance to go with my brother Andy Stutzman and wife Rhoda, as they wanted to attend the wedding of their Granddaughter in Michigan weather wise in Fla. it's real nice we think after being where it was cold enough to snow we thought it was cold but really wasn't so bad only freezing a few mornings but leaving 70 to 80 degree weather, it was pretty cold we thought.

In those 2 weeks, a lot of tourists left for their northern home we miss them, do hope they miss us also and come back earyl next fall had a lot of rain while we were gone was told ours & Lloyd Stoltzfuses yard was a duck pond a few days we left just in time to miss the big rain. We had council meeting today intending to have commion next Sun. The 19th which we look forward to, and the wedding bells are ringing seems like as to day a couple in our church were published to be married the 9th of May and Ida Mae Overholt and a Ed Otto were married Thursday evening and are making their home at Kahomo, Indiana. Wishing both couples a very happy married life.

Nunnely, Tennessee - Lester Graber

We've had generally springlike weather; high temperature was around 90 degrees; lows around freezing; the average for the month was more like 70 degrees daytime; 40 degrees night. Trees are green.

Seventeen year locusts?

It is expected that the 17-year locusts will appear this year in this area.

Aaron and Mahlon Schwartzs of the Seymour, MO. area visited in this area over the weekend of the 5th with Mrs. Aaron's sister, the Amos J. Bontragers. They attended church at Rudy D. Borntragers and made some other stops.

David and Polly Borntrager arrived home from their winter's stay in Georgia on the 13th. On they 22nd they left for Bowling Green, MO. to visit with his folks and friends and relatives.

Sammie Borntragers attended the sale among the Amish at McRae, Ark. on the 4th. On the same day Rudy Borntrager attended the sale at Enos Yoders near Huntingdon, TN. On the 18th, Sammie Borntragers and the Buggy Shop had a public auction here, selling surplus and consignments.

LaVerne Schmuckers traveled by bus to Wis. where they visited in Amhurst, Wautoma and Kingston and possibly other places. They attended the wedding of LaVerne's sister in Kingston (Schmucker-Kuhns). They left here on the 9th and returned on the 21st.

LeRoy Bontragers traveled to Lancaster Co., PA. for a get-together of families with mongoloid childres. They left here the 17th and arrived home on the 23rd.

On the 25th, Sammie Borntragers accompanied a load from Ark. to Glasgow, KY. for the weekend and then on to Wis. where they planned to attend a wedding this week.

Noah Hochstetlers are having frolics to build a 20 x 32 building in which they hope to move soon. This building was designed with portability in mind in case they want to move it sometime.

Over the weekend of the 12th a load of here attended Council meeting in the Marion, KY area. Those going were the Rudy and Truman Borntragers and Noah Hochstetlers and Becky A. Bontrager.

Ethridge, Tenn. - Daniel M. Gingerich

My family moved onto a new place on the last of March. I hope it will be the last move for us for a long time. We are planning to buy it from my dad, so we consider it our own for a change. We have found out that a person can get rid of some money fast when he goes to fix a place to live.

Gardens are mostly planted and growing good. The weather was dry enough for a little while that strawberries started ripening. We had a nice shower on the 27th with thunder and lightening. It didn't last long though. Some families are planting a lot of sweet corn this spring. Corn planting has started now. Lettuce and radishes are on the menu. The trees have turned nice and green now, and spring is here.

Guthrie, Kentucky - Jessie D. Peachey

Had our biggest snow of the winter on April 1st, but then only around 4" & didn't lay very long. Stayed cool for a while though & corn farmers were anxiously wishing for some sunshine. Corn survived though & looks nice at this time. The last 2 weeks were mostly sunny, with a lot of rye & wheat going in silos, which was a heavy crop. Early gardens things on the menu.

Park City, Kentucky - Enos A. Yoder

April 1 temp, was 28 degrees in morn, then warmed up some & on April 2 we had a little snow, Then some cloudy & cool days.

During April we had some thundershowers, some days cloudy & cool & also some quite warm days. Had some days that the temp. went up in the high eighties.

Oats is well up & some corn planted. Dog woods & strawberries are in full bloom. People are busy getting ready to plant corn. Some have to plow yet. Most garden things are planted. We put up a cellar house & son Moses moved in it Apr. 15th. We & Gid Yoders both want to put up a new barn this spring.

Cattle prices are high, from 1 to 2 wk. old calves going from $80.00 to $100.00 with holstein heifer calves going up to as high as $150.00.

Dunnville, Ky. - Marie Schlabach

April was a cooler month then usual. 32 degrees was the coldest morning and it being the 9th. We had a few snow flurries the 2nd. Turning to rain, more rain the 10th , 16th and 23rd, which amounted to quiet a bit but didn't have the rain guage out part of the time. The 23rd alone had an inch but could use another shower to dampen the top. Had quite a bit of wind which at times was rather cool. Temp. did go up into or at 80 but not as often as usual. Part of the commercial tomatoes are out. Also some muskmelons. A lot of the field corn is out and all the garden except some of the tenderest plants yet. Early peas are blooming and have little strawberries on plants. Some are putting in drip lines for irragation for the tomatoes. Pigs are still a good price.

Allen County, IN - Mrs. John Schmucher

Didn't have very many April showers and according to weather reports, we're behind 7 inches in rainfall. A lot of corn is being planted. Had a few warm days in 70's and 80's.

Noah Schwartz was cultipaking and somehow he got his hand caught and his thumb was torn up pretty bad.

Steven of Mervin Schmucker's was watching the horses while the others were loading manure and something scared them and they stepped on his boot making him fall and then the spreader went over his legs and abdomen. He is better again

Adams County, Indiana - Mary Ann Hilty

Mrs. Chris H. Hilty (LYdia) R.1 Berne, Ind., fell at her home on April 2, breaking her hip. She had surgery at the hospital on Apr. 4 & spent a week there. She is at home slowly improving. She had her 83rd birthday on Apr. 27.

Noah R. Schwartz, R.1 Monroe, Ind. 46772, spent several days in the hospital having breathing problems. Mrs. Simon Troyer, R.1 Berne 46771, also spent several days in the hospital having pneuomia. Both are at home improving. Mrs. John K. Schwartz, R.1, Box 155-A Monroe, Ind. 46772, spent several days in the hospital having major surgery. She's at home slowly improving. Mrs. Jerome A. Hilty was in Luthern Hospital having major surgery, but is improving at home.

Noah D. Wickey, R.1 Berne, Ind. 46711 had major surgery, removing his leg under the knee. He had gangerene in it and sores that didn't heal. He had surgery April 30 and is still in the hospital at last reports.

Baby Lucinda Shetles, 2 mo., daughter of Jake M. Shetles, R.1 Monroe, Ind., remains a patient in Parkview Hospital now for 6 weeks. It remains in a serious condition. Baby John Miller 3 1/2 mo., son of Marcus Millers, R.1 Monroe, Ind., was dismissed from the Parkview Hospital on April 21. He had been up there since his birth Jan 5, being there 3 1/2 mo.. He weighed 2 lbs at birth and now weighs over 6 lbs., but still isn't very healthy.

Christ E. Schwartz, R.2 Geneva, Ind. 46740, rec'd a badly cut leg Apr. 24. He was discing and missed his step when he wanted to get on it and got his leg cut in the disc. It's badly cut to the bone. Doctors are trying hard to save it from infection setting in, in hopes to save the leg.

April has been a lovely sunny month. Farmers have been busy in fields sowing oats and planting corn. Also women are busy in gardens. Rhubarb have been on the menu. The "Martins" are back, as well as the blue birds. There sheerful chirpings are so welcome. Tulips, lilies are in bloom.

LaGrange County, Indiana - Anna Eash

We have real nice spring and some what summery 70 degree weather, nice and sunny. Some cloudy but not very much moisture. We had some nice rains but we are wishing for more. Field work is going quite strong - Gardens are being planted, we had several funerals.

On April 8, My dear brother Elmer was on a 16 ft. scaffold and fell to his sudden death, leaving a wife and 2 sons, 5 sisters and 2 brothers. Funeral in North Goshen Mennonite Church. We deeply miss our considerate & kind brother.

Factories are doing well. Wedding are on schedule.

Mrs. Harley (Esther Miller) Lambright is seemingly losing a battle with cancer. Has been quite poorly for few weeks.

Presently the temperatures are cooler and furnaces "kick in" at times. Lawns and trees etc. are greening.

New houses are being built here and there. Quite a few properties for sale.

Nappanee, Indiana -Joni D. Gingerich

March in our area as in all other states, was rather unusual, mostly nice mild weather. We had 11 days all sunshine and 9 all cloudy ones with only a few days of under 40 day time temperatures, but quite a bit of damp east winds.

April has also been a very unusuall nice month with day time temperatures going above 50 all but one day.It was 84 degrees on the 20th and 85 on the 21st. There is quite a bit less than normal amount of rain we ordinarily have. Most people have some gardens made and quite a bit of corn has been planted which is unusual for this time of the year in this area. Young clover and alfalfa fields look good, oats are solid green and wheat fields look like a plush green rug with upper leaves swaying in the wind. We had only four solid cloudy days and fifteen all sunshine. There were two funerals in the area.

Etna Green, Indiana - Menno Schwartz

The weather here in Indiana was quite pleasant for April. We had some windy days but most were really sunny and warm. Not much rain.

Wheat and Oats are looking good. Gardens are planted. The rhubarb are ready to use.

Men are thinking of planting corn. Schools are coming to an end for another term

Kokoma, Indiana - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

We had some real nice days of sunshine the first part of April so some farmers planted corn. The week before Easter was cloudy & rainy during which we received at least 2" of rain. Easter day was extra beautiful with temperature going into 80's. The following week was also very nice with fruit trees in full bloom and grass a lush green. We had come chilly mornings the last week but no frost. Some of the early field corn is up and early gardens look nice.

Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich is at home and gaining well since her surgery of April 14.

Daviess Co., Ind. - Elizabeth Mae Raber

April has been quite changeable as we had cold enough to freeze ice and very warm in the 80's on the 19th,20th, and 29th, but on the 21st was our warmest when some thermometers showed 90 degrees and over, low was 23 degrees on the 3rd.

We had some rain on 11 days, but sometime very little, we had a hard rain on the first. I think rainfall for the month was around 3 inches. Some corn has been planted.

On Sat. the 11th was the Weaver consignment sale which was largely attended. They were selling in two groups part of the time. It started 9:30 AM. and were selling till late in the evening.

Mrs. Raymond Knepp was in the hospital with bleeding stomach ulcers, is home again and improved.

Arthur Area, Illinois. - Henry R. Yoder

We are coming to the end of April with more dry than wet. On 13th & 14th we had 2" of rain and then on 27th another rain, also on 24th, the latter two wer 3/4" together.

The second week of April had several real cold days for the season. Two mornings around 22 degrees but sunshine, no snow here during the month. Oats, grass & wheat are growing nicely since the rains.

Potatoes are coming up also, and most early garden things are doing o.k.. The state of Ill. is not expecting any peaches. However apple blossoms are coming out and look o.k..

Shade trees are a good week ahead of average year. Most of the farmers are planting corn. The soil works exceptionally well. Most farmers are well caught up with their field work.

Not many young fellows starting in farming, for two reasons first it is real hard to get started to farm and also the economy hits the farmer as hard as anyone thru here.

Farm prices have advanced some also hogs. Hogs are doing fairly well. A great demand for feeder pigs. Farm prices aren't changing much since they dropped down. City property still high as lumber hasn't depreciated to speak of. More property available tho at present time.

Laplata, Missouri - Neil Kauffman

April had lots of nice days. Warmed up real nice during the day. Some have gone barefooted a couple days 2nd, 3rd, & 4th we 26 degrees, then anywhere from 40 to the highest of 65 morning temperture. The night of the 13th we got 1 1/4" rain, also cloudy & sprinkled some. 1 foggy day (16th).

Ezra Millers have moved to their 40 acre they bought here on the 14th.

Jamesport, Missouri - Amos W. Yoder

There was pleasant weather through April with about three and one half inches of rain which helps to make grass and garden things grow. A few Amish have planted corn already but most have plowing to do yet, and some of the ground works hard this spring on account of not having been frozen deep last winter.

Revere, Missouri - Jacob A. Mast

Are having nice weather, cattle are on pasture, tractor farmers are planting corn, most of the Amish still have some plowing to do, also we don't plant early so we can control the weeks better without spraying, a shower would be good for new seeding.

David Yoder is spending sometime with homefolks at Wilton, Wis.

Paul Eicher, Alvin Schrock and John Burkhoder families attended the funeral of their Uncle and Great Uncle William Yoder of Bowling Green, Mo. on April 16, Petie Burkholder also attended.

Windsor, MO - Monroe J. Hershberger

April: Lots of field work being done. Had rains the forepart of month, but none since. No frost lately. Rains would be welcome on our new strawberry beds, a beautiful time of year.

Schools have closed, also had communion with ministers from Jamesport and Dixon, attending.

Migration

Ervin E. & Lizzie Yoder & 3 children moved to Texas this month. Harley L. Yoders had sale and plan to move on the place where Ervins were. (Owned by Orva Hochstetlers).

Letuce, Radish & Asparagus is eatable from the gardens again.

Prairie Home, Missouri - Phineas A. Mast

April was ideal for field work but a little on the dry side. Early corn is 3 to 4 inches total, but lots of corn to plant yet. Hay looks promising.

Wild turkey season has been open the last two weeks. Noah Lees boys have gotten 4 so far.

Seymour, Missouri - Menno D. Schwartz

4/28/87 - We are having nice growing weather lately. Had something like 3 inches of rain or alittle more this month. Ponds still full. Oats and grass looking real good. Potatoes up, but not much other truch or garden crops. Have one filly colt so far, 2 more showing. Pigs by the glore. Sows keeping the finishing house full.

Hogs in lower 50s. Cattle holding good. Chicken companies wanting more coops. Rabbits 64 cents live weight. Corn at $1.90 price yet delivered.

Dixon, Missouri - Jonathan Shrock

Are having very little April showers, otherwise the weather is about normal.

Rebecca and Anne Yoder are visiting friends and relatives in, Salem, Ind., Oakland Md., Virginia Beach, Virg., and Bloomfield, Iowa.

Today, the 28th, Mahlon & Lizzie Yoder, Joseph & Rhoda Miller, Mariam Monroe & Magdelena & Lydia Miller, left for Windsor, Mo. and plan to return home tomorrow.

The 27th was last day of school for this term.

Dublin, Texas - Andrew B. Beiler

We've had a dry month. We haven't seen much moisture through April. Crops are in need of rain. It's been warm, day time highs a lot in the 90's. Early wheat and oats have been cut for silage or hay.

Seedbeds are being prepared for peanuts and watermelon. Sandy soils in this area are good for both.

Migrations to Texas

Imigrants were Ervin Yoder from Windsor Missouri. Two families moved to Sulfur Spring in Texas. A lot of dairies in that area. Some over 400 dairies in one county (Hopkins County). John Stutzmans and Melvin O. Millers moved there. Lavern Yoders moved to Jamesport Missouri and David Bylers to Holmes Ohio.

Early Gardens were hit by a cold spell which set the garden back a little.

SOME TRUE FACTS: when first born, the kangaroo is the size of a bumble bee. Cats are unable to taste sweet foods.

Chouteau, Okla. - Mrs. John M. Bontrager

Was chilly off and on the first part of the month but then along came a warm summer day instead of spring. The 3rd week we got some rain which cooled it off and now we're having beautiful weather.

There were a lot of out of state people here for the wedding of Floyd Knepp and Ruth Ann Miller but I failed in getting all the names.

Good Friday was very nice and warm with families getting together for the day. The Millers were at Floyd & Mary Troyers and in the afternoon the men and girls played ball. Crist Miller 74 even felt pretty spry he hit the ball and ran for 1st. base.

Edna Mae Detweiler 12 broke her ankle in 2 places while playing ball in school. Her sister Donna 10 broke her arm in March when she fell backwards and in Feb. their brother Dewayne 14 tore a ligament in his knee while playing basketball in school. So no wonder if that family feels "when it rains it pours". Their parents are Eli & Ina (Miller) Detweiler.

Eli & Mary Schrock bought an old house and have moved it onto their land, but they don't live in it yet at there's still a lot of work to do on it.

Sunday we had our first Sunday School for this year. We only have S.S. from Easther till Thanksgiving.

On April 16, Marilyn daughter of Robert Wayne and Vera Miller had tubes put in both of her ears.

Clarita, Oklahoma - Kathryn Miller

April was nice & sunny, with not much moisture at all had about 2" of rain one week. Trees are nice & green again. Grass has been cut. Gardens aren't doing very much cause of the dry weather.

Our state bird the Scissor Tailed Flycatcher has come back. Some folks have put their Humming bird Feeders & have the little birds there.

Visiting with the Ben J. Troyers from Apr. 11 to 16 were Mrs. Mose Miller, Mr. & Mrs. Jacob M. Miller & daughter, Rosann & Dawn Etta, Branda Weaver (Erwin), Nathan and Carol Weaver (Dennis) & Michael Schrock (Henry's). All from Holmes Co., Ohio.

Nelsons Yoders from Chouteau were also here to see their new granddaughter at the Allen Yoders.

One boy had a new experience one day, he had a habit of hitching the horses to the plow then driving into the pond to water the horses. Well one day, the one horse stumbled and the neck yoke came loose which caused the other horses to tear around and the boy ended up with just his plow seat above the water. It happened on a chilly 50 degree day. Luckily nothing was broken & nobody hurt.

Haven, Kansas - Mrs. Enos Schrock

Temp. was from 61 to 90 degrees through out the month of April, very nice rains 1st of month, but is getting on the dry side now. The alfalfa fields have been sprayed for numerous green bugs buring the cool wet weather. What fields back nice but have some damage due to the late frost. Early fruit trees blossoms were frozen but looks like a good year for apples and pears.

D.K. Bontrager 96 was able to attend communion, Sunday April 26th at his grandsons place, David R. Bontragers

Hutchison-Partridge KS - Edward A. Mast

We had frost the last 4 days in March and the first 4 days in April. On March 29 we had a low of 16 and high of 30 with a penitrating wind. Apricots and peaches are frozen and the early strawberry blooms were black but the later ones look alright. Some early planted wheat looks poor.

A lot of spring field work has been done. Nice weather for those who plant corn. A shower would be good. Lots of auction sales with prices some better than last year.

Dave Jones spend 7 days in a Wichita hospital after losing most of his strength from a rare muscle disease. He responded well to medication and was able to attend services on Sunday.

Johnson County, Iowa - Duane Borntrager

We had a very nice April this year to do field work. The first 10 days of April was very nice so almost everybody sowed his oats during that time except the early ones. They sowed theirs during the second week of March, but after having a cold snap since then , the seeding froze out so they are sowing it again. The oats that have been sowed are up very nicely.

On April 11th it began to rain and rained off and on until the 14th. Since then we have had nice weather with the wind changing it's course almost every day.

Corn planting is in full swing right now as we have been having a lot of nice weather lately. The grass and the hay is farther along than usual at this time of the year as we had an early spring. The summer birds are back again after their winter hibernation. We have had nice weather for the fruit trees as they really bloomed this year, so hopefully we'll get some fruit this fall.

Buchanan County, Iowa - Clara Nissley

April was a fairly nice month, we had lots on nice sunny days. Also had our rainy days about like we needed them. On April 20th we hit a record high for that day since 1935, the temperature being 85 degrees, Then the 22nd it turned cool and rainy again. Farmers are getting ready to plant corn, some have planted already, a non-Amish had put on over 100 before the 26th. Oat fields are greening up nice and gardens are growing good.

Old Menno Schwartz was a bit mixed up one day when he took more than his usual dosage of medication.

Old Andy Kurtz had a bit of a setback, but think he's better again.

Dan R. Gingerich is very weak, but haven't heard if his general condition is better or not. The youngfolks held a singing there, instead of elsewhere last Sunday eve. He still spends most of his time in bed.

Allen Detweiler's baby Katie was to the Dr. a few times with a sore throat and gland infection.

Riceville, Iowa - Dan C. Bontrager

April has been warmer than average and also less moist than average but we had a nice light rain a few days amounting to about 2 inches. Oat fields are greening up and quite a bit of corn has been planted but still quite a bit to plant. Hay and grass seem to be coming nicely. Gardens are also showing up nicely.

Cornelius Millers visited in our area over the 12th from Clark Mo. Jake Stutzman took them visiting 1 day and their horse sheid tipping the buggy over in the ditch. Luckily no one was hurt bad, just some bumps.

Rexford, Montana - Roman Schlabach

Spring came early in Montana this year. April was very warm and dry, with temperatures in the 70's & 80's. Although nights were cool. Breakup is coming to an end, and the first logs are just now beginning to move. The last 3 days of April now we are getting nice, much needed rains.

April has brought back the birds, blue birds, humming birds & tree swallows. We do not have the purple Martins, but the tree swallows are similar and are also insect eating birds.

Three Holmes County, Ohio boys, Aden & Leon Stutzman & David Hershberger arrived the first of April with intentions of working at the mill (Border Lumber Co.) this summer. Although Leon is now planning to return home. The other two are planning to stay. On April 21 some neighbors living behind us in the mountains had groups of visitors from Nevada. They were out horseback riding, when Jean Hunt one of the visitors could no longer control her horse. The horse ran away with the young woman, coming up towards Dave Kauffmans, Howard Karffman, hearing her scream for help ran and closed the gate over the road, that she was coming on. When the horse got there he stopped very suddenly and threw her with the gate and onto the road. She ended up with her back broken in three places. She was flown to Kalispell Hospital by Helicopter. Very fortunately she did not seem to have nerve damage and is expected to recover without being paralyzed. Doctors say it will take from 1 to 1 1/2 years.

Utica, Minnesota - Atlee J. Shetler

April was nice, a few warm days. Also steady rains the nite of the 20th and kept on the 21st. Drizzled some yet on the 22nd. Oates are all in and some corn planted, grass is coming in nice.

Menno Millers had a large retirement farm auction on the 11th.

David A. Yoders are loading trucks this week bound for Amhurst, Wis. where they bought a farm.

John and Mattie J. Borntrager our oldest members again left for there 6 month stay at their other home but this time, at the Grandon, Wis. area where his children live, and build a new house for them.

Harmony, Minn. - Mrs. Criss Stutzman

April brought us quite a bit sunshine with some very windy days with temperature between 20 and in 40. The weekend of the 19th was very warm, temperature in 80's. Weather changed the following week and we had nearly an inch of rain again, which greens up lawns and pastures. Lawns are being mowed and cattle on pasture. Most farmers have their oats sowed and are getting the ground ready for corn. Asparagus, rhubarb and lettuce are on the menu.

Pardeeville, Wis. - Magdalena Bontrager

Spring arrived early. Most of the oats were sown in April. Grass needed to be mowed in the yard.

Clarence Schlabach had retirment sale on April 11th, it was a rainy day, but a good crowd, things sold fair. Two schools are having bake sale and 1 a lunch counter. A nice sum of money was brought in for our schools. Wantoma women had the doughnut counter making and selling with over 2500 doughnuts that day. The money went for hospital bills.

Amhurst, Wisconsin - Levi J. Borntreger

We had very spring-like weather in April. First part of April was warmer. Children were barefoot part time. The week of the 18th we had several rainy days and cooled off some. Hay, pastures, and lawns are growing nicely. Early oats are up. Rhubarb and asparagus are ready to use. Early gardens are planted.

Susan Alberta, daughter of Mose Yoder had a mishap recently, she fell off a chair while holding a drinking glass. The glass broke resulting in a cut about the eye which required stitches. A piece of glass was removed from under the eyelid in the doctors office. Her eye is very sore looking and black and blue. She is 3 years old.

Wilton, Wisconsin - Ben C. Borntreger

April was a nice month with many sunny days quite a lot plowing was done and quite a few oats were sown but still some that haven't sown yet. Some English have already planted corn, but is quite cool at times yet with temperatures around the 40's mark in the mornings. We had a real nice soaking rain the 3rd week in April. A nice slow rain of 3.5 inches which really greened pastures and hay fields.

Migration

Abe Y and Ed A. Borntregers moved fron Anabel, Mo. to Tomah, Wis. on April 15th.

Cashton, Wisconsin - Joe C. Bontrager

The weather through April was very mild with a few showers of nice gentle rain amounting to around 5 or 6 inches in all. Oat sowing and plowing is on the go some oats are up but still quite a bit to sow. A few early birds in the Sparta area about 20 miles north west, with more sandy soil are planting corn.

Greenwood, Wis. - Jonas P. Bontrager

April started in with snow flurries and windy but turned out real nice and more on the dry side, only 1 inch of rain and 20 days of mostly clear weather, there were 12 mornings of 32 degrees or colder. The coldest being at 10 degrees and the high temperature at 84 degrees.

Oats sowing is in full swing and corn planting just started, gardens are being planted.

Augusta, Wisconsin - Joseph W. Schrock

April was rather on the dry side with approx. 2 in. of rain. there were 17 days clear and the rest were either partly cloudy or cloudy. The coldest was 16 F. on the 2nd and 3rd and the warmest was 84 F. on the 18th. A lot of oats were sown but not all are finished.

It seems pastures are coming kind of slow as it was a little on the dry side but that let a lot of the farmers get their field work done.

Milk price came down considerably to $10.15 for 3.5 test. It doesn't seem that the whole herd buyout helped very much.

Chetek, Wisconsin - Mrs. Henry Lehman

It snowed on April 1st but was all gone again by the next day. Our month of April was somewhat chilly and windy at times, but also had some very nice warm days. Up to 80 degrees and higher a few days. We had a few light showers of rain during the month. Tues. morning temperature was 26 degrees. Fruit trees are blooming but in hopes the low temperature didn't do any harm. Peonies are getting ready to bloom before long. Rhubarb and asparagus are ready to eat. Oats are being sowed but is getting a little dry to plow. Lawn mowing is again starting as a summer job.

Clare, Michigan - Abe M. Hochstetler

Some warm periods during April, oats is up that was put in around the middle of the month, unusual dry this spring. Some corn planted. Has been colder last part of April, 34 degrees on 30th woods are greened out.

Bronson, Michigan - Ora Graber

We had a average rainfall of three and one half inches, mostly coming at the middle of the month. We had rather cold with some snow the first few days of the month, then warming up, on to the middle of the month, and bringing us temperatures to the 70 and 80 degrees and more.

The fruit trees are in full cloom at the end of the month, and the way the cold north wind is blowing, there's a possibility of a heavy frost by morning. (the 13th)

You hear the neighbors tractors going almost day and night. We used to think when tractors were first seen in the fields, now the farmers will not be so busy. It still seems like the horse farmers got the edge, and have more time to rest.

The wheat and oat fields really greened up after the rains. Grass also has a nice dark green color, making bountiful pasture.

Lots of corn was planted around the middle of the month when we had such warm weather. Mr. frost might check on those fields later on. It seems corn is planted earlier every year.

There's lots of demand through here for small acreages, but larger farms will not move unless a deduction on price, to $650.00 an acre or less (good land).

Quincy, Michigan - Cathyrn Schmucker

The month of april was cool and dry. Farmers are waiting for rain to finish plowing. Some have started planting corn. Early garden things have been planted.

Scottsville, Michigan - Marvin Yoder

April was a warm month except around the 8th we had a 2 day blizzard.

Farmers are busy working the ground. Oats are coming up nice.

School is out now. The table was loaded with food on the last day of school when it suddenly collapsed, luckily no food was spilled.

Anna Marie Yoder and Mrs. Jerry Bontrager both fell and sprained their ankle but is better again.

Gladwin, Michigan - Mrs. Dan Troyer

March - April - We have had many nice spring days already although we did have some windy days too. April 1st. and 2nd. We had a little snow but barely enough to make ice cream. Lowest temperature in the morning in April was 22 degrees first of the month and highest morning temp was 60 degrees. Some days it went up to 85 degrees. Some children went barefooted already. The last couple days it is a chilly north wind. We also had some nice little showers which help to green up grass and hay fields.

Overall it seems to be an early spring from other years. Most people have oats sowed. Some also have barley out. Early gardens are greening up.

Migrations

Noah E. Swartzentrubers moved in here from Ohio on March 20, on the Baily farm not far from his folks. They are in the process of building a barn and shed. We also have plans to build a straw shed before haying.

On March 20th, Dan A. Gingerichs moved to Canton, Minn. The same day Amos Gingerichs moved in their Daddy House and John J. Millers moved in the big house at Amoss.

On April 1st. Jerry M. Swartzentrubers moved to Mt. Vernon, Ohio and April 4th Henry E. Troyers moved on Jerry's farm.

Dan Hershbergers baby was in Midland Hospital from April 5 to April 10 with Bronchities.

We have 9 babies (7 boys and 2 girls) in our area since New Years including the daughter of Noah E. Swartzentrubers who moves in.

St. Marys, Ontario, - David S. Graber

March has been a nice month, on the 8th it was 70 degrees, broke a record for around this area, at that time of year. But then beginning of week it changed, & went down to 2 above, & by end of week warmed up again, & was nice since. This morning the 30th, 40 degrees with .5 inch rain, still raining, the grass is greening. Beef, dairy & hogs are still a good price, but the future for cash crop still don't look promising. Farms are still selling slow, what sell, but propertys & houses in towns & cities sell fast & high prices.

Deacon Elmer N. Yoder missed church last time on account of not feeling so well, but last few days he's feeling some better, & a better appetite.

April 2, was the wedding of Noah Gascho of Aylmer, Ont., & Nancy Coblentz of here. They are making their home at Aylmer.

First couple days in April was some winter with about 4 inches of snow, but didn't last long. Middle April was nice, a couple warm days breaking the record for around here, at the time of year, with 84 degrees. The last week was more cool and a little shower of rain. Not much rain for April, so about 2 inches total. Farmers are busy in fields getting oats in.

Desboro. Ontario, - Noah J. Stutzman

Had wet snow on April 1 & 2 which melted on the 3rd and 4th. Rained some on the 5th. Frogs really started croaking on the 6th as it got warmer. They were quiet once since, which was on Sat. morn. Temp. was 20 and a hard frost, the first frost since the 9th. Had been exceptionally warm with mid-day temp (in shade) at 70 on the 18th, 73 on the 19th and 76 on the 20th. After that it cooled off day by day to 43 on the 24th. Then got warmer day by day.

Overall its extra early this spring for this area, and extra nice, but could use more rain. Had about 1" this month, plus about 4" snow first of month.

Reports are, its almost too dry to plow & hard to get some loamy soils disced fine enough for a nice seedbed. However, a lot of grain was sowed this past week, mostley since April 22, Children were going barefooted a week ago.

John N. Stutzmans had public auction on the 10th. Was a perfect day, warm & hardly a breeze. Things went mostly for good prices. A few examples are: Beef cows with small calves at foot $1,000 to $11,000. Heavy horses, the highest was a single 5 yrs old Belguin gelding at $1,550.00. Sows from $225.00 to $310.00.

David S. Grabers attended from the St. Mary's area. Also others from several southern Ont. settlements.

Siege of Rabies

Rabies are on the go again in this county. Ephraim Zooks lost their driver & are now taking shots. Reports are, 4 horses in 10 days, or 20 farm animala in the past month were lost from rabies.

Pre. Andy J. Miller had his appendix removed on Thurs. April 23, Came home from hospital the next day & is recovering well.

Dan E. Stutzman had a frolic on April 14 to take down a barn west of Dobbinton, around 16 miles from Dans. Another one will be taking down after seeding, this only around 4 miles away. These are to replace his barn and straw shed lost in fires on March 25.

CROSSING THE VALLEY

"Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Ps. 23:4.

I liken life's declining years
 To where the Psalmist trod,
For he, like us, was not alone,
 But walked by faith in God.

And walking through this valley now,
 Our God will not forsake,
For leaning on His rod and staff,
 We of their comforts take.

ts darkened shades of fearful gloom
 His presense will dispel;
When suffering, He will take our hand,
 And of His glories tell.
We know not what the Master has

 For our last days in store;
We know not how or when we'll reach
 The willows on the shore...
Of that great river all must cross,
 Alone, to reach that place
Prepared for those who do His will,

 And humbly seek His grace.
Then when this valley's yours to cross,
 Take heart! thy strength shall be
Given as 'tis needed, for
 Thy God shall walk with thee...

And make this shadowed valley bright,
 And calm thy troubled breast-
For just beyond this river there
 Is shade for thee, and rest.

HENRY and the Great Society

Chapter IX -- HENRY IS ENLIGHTENED

By H. L. Roush Sn. -- By permission

Continued from last month

Things didn't change too much for Henry; at least it didn't seem like they changed a whole lot. He noticed that their trips to Willoughby were more frequent than ever before and that instead of once a week, on Saturday, they were going three and four times a week, sometimes with the children and sometimes without them. And it didn't really matter; Willoughby was no longer a treat to any of them, and necessity dictated the frequency of their trips. Henry did notice that when the family went to Willoughby, there wasn't time to see anything along the way, and the children usually talked in the back seat or read comic books they got at Wigal's new magazine rack.

He wondered if the children had forgotten how many groundhog holes there were in the seven miles to Willoughby; but then remembered that you couldn't see woolly worms, turtles, groundhogs, snakes, toads, rabbits, fences, barns, houses, or people very well at 60 mile per hour. There wasn't even too much time to think along the way, for eight or nine minutes didn't give you too much time to think; and what with the billboards spewing out their messages as you as you went by, and the road signs to watch-well, that's how it was. Anyway the kids always wanted the radio on when they were riding in the car. That way they could hear the latest music, which Henry didn't understand, nor want to, and Esther could hear the commercials about all the things that went on in Chamberstown. The influence of these commercials sure did make themselves felt; for every now and then Esther would say, "Henry, could we drive over to Chamberstown tomorrow to the sale?" and then would follow a glowing account of the many bargains offered at the new Seers department store in the county seat. When objecting that they could not afford to buy the things offered, he was met with the irresistable argument that the time to buy these things is not when you need them, but when you can buy them at a great savings.

One night at the Seers store, Esther was just "looking around" while Henry looked at his pocket watch. She discovered a "fantastic" bargain in clothing for the whole family, and he complained he should be home in bed because a full day tomorrow hauling hay would demand all the strength he could muster. Henry objected that they simply didn't have the money and anyway his old overalls were good enough. Esther replied that it wouldn't hurt him to have some sport shirts and slacks and look "a little decent" when they came to town. This hurt Henry, but he looked at himself and then at the other men around him, and he wished he were back at Whispering Pines and up on that point that overlooked the valley. No one could see his overalls there. He conceded that she was right; then the clerk assured Henry that it would only take "a minute" to open an easy-payment account, and then they could buy anything they wanted with just a minimum of trouble.

Now Henry had never heard of the "easy-payment" plan. The only kind of payment he knew anything about was cash. Oh, he remembered how once or twice when things were real bad that his dad had gone to the bank and got a 90-day note for a small amount to "tide them over," as Dad used to say. The bank president was a personal friend of Henry's dad, and it was more of a favor than a business transaction. The banker even flushed at having to ask for a signature, for he had always said that Frank Morgan's word was as good as his bond. Henry had always looked upon borrowing as an emergency measure at the very best, and the thought of borrowing to buy clothes he didn't feel he needed, was strange.This was soon overcome by the credit manager turning out to be an old schoolmate of Henry's who had long since gone to Chamberstown to make his fortune. He assured Henry that "everybody" has an easy-payment account at Seers, and that the convenience of it was something no one could afford to be without. Being known to the credit manager won Henry quick temporary approval and he soon left the office clutching his key to the good things of life--a credit card. They soon made their purchase, and on the way home they talked about how easy it was to buy now and pay later. Of course, neither of them realized that they had only "bought now"; for the "pay later" had not yet manifested itself for what it was. Anyway, he had 45 days until a payment was due and in 45 days many things could happen. And they did.

A few days later Henry was summoned to the house to talk to a man from the power company, who drove an orange Jeep into Henry's lane. The man came quickly to the point. The improved highway had forced the power company to match the progress of the community and a transmission line from Willoughby up the Salem Pike would soon be a reality. Henry said that was all right with him, for he could not see how a transmission line had anything to do with him. But it did.

He was told that the other neighbors were already signed up for electric service and that electricity would open up a whole new dimension to living. He would soon know the joys of living better electrically. Again he was assured that the good things of life would come by the harnessing of this powerful giant in his home.

Esther was thrilled at the prospect; for already she and the children had been fascinated with the many, many electrical appliances on sale at Seers. Henry mildly objected that there was no wiring in his house, nor had there been for 75 years, and that to wire his house would be a tremendous expense which he could not afford. The kind man from the power company said they had a provision that would overcome the difficulty. A ten-year deferred payment plan and their own sub-contractors would take care of all the details. Henry asked if this was like Seers Easy-Payment Plan, and was assured that it was even easier than that.

The estimated cost of Henry's house wiring would come to $1500 and spread over ten years with 7% interest would be only $20.80 per month; a negligible amount indeed for such a whole new world of easy living. What the man didn't tell Henry was that besides the $1500 initial cost, over the ten years he would pay $1050 in interest, thereby almost doubling the cost of it all. When Henry asked how much the interest would amount to, he was put at ease by being told he didn't have to worry about it; for any time he chose, he could pay it all off and owe only for the time he had the loan.

It was all bewildering at first, but the more he thought about it, the simpler it became; and the man said the contractors could begin the first of the week and that by the time the transmission line, now under construction, was finished, Henry could be enjoying the blessings of electricity. Henry said reluctantly to Esther, "If this is what you and the kids want, it's all right with me. I don't want you to be without the good things in life as long as I can provide them." The man was pleased and the contracts were drawn up and Henry wrote laboriously, "Henry L. Morgan" on the proper line and Esther in her fine hand wrote, "Esther A. Morgan" on the line beneath. And so began the fascinating world of electric appliance magic. *To be Continued*

SELECTED GEMS

From the Associated Press -- 1911

Dog Scatters Diamonds

FOX TERRIER MAKES PLAY THING OF BAG CONTAINING $14,000 WORTH.

Washington, Sept. 26. Diamonds alleged to be worth $14,000 were smuggled out of the home of its Mistress, Mrs. Robert I. Miller, yesterday by her little fox terrier. Last night Mrs. Miller discovered that the chamois bag containing the gems had disappeared from her bed where she had kept it for safety. A distracted appeal to the police was made. Search resulted in discovering the gems in the yard where the terrier had scattered them.

All but two or three of the jewels were recovered and it was thought that further search would reveal those still missing.

Starves in Gold Mine

Calfornian trapped by fall of Rock, Keeps Diary until end.

An old assay certificate found on the body of J.J.D. Miller, who died in the shaft of his mining claim, 12 miles north the Bridgeport, Cal. told two stories when it was deciphered in the coroner's office at Bridgeport on Tuesday. One side told of gold in MIller's shaft. The other bore the penciled record of the man's seven-day imprisonment, "ended by death" at none Friday, October 13.

The body was found last Saturday, with the left leg pinned against the side of the 15-foot shaft by a mass of rock. Miller stood upright, with his head thrown back. The shaft is slightly inclined and he must have seen the nun, which stood on the meridian, as he wrote the last line the his diary:

"Friday Noon--The 18th day: no hope."

The certificate was folded, and had been replaced in his pocketbook.

The daily record follows:

"October 6--Frank Yparragulrre, Sweetwater: If help does not come, send this message to M.C. Miller, wife, Harrisonburg, Va, and wire what to do with the body J.J. D. Miller.

"This occurred Friday morning, October 6. It is now Saturday noon.

"No help yet. Why did this come?

"Sunday Night--It is cold and long. God help me. I forgive mother.

"Monday--It is noon. Why did Dick forget? A drink of cold water would taste good. Am getting weak.

"Tuesday Night--The end is near. Don't see how Dick can forget me.

"Wednesday Night--Guess tonight will be the last; no hope; the end near;"

Thursday's record is illegible.

"Friday Noon--The 13th; no hope."

The "Dick" referred to is Richard Barnes, a teamster on the Yparraguirre ranch, where the two men had been employed together. The body was found by Barnes Miller went to California a year ago from Virginia.

DOG SAVES LIVES OF THREE FIREMEN

To the already long list of life saving heroes of the New York fire department another name was added on Wednesday night, that of a dog--"Happy"--a Dalmatian which follows the apparatus to every fire.

Three firemen were saved from a burning furniture warehouse, in Harlem through the sagacity of "Happy" which climed a ladder three stories to effect their resource.

The firemen had been caught at the rear of the third floor by a back draught, and forced to flee. In the smoke they lost their way seeking the window at which their ladder had been run up.

"Happy" heard his master cry for help, jumped for the lader and began climbing it. Thousands of spectators watched the clack and white spoted animal as he mounted rung after rung and several firemen began climbing after him, but "Happy" reached the third floor window first and began barking. Guided by the barks the firemen made their way to the ladder

LEPROSY IN PHILADELPHIA

TWO WOMEN SUFFERING FOR THE DREAD DISEASE

Two cases of leprosy were discovered in Philadelphis on Thursday. The first, that of Mrs. Becky Schleifman, aged 58 years, was diagnosed by the physicians of the Pennsylvania hospital. It is said that she is in the early stages of the disease. She has been in the country 20 years.She is the mother of seven children, the oldeest 15 years and the youngest 9 months olf.

Both women were removed to the isolation ward of the Philadelphis hospital and a quarantine established at their homes.

A GENTLE PEOPLE

By Erme Lapp Myers -- Continued from last month

Chapter 10 - Home Going For Mam

Big black storm clouds were quickly rolling in across the sky. The day was hot and humid. Mam and Mommy were busy snapping string beans and canning them. There were a good number of two quart jars sitting on the kitchen counter already filled, canned, and now cooling. Both Mam and mommy were pleased with the amount of work already accomplished.

Dat was making hay in the upper field with the help of several neighboring Amish farmers. It was the first cutting of the season and was an excellent crop. Dat was hoping to get the last of the bales into the barn before the rain started.

The strawberries were over for this year and Mam had been grateful for the large number of frozen strawberries in the freezer. Mam was very pleased with the garden plants and spent the cool of the mornings working among them when possible.

Mommy and Naomi had spent many spring days with Sally, helping her with the garden work and the chores in the house. She had not been used to so much help for she had always done her own work except when the children were babies. However, their help now was much appreciated by Mam and Mommy and Naomi were both glad to help her.

Since the day Mam and Dat had gone to the doctor for her test results their lives had taken a summersault. The doctor had told them as kindly as possible that Mam had an inoperable brain tumor and her days on earth were certainly numbered. He had watched Mam with concern as he talked for he knew Mam would be very concerned about her husband and children.

That first week had been almost unbearable for Mam and Dat. They tried to act normally when the children were about but alone, together, they could not even speak of her sickness. Gradually the burden of hopelessness had somewhat diminished and determination to enjoy the children and make these days happy for them made Mam try her hardest to put her best into each new day. Many prayers were sent to Heaven as Mam gave all her fears and hurts over to the Lord.

There were days when Mam felt fine and could hardly believe there was anything wrong with her. Other times the headache returned and she knew in her heart time was running out.

Mam often thought of Dat and the children. How she would like to stay and help the children with their growing up years. And how it hurt to think of leaving Dat behind. She knew he depended on her in many ways. She carefully watched Naomi about the house and with the children and finally knew what she had to do, but not just yet. The children were out of school for the summer and Mam knew she should talk to them soon.

Mam gave a sigh of relief as she and mommy took the last canner of string beans from the stove. How hot it was! She wiped her forehead with her handkerchief and sank into her kitchen rocker. She felt very tired and wanted to do nothing more just now than to take a nap. Mommy saw the weariness on Mam's face and told her she must sit still a few minutes while she, mommy, started supper.

The storm was upon them, now. The wind raged and the rain fell fast and furious. Lightning forked across the sky and mommy wondered if the men had reached the barn before the rain began.

Mommy quietly went about supper preparations but her heart was stormy, too, just like the weather. "Why," she wondered, "Did God allow this terrible thing to happen to Sally?" Mommy knew many people needed and depended on her help in their every day lives. Six children and a husband were a big responsibility for any wife to handle.

Mommy glanced over at Sally and saw she had fallen asleep. That was good. She needed to rest more during the daytime hours.

As she glanced out the window, she saw the rain had let up to some extent. She hoped it would settle to a steady rain and sink softly into the thirsty earth.

The next thing mommy knew Sally was standing by her side. The thirty minute rest had refreshed Mam and she smiled as her glance met mommy's.

"I want to thank-you for all you are doing for me and my family," Mam said, a smile trembling on her lips. "It means so much to me to know the family will be taken care of. There is something else I want to say. I want you to know how very much I love you and Doddy. The things you both impressed on me as a child and young girl have helped me right here in my own family but, mommy, it is very hard to know I won't be here to see the children growing up. I hate the thought of leaving Aaron behind, too." Tears were splashing down Mam's cheeks as she spoke. Then she felt mommy's arms closing around her. How very good it felt being in her mother's arms!

"Oh, Sally, don't talk about leaving," said mommy turning away. Mommy was having a very hard time accepting the doctor's diagnosis of Mam's illness.

So the talk turned to the coming visit of Abram and his family.

"Have you heard when Abram and Angie are arriving for their visit?" asked Mam.

"Why, yes. Didn't I tell you?" asked mommy. "They are coming around the fourteenth of June and staying about ten days. It will be good to see them all again. It has been two and one half years since they were home to see us. Remember? It was at Christmas time. Sally, Anna told me David and Rachel are expecting a baby in December."

"They are? Oh, how wonderful for them," and there was genuine joy in Mam's response. "A new baby and the first one for them." Mam's voice trailed off into silence. She was thinking in all likelihood she would never see Rachel's baby. Oh, how much Sally wanted to live.

One evening, a few days later, Dat and Mam were sitting on the side porch as the sun set in gold and rose colors. The boys were wrestling in the yard and the girls were playing tag out under the trees.

Dat broke the silence with a question.

"Sally, remember I promised you a trip to visit my relatives?" he asked.

Mam nodded her head.

Dat continued. "Do you still want to go?" He watched her as she sat silently, thinking.

Mam raised her eyes to Dat. "Aaron, I don't know. I would like to see them all very much. I'm not sure I am up to the trip, though. I haven't said anything to you but I'm finding myself growing tired very quickly. I think we should ask the doctor before we go so far. It would have to be very soon, though," she added.

"I was talking to Fred today and they are going to visit friends in that area next weekend and would like to take us along to visit my family if we want to go," said Dat.

Later in the week when the doctor was asked about the proposed trip to visit Aaron's family, he shook his head. "I'd like to say yes, you understand, but I want you to be nearby should you need me," he said to Mam.

In her heart Mam agreed she should be home near the doctor although she longed for the trip and reunion with Aaron's family. She felt badly for Aaron, knowing he really deserved a few days off for a visit with his folks.

There were only a few days left until Abram and his family would drive up from Virginia. Mam decided that the children should know about her illness before hearing about it elsewhere. They knew she didn't feel well at times and they showed their concern by doing more for her and with a willingness that sometimes brought a big lump to Mam's throat. How very much she loved each one of them!

She spoke to the boys one early evening just as they began barn chores. Mam found it very difficult to give them an idea of what probably lay ahead of them. She couldn't remember exactly what she told them when she tried to tell Dat about it. She did remember the tears, the boys and her own, as she tried to comfort them. She held each of them in her arms and carefully placed these scenes away in her memory album.

When she left the barn and entered the house she was so exhausted she decided not to say anything to the girls this evening, about herself.

Naomi had been helping her today and was now busy with supper, so Mam slipped into the bedroom and lay down.

The time spent with Abram, Angie and family was wonderfully peaceful and free of pain for Mam. Dat and Mam told Abram and Angie about Mam's illness. Abram was left with nothing to say for a little while. Finally he found his voice.

"Sally, how long have you known this? Is the doctor sure of his diagnosis? Do the other family members know? Are you tired? Do you want us to leave? Oh, Sally, I am devasted by this news. You know you and I were very close as we grew up," said Abram as he put his arms around Mam.

"Yes," she said, nodding her head. "We were very close. So close that I'm going to tell you truthfully that later Dat can answer those questions you just asked. Your family, mommy and daddy will be here for supper this evening. I want things to go on now just as if everything was fine. Tell me, how is your teaching career going?" asked Mam.

The evening was a great success. Nothing more was said about her illness, in Mam's hearing, and the talk centered about farming, teaching school, plus family news.

Nancy enjoyed her cousins from Virginia. They were easy to please and willing to learn the ways of country life. They loved the farm animals and wanted to help with the chores.

Jason told them about their own home in beautiful Virginia, all about the teaching position his dad had, and their other Grandma and Grandpa.

Dat, Mam and the children saw Abrams a number of times during their ten days in Pennsylvania. Before the time came to say good-bye, Abram and Sally had a private talk and no one ever knew their entire conversation, but as they kissed good-bye they smiled bravely and Abram's family was gone. Abram's heart was heavy as he thought of Sally and the probably pain awaiting her in the days to come. He would miss her letters after she was gone. Then he thought of the glory waiting for her in Heaven and somehow his spirit lifted.

Summer flew by on golden wings. The garden and the fields produced so much Mam sometimes wondered what to do with the garden's yield. The rains came when needed and the grass was greener than usual. The flowers bloomed profusely with every color imaginable.

Dat and the neighboring men worked long hard hours harvesting the golden wheat and the sun-dried hay. The sweet smell of the new hay drifted across the fields into the open windows of the house. Mam smelled the sweetness of the hay and rejoiced in the priviledge of living on a farm. The boys helped Dat in the barn and out in the fields.

The girls were busy, too. Mam was trying to teach Lindy some of the duties of a homemaker. Things like simple embroidary work and cooking. She helped Nancy too, with these projects but Nancy was younger and not as interested yet in these tasks. Other times the three girls were outside playing their own games they had made up.

Mommy and Naomi still spent many days with Mam who felt good most of the time. She took her time and worked on new school dresses for the fall season which would soon be upon them.

Then one day near the beginning of September the headache was back and more severe than before. Mam took some medication the doctor had perscribed and laid down.

The next morning she spoke to Dat concerning something she had been thinking about since April. It was hard and she clung to Dat after she had finished what she wanted to say.

"Please don't say anything yet, Aaron. Just think about it. Promise me you will, please?" she pleaded.

Tears were running down Dat's face. He nodded his head but didn't speak. Finally he found his voice.

"Sally, are you sure that is what I should do?" he whispered.

Mam nodded her head and nothing more was said at that time.

From that time on Mam knew she had very little time left. She spoke to Lindy and Nancy and the girls went through a bad time for several days but being young in age they soon accepted it and went on with their lives at home and school, neither fully realizing what was to come.

Mam found she could do less and less of the little jobs she had been doing about the house. More and more she came to depend on the medication for her headaches.

It was hard for Dat and the children to watch as Mam lost weight and could do almost nothing for herself. Mam, who had wanted so much to live, now prayed that God would take her home. And so it was, that on a lovely Sunday afternoon amidst the beauty of the autumn season, she slipped away in her sleep. She was at peace at last.

The children were made aware of death in a new way. Not as something which was final but as a stepping stone from this world of imperfections to the next world. A world where they now had a mother waiting for them. But even so it was a sad time for them all. Only little Sarah seemed her usual cheerful self, not understanding the things happening around her.

The funeral was held Wednesday morning in the Zook house. It was a large funeral, attended by Dat's entire family as well as Mam's family. Neighbors and friends attended, too. Friends and family tried to console Dat but he felt as though his heart was broken and his face showed the strain he was under.

He was remembering that in a few short weeks Mam and he would have been married fifteen years. He groaned within himself. She was needed so badly by all of them.

Elizabeth, John and Anna's oldest daughter, began working for Aaron the day after the funeral. Mommy spent some time showing Elizabeth the routine of the household and it wasn't long until Elizabeth had the house running smoothly. The children liked this cousin and tried to make everything as easy as possible for her.

One evening Nancy confided in Lindy how she missed Mam so much.

"I wish she were here to help me with my lessons," she murmured tearfully as they were finishing supper dishes.

"Come on, Nancy, I'll help you right now," said Mark who had overheard Nancy's comment.

She missed her mother at bedtime, too, for Mam had always heard their prayers, and tucked them into bed. And then there had always been a good-night kiss. One evening Dat came in and kissed them good-night. When the girls told him how much they liked that, it became a family custom for him to tuck them into bed.

Somehow the winter passed and a new spring came drifting in on a balmy breeze. Nancy would soon be finished with first grade. She like school but not as intensely as Lindy. This was Mark's last year of school and then he could begin helping Dat full-time.

Dat was beginning to think of the things Mam had said to him a few weeks before her death. He spoke to mommy, privately, one day in mid-summer when she came over to help Elizabeth with some canning.

"Mommy, I need to talk to you for a few minutes," he said. "I don't really know how to say this so I'll just do the best I can. I wonder if you think Naomi would be interesed in seeing me some evening. If you think she might, would you and doddy object?"

Mommy sat quite still for several long minutes. Then she turned to Dat and took his hand.

"Are you quite sure this is what you want to do?" she inquired. She seemed to look right through him as he waited for her answer.

"Yes, I believe so," he told her.

"Then neither Doddy or I will object," was her reply.

"Mommy, you must now this was Sally's idea. She made me promise to think about it. I've been considering it for several weeks, now, and I thought if you and doddy don't object I'll stop over some evening in a couple of weeks," he told her.

"Fine, Aaron," was all she said.

One evening after the children had gone to bed Dat quietly left the house to make his first call on Naomi. It was quietly kept and continued for a number of months.

The marriage of Aaron and Naomi took place toward the end of March the following year.

The children were pleased for they had always enjoyed being around Aunt Naomi.

It was a small wedding with just the immediate family members present, but they were all glad to have someone they loved come into the family and be their Mam.

Nancy was thinking over the events of the past year and a half. So many changes had come into their family. She realized how glad she was she didn't know what lay ahead of her in life. Mam had always said they should do their best and God would take care of everything, and Nancy knew this was true.

THE END

THE 1933 HURRICANE

Introduction

St. Marys county is long and narrow and lays between the Potomic and the Patuxent rivers. Everything is considered shore line that has tide water. Like rivers, creeks, island, and bays, which is over 400 miles. Some times a high wind will keep the tide from going out. Then the next tide will rise so much ligher and will flood some land if the storm continues it may still go to igher land.

Some times the wind will keep the tide from coming in. Then some of the river beds and bays may be dry and people can walk out and get shells, etc.

The Chesepeake has between 2000 & 3000 watermen. If you happen to hear the weather forecast. They always mention high and low tide. Being in contact with the watermen you almost feel like part of the Chesepeake

They also have water police, Leonardtown is on the water, and if someone is arrested on the water, then the boats can get almost to the jail.

By *Aarom Hertzler,*

The storm of 1933 can only be described as one of the most devastating ever to hit the Atlantic Coast. More than just a typical hurricane, the raging storm roared its way up the coastline from Florida to Maine, then turned around and came back down the coast, leaving destruction in its wake.

For St. Mary's County, this hurricane was particularly severe, as it destroyed half of St. George's Island, sank Chaptico Warehouse into Chapitco Bay, and took half of Point Lookout into the Chesapeake. The storm exposed mass graves of Confederate prisoners who had been burried in Point Lookout during the Civil War era when the county's southernmost tip was the site of the largest Confederate prison in the United States.

County Commissioner David Sayre was a young boy when the storm hit St. George's Island. The Sayre family lost their entire house to the storm. As he describes it, it was a "large two story house, completely destroyed, nothing left." 1986 marks 63 years since this devastating storm hit the county. Here are his rememberances of "the terrible storm of '33."

By David Sayre

On the 23rd of August in 1933 the Chesapeake Bay area was struck by what is known to be the severest storm of the century on St. George's Island. This great storm ravaged the bay with high winds from the east and southeast, with extremely high tides.

St. George's Island was hit by this storm without any warning because we had no communications-no radio, no daily newspaper (Baltimore Sun only once a week), no telephone. The storm struck at 7a.m. with strong flood tides and winds up to 60 m.p.h. from the east and then shifting to the southeast.

At this time my family owned a large two-story home on the northeast side of the island, on a small peninsula jutting out into the St. Mary's River. On the morning of the storm, as we were eating breakfast in a large family kitchen not connected to the main house, a large wave hit the kitchen. We immediatedly moved to the main house and started eating again. Almost immediately another wave came inside, broke the flooring under the table, knocking some of the dishes off the table.

We decided to get out of the house and move to my sister's house(Rhona Biscoe), which was close by. My two brothers and I moved my mother and father to the lee side of the house and got them through a lower window that was in a calmer area. While we were walking my parents to my sister's house, the waves were, at times, washing over their heads. We were a family of seven fighting for survival.

We tried to save the chickens. I grabbed the chickens by wings, legs, wherever, and tried to get them in another house nearby. I slipped in a ditch over my head, lost the chickens, got hung in a barbed wire fence, lost my shirt and shoes. When I looked around, the chicken house was going up the river with the chickens flying everywhere, with one Rhode Island rooster still riding the chicken house. I oftern wonder what happened to that rooster.

The storm continued to get much worse. Winds were increasing and tides getting higher. By that time, the island beidge had washed away; boats of all kinds were coming by; and then came two one story homes floating between us and the home we had left. Then, as we looked at our house, we saw it move. Big waves hit and the entire thing disintegrated; everything, house, furniture and clothing, went up the river. We had absolutely nothing left.

It seemed it was time to try to leave for higher ground. I had my mind on my 18ft. sailboat which I had docked at a fairly safe place the evening before. My brother and I managed to get to it by wading almost to our shoulders. The mast and sail were lying in the bottom of the boat. We pumped it out and brought the boat back to by sister's house; loaded my mother, father, two sisters and other brother; and took off paddling the boat into some partially sheltered area to the church, one half mile away. We were about the first to get to the church, but many followed shortly after. The elderly were greatly upset. We, the young ones, didn't worry; we rather got a kick out of it.

One of our great worries was that we were hungry and had nothing to eat, so my friend and I decided we would try to get to the nearby store, about a half mile away. We followed the road to the store but, at times, we could not follow it and stepped off the road over our head, swam back to the road and finally got to Walter Wise's store. Mr. Wise was standing behind the counter on a metal washtub with his pants rolled up to his thighs. He said, "Where did you boys come from?" We said we just cam from the church and all the people there were hungry. We asked him if he had anything to eat. He answered that he had some apple butter and ginger snaps and said that everything else was soaking wet. Mr. Wise gave us a bunch of ginger snaps and apple butter and he loaned us his wash tub so we could float them back dry. The people were so glad to get what we had brought back. The next day we got some groceries Thomas' Store on the island and at Swann's Store in Piney Point.

By that time the storm had abated and the waters gone down, the sun was shining, and it was a beautiful day. The bridge was gone, but we had transportation back and forth to the mainland by boat. There were only two places on the island that the waters did not cover; a narrow strip of land out by the Methodist Church, and another narrow strip on the Potomac River side toward the south end of the island. The rest of the island was covered from three to eight feet deep.

During the height of the storm, many small boats broke their moorings and were all over the island in marshes and the wooded areas. One 45-foot Chesapeake Bay canoe stayed tied up on higher ground for about a year with the old captain living aboard; he seemed to be very contented, greeting his friends and playing his fiddle.

The people of the island had to deal with other conditions after the storm. Most of the chickens were drowned; the odor was terrible. Other animals, such as dogs, cats, cattle and hogs, seemed to survive. One house washed off its foundation and the hogs were found after the storm, asleep in the bed, I was told.

I saw a cow trying to get out of the water almost over its back. My half sister got the cow by its ear and with a little coaxing and a little pull, the cow came up on the porch.

Mounds of oysters washed up on the land, some were as much as 40 ft. to 50 ft. long, 10 ft. wide and 5 ft. high. During the warm September that followed, they rotted and the smell was terrible. Crabs were everywhere in the lowlying areas and ditches. You dared not step in a ditch, or you would be apt to get bitten.

We lost our home, and it took quite a lot of contacts and work to get another one built. I slept in a friend's attic for about six months. My mother and father slept at my sister's home and my brothers slept elsewhere.

The day after the storm, I went to my sailboat, put up the mast and sail and decided to do a little exploring, going north on the east side of the island, to see if I could find some of our furniture. I did find four or five broken chairs, one of which we used later. But the greatest shock was a red handbag hanging on a tree limb about two miles up the river. I opened it and looked inside; it was my mother's bag with twenty six cents inside. My mother had put her insurance money, twenty six cents a month, in a bag a few days earlier.

The next day I decided to go exploring again, but in another direction. While sailing along, I sailed over a big batch of letters. I turned the boat around and cane back immediately, took my crab net and bailed these letters up. I could hardly believe my eyes, there were love letters. Beautiful love letters that belonged to beautiful young friends of mine. And as a boy would do, I ran my boat to the shore and read a few of these letters. I teased these girls for a day and gave tham back to them.

A new bridge was started about September 1, 1933 and completed late winter in 1934. I got a job with the contractor who was building the bridge. I was the second one hired and the youngest. I received 25 cents per hour, working 10 hours a day, six days a week and got paid every two weeks. Gee, I was rich in those days. I didn't want to quit, but Mon made me quit and go back to school about October 15.

FORT BLOCKER BOYS

By Lewis B. Miller

Continuation of Chapter 23 - Continued from last month

That statement was true enough as far as it went. But it omitted several important details.

"Well, you two must be regular blunderbusses!" exclaimed Mrs. Dayberry. "If you're as gawky and addle-brained as that, you'd better keep away from the creek-bank."

"Yes'm, we will."

Fearful of further questioning, Thad took the water-bucket from its shelf, emptied the water into the tea-kettle, and started to the spring. As he was passing the Wilkins, house Marzee came to the door.

"Oh, Thad," she cried out, "what's the matter with your clothes?"

The boy's face reddened. He had hoped to get by without being seen by Marzee. But he made a pretense of looking over such parts of his clothes as were visible to him, then said:

"They look all right to me."

"Look all right! Why, Thad Dayberry, they look just exactly like you'd tumbled into the creek with 'em and got wringing wet! And your hat does too."

"Well, that's just what I did do," he had to admit. And his face turned a deeper red.

"But how did you happend to fall in?" persisted the girl, still critically eyeing his wrinkled cotton pantaloons and shirt.

"Well, Charley Dick Sheegog and I were just having a little fun--I mean trying to have a little fun," he corrected. "We came to the creek-bank, and first thing we knew in we fell. The water was deep there, too; and when we got out two dish-rags couldn't have been wetter."

"Huh! I can't see where the fun would come in, tumbling into the creek with your clothes on."

"Well, it wasn't so overly funny, Marzee. Anyhow, I've seen funnier things," the boy admitted, soberly.

But, though he had kept the painful truth concealed, and that without telling any lies, he was glad to escape from the girl and her frank dark-blue eyes. He returned by way of the cow-pen, and entered his home at the back door.

About the middle of the forenoon a trampling was heard, and more than thirty men rode into the fort. Perhaps a dozen of them were scouts, returning home after two weeks of patrolling the frontier. The others were the State troops. Their chief, Captain Totty, was with them. They, too, had been out scouting for several weeks, and had come back to the fort for a glimpse of a woman's face and a taste of a woman's cooking. Most of those were young, unmarried men, whose homes were elsewhere, some in the neighboring country, and others in other parts of the State. A dozen or more girls just entering womanhood, some of them very pretty,made these young fellows eager to get back to headquarters whenever they could.

Among the scouts who had returned were Thad's and Charley Dick's fathers and Mr. Wilkins.

Thad's father did little during the rest of the day, but sat under the brush-shed in front of his door and talked. Various persons stopped to chat with him; and two of the state troops, John Philpott and Turner Evans, took dinner with the family. Their conversation was mostly of their scouting experiences And to those experiences Thad was always and eager listner.

The following day passed similarly; but on the morning after that Mr. Dayberry and Thad yoked the oxen and drove up to the farm. They spent the whole day there, moving out some fence to take in a few acres of new ground. Next morning they drove up again, and finished their task. But it was after dark when they got back to the fort.

The following morning Mr. Dayberry saddled and mounted his horse and, in company with more than a dozen other men, rode away toward the east. They were making a trip to Gainesville, twenty miles distant, and would not return till late at night, or perhaps not till the next day.

After his father had gone, Thad noticed Marzee out under the Wilkins shed. Two girls of about her own age had spent the night with her and were still there, helping her to wash the breakfast dishes and to strain the milk. One of the girls was Tilda Totty, Captain Totty's daughter; the other was Martha Graham.

For some reason Thad did not venture near the three girls. But after watching them a few minutes, and listening to their lively chatter, he crossed the square to Charley Dick's house. He had not spoken to Charley Dick for two days. Both the boy and his father were busy, putting their team to their wagon. They were going out to their farm to do some work, and to bring back a supply of roasting-ears and vegetables.

"Have you heard anything?" Thad found an opportunity to whisper to his friend.

"Narry thing. Maybe Harbold has made up his mind to keep his mouth shet about it, after all."

Thad shook his head decidedly. "No such good luck. It'll come out."

"But we'll never tell till he does."

"Never!"

After the Sheegogs had driven away, Thad started across to the north side, to see Harrison Hendricks. But before going many yards he heard Buck Thompson's voice call out:

"Hey there, Thad Dayberry! How do you like watermelon with the melon left out?"

Buck put so much stress on the word "water" that Thad knew that humiliating experience was known, at least among the boys. And he and Charley Dick would be long hearing the last of it. But he hurled back defiantly:

"Not much better than you like peas salted wih gunpowder!"

"You don't say so, Thaddy!" sneered Buck, who plainly resented the allusion. He and two of his special followers were standing at the shady end of the Thompson house. "Laughin' 's ketchin', hangin' 's stretchin'!" he taunted.

Thad went on without making any reply. "Guess that's about so," he said to himself, as he recalled how much fun he and Charley Dick had made of Buck and his followers after their disastrous attempt to raid Harbolt's peach-orchard. And the truth of the crude old proverb was soon to be brought home to him still more forcibly.

Alvretty Hendricks, Harrison's younger sister, came to the door. "Harrison's not here," she said, in reply to the boy's inquiry.

Thad now started to the spring. As he passed the Wilkins house, he noticed Marzee sitting out under the shed. Martha and Tilda had gone to their homes. At sight of Thad, the girl sprang up, turned her back on him, and started into the house. Thad had hoped to pass without being seen. But at this deliberate affront he called out:

"Oh, Marzee, I've got something to tell you!"

The girl turned. "Don't you dare speak to me, Thad Dayberry!" Her tones sounded resentful.

"Why, Marzee, what--what have I done? You said I could be your best friend."

"Boys that get spanked for stealing can't be friends of mine!" The girl turned her back again.

"Marzee, that's not the first time. When I was a little shaver, ma used to spank me every few days. We've all been spanked. You have too. Your ma has spanked you many and many a spanking. I just know she has."

"You shut up, Thad Dayberry! You shan't talk like that to me! It's not nice!"

Thad was surprised. "You mentioned spanking first."

"But that was your spanking--a boy's spanking. A girl's spanking is different. That's something you mustn't talk about. It's not nice to talk about that."

"That so? Then I won't. First time I ever heard that, though. I always thought spanking was spanking. But everybody has been spanked, and nobody can poke fun at anybody else for that. Even the President has been spanked. George Washington was spanked time and again, I just know, and General Marion, too, I guess."

"But not after they'd got to be big boys, and not for stealing."

Thad blushed. "Marzee," he pleaded, "I didn't steal anything--not a solitary thing!"

"I know you didn't. But it wasn't because you never tried. It was because you hadn't sense enough!" She disappeared into the house.

Thad, blushing like a detected criminal, hurried on toward the spring. He suspected that Buck Thompson had made haste to tell Marzee; and hot anger burned in his heart toward Buck. However, as he was soon to learn, Marzee was not the only person who knew.

Fifty yards below the mill Thad met Mattie McDaniel, a girl of seven or eight years, coming up the path with a little tin bucket of water. At sight of the boy, she crooked her finger at him derisively as she screeched:

"Koochee! koochee! Little Thaddy Dayberry got spanked! Koochee! koochee! koochee!"

Thad's face turned scarlet, and he hurried on. Thirty or forty yards down the path he glanced back. The little water-carrier was still crooking her finger at him, and still crying the irritating "Koochee! koochee!"

"But wouldnt I like to spank you!" he muttered resentfully, as he quickened his pace toward the creek. "Everybody in the fort knows about it, or will know by night. That wouldn't matter so much, though, if Marzee would only be sensible."

"Half an hour or more he spent at the spring, reflecting on the peculiar ways of the world. Then, thoroughly miserable, he returned to the square. Marzee was now sitting under the north end of their brush-shed, churning. At sight of Thad she churned harder and stared frigidly at the wall. The boy hesitated, then stopped.

"Marzee, won't you please be friends with me again?"

The only answer was still harder churning and more frigid staring at the wall.

"Marzee, don't you ever expect to be friends with me any more?"

"No, I don't!"'

"Why, what have I done?"

"You know well enough what you've done!" The girl was still staring at the wall.

"No, I don't, Marzee."

"Yes, you do, And what's more, everybody else knows too."

"Well, even if they do, that's no reason we shouldn't be friends."

"Yes, it is--the best kind of a reason."

"I don't see why."

"Well, I do if you don't. You--you storied to me, too. You told me, plainly as could be, that you fell into the creek."

"And I did fall in."

"No, you didn't--any such thing! Mr. Harbolt pitched you in, head first! That's how you got in!"

"But I did fall, after Harbolt pitched me," pleaded the boy. "Marzee, if you'd heard what a splash I made, you'd have thought I fell."

The girl turned her face farther away, but she made no reply.

"Marzee, won't you please be friends again?"

A decided shake of the head was her only answer.

"You will after a week, won't you?"

"No, I won't!"

"Won't you next month?"

Another shake of the head, but not so decided.

"How about next year?"

"Don't guess I will."

"Marzee, if you won't make friends, I'll go off and let the Comanches kill me and scalp me."

"Go ahead! They won't kill you, though, I guess. They'll just--just spank you and turn you loose."

Thad blushed, and tried a different plan: "Marzee, if you won't be friends with me any more, I'll go right straight and ask Tilda Totty to be my best friend."

"Go as fast as you please! It's precious little I care!"

"But you'll be friends after awhile, won't you?"

"No, I won't--never, Thad Dayberry! And I don't want you ever to speak to me again!"

"But you will after a long, long time, won't you?"

"Not in ten thousand years!" And the girl dropped the churn-dasher, sprang up and, giving her skirts a contemptuous flirt, rushed into the house.

Thad went home. To his relief, nobody was there. His mother had gone over to Mrs. Welborn's, visiting, and the children were playing out at the shady end of the house, in the chimney-corner. He went in and sat down. Soon Alice, his nine-year-old sister, appeared in the back door.

"Oh, Thaddy, what did Mr. Harbold spank you for?"

"Shut up!" ordered Thad, resentfully. And Alice went away. But soon Carrie, his five-year-old sister, appeared at the front door.

"Oh, Faddy, Faddy, did 'ou get 'panked?"

Blushing guiltily, the boy sprang up, without a word, and hurried out at the back door. "Even the babies!" he muttered. "Next thing, the dogs and the cats will be laughing over it!"

He went by the cow-pen, stopping for a moment to tickle Humpy through the fence, and then on toward the spring. But, soon changing his course, he crossed the north branch and followed up the far side of that. At length he was wandering across the high prairie toward Williams Creek.

He had no weapon. But he didn't care much if some Indians did come along and carry him away captive. In fact, so desperate was he now that he was thinking of going out and joining the Comanches. When he had become chief of the whole Comanche tribe, he would return, with his warriors, capture Fort Blocker, and make everybody in it a prisoner. Of course he wouldn't kill and scalp any of his prisoners, as the Comanches did--unless it was Buck Thompson. He wasn't so sure about Buck. But after the fort people were helpless and in his power, he would stand before the fickle cause of the whole trouble and say:

"False girl, see what you've made me do! This is all your work!'"

So much satisfaction did Thad derive from this scene of thrilling revenge that he went over it, in his imagination, again and again.

Seventeen Turkeys on a Black-Jack

When dinner-time came, Thad returned to the fort. For it takes a vast amount of trouble to destroy a boy's appetite. To his relief, his mother did not mention the watermelon affair, nor did the children allude to it again.

After dinner he held the baby awhile for his mother. When relieved of that charge, he strolled slowly along in front of the Wilkins house, looking as sorrowful and woe-begone as a well-fed boy can look. Marzee was sitting in front of the door, under the brush-shed. She had cards and wool, and was busy carding rolls. Her mother was back in their smoke-house, which was also their loom-house, weaving. The boy could hear the noise of the loom.

At sight of Thad, Marzee sprang up, dropped her cards on the chair, and disappeared into the shadowy house. Nor did she come out again till Thad had passed on toward the creek.

During the next several days Thad and Charley Dick kept out of sight of the fort people as much as possible. For the story of their humiliating experience in Harbolt's melon-patch was now in everybody's mouth. Helping one's self to a few watermelons was not stealing in the eyes of most of these people. In fact, they counted it a far greater crime to be stingy with one's melons, as Harbolt was. But getting caught and spanked and flung into the creek, clothes and all, was a wonderfully good joke.

Boys and men alike made the most of it. The girls, both big and little, joined in; and even the women, staid mothers of families, couldn't help alluding to the matter when occasion offered. In fact, the mere appearance of Thad or Charley Dick on the square was enough to start people to grinning.

Thad's father mentioned the matter but once, and then without any severe reproof. His mother questioned him, but spared him the rehearsal of most of the harrowing details. Perhaps she had heard them from others. She dismissed the subject by saying:

"Now, Thaddy, let that be a lesson to you to leave other folks' things alone."

"Yes'm," he answered, very glad to escape so lightly. He only wished other people would be as considerate.

But jokers are never considerate--were never known to be considerate. The two boys returned defiant answers when the other boys teased them--or the girls; and they grinned sheepishly when the men and women took a hand in the teasing. That was bad enough, in all reason. But to Thad that was not the worst.

Marzee persisted in regarding the melon-stealing affair as a serious offense, and nothing could turn her from her obstinacy. She often refused to speak to Thad, even when he spoke to her. And all his efforts to appease her proved unavailing.

He had learned positively, from Martha Graham, that Buck had been the first to tell Marzee of the happenings in Harbolt's melon-patch. Of itself that was of little consequence. She would soon have learned the same facts from other sources. But Thad, though he knew of it, had not mentioned Buck's similar experience to Marzee; and now he resented what Buck had done.

He fully expected that the girl would soon get on friendly terms with Buck again. But that pain was spared him. Marzee was a sensible girl, with a conscience; and she could see the inconsistency of refusing friendship to Thad for his offense, and then being friendly with another boy who had been guilty of something just as bad.

One day Charley Dick, going to the spring for water, found Thad sitting on the gravel near the spring, with his feet in the little stream that flowed from the spring. His legs were drawn up, and his chin was on one knee.

"What you lookin' so down in the mouth about, Thad?"

Thad heaved a melancholy sigh. "Charley Dick, don't you recollect when Parson Witt preached down at the schoolhouse one Sunday last spring, with the verse for a text: "The way of the transgressor is hard'?"

"I recollect Parson Witt preachin'. But I don't recollect any text. What's a transgresor, anyhow?"

"A transgressor-- Charley Dick Sheegog, don't you know what a transgressor is?"

Charley Dick looked wise and considered. "Sounds a right smart like--like grasshopper to me. Is it some kind of a bug?"

"No, it's not some kind of a bug!" Exasperation was in Thad's tones.

Charley Dick looked wise and considered again. But nothing came of it. "Then what is it?"

"A transgressor is--is a--a fellow that knows what's right and does what's wrong--what's wicked. I know, for I'm a transgressor."

Charley Dick eyed his friend suspiciously. "What you been doin' that's wicked, Thad Dayberry?" he demanded.

"Stealing Harbolt's watermelons. And I'm feeling almighty mean over it."

"That all? Then don't fret. All the watermelons you stole from Harbolt, a hummin'-bird could eat 'em and still be hungry."

Thad blushed. "I mean trying to steal Harbolt's watermelons. It's all the same."

Charley Dick made a wry face. "Didn't taste the same to me--not by a long shot!'"

"But it is. And I always did know that stealing is stealing."

"Who ever heared tell of takin' a few melons bein' called stealin'?"

"I know most folks don't count it that. But I wasn't fooled. I knew all the time that I didn't have any right in Harbolt's melon-patch. But the Old Scratch got in me as big as a beef-steer, and I went right in anyhow. The harder it was to get the melons, the more I set my fool head to have 'em, whether or no. Yes, I'm a transgressor--the very worst kind! And Parson Witt was right. I'm finding the way mighty hard." Thad sighed again.

"Don't see as it's any harder for you than it is for me. And I'm not puttin' up any pitiful mouth. Let 'em poke fun at me if they want to, and as much as they want to! I'll give 'em as good as they send!"

"But it's not the same with you as it is with me, Charley Dick--don't you see? Marzee hadn't ever promised to be your best friend, and she had mine. And now just look at the way that girl treats me! She hates the very sight of me."

"Huh!" Charley Dick snorted his contempt for such weakness. "What's a gal, anyhow? What's one gal more than another, Thad? If Marzee won't be friends with you any more, go and shine up to Tildy Totty, or Marthy Graham, or Roxy Weese, or--or any of 'em. If one' won't like you, another will."

"All right for you to talk like that, Charley Dick. Martha and Tilda are nice, and so's Roxy; and I like all of 'em. But the--the trouble with them is, they're not--not Marzee."

The other boy whistled. "But ain't I glad I'm not soft on any gal--Marzee or anybody else! If I was, though, I wouldn't let her make a fool of me. I'd p'int my finger straight at her nose, an then I'd say: "Marzee Wilkins, if you don't like me, do you know what you can do? You can lump me--that's what!" Ketch me quilin' down in the dirt to let any petticoat walk on top of me!"

But Thad was too worried to take any such independent course. He was learning how much anxiety one not very large girl is capable of causing. The more he brooded over the matter, the more he longed to be on friendly terms with Marzee again. And the harder he tried to regain her friendship, the worse she flouted him.

"Marzee, if you'll just be friends with me once more, I'll never steal anything else till the longest day I live. I won't anyhow. The very word "steal' nearly makes me sick now. I'm done with that kind of thing for good and all--for ever and ever and ever!"

So he assured her one morning at the cow-pen, while they were out there milking. But the girl only laughed scornfully as she answered:

"Go and be friends with Tilda Totty if you want to be friends with anybody. She won't care how many melons you steal--maybe."

Thad protested that he had no special interest in Tilda. And he was heartily sorry he had ever been foolish enough to mention Tilda's name. But Marzee was as obstinate as ever. In fact, it was seldom that she spoke to him at all, even in a scornful way.

One morning, moved by a brilliant inspiration, Thad shouldered his rifle, strolled down through the woods below the fort, and shot a crow that was cawing loudly on a limb. One shiny-black wing he cut off with his pocket-knife and carried home. There he spread the wing in the sun and weighted it with his mother's smoothing-irons. When thoroughly dry, the wing remained spread. Now Thad tried it and found it a pretty good fan. Most of the fans used by the women and girls here were wild turkeys' wings or tails. But this, while not so large as a turkey-wing, was so much prettier that Thad felt sure Marzee would relent the moment she caught sight of it.

So he called Florence, her little sister, over and asked her to take the crow's wing and give it to Marzee. Florence herself was delighted with this new style of fan, and Thad awaited the result hopefully as well as anxiously.

But if he expected Marzee to come hurrying out, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, to thank him for his beautiful gift, and to assure him that Harbolt's watermelons were both forgiven and forgotten, he was woefully disappointed. Marzee did not so much as glance out.

When Florence appeared again, Thad beckoned her over. "What did she say?" he questioned, eagerly.

"She said, "What did he send me that ugly thing for?"

Thad's eager, hopeful smile died instantly. "Is that all?"

"No. She said--she soon said: "Oh, yes, I know now. Crows steal watermelons. He sent me this to-- to put me in mind of himself."

Thad blushed painfully.

"But I think it's pretty. Won't you make me a fan like that, Thad?"

"Yes, I will, Florence," he promised, grateful for her appreciation of his work. And he afterwards kept his promise. But he wasted no more presents on her sister.

Usually, if Marzee so much as caught sight of Thad, she would turn her back. If he spoke to her, she would look some other way and keep silent. Finally, to cap the climax, she turned one day, when he was too persistent, and made a face at him--made a face in sight of three or four boys and girls.

That was too much for Thad. Though by no means timid, he was very sensitive to some thing; and that last affront was more than he could stand. Hurt and humiliated, he slunk away. Nor did he willingly go near the girl again. Indeed, after that he shunned her as much as he had sought to be near her before.

The joking and teasing, which had already become the pest of Thad's and Charley Dick's lives, went mercilessly on. Sunday was perhaps the worst day. There was no Sunday school in the fort, and often no preaching; and the boys and girls, especially, had little to do most of the day to amuse themselves. And how could they amuse themselves better than by teasing Thad and Charley Dick for that unlucky spanking experience? The tormented pair would have been glad to escape from the fort every Sunday if they could.

One Saturday afternoon Charley Dick came hurrying to Mr. Dayberry's door.

"Thad, Uncle Dan Bedford's here. He's come to mill in his wagon, and I'm goin' home with 'im, to stay till to-morr' evenin' or Monday mornin'. Don't you want to go too?"

Thad's face brightened. "I'll go if pa'll let me, and jump at the chance."

"Uncle Dan says if you'll come, us three will go turkey-huntin' to-night. He knows where there's a roost, Uncle Dan does--and old turkey-hin and a gang of nearly grown ones. Let's ask your pap."

"How do you expect to go?" inquired Thad's father, wen they had told him what they wanted.

"Ride in Uncle Dan's wagon goin', and walk comin' back," answered Charley Dick. "We won't bother to take horses, I guess."

"All right. He can go if he wants to."

Soon the two boys were ready to start. Thad was armed with his father's shotgun, that being better for hunting turkeys, and Charley Dick with his father's rifle.

Mr. Bedford and his wagon were at the mill, and the boys hurried down there. Soon the sacks of meal had been loaded, and the three, all sitting on a board across the wagon-bed, were driving away up the valley.

"How's Mack getting along with your sheep, Mr. Bedford?" Thad soon inquired.

The man grunted contemptuously. "Mack Potter ain't worth his salt at sheep-herdin' or anything else. He's worse than nobody at all with sheep. Such a big sleepyhead, he let the wolves break into the pen two differ'nt nights and eat all the sheep they wanted. Then I got another herder, and tried Mack a month at farm-work. But he was't much better at that. Finally I told 'im to move on."

"What made Mack so careless with the sheep, do you think, Mr. Bedford?"

"I don't know, Thad. Guess he just laid there on his pallet and snored away, too lazy or too don't-care-a-plcayune to hustle out and see what ailed the pore brutes."

"Maybe he was skeered of the wolf," suggested Charley Dick.

"No, he wasn't--not Mack," Thad spoke up. "Fellow that would go out with the sheep and leave his gun at the house wasn't afraid."

"Guess he left his gun because he was too tarnal lazy to pack it around," the man said. "Fellow that would lay and sleep--"

"My guess is, he wasn't asleep. He was gone," remarked Thad, nudging Charley Dick, to remind him of the boot-tracks seen among the moccasin-tracks.

The two boys were still keeping their secret. If Thad had been questioned, perhaps he would have explained what he really meant. But Mr. Bedford only answered:

"Wouldn't be surprised if that's right. The no-'count rascal may have been off gaddin' around some'r's."

"Did he leave the country--Mack?"asked Thad.

"No. He's livin' away over yander in the thick woods with that feller Bill Walters. The pair stay there by theirselves, in that little pig-pen of a cabin, keepin' bach."

"Bill Walters hain't got such a very good name, has he, Uncle Dan?"

"Nothin' to brag on. And now that the two have drifted together, folks kind of s'picion 'em both. Good deal of talk about 'em."

"What do people say?"

"Well, Thad, for one thing, they say Mack and Walters are sometimes away from home two or three days at a stretch. And when they do come back to their shanty, their horses show signs of bein' hard rode. Of course, that may mean somethin', or it may not. The two fellers may just have been off huntin', or visitin' their kinfolks. Move along here, cattle!" the man cried out, cracking his whip over the oxen. "We want to be at that turkey-roost by dark, or a little before."

The conversation now shifted to wild turkeys, and the best ways of hunting them. Mack Potter and Bill Walters, as well as their suspicious conduct, were forgotten.

The party arrived at Mr. Bedford's place a little before sundown, and unyoked the oxen at the stockade gate. Supper was ready when they went in. And it was dusk when, after scolding the dogs back, the three set out, their guns on their shoulders, for the turkey-roost. The distance was about a mile and a half.

Not long after starting they began to hear a bell. "My horse-bell," the man remarked, while they were still a good distance from it.

"Can you tell a bell you know as fur as you can hear it, Uncle Dan?"

"Not quite, Charley Dick. That is, most of 'em. But I can tell my horse-bell almost as fur as I can hear that. It sounds differ'nt to other bells. There's a sort of funny farewell to the tone, you notice."

"Yes, I've been noticing that," answered Thad.

"Speakin' of bells reminds me of somethin', boys. About the best way to hunt wild turkeys on the roost is to put a bell on your neck and then crawl to the tree on your all-fours. They've found out somehow, turkeys have, that animals that wear bells don't eat turkeys."

"Did you ever hunt with a bell, Uncle Dan?"

"Well, I should say I have--many's the time. If I'd thought of it, we'd have fetched a bell with us to-night. I've hunted with that very bell my bell-mare has got on now."

Soon Thad said: "I've never tried hunting with a bell, but I've always wanted to. Is your bell-mare gentle?"

"Gentle as a dog. And we can just as well borry that bell as not. That's what we'll do, too. Hrses keep together better with a bell; but they'll git along all right without one for a day or two."

Changing their course slightly, the three approached the ringing. As they drew near, loud suspicious snorts greeted them from the little drove of scarcely visible horses grazing among the open woods. But when the owner spoke to the animals, they ceased snorting, and three or four, the bell-mare among them, came straight to him.

"Bet, I'll put this on ag'in next time you come home for salt," he remarked, while unbuckling the bell-collar. Then, after rebuckling it, he hung the bell on his arm, and the three hunters tramped on. The bell kept up a steady ringing as they walked.

Soon the party came to a cattle-path and followed that, the man in the lead, Thad at his heels, and Charley Dick at Thad's heels.

At length Mr. Bedford stopped by a big dead tree. "Roost just a little piece ahead now," he whispered. "From here we'll go on our hands and knees. This path we're in leads almost under the roost-tree; so we won't have any trouble findin' it. Guess the turkeys are used to havin' animals pass under 'em. Better leave our hats right here at this dead tree. A turkey cain't see much after dark; but they might notice our hats, and then they'd s'picion us of humbuggin' 'em."

After giving his young companions careful instructions, especially as to how to carry their guns, the man slipped the bell-collar over his head, then dropped to his hands and knees. The boys did the same. Now the three began to crawl along the well-beaten path, pushing their guns before them. The bell on Mr. Bedford's neck ran as regularly and naturally as if on some moving animal's neck.

The woods were very scattering here. At length the man stopped, turning partly.

"That big black-jack just ahead is the roost," he whispered. Then he added: "Seems funny for a feller to be down on his all-fours, tryin' to pass hisself off for a sheep or a cow. But this is the way to fool 'em."

He crawled on, the bell still ringing, and the others followed. Soon they were almost under the black-jack, gazing upward.

Gradually objects took shape against the back-ground of the sky, till Thad could make out two rows of roosting turkeys, one row on one limb and the other row on another limb. He even counted them, and found eight on one limb and nine on the other.

The wild fowls kept craning their long necks and stretching their heads down in an effort to learn what was below. They seemed only curious, not alarmed; for they sometimes utter faint little piping sounds of peace. Mr. Bedford kept the bell ringing more or less regularly, while the hunters put their heads together till he could whisper his instructions. When the boys understood where to aim and at what signal to fire, the three cocked their guns noiselessly, and raised them at the same time.

Thad took careful aim, and was waiting for the signal to press the trigger, when Bedford lowered his gun, and whispered for the boys to do the same. The noise of hoofs, coming from not far away, had reached their ears.

For two or three minutes they listened, till the hoof-beats ceased. Then, to quiet the turkeys, Bedford rang the bell steadily for a little while. Now the hunters listened again.

The hoof-beats were louder by this time, and coming rapidly nearer. It was a still night, and all sounds were very distinct.

"Are they loose horses, do you think, Uncle Dan?" whispered Charley Dick.

"No, they've got riders. You can tell from the way they step."

"They're making straight this way. Hadn't we better shoot before they come close enough to frighten the turkeys?" Thad whispered.

"No. Let's keep still till we find out who they air. Must be a good-sized gang of 'em."

The three listened again. Soon the horsemen seemed scarcely two hundred yards away. But there they halted.

"What's the matter with that bell-mare now, that she's keepin' so still?" a man's irritated voice inquired, with an oath.

Hastily Thad nudged Charley Dick. "Mack Potter!" he whispered.

"Just who it is," answered Bedford, who had overheard.

"Reckon she could have quit grazin and laid down?" asked another voice, which was strange to Thad.

"That's Bill Walters," whispered Bedford. "Now, what can that precious pair be out fur? Nothin' good, I'll bet!" His hand was already clutching the bell-clapper.

Potter's voice replied: "She might have." Soon the same voice went on: "That was Bedford's horse-bell--no doubt about that. I'd know old Bet's bell among a caviyard of bells. Heared it too many times while I was workin' for Bedford. Got about the best bunch of horses in this country, Bedford has--nearly thirty head. He watches 'em close, too. Al'ays runs 'em into that stockade pen of his'n when there's a raid on. But we're too sharp for 'im this raid. Won't he be mad as a wet hen when he finds we hain't left 'im a hoof to his name?" The speaker laughed.

Hunting Down the White Spy

Still gripping the bell-clapper, Mr. Bedford slipped the collar over his head and carefully laid the bell away from him.

Presently Mack Potter's voice was heard again. But this time not a word that the fellow spoke could be understood.

"Very same kind of talk I heard him talk in his sleep," Thad whispered to Charley Dick.

"What--what does that mean?" Bedford almost gasped.

Thad understood well enough what it meant. But before he could explain, other voices were heard replying in what sounded like the same unknown tongue. Then Mack said, now in English, and evidently speaking to Walters.

"That old bell-mare must have quiled down and stretched out for a nap. Horses do that sometimes, when they happen onto a good soft, grass place. We ought to find that bunch without the bell, now we're so close to 'em. They cain't be a great ways off. Let's ride on a little piece furder."

Soon the horsemen were in sight. They were passing, about fifty yards away, through an open place in the woods, their figures dimly outlined against the darker background of the forest beyond. And the three turkey-hunters fairly gasped at what they now saw.

At the head of the line--the men were riding in Indian file--rode a hatted figure, evidently Mack Potter. Close behind him came another hatted figure, Bill Walters. But the next horseman was hatless, and so were the seven others that followed him silently, one behind another. And there was no mistaking those hatless figures, with their shields and long-handled lances, even in the dim starlight. They were Indian warriors!

Now Bedford clearly understood the situation, and so did the boys. Potter and Walters, as well as the Indians with him, were out in quest of horses to steal. Hearing the bell that the turkey-hunters were using, Potter recognized its tones. Supposing that the bell was still on old Bet, he was coming with his followers, expecting to find both the bell-mare and all the rest of Bedford's horses, ready to be driven off.

Bedford was both amused at the situation and well pleased with his own good fortune. It was a lucky chance that had led him to take off old Bet's bell to-night and wear it himself. Otherwise he would never have seen one of his horses again. And in money the little drove would have brought more than all his other possessions combined.

But the man set his teeth hard together. He felt all of a frontiersman's hatred of a horse-thief and of a redskin, and so did the two boys with him. And their feelings toward white men who would assist the Indians to steal the settlers' horses were more bitter still.

The would-be thieves soon halted again. Now they sat on their horses, doubtless listening for the bell, or some other sound that would guide them to the drove.

Bedford was undecided what to do. For twelve years he had lived here, fighting Indians almost constantly. If his two companions had been men, he would have thought seriously of ringing the bell again, and then emptying their guns at the horse-thieves as they approached. But there was more than a possibility that Thad and Charley Dick would lose their heads in a fight. And, whether they would or not, he was unwilling to lead mere boys into so much danger.

The turkey-hunters were still in the path. But now, after a few whispered words, they crawled off a few yards into the tall grass and among some bushes. Then they raised their heads high enough to look over the grass, and waited anxiously to see what would happen.

Presently Mack Potter's impatient voice burst out:

"I'd like to know what's happened to that old mare! That bunch must be right clost here some'r's. But looks like we ought to--"

At this moment the roosting turkeys became alarmed at the voice and all suddenly took to flight, flapping heavily, noisily as they rushed through the air, like so many winged shadows, and scattering in every direction!

Even the excited hunters in the grass had forgotten those seventeen turkeys on the black-jack limbs, and all were startled as the big fowls went flapping over their heads. But among the mounted party there was almost a stampede. Several of the half-wild horses reared and plunged, and they all tried to run. When their riders had quieted them, the party advanced straight toward the turkey-roost. Mack Potter was cursing the turkeys loudly.

Bedford touched his two companions, as a warning that they should lie low. And they all flattened themselves down in the grass. Frontier boy though he was, and accustomed to dangers from his cradle, Thad could hear his heart hammering his ribs. For the horsemen were now coming along the path, and would pass but a few yards from where the three hunters lay.

Some of the horses either saw or smelt the party in the grass, for they snorted loudly. But they had been snorting before, and their riders seemed not to notice what was the matter.

The whole mounted gang, white men in the lead and Indians following, would doubtless have ridden by without suspecting anything. But something happened --something wholly unforeseen.

Bedford had left the bell lying in the path. Potter's horse, while stepping over it, happened to strike it with his hoof. It rattled noisily, loudly. Potter reined up at once, and so did those behind him, all surprised at the unexpected sounds. After sitting still a few moments, Potter hastily dismounted and kept feeling around with his foot till he found the bell. Then he held it up by the collar and made it ring.

"The very same bell we heared!" he almost shouted. "But it wasn't on old Bet! The collar's still buckled. Bedford or somebody else took it off to--"

"To hunt them there turkeys with, I'll just bet!" burst out Walters.

"That's right--to hunt turkeys--" Potter stopped suddenly. He had been speaking loudly, and now it seemed to occur to him that Bedford or some other turkey-hunter must be close by, listening to all that was said. The same thought quickly suggested itself to the other white man.

"Then, whoever had the bell cain't be fur off," Walters said, in lower tones. "Hain't been but a few minutes since we heared the bell a-ringin'."

The knowledge that he had betrayed himself to Bedford or some other settler seemed to anger and to alarm Potter. He spoke a few exasperated words to his white companion in a low tone.

"Then, we've got to jump this country, and be mighty quick about it," Walters answered. "But where can he be--the feller that drapped that bell?"

"Not so fur off but what he heared every word we said, you can bet!" was the reply, in cautious but exasperated tones.

The turkey-hunters were lying scarcely a dozen yards away. But it seemed not to have occurred to the horsemen that anybody could be as close as that. Potter led his horse back and talked with the Indians, in their own tongue. Afterwards he talked with Walters again, in English. Walters evidently did not understand the Indian language.

The conclusion they reached was that Bedford's horses must be somewhere not far off, and that a little riding about through the woods would be pretty sure to find them. So Potter sprang upon his horse and the whole gang galloped away.

Even before the horsemen were out of hearing, Bedford rose to his feet. The two boys did the same.

"High time for us to be hoofin' it!" the man told his companions. "That bunch hain't started quite in the right direction; but they'll keep ridin' till they run onto every nag of mine. We must git there ahead of 'em!"

The settler now took the path they had come, and Thad and Charley Dick followed him. But before they had advanced a dozen steps, something cut the air by their heads, and set a bush to shaking just beyond them. Suspecting an arrow, all turned quickly.

Not far behind they coud make out several dark figures, approaching with swift but noiseless steps. In the hope of securing a white scalp or two, some of the Comanches had dismounted and were stealing back on foot.

Bedford jerked out his six-shooter. "They're right after us, boys!"' he cried. "Streak it for the bresh, both of you!"

Even as he spoke he threw up his weapon, which instantly spouted fire toward the skulking figures, and its roar seemed to rend the very forest. A moment later another flash and another roar followed the first.

Obedient to orders, Charley Dick made a dash for some brushy land ahead. But Thad, having two charges in his double-barrel gun, threw the weapon to his shoulder and fired one load at the savages. Then he turned and followed Charley Dick. And after them fled the man, leaving a deafening burst of war-whoops in his wake.

Now the white party were looking out every one for himself. Fifty yards deep in a brush-patch Thad stopped and, after listening a few moments, began to reload the empty barrel of his gun. But while he was ramming down the powder, the rustling of bushes close by and light footfalls warned him that somebody was approaching. It might be Bedford, or it might be a Comanche, and the boy dropped to the ground. The footsteps came closer and he straightened himself out, with his gun and his arms against his body.

And scarcely had he got in position when the bushes parted not a dozen feet away and an Indian warrior appeared, with his bow in his hand and an arrow in his bow. He was coming straight toward the white boy. Before the frightened lad could decide what to do, the Comanche, evidently mistaking the prostrate figure for a piece of rotten log in the dark, had stepped over Thad and was hurrying on!

The boy lay motionless, shuddering at his narrow escape. What if the savage had stepped on the supposed log instead of over it? Several minutes after the Indian disappeared, Thad crawled into a thick patch of bushes, where he finished reloading his gun.

For a good while he remain in hiding. Once he heard somebody passing through the bushes not far away. Doubtless it was the same Indian, going back. Later the trampling of numerous hoofed feet close by meant that the whole party of horsemen had returned. They came to the edge of the brush-patch, as it seemed, and stopped. Soon the boy heard them riding first in one direction and then in another. Finally they went galloping away.

Thad listened till the hoof-beats were dying in the distance. Fearing that some of the warriors had remained behind, he was still almost afraid to move; but at length, emerging from his hiding-place, he made his way stealthily toward the big tree where he had left his hat.

Scarcely had he reached the tree when he discovered Somebody else approaching. It proved to be Bedford.

"Where do you reckon Charley Dick is?" inquired the man, after he and Thad exchanged a few whispered words.

"I'll soon find out."

Thad whistled a signal. Not till he had repeated it several times did he hear an answering whistle. Then both boys kept signaling till Charley Dick had joined his friends. All soon found their hats; and after a brief whispered conversation they took the cattle-path and started for Bedford's home.

Once, while the three were moving cautiously along through the woods, the man paused, turned to his companions and said, scarcely above a whisper:

"Excitin'est turkey-hunt I ever had a hand in! And yet all of us together ain't packin' home a feather." He turned again and hurried on.

When the little party arrived at the place in the woods where they thought they had left Bedford's horses, the horses were not there. But, after listening a few moments, they heard one nicker. Hastening on, they found the drove a few hundred yards nearer home.

Bedford caught his now bell-less bell-mare by the mane. "Boys, grab a horse apiece as quick as ever you can," he said. And he pointed out animals gentle enough to be ridden without bridle or saddle. Soon all three were mounted.

The settler now started for home, leading the way on old Bet. He could guide her with his hand. And all the other horses would follow her.

At first, because of the way they were riding they did not attempt to move very fast. But before going far they began to hear hoof-beats, as of galloping horsemen, coming somewhere behind them. Now Bedford urged the mare to a faster gait. Soon the whole drove was going at a gallop.

Their own horses were making so much noise that the fugitives could not hear anything else. But they had no doubt that their pursuers were still not far behind. The distance was short, however, and a few minutes later the three dashed up to the stockade gate. When she had been assured as to who were there, one of Bedford's daughters swung wide the gate for them. They rode right in, and the gate was quickly closed and barred behind them. Soon all the horses were shut up in a little pen at the back side of the stockaded enclosure.

Bedford and the two boy now hurried into the house, where they prepared for a defense. By this time the pursuers, believed to be Mack Potter, Bill Walters and their savage followers, had halted only about two hundred yards away. A little later Bedford's dogs began to bark furiously. From this it was inferred that some of the would-be thieves were skulking around the stockade on foot, perhaps to learn what had been done with the horses.

From the upper story of his house--it was a block-house-- Bedford fired two shots at what he believed to be Indians, out in the edge of the woods. Finding that all the horses were inside the stockade, the thieves must have given up hope of getting them; for a little later they could be heard riding rapidly away.

"Now they've started out to round up somebody else's nags," Bedford remarked, as the swift hoof-beats were growing faint in the distance.

"Reckon they'll come back, Uncle Dan?"

"Hard tellin' as to that, Charley Dick. They may, after they think we're off our gyard. But they're more apt to find a bunch of horses still out on the range. They'll steal somethin' or bust. If I didn't have to stand gyard here, I'd gallop down to Fort Blocker and carry Cap'n Graham word. Ought to be some scouts out after that gang, and 'specially after them two white renegades."

Thad now told the settler of Mack's talking in his sleep, and also of the boot-tracks, believed to be his, which the bee-hunters had noticed in the Indian camp. "Don't you s'pose Mack has just been here spying for the redskins?" he inquired, in conclusion.

"Not a bit of doubt of that, Thad--not a bit in the world," was the reply. "He's a spy ag'in' his own race--that's what the low-down booger is! He's been livin' here amongst us, spyin' out the best horses to steal, and then guidin' the redskins to 'em. That's how he come to let so many of my sheep git killed. And maybe he's been keepin' an eye out for defenseles families that could be murdered or carried off, like Mis' Tucker's. Yes, sir! He's a white spy, that's what Mack is!"

"Reckon Bill Walters is just another spy, Uncle Dan?"

"He is now, but I don't guess he has been long. He was all right, I'd say, till Mack got over there with 'im and talked 'im into devilment. Mack's the ringleader. He's the rogue that needs a rope worst. Do wisht I could git word to Cap Graham."

"Couldn't I carry word down there, Mr. Bedford?"

"Why, yes, I ruther reckon you could, Thad. But it would be risky, boy, with that gang of cutthroats scourin' the country. And that may be only part of a big gang. May be half a dozen other gangs like that not a great ways off."

"But frontier folks have to do risky things, Mr. Bedford. Seems to me I'd better go, and that as soon as I can."

"It wouldn't take you long to make the ride. Danger is that some redskin would hear you gallopin' along this still night, and waylay you."

Thad reflected a few moments. "Then maybe I'd better foot it, Mr. Bedford. That way I won't make any noise. I can hear them, but they can't hear me."

"If you go afoot, I'll go with you, Thad."

"All right, Charley Dick. Then we'll go together. That is, if Mr. Bedford says so."

"No, Thad, I'm not goin' to tell you boys to go. Fact is, I don't half like the idy of lettin' you two start off from here just now. Of course, if you kep' your heads, there wouldn't be any great sight of risk, dark as the night is. But there's some danger, and you'll have to go on your own say so, or not at all."

"I'm not afraid but what we can make it," answered Thad. "Let's be off, Charley Dick."

Mrs. Bedford, when she learned what the boys were about to do, was opposed to their going. But they convinced her that under the friendly cover of darkness they could take care of themselves. A few minutes later, with their powder-horns and ammunition-bags hanging at their sides, and their guns on their shoulders, they started. Mr. Bedford let them out at the stockade gate.

Silently they took the road, and silently they hurried on their way through the gloomy woods. Barefooted, they made little more noise than two cats as they walked. Thad was in the lead and Charley Dick at his heels. Both had their eyes and ears open. They spoke only in whispers.

"Here's where that belled co'gar jumped down on top of me--or tried to," Thad turned to whisper, after they had waded across Clear Creek and were moving along, as silently as two specters, through the thick woods.

He's done jumpin'--that varmint. Reckon there's danger from any other co'gar, Thad?"

"No telling. Might be. Always some danger of 'em in the woods, you know."

Stealthily the pair hurried on. Their ears were strained for suspicious sounds, and sometimes they paused for a few moments, to listen better. They heard numerous noises, but none that they could recognize as being made by the red raiders.

In the woods, where they could dodge off into the brush and hide at the first alarm, the boys felt comparatively safe. But when at length they emerged upon the high prairie, they became more anxious. Once they heard trampling ahead. Promptly they threw themselves down in the grass by the roadside and began to crawl away from the road. But it was only the trampling of some wild cattle. As soon as they had seen the cattle pass, the boys sprang up, adjusted their powder-horns and ammunition-bags, shouldered their guns, and hurried on their ghostlike way.

It was a good while past midnight when the two entered Fort Blocker, welcomed by the barking of numerous dogs. They went at once to Thad's home. Arousing Mr. Dayberry, they told him all they knew. The man dressed as soon as he could, and he and the boys hurried over to Captain Graham's, where they pounded on the door till it was opened. The captain was amazed at what they told him.

"So we've got a white spy among up, spying for the red men, have we?" he said. "Now, don't that beat all creation? Was he ever at the fort?"

Thad answered: "Yes, I saw 'im here once, and talked with 'im. And I'm pretty sure he was here other times, when I was up at the farm with pa. Guess I was the only person in the fort that knew 'im."

"I saw 'im onct, at Uncle Dan's, but I don't recollect much about 'im," Charley Dick said. "I didn't notice the feller in the fort, but I was away a good deal."

"Now, who knows what business that rascal had here?" the captain remarked. "He might just have been spying out good, likely bunches of horses to steal; or he might have been spying to see how weak the settlers are."

"If that was what he wanted, he's liable to come back here almost any day, with warriors enough to wipe us off the top side of the earth--don't you think so, Cap'n?" Mr. Dayberry inquired.

"No telling. Such a villian as that is low-down enough to do anything. But we mustn't let 'im escape. No, sir! Not if we can help ourselves. And I think we can, if we move fast enough. Boys, I wish you'd step there to Captain Totty's and knock on his door. We need him and all his men. We must have every able-bodied man out on that rascal's trail."

"And shall we wake the other men in the fort, Captain?" Thad wanted to know.

"Yes, if you will. The sooner we get started, the better."

So Captain Totty, of the State troops, was summoned out of bed; and while he was consulting with the captain of the scouts, Thad and Charley Dick, one working in one direction and the other in another, were calling out the men and delivering the two captains' orders. And those orders were to saddle up at once, arm and mount and be ready to ride.

The whole fort was soon astir, and nearly everybody was dressed and out of doors. In an incredibly short time about thirty men, both scouts and State troops, were out in the square, awaiting further orders.

The whole fort was buzzing with excitement. The news that Indians were now raiding the settlements was itself sufficient to arouse these pioneers; but the fact that those Indians were actually being guided about the country by two white renegades, one of whom was undoubtedly here for spying purposes, increased the excitement tenfold. Angry mutterings could be heard among the settlers. One thing everybody agreed upon; and that was that the spy must be hunted down.

When all the men had assembled out near the center of the square, Captain Totty made a brief talk, setting forth the facts fully. In conclusion he said:

"Of course, we don't want to let those Indians get away with any of our horses if we can help it. But I believe you will all agree with me that there's one man in that raiding gang that must be captured, dead or alive. And that's the white spy, Mack Potter. If he's here to gather information for the redskins, as seems probably, he mustn't be allowed to carry it to them. What do you say? Is that right?"

"You bet it is, Cap'n--every word of it!" promptly answered a voice. And every other man in the crowd returned a similar reply.

Captain Totty now explained the plan that he and Captain Graham had agreed upon. And that was that they should divide their force into three equal squads. Two of these, one commanded by himself and one by his brother, Lieutenant Jack Totty, would at once scour the country where the raiders were known to be, so as to find them if possible, or to strike their trail at daylight. The third squad, under Captain Graham, would march west, form a union with the scouts now riding the patrol line, and try to intercept the raiders as they emerged from the Cross Timbers.

Both Thad and Charley Dick were eager to ride with one of the pursuing parties. Their fathers discouraged them, but told them to ask. Captain Graham. They hurried to where that officer was standing and made their request.

"Boys, after the manly way you've brought us the news to-night, I feel that you ought to be allowed to ride with us, even though you're not old enough or big enough to enlist. But the matter stands like this: The fort may be attacked at any minute, and somebody must be here to fight for the women and children. There'll be no able-boded men here--just a few old fellows and several boys. If I was to let you go, I'd have to order a couple of full-grown scouts to stay here in your places; because I wouldn't dare leave the fort any shorter-handed than it is. So it's better for you boys to stay. You may get your fill of fighting right at your own doors--who knows?"

This explanation was satisfactory to the boys; or, at least, as nearly so as any explanation that left them behind could be.

When the division of the State troops had been made, the men mounted. Then away they all clattered, riding rapidly.

"If that white spy escapes with that big bunch of scouts on his trail, he's a sly one," Mrs. Welborn remarked to several women who had stopped in front of her door. Thad's mother was among them.

Under a Burning Cabin

When the horsemen were gone, Thad went home and to bed; and Charley Dick did the same. They felt weary enough to sleep soundly. But, in spite of that, daylight found them both awake and up. And scarcely were they out of doors when various persons came by to hear from them the story of their exciting turkey-hunt. How many times Charley Dick and Thad told that story during the day and to how many people, would be hard to say. But they told and retold it till probably everybody in the fort had heard it from them. Indeed, for the next few days the two boys were by far the most important persons in Fort Blocker.

Besides the turkey-hunting adventure, Thad also told of hearing Mack Potter talk a strange language in his sleep. And nobody doubted now that the language was the speech of the hostile Indians, and that Mack had formerly made his home among them. Thad and Charley Dick also mentioned seeing boot-tracks among the moccasin-tracks around the deserted Indian camp-fire. And it was now generally agreed that, as the boys had suspected, Mack must have tracked the boot-tracks.

The day, being Sunday, passed ever quietly in the fort. Not one of the numerous pursuers returned; and everybody was wondering and speculating as to what news they would bring when they did return. At night there was a "singing" at Lieutenant Reel's house, and nearly all the boys and girls were there. But Thad and Charley Dick, having been up most of the night before, remained at home to sleep.

Not till late Tuesday afternoon did the pursuing party return to the fort. Their horses all showed signs of hard riding. Those who had started toward Bedford's reported having struck the raiding band's trail not long after daylight. They had ridden hard on it, not sparing their horses. They themselves had never overtaken the Indians. But the scouts who had marched straight west from the fort had encountered the raiders just beyond the Cross Timbers.

There had been a furious running fight. Two of the savages had been killed outright, and probably others wounded. All their stolen horses, about fifty head, had been recoverd. But the two white renegades, who were still with the Indians, had made good their escape. Among the stolen horses brought back was the little drove of range animals belonging to Thad's father.

The escape of the two white men, and especially of Mack Potter, the spy, was bitterly regretted in the fort and throughout the whole country. And all the settlers were stirred up over the news that such a spy had been living in their midst.

Many were the surmises as to what Potter's real purpose had been in coming here. Some thought he was merely looking out horses for the Comanches to steal. But others believed that his main object was to learn the strength, or, rather, the weakness, of the whites, with a view to leading a great war-party of savages down here to exterminate them.

This latter view, certainly a very alarming one, seemed to take firm hold of everybody. For days little else was talked of but the expected great raid. Wherever people met, or however they happened to meet, that was sure to be the main topic of conversation. And many and bitter were the uttered regrets that the white spy had escaped.

"What do you think, Thad? Will the redskins come down here, a big passle of 'em, and kill and skyelp us all?" asked Charley Dick one day, while the two were on their way to the spring, with water-buckets on their arms.

"Hard telling. They may come and try to. Guess they will if they think they can. But what'll we be busy at while they're killing and scalping us? My guess is, we can look out for ourselves all right. One good thing, though, in all this talk about Indian raids."

"What's that?"

Thad grinned. "It's made everybody forget Harbolt's watermelons."

"That's so. I'd forgot about 'em myself. Yes, we've had peace--somethin' we wouldn't have had. Hope they won't think of 'em any more. Next year I'm goin' to ask pap to let me plant a melon-patch of my own. Stealin' watermelons is just a little too much fun-- for other folks."

While the excitement over the white spy was at its height, and Thad and Charley Dick were, in a way, from what they knew of the matter, the center of interest in the fort, Marzee gave unmistakable signs that she wanted to be friendly with Thad again. But the boy, though he was still eager for her friendship, felt that he had been trampled upon too long and too hard to forget it all at the girl's first sign of relenting. So he kept away from her.

But Marzee, seeing that she was being avoided, became more eager than ever. Three or four times she went to the Dayberry house with something for Thad's mother. But as the girl came in at one door, Thad always slipped out at the other. Once, while the boy was passing her home, Marzee, out under the brush-shed, called softly:

"Oh, Thad, I've got something to tell you!"

The boy did not stop. He only turned, gave her a reproachful look, shook his head mournfuly, and passed on.

"Thad Dayberry, you're as mean as you can be! That's what you are!'" cried the girl, evidently much hurt. "I'll never speak to you again till the day I die!"

Thad stopped suddenly, in sheer astonishment. He himself had been treated the same way, or worse, so many times that he had lost count. And now that he had paid the girl back once in her own coin, she had become very indignant. Marzee had already disappeared, and Thad went on, reflecting upon what strange, capricious creatures girls could be when they tried themselves.

The next time he saw Marzee, feeling a little remorseful, he spoke to her. But she only turned her back, gave her skirts a contemptuous flirt, and hurried away. After that he let her alone altogether.

One day at dinner Thad's father said to him:

"Guess you'd better take a little ride over to Ike Watson's for me this evenin'. He owes me ten dollars, and I'll have to have it. He promised to bring it the first time he was down this away, but I cain't wait any longer."

"All right, sir. I'll go."

Dinner ended, Thad started off toward the spring. After taking Ped to water that morning, he had lariated him on a patch of prairie beyond the creek. But when the boy arrived at the spot, the horse was missing. An examination showed that Ped had pulled his stake out of the ground.

A furrow through the grass, plowed by the dragging stake, indicated that the horse had gone toward the northwest. Expecting to find him a few hundred yards farther on. Thad followed.

Up the high hill the trail led, and then across the uneven prairie. Expecting every minute to catch sight of the lost animal, Thad hurried on. A half-mile, a mile, two miles, three miles he tramped, but still not a glimpse of Ped.

Now the boy paused and looked about him. He had no weapon, and was beginning to feel a little uneasy. He thought of turning back.

"No, I won't," he soon told himself. "I've followed him all this distance, and I'll have the runaway rascal before I go home. He can't be so very far away now. If it wasnt' for that stake-pin dragging, I'd think somebody must be riding him."

The trail through the grass was still plain, and the boy only quickened his pace and hurried on. A mile farther, and he looked down into a hollow and caught sight of the object of his search.

But Ped was not alone. He had joined a drove of fifteen or twenty range-horses and, not withstanding his trailing lariat, seemed very much at home with them.

The horses were pretty wild, and when Thad approached they took to flight. And away Ped galloped with them, kicking up his heels gaily to show how much he was enjoying his freedom.

Thad was indignant. "You ungrateful rascal!" he exclaimed. "That's the pay I get for moving you to fresh grass three times a day, and watering you three times a day! But I'll have you yet!"

He followed on, hoping to get close enough to grasp the end of the trailing lariat. But the horses kept well ahead of him. All this time the boy had been traveling toward Watson's place. And now it occurred to him that if he caught the horse he could ride on over there bareback.

There was no hope of catching Ped on the open prairie. But the Cross Timbers began not far away, and it occurred to the boy that if he could drive the horses into the woods, he would stand a better chance to steal upon them.

They went straight on till near the woods. Then, instead of entering, they turned north and followed along the edge of the prairie. Thad kept after them for half a mile farther, hoping that they would turn. But they did not; and as they were now going at a gallop, he was soon left far behind. Bitterly disappointed, he gave up the hopeless chase till he could get a horse to ride.

But he was now only about three miles from Watson's, and near the road leading there. So he tramped on in that direction, soon entering the woods.

It was past the middle of the afternoon when he arrived at Watson's house. A swarm of children were playing in the front yard. From the noise they made, he surmised that there was no grown person at home.

"Pa and ma, they've both gone over to Mr. Perryman's," Lizzie, the oldest of the children, informed Thad. She was only ten. "Pa had to go over there, and ma she clumb in the wagon with the baby and went with 'im."

"We all wanted to go, the worst kind, but they wouldn't let us," spoke up a little boy of eight years, Benny by name.

"They left us here by ourselves--all by ourselves," said a little girl.

"Well, you ought to be big enough to stay by yourselves," remarked Thad, merely by way of saying something. He himself had doubts of that.

"Yes, we're big enough--we're plenty big enough," replied another little girl, still smaller.

"How soon will they come back?" Thad inquired.

"They said they wouldn't be gone till late," Lizzie answered.

That was rather indefinite. But Thad sat down on a bench to rest and cool. He would wait awhile, at least.

There were five children here. Mrs. Watson was a sister to Mr. Wilkins, in Fort Blocker, and the children were soon questioning Thad concerning their cousins, Florence and Marzee. After that he and they talked of various things.

"Let's roast some sweet pertaters," a little girl finally proposed.

"Have you got any potatoes?" Thad inquired.

"Yes, we've got some. They're down in the pertater-hole," the little girl told him.

"In what?"

"In the pertater-hole, under the house," Lizzie explained.

Here Benny started inside. "I'll show you!" He raised a puncheon, more than a foot wide, from the middle of the floor.

To please him, Thad went in and looked down into the miniature cellar. The potato-hole was perhaps a yard deep and four or five feet square. It was very dark. Benny dropped down into the hole and handed up some sweet potatoes. Thad took them, and with a burnt-ended clapboard leaning against the jamb--the family's substitute for a shovel--he buried them in the embers that remained from the dinner fire.

"Let's play sump'n while they're cookin'. Let's play Injuns," proposed one of the little girls to Thad.

"All right. I'm willing. But how do you play that?"

It was Benny that explained: "Why, we shut the door tight, and then we make out like there's redskins all around the house."

The little boy now ran out and brought in some sticks, which he distributed to the various members of the party. Then he shut the door, fastening it on the inside.

"And what are we to do with these sticks?" inquired Thad.

"They're guns," Benny explained. "We peep out through the cracks, and when we see a red man, bang we let 'im have it!"

Joining in the game, Thad went to the wall and peeped out through the undaubed chinking that filled the spaces between the logs.

"I see one--I see one!" cried a little girl. And then "bang!" went her stick-gun. "I got 'im! I got 'im! Didn't you see 'im fall?" the little defender cried out, exulting over imaginary good marksmanship.

Soon began the watching again, all keeping silence while they peeped through their loop-holes, wherever they could find openings between the logs.

"Sh! Somebody comin'! Shore-'nough somebody!" It was Benny who whispered this warning, a quarter of an hour later.

He was right. Soon the trampling of horses could be plainly heard. Thad went to the south wall and peeped out.

In front of the house rose a high, brush-covered hill. Winding along the foot of the hill, and between the hill and the field fence, ran a road. It was along this road that the trampling was approaching. There was no noise of wheels; so it could not be Watson and his wife returning home.

Soon the riders came into view from behind a projection of the hill, and Watson's dog ran out and began to bark fiercely. At sight of them Thad's heart seemed actually to stand still in his bosom. They were Indians!

For a few moments after his heart had begun to beat again, furiously, the boy's head seemed to reel and swim with excitement. Then it cleared, and his eyes went quickly to the deer-horn gun-rack on the back wall. But the rack was empty.

The Watson children had also been quick to discover who the horsemen were.

"Injuns--shore-'nough Injuns--lots and lots of 'em!" Lizzie told the others, in a whisper so hoarse with terror as to need no confirmation. Instantly the children were frozen to silence.

"What can we do, Thad?" whispered Lizzie.

"Anything here to shoot with?"

"No. Pa took his gun and six-shooter both."

Thad tried to think. If the war-party had not been so close, he would have attempted to get the children out and into the brush. But the door in the south side was the only opening, and the Indians were already in plain sight of that.

Soon one of the smaller girls began to whimper. Lizzie seized her and shook her fiercely. "Don't you dare--don't you dare cheep!" she almost hissed. "If you make a noise, the redskins will come in and kill us all!"

No more whimpering after that. Thad was still trying to think of some way to escape. The Indians might not stop, or they might not come in. But ten chances to one they would do both. And if they did--

The sweet-potato-hole! Why could not all the children hide in that? The Indians might not think to tear up the floor. At any rate, it was the only hope.

Quickly Thad raised a heavy puncheon. The little Watsons understood at once. As noiselessly as young partridges they dropped into the dark hole. Lizzie was the last to disappear.

Still holding up the end of the puncheon, Thad peeped out. The savages had already halted in front of the cabin. Soon he caught glimpses of bronzed, half-naked figures dismounting. Not daring to wait longer, the boy slipped under the puncheon and lowered himself into the hole, among the five children. Then he let the puncheon down carefully, cautiously, to its accustomed place. Now he squatted as low as he could, and waited and listened.

The Comanches seemed to be approaching the house; for by this time the dog had retreated to the door, where he stood growling and barking fiercely, defiantly. Soon he uttered one sharp yelp, and after that was silent.

Now Thad began to hear light footfalls, as of moccasined feet, in the front yard. Rising up a little, he peeped along the ground and out from under the doorsill. Several pairs of feet and legs were already inside the fence. On the ground near the door lay the dog, dead, with an arrow sticking out of his body. The dismounted warriors were approaching cautiously. Much bloody experience with Texas settlers had taught them prudence.

Soon the boy saw feet near the door-sill, and heard somebody working at the door. The fastening, a rawhide cord around a peg, quickly gave way, and the door swung outward. Now light footfalls overhead and movements of the loose puncheons meant that the warriors had entered the house.

Presently more of the Indians dismounted and came in. For a good while they kept moving about. What they were doing Thad could only guess. But he shuddered as he reflected that at any moment one of them might take it into his head to lift a puncheon. All the puncheons were loose.

Doubtless the warriors were searching the house in quest of things to carry away. Sometimes they talked together, and they even uttered exclamations.

At length noises were heard out in the front yard. Rising up again till he could peep from under the sill, Thad was surprised to see the yard white with loose, moving feathers. The savages had taken the two featherbeds out there and ripped them open. The sight of so many fluttering things seemed to amuse the warriors greatly. They could be heard talking and laughing; and from the movements of their feet it was evident that some of them were kicking and capering about among the feathers.

Thad was delighted. Those things would be apt to divert the Comanches' attention and keep them from lifting a puncheon.

This went on for a good while. The sun had been rather low when the Indians came, and at length it seemed to have set. This, too, was something to be thankful for. For the Indians were now all around the house. If one should happen to peep under the floor, in the twilight the existence of the potato-hole could not be discovered.

The five little Watsons, crouching as low as they could get, kept as still as mice when cats are near. But Thad, with his eyes just above the level of the ground, was watching those moccasined feet.

It was dusk when the children began to hear other sounds overhead, and to detect a very pronounced odor.

"What is it, Thad? What are they doin'?" whispered Lizzie.

"They've struck fire to the beds. They're going to burn the house," was the whispered reply.

While A Big Raid Goes On

Rapidly the noise of the flames overhead grew louder. Soon the whole inside of the house was roaring and crackling. Ere long the walls and the roof must begin to burn. Smoke was finding its way downward between the puncheons.

Now the Indians retreated to the fence. Later most of them remounted their horses. Thad, still peeping out from under the sill, was hopeful that the whole band would soon ride away, so that he and the children could escape from under the burning cabin.

But the Comanches did not ride away. Having started a fire, they appeared to be going to wait and witness the spectacle. Night was already settling down, and they seemed to have no fear of discovery.

Fifty yards back the way the savages had come was a stack of wheat-straw, and a corn-crib built of poles and covered with straw. Those, it could now be seen, had also been fired. Though Thad could look only along the ground, he knew from the noise and light they made that flames from them must be leaping many feet skyward.

Louder and still louder crackled and roared the fire overhead; and closer and thicker grew the air the children in the potato-hole had to breathe. Reaching up his hand, Thad felt the puncheons. Already they were growing hot. Soon the air had become so thick with smoke that the youngest child gave an involuntary cough. Promptly Lizzie shook the offender.

"You mustn't!" she hissed into the little one's ear. "You mustn't make a noise, no matter how much it hurts. The Injuns will murder us every one if you do!"

For a few moments Thad trembled lest the cough had been loud enough for the warriors to notice it. But by this time the flames had reached the roof, and the dry clapboards were crackling and making so much noise that no ordinary sound could be heard.

At length the air under the floor became so thick with smoke that the children kept gasping and were threatened with suffocation. Already the puncheons overhead were almost too hot to touch. Had they been pine instead of hard oak, they would doubtless have caught fire before now. Eagerly, with awful anxiety, Thad gazed out from under the front sill. By this time the warriors were all sitting on their horses. But they still showed no intentions of riding on. Indeed, the brilliant scene of destruction probably delighted their savage souls.

"What can we do, Thad? We'll all soon smother here," whispered Lizzie.

"Yes, and we'll burn to death, too," whispered Benny.

Thad whispered back: "I know. I've already made up my mind what to do. But it's dangerous to do it. We'll wait just as long as we can before we try that. They may ride away any minute."

But the Comanches did not ride away. At length Thad realized that to wait longer meant suffocation, or death by fire.

"Wait here. I'll come back in a minute," he whispered to the children. Then he climbed out of the potato-hole and began to crawl about in the foot or so of space between the floor and the ground.

The ground sloped downward from the front of the house toward the back; and the rear sill, which rested merely on corner-stones, was several inches higher from the ground than the front sill. The end foundation-logs were still higher; but the children would not dare crawl out at either end.

Thad had carefully noted all that before. Just now he was moving about for a better look outside. He wanted to learn for certain where all the Indians were. On crawling back to the potato-hole, he whispered to Lizzie:

"They're every one right in front of the house, and we'll wriggle out at the back side."

The strangling children were eager to escape. While they put their heads close to Thad's, he whispered his instructions. Then he helped the smaller ones out of the hole. When all were ready, Thad, well flattened against the ground from necessity, began to worm his way toward the rear sill. And after him crawled the five little Watsons, one behind another.

The first, a little girl, was clinging to the Thad's bare, dusty foot, and the whole chain of children was thus linked together. Lizzie, with the youngest child, a three-year-old boy, just in front of her, was bringing up the rear.

Coming to the rear sill, Thad peeped out from under it, to make sure that the Indians had not changed their position. The ground near the house and far around seemed almost as light as day. The way appeared clear. So he put his head under the sill and tried to crawl out. But he soon stuck fast.

Finding it impossible to force himself through, he drew back. But not before he had reached out and got hold of a stick that happened to be lying there. With that he gouged and dug away the ground till he could squeeze himself under. Quickly he was out in the open air.

On he crawled, without stopping, but glancing back often. One by one the little Watsons emerged from under the sill, till all five were out in the firelight's glare. Still the line wriggled itself on, snakelike, each child clinging desperately to the one ahead. Now the heat from the flaming roof almost blistered their backs, and especially the backs of their necks. But they only squirmed along the faster.

About fifty yards from the house was a little ravine, or big gully, which wound its way down through the field, its banks marked by a few bushes. It was for the gully that Thad was making. And he was very careful to keep the burning house between himself and the war-party. Should the Comanches change their position, or even start to ride away, they could scarcely fail to notice that line wriggling itself along. Thad's hope and prayer was that they would not change their position, at least for a few minutes.

Thirty feet or more from the house the line wriggled itself into a patch of broom-weeds. After that Thad felt somewhat safer, though he knew that it would be possible for even the shaking of the weeds to betray them to their sharp-eyed foes.

At last, however, the boy found his head over an upright bank. Cautiously he let himself down into the yard-deep gully. Then, as child after child squirmed up to the bank, he lifted them down. When Lizzie, the tail of the line, was in the gully, Thad breathed a sigh of relief, and wiped the sweat from his face with his shirt-sleeve.

It was cool here, and the air was free from smoke. For a few minutes all six of them squatted on the gully's bottom, till they could recover from their crawling exertions and from their semi-suffocation. The light from the three fires made objects plainly visible, even down behind the bank.

Thad wanted to peep over, but dared not. After some whispered words to the children, he started down the gully, crouching low as a matter of caution. After him glided the silent line, all stooping. Again Lizzie was bringing up the rear. Their bare feet made no noise on the gravelly gully-bed.

Not till they had followed the winding watercourse nearly a quarter of a mile, and were off in the friendly darkness, did they dare to stop. The gully was much deeper here.

While the little Watsons crouchd on the bottom, Thad crawled up a sloping bank till he could see the fires. Not only the burning house and corn-crib and straw-stack were now in sight, but also the redskins. They were still sitting on their horses, but had moved west forty or fifty yards, perhaps to escape from the heat. And there they remained half an hour longer, watching the brilliant scene of destruction they had started.

When at length the war-party marched off, following the road that Thad had come, the boy watched them as long as they could be seen; and then he listened to the hoofbeats of their galloping horses till those had died away in the distance.

Now he informed the children that the savages were gone, and he and Lizzie consulted together.

"What can we do, Thad? Where can we go?" the little girl asked.

"Guess maybe we'd better strike out for Fort Blocker.

"Take us a long time to git there, won't it? And the little shavers are so little. They'll give out on the way."

"That's so. Let's see, now. I could carry one of the little girls on my back when she gets tired."

"Yes, and I could pack Buddy part of the time. But there's the others. Oh, what can we do? I wish pa and ma would hurry home! They said they'd come before night. And now it's a long time after dark and they're not here yit."

"Lucky for them they didn't come, and for you children, too, Lizzie. You wouldn't have had any pa and ma by this time."

"But why do you s'pose they stay so long, Thad?" "I don't know, unless--

"Unless what?"

"Oh, never mind. I don't know why they haven't come."

But the same thing that had occurred to Thad also suggested itself to the girl. "Could it be that they did come, and that the redskins run onto 'im on the road, and--and--" Lizzie's tones rose almost to a wail.

Thad grabbed her by the arm and shook her. "You mustn't make a noise!" he cautioned. "Your folks are just late getting started home, I guess. Maybe something has caused 'em to stay all night at Mr. Perryman's. But there's no place here for us now--no place to eat or sleep; and we'd better make for the fort."

The boy spoke hopefully, to keep the children from becoming excited. But in his heart he more than half believed that Watson and his wife and baby had been murdered by the same savages who had later set fire to their cabin.

Thad now got the children up and out of the gully, and they all started across some weedy stubble-land toward the upper side of the field. There they climbed over the fence into the road. They had been careful to keep out of the circle of light. The roof of the house had fallen in by this time, but the walls were flaming higher than ever. The straw-stack fire was also dying down.

Without delay, Thad turned his charges and started them toward Fort Blocker. But before they had gone a hundred yards, all were thrown into a panic by the trampling of hoofed feet not far ahead.

The fence-corners along here were crowded with pokeweeds and similar wild growth. "There! there!" whispered Thad. And he pushed the children in among the big weeds, where they quickly concealed themselves.

When all were hid, Thad, too, crept in among the weeds and squatted down.

On came the trampling, though rather slowly. When the animals were but a few feet away, Thad said:

"Why, it's just somebody's mare and colt!"

He stood up, and so did the children. At their sudden appearance the mare snorted and started back. But she did not run.

Now Lizzie said: "It's just old Peggy, our mare. She's comin' home for salt, I guess."

"Is she gentle?" asked Thad. A suggestion had popped into his mind.

"Gentle as a dog," Benny answered.

"You couldn't make her pitch or run away, no matter what you done to her," Lizzie assured him.

"Then, that's how we'll get to the fort," Thad said, in great relief. "All you little shavers can crawl onto her."

"Cain't you ride, too?" Benny wanted to know.

"Wouldn't be room for me if I wanted to. And I'd just as soon walk."

After learning that Watson's saddle and bridle, as well as all the ropes on the place, were in the now flaming corn-crib, Thad said:

"Can I catch her?"

"Anywhere," Lizzie told him.

So Thad went and caught the mare by the mane. "Here, Lizzie, let me help you up."

He was lifting her on astride, but she protested indignantly:

"I don't want to ride astraddle! It's not nice for girls to ride astraddle!"

"Yes, it's all right for little girls like you," he assured her. And she reluctantly consented to assume the despised attitude.

Now Thad set the youngest child up in front of her. "You'll have to hold to 'im," he told her. "That's why I wanted you to ride boy-fashion. You can hold the little chap better."

Lizzie put one arm around the child. "Yes, sister will hold 'im," she said.

Then Thad set Benny on behind Lizzie, and the two little girls up behind Benny.

"Lucky there's not any more of you. Now, hang on and tight together, and here we go!"

"But how can I guide her, without any bridle?"

"I'll do the guiding, Lizzie. You keep yourself on, and the little shavers on."

Grasping the mare's mane, Thad started. Peggy led fairly well at first. But she was old and lazy, and after going a few hundred yards she grew reluctant to leave home. Now, in spite of Thad's pulling and tugging, she led only at a snail's pace.

"At this rate, we won't see Fort Blocker in a week. Got to move faster."

He went off among the brush, which here grew on both sides of the road, and soon returned with a dogwood switch. Again grasping a tuft of mane, he tried to lead the mare and use his switch at the same time. But that was awkward, and he moved back and grasped the mare by the tail. Now, plying the switch, he drove her along the road, and soon had her going at a brisk walk--brisk, at least, for old Peggy.

Every now and then the mare would try to leave the road. But Thad, rushing around to that side, would lash her on the neck till she was glad to turn back. Learning that she would not be permitted to turn aside, mare took the road and jogged along steadily.

Away they all went, the saddleless, bridleless mare jogging along the winding woods-road, and Thad grasping her tail with one hand and plying his dogwood with the other to keep her going. Close behind Thad followed the colt. In spite of both the switch and some tail-yankings, the mare moved along only at a moderate gait. The hindmost little girl looked back and said, scarcely above a whisper:

"Thad keeps tight holt of old Peggy's tail, so's she won't run off and leave 'im."

Thad laughed noiselessly. "I'm pushing her ten times as much as she's pulling me," he answered.

On they moved in silence for half a mile or so. Then Thad spoke again:

"All you children keep all your ears wide open. This country may be just swarming with redskins. Our only chance to slip through is to hear them before they hear us, or see us."

Every one promised to do as the boy had requested. The party moved on, the only sounds they made being the noise of the mare's hoofs and the colt's hoofs on the rough road. It was well that they were cautious. For not very much later their strained ears detected tramplings somewhere ahead. The children were quick to call Thad's attention to it, but he had already heard. The hoofbeats were fast growing louder.

Letting the mare's tail go and seizing her mane, Thad led her off into the thick woods. Fifty yards from the road he stopped and took hold of the mare's nose.

The horses were soon at hand, moving rapidly. As they dashed by along the road, he could make out that those in the lead were riderless, but some in the rear had riders without hats. By that he knew the riders to be Indians.

It was well that Thad had Peggy by the nose. For while the passing animals were nearest, she tried to nicker to them. That was just what the boy had foreseen. He held her mouth tightly shut.

Not till the hoofbeats had died away in the distance, and several minutes more had passed, did the little party venture back into the road. Now they moved on as before, Thad again clinging to Peggy's tail and encouraging her with his switch. But every few hundred yards he would stop the mare while they all listened intently.

Soon they heard hoofs beating the road again, this time behind them. Again Thad hurried the mare off into the brush. Now they went so far that they could not seethe passing animals. Thad surmised that they were cattle. The Comanches did not steal cattle, but these had probably been alarmed by the Indians.

Returning to the road, the party had proceeded another few hundred yards, when they again had to hurry off into the brush. Before the boy could lead Peggy far, a single horseman clattered by at furious speed, riding toward the fort. The fellow was bare-headed; but so recklessly did he ride that Thad believed him to be both a white man and a hard-pressed, terrified fugitive.

Soon other flying horsemen dashed by. The boy had retreated farther and could not see these, but he had no doubt that they were redskins in pursuit of the white man.

"Reckon they'll overhaul 'im, Thad?" Lizzie wanted to know, after the boy had explained who he thought the horsemen were.

"If hard riding can save him, they won't. And I hope they won't."

"So do I. But wouldn't it be dreadful if they did?"

Thad agreed with her that it would be dreadful-- very dreadful. After waiting a prudent length of time, he led the mare back to the road, and they moved on toward the fort. He would have been glad to abandon the road. But the woods were so thick here that he could not hope to find his way through them in the dark.

At length they emerged upon the prairie. Here they were more afraid, especially as the moon had already risen. While they could now see as well as hear, they would no longer be able to hide if Indians came; or, at least, not to hide the mare and colt.

After jogging along for a mile or more, the fugitives were again alarmed by the noise of hoofs, off to the west. Thad listened till sure that the animals were approaching, then hastily helped the children to dismount. Leaving the lazy mare and her colt grazing, the whole party fled. Two hundred yards or more from the road they threw themselves down in the tall, thick grass.

To Be continued--One more chapter

A COMMENT ON A A M G BOOK

Courtesy -- Neva White

AMISH AND AMISH MENNONITE GENEALOGIES by Hugh F. Gingerich, PhD. and Rachel W. Kreider, MA. Pequea Publishers, 3981 E. Newport Rd., Gordonville, PA 17529, 1986. 858 p. $50 plus $4 postage and handling.

Pennsylvania residents, $3 sales tax. Order from Levi L. Stoltzfus, 98 S. Groffdale Rd., Leola, PA 17540.

The book Amish genealogists have needed for years has now been published and is certainly the most definitive, comprehensive and scholarly work on amish genealogy ever attempted and a work any genealogist would do well to emulate.

All known male line descendants of all known eighteenth century Amish immigrants have been reported down through the generations to those who were married by the time the 1850 census was taken, including their children and their children's spouses. Hence there is a cut-off date ranging from about 1830 to 1880. Almost any person with Amish ancestry who knows who his great-grandparents were will be able to easily and accurately trace each of his Amish ancestral lines back to the immigrant.

Included are birth and death dates with locations, spouses and spouses' parents, and all the children in chronological order. By means of the census reference histories of the migrations of families can be inferred. The authors are well acquainted with the numerous Amish and Mennonite genealogies, have verified data from them where possible, correcting errors, but have relied upon them when primary sources were not available. They have carefully indicated which materials are based upon census recorde, wills, estate settlements, birth and death certificates, etc., and which are based on secondary sources, circumstantial evidence, or hearsay. Assumptions not supported by direct evidence are indicated by single question marks, conjectures by doudle question marks.

The book is easy to follow. To organize the materials, the authors have used a modification of the Lincoln system which is an alphanumeric coding with capital letters identifying a family, followed by digits and small letters identifying the generation and position in the family. The book is arranged in the order of these codes, which for the most part, place the families in alphabetic order. There are nearly 17,000 names of coded married persons, and about 2,800 families. (Families in this instance means a man and his wife or wives and all of their children.) The indexes comprise a third of the book and contain every name in the text, footnotes, appendix and addenda in one or another of six sections.

Beautifully printed in an Old Order Amish printshop and beautifully bound, the book is a landmark publication in the genealogical field and is highly recommended for all historical and genealogical collections as well as for individuals who have an Amish background.

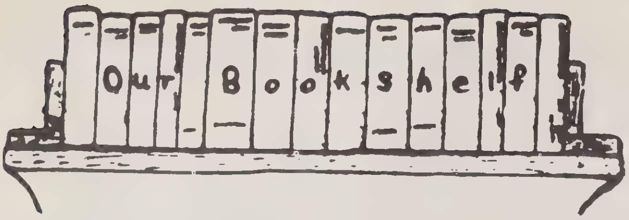
Neva White
Library Professor Emeritus
Kansas State University

OUR SHEPHERD

Sweetly falls the voice of Jesus
As we graze in grasses green,
Knowing comfort in His nearness,
Trusting, though He's yet unseen.

Softly comes His reassurance
As we walk through valleys dim,
Knowing that He gives endurance
To the souls who trust in Him.
Swiftly don His shield of ammor

As through battles we must go,
Knowing that through every hour
He will conquer all our foes.
Oh, to know Him as our Shepherd,
As our Guide along this path,
Knowing we must travel onward,
Then one day to meet at last.



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Thad and Charlie Dick a sequel to Fort Blocker Boys

Saddles and Lariats -- The characters of the story are employed in driving a herd of cattle and horses to California.

The King of Texas -- By many this is classed as the best of Miller's work. If you begin to read this one prepare yourself for a day off or a wide awake night.

Flint and Steel with--a collection of Miller's "Short Stories."

Remember 'King of Texas' in Pennsylvania Farmer around 1935?

!Note! This list appears because people ask, "How many Miller books are there yet to come. None of these are in print anywheres, so please don't order them yet. It takes much time to search them besides typing, setup and printing. How many of you know where to get a copy to begin with. Please bear with us, there should be a few of them ready for Christmas.

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* * * *

MOTHER

M is for the million things she gave me,
O means only that she is getting old,
T is for the tears she shed for me,
H is for her heart for purest gold,
E is for her eyes with live shining,
R is for right, and right she'll always be.
Put them all together. They shall spell, Mother,
Word that means the world to me.

* * * *

LOOK! BOOK BARGAIN

King Family History - For $35.00 you get the result of more than 40 years work. The two-volume set, with over 14,000 families, contains two indexes. The first is that of the King descendant. The second is for the spouse. Send orders to: H. Harold Hartzler, 1311 Warren Street, Mankato, MN 56001.

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The DIARY

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June 1987

A Church Newsletter serving the Old Order Society

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A CHRONICLE
Of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, crop and community notes, historical events, genealogy and articles of general interest.

The Diary was organized in 1969, by a group of Amish brethren in Lancaster County, Penna. Dedicated to the preservation of fundamental movements of our church in America as well as Old Order religious literature and its virtues.

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All current reports shall be sent to THE DIARY, 3981 E. Newport Rd., Gordonville, PA 17529.

The publication no. is 043430.

This Month

27 **Senior Members**
2 Births
6 Baptisms
6 Marriages
7 Ordinations
8 Obituaries
12 Migrations
12 Community Notes
26 Yesterdayyears
31 The Cement Story
34 The Columbus Horse Sale
36 The Barnyard Story
39 Selected Gems
40 Henry's Great Society
41 Fort Blocker Boys
45 Thad and Charlie Dick

ALONG LIFE'S WAY

There is no profit which accrues
From evil deeds we only lose
Our self-respect we never gain
On planning misery and pain
For others in their broken pride
We too, must suffer and abide.

There is profit which accrues
From honest deeds we cannot lose
When acts of kindness rule our hearts
And all unhappiness departs
In smiles we leave along life's way
As we approach the end of day.

THE PLANTER

One man plowed an open field
And planted winter wheat;
He labored for some months before
The harvest was complete.

Another wished his work to last
His lifetime through, and so
He set a tree of oak, and then
With pride he watched it grow.

Another planted Eternity
With manner true and mild,
He placed a noble thought into
The heart stream of a child.

Reports of..

MAY

1987						1987
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	-	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

Calender Schedule

A Monthly Schedule for Annual Reports

June	Senior Members
July	Zip Codes
October	Baptisms
November	Ordinations
December	Widow and Widower List

Editoral Note! About 95% of our reporters are doing a good job in marking each item with their name and address, but a few do not heed it. These must go unmarked, you will find a few this month. We can no longer take time to try to match a short cut off piece with longer hand writing. It is very simple to mark each item with a rubber stamp or label.

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Diary Reporters Notice! The address of Diary Reports have changed now to **The Diary, PO Box 456, Lancaster PA 17603.** This includes all Births, Baptisms, Marriages, Obits, Community Notes etc. but **Diary Reports Only.** All other mail to The Diary or to Pequea Publishers keep the old address.

The reports sent to the new Address reach us 1 day earlier. About 10 reports, sent to the old address, came one day too late and must be held over till next month. It is unfair to the reporters (and readers) who send their reports in on time to hold the whole Diary back. We must have a time to "cut off."

BIRTHS

Renesslaer Falls, New York
Hershberger,Enos M. (Verna Stutzman) a dau Emma 5-9
Shetler,Jacob L. (Lavina Miller) a dau Lavina 5-25
Shetler,Moses E. (Mary Glick), a son John 5-28
Conewango Valley, New York
Hershberger,Menno M. (Susie Shetler) a dau Susie 5-21
Miller,Adam J. (Viola Detweiler) a son Atlee 5-10
Miller,Henry E. (Mary Miller) a son Danny 5-11
Miller,John J. (Barbara Miller) a son Jeff 5-20
Miller,Melvin J. (Naomi Hershberger) a dau Dora 5-29
Shetler,Rudy J. (Alma J. Hershberger) a dau Anna 5-17
Somerset County, Penna.
Beachy,Clarence D. (Bertha Summy) Meyersdale, a dau Sadime 5-3
Brenneman,Sam A. (Elizabeth Yoder) Meyersdale, a son Roy 5-1
Kinsinger,Abie D. (Lydiann Eicher) Grantsville Md., a son David 5-12
Mercer County, Penna.
Byler,John D. R. (Nancy Shetler) N Wilmington, a son Ben 5-1
Byler,Ura R. (Ada Byler) N Wilmington, a dau Sadie 5-2
Hostetler,Dan A. (Fannie Wengerd) N Wilmington, a son David 5-12
Leslain,Paul (Lydia Coblentz) a dau Sarah 5-21
Troyer,Crist (Ella Miller) a dau Martha 5-
Wengerd,Rudy G. (Lizzie Byler) Edinburg, a son Gideon 5-4
Yoder,Dan N. (Amanda Byler) N Wilmington, a son Mose 5-20
Smicksburg, Penna.
Byler,Andy R. (Martha Miller) a son Johnie 5-18
Miller,Allen Jr. (Mary Detweiler) a son Bennie 5-15
Miller,Ben W. (Amelia A. Byler) a dau Esther 5-1
Miller,Melvin J. (Sadie A. Miller) a son Allen 5-4
Schlabach,Ervin R. (Dora Miller) a dau Betty 5-5
Guys Mills, Penna.
Miller,John H. (Susan Miller) a son Robert 5-13
Mullet,Owen J. (Leona Gingerich) a son Owen Jr. 4-23
Yoder,Wilmer E. (Susan Miller) a dau Rebecca 5-14
Spartansburg, Penna.
Byler,Joe A. (Ada Kuhns) a son Melvin 5-19
Gingerich,William A. (Matilda Byler) a son Albert 5-4
Brush Valley, Penna.
Beiler,Abram (Sadie Beiler) Madisonburg, a dau Mamie 5-27
King,Paul (Mary Esh) Rebersburg, a dau Anna 5-22
Mifflin County, Penna.
Swarey,Dea. Ezra (Anna Peachey) Allensville, a son John 5-5
Swarey,Pre. Daniel (Mary Swarey) Mill Creek, a son Alvin 5-4
Zook,Jonathan (Julia Peachey) Allensville, a son Sylvan 5-17
Zook,Mark (Barbara Kanagy) Belleville, a son Paul 5-6

Cumberland County, Penna.
King,Amos (Malinda King) Shippensburg, a dau Fannie 5-2
Lancaster County, Penna.
Allgyer,Benjamin L. (Annie Fisher) Leola, Twins Dau's 5-16
Beiler,Amos (Fannie Beiler) Paradise, a dau 5-27
Beiler,Ben S. (Eva Kauffman) Quarryville, a dau 5-4
Beiler,David S. (Sarah Stoltzfus) Lancaster, a son David 5-1
Beiler,John (Lydia King) Kinzer, a son John Jess Jr. 5-4
Beiler,John A. (Sadie King) Quarryville, a son 5-29
Beiler,Jonathan (Miriam Beiler) Drumore, a son Josiah 5-4
Blank,David (Thelma Zook) Ronks, a son 5-28
Blank,David (Susie Kauffman) Gap, Twins 5-2
Ebersol,Alvin (Malinda Stoltzfoos) New Holland, a dau Naomi 5-22
Esh,Christ F. (Lizzie Lapp) Honey Brook, a son 5-2
Esh,Samuel S. Jr. (Susie Stoltzfus) Gap, 5-2
Fisher,Abner (Sadie Beiler) Paradise, a dau Katie 4-30
Fisher,Christian L. Jr (Hannah Beiler) Christiana, a dau Rebecca B. 5-22
Fisher,David D. (Lavina Lapp) Gordonville, a dau 5-21
Fisher,Samuel (Priscilla Stoltzfus) Peach Bottom, a son Samuel 5-3
Fisher,Stephen Y. (Elsie Beiler) Strasburg, a son Christ F. 4-30
Glick,John F. (Sarah Stoltzfus) New Providence, a dau Rebecca S. 5-2
Glick,Jonas (Annie Kauffman) Christiana, a son Levi P. 5-18
Glick,Samuel S. (Fannie Fisher) Bird-in-Hand, a son Amos 5-24
Hershberger,Jacob Jr. (Annie Zook) Peach Bottom, a son William B. 5-28
Huyard,Elam (Dorothy Esch) New Holland, a dau Esther 5-19
King,Abner (Katie Ebersol) Bird-in-Hand, a son 4-30
King,Abner B. (Rachel Huyard) Paradise, a dau 5-26
King,Abram (Malinda Kauffman) Parkesburg, a son Alvin J. 5-10
King,Christian E. (Naomi Beiler) Paradise, 5-20
King,Elam (Sadie King) Quarryville, a dau 5-14
King,Jonathan D. (Susie Frey) Paradise, a dau Katie Mae 5-17
King,Samuel (Mary Zook) New Providence, Twins 5-28
King,Samuel S. (Sylvia Lapp) Kirkwood, a dau Malinda L. 5-26
Lantz,Isaac (Barbara Stoltzfus) Kinzer, a son Ira S. 5-25
Lapp,Amos (Sadie Smucker) Gap, a son John Arln 5-7
Lapp,Samuel (Bena King) Ronks, a son 5-4
Miller,Amos (Lydia Lapp) Christiana, a son Christian 4-8
Miller,John (Fannie Smucker) Kinzer, a son 5-1
Riehl,Henry (Naomi Stoltzfus) Ronks, a son Samuel 5-31
Smoker,Benuel B. (Naomi Stoltzfus) Gordonville, a son Eli 5-16
Stoltzfus,Benuel B. (Ruth King) Narvon, a dau 5-31
Stoltzfus,Daniel K. (Lizzie Stoltzfus) Gordonville, a dau Emma Mae 5-19
Stoltzfus,Elias (Mattie Lapp) Kirkwood, a son Jacob 5-18
Stoltzfus,Ephraim (Verna Yoder) Bird-in-Hand, a son Daniel 5-8
Stoltzfus,Isaac (Mary Beiler) Bird-in-Hand, a dau Lydia 5-17
Stoltzfus,Levi (Rebecca Rhiel) Christiana, a son Henry 5-11
Stoltzfus,Levi Z. (Malinda Stoltzfus) Quarryville, a son 5-31
Stoltzfus,Sam A. (Mattie Lapp) Oxford, a son 5-31
Stoltzfus,Sam J.Jr. (Mary Kauffman) Bird-in-Hand, a dau Susie 5-4
Stoltzfus,Samuel (Anna Miller) Christiana, a dau 5-18
Stoltzfus,Samuel F. (Annie Lapp) Ronks, a son Nancy B. 5-29
Stoltzfus,Samuel F. (Annie Beiler) Christiana, a dau Nancy 5-23
Stoltzfus,Samuel K. (Susie King) Quarryville, a dau 5-31
Yoder,Henry B. (Lena Riehl) Kirkwood, a son 5-2
Zook,David R. (Sadie Stoltzfus) New Holland, a dau Verna S. 5-24
Zook,Ephraim (Sarah Blank) Lititz, a dau Rachel 5-19
Zook,Paul (Miriam Miller) Gordonville, a son
Montour County, Penna.
Stoltzfus,Amos K. (Mary Fisher) Bloomsburg, a dau Fannie 5-16
Stoltzfus,Sam M. (Rachel Beiler) Danville, a son Amos 4-29
Dover, Deleware
Detweiler,John R. (Martha Miller) #2 Dover, a son Joseph 5-20
Miller,Leroy W. (Clara Yoder) #1 Wyoming, a dau Emma 5-9
Miller,Simon B. (Rebecca Hershberger) R V Rd. Dover, a son Simon Jr. 5-29

The Rose

It is only a tiny rosebud—
A flower of God's design;
But I cannot unfold the petals
With these clumsy hands of mine.

The secret of unfolding flowers
Is not known to such as I—
The flower God opens so sweetly
In my hands would fade and die.

If I cannot unfold a rosebud
This flower of God's design,
Then how can I think I have wisdom
To unfold this life of mine?

So I'll trust in Him for His leading
Each moment of the every day,
And I'll look to Him for His guidance
Each step of the pilgrim way.

For the pathway that lies before me
My heavenly Father knows
I'll trust Him to unfold the moments
Just as He unfolds the rose.

CHEER FOR OLD AGE

They call it going down the hill
When we are growing old
They say in mournful accents
That our “”tale is told'';
They sigh when talking of the past,
The days that used to be
As if the future were not bright
With immortality.

But, oh, it is not going down;
It's climbing high and higher,
Until we almost see the mansions
That our souls desire;
For if the natural eye grows dim,
It is but dim to earth
While the eye of faith grows keener
To perceive the Saviour's worth.

Who would exchange, for shooting blade,
The waving golden grain
Or when the corn is fully ripe,
Would wish it green again
And who would wish the hoary head,
Found in the Way of Truth,
To be again encircled with
The sunny locks of youth.

HOW TO BE LOVED IN OLD AGE

When we see a lovable old woman whose age is as beautiful as the bloom of her youth, we wonder how it happened.

Well, this is how:

She learned how to forget disagreeable things.

Troyer,Simon III (Sylvia Byler) #1 Hartly, a son Allen 4-25
Yoder,Andy N. (Lizzie Mae Byler) #1 Hartly, a dau Laura Fern 5-20
Yoder,Ezra J. (Lydia Swartzentruber) #1 Hartly, a dau Mary 5-12
Yoder,Leroy A. (Elizabeth Miller) Clayton, a dau Emma Lynn 5-9
St.Mary's County, Maryland
Fisher,Christian S. (Lena Hertzler) Mechanicsville, a dau Savilla 5-8
Nunnely, Tennessee
Graber,Lester (Rebecca Borntrager) a son Jonathan 5-21
Ethridge, Tennessee
Gingerich,Abe D. (Amanda Hershberger) a son Moses 5-23
Yoder,Eli E. (Lovina Miller) a son Peter 4-
Marion, Kentucky
Yoder,Ervin (Ada Detweiler) a dau Miriam 3-31
Park City, Kentucky
Yoder,Ura M. (Lydia Yoder) a dau Amelia
Guthrie, Kentucky
Schlabach,Leroy (Betty Schlabach) a son Willard Andrew 5-7
Fredricktown, Ohio
Wengerd,Marvin (Lydiann Fisher) a son Noah 5-8
Yoder,David (Martha Troyer) a son Roy 5-13
Stockport, Ohio
Beechy,Eli L. (Elizabeth Borntrager) a dau Lillie 5-20
Holmes & Wayne Counties, Ohio
Beachy,Jonas N. (Betty Kuhns) a son Reuben 4-29
Beachy,Marlin M. (Mary Keim) a son Ezra 4-19
Borntrager,Dan J. (Esta Miller) Millersburg, a dau Elizabeth Ann 5-15
Bowman,Junior S. (Verba Stutzman) a dau Esther 5-7
Hershberger,John S. (Erma Miller) a dau Leah
Keim,Eddie A. (Ada Mae Miller) Dundee, a dau Marlene 5-10
Miller,Andy A. (Anna Hershberger) Apple Creek, a son Henry 5-18
Miller,Dennis D. (Betty Mullet) Sugarcreek, a son David 5-13
Miller,Ivan (Ella Mast) Millersburg, a son James 5-3
Miller,John A. (Linda Troyer) Baltic, a son Nathan John
Miller,Mervin J. a dau Barbara
Miller,Robert R. (Anna Schlabach) Baltic, a son Christopher
Raber,Dan E. (Mary Schlabach) Dundee, a dau Nettie 5-1
Raber,Emanuel J. (Iva Wengerd) Baltic, a dau Katie Mae
Schlabach,Edwin S. (Mary Raber) Baltic, a dau Esther
Shetler,Daniel I. (Judy Troyer) Sugarcreek, a dau Frieda Mae 5-6
Swartzentruber,Atlee R. (Ruth Hershberger) a son
Troyer,Andy A. (Mary Yoder) Sugarcreek, a son Joseph
Troyer,David J. (Alma Yoder) Sugarcreek, a son John
Troyer,Mark J. (Mary Shetler) Sugarcreek, a son Marion
Yoder,Albert E. (Emma Burkholder) Fresno, a son Adrain
Yoder,Moses (Erma Miller) Millersburg, a dau Rachel 5-18
Yoder,Robert A. (Lizzie Troyer) Orrville, a dau Iva 5-14
Yoder,Robert A. (Lizzie Troyer) a dau Iva 5-14
Yutzi,Jacob (Mary Troyer) a son Marion 4-3
????????,Junior E. (Ada Hershberger) a son Marty 5-7
AshlaAshland County, Ohio
Keim,Ammon J. (Mattie Troyer) a son John 5-26
Keim,John W. (Laura Yoder) a son Harley 4-7
Miller,Mahlon S. (Amanda Miller) a son Andy 4-6
Miller,Monroe J. (Sarah Weaver) a dau Emma 4-25
Yoder,Ura A. (Mary Raber) a son Henry 4-17
Adams County, Indiana
Eicher,Joseph D. (Esther Schwartz) a dau Melinda 5-6
Hilty,James E. Amy Shetler) a son Michael 5-12
Schwartz,Henry H. B. Katie Eicher a son Amos 4-22
Schwartz,Dan T. (Dailey Eicher) a son Benjamin 5-4
Schwartz,Joe L. D. ((Elizabeth Eicher) a son Sam 5-5
Schwartz,Jacob J.E. (Caroline Christner) a son Noah 5-18
Schwartz,Jake T. (Rosa Schwartz) a son Jake 5-21

She did not give way to her nerves and inflict
them on her friends.
She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.
She did not expect to much of her friends.
She made whatever work she had to do congenial.
She did not lose sight of her illusions and
would not think all the world wicked and
unkind.
She helped the miserable and sympathized with
the sorrowful.
She never forgot that kind words and
a smile cost little and are treasures to the
discouraged.
She did unto others as she would be done by,
and her reward is love and consideration in her
old age,
and she had learned the secret of a long and
happy life.

GRANDMOTHERS

How I love them with their silvery hair,
With kindly eyes and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes that
far
out—reaches all philosphy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy shawl of age,
While all the echos of forgotten songs seem
joined
to lend a sweetness to their speech.
Grandmothers! As they pass with slow—timed
step, their trembling hands cling gently to
youth's strength.
Sweet mothers! As they pass one see again old
garden walks,
old roses, and old loves.

MY GOOD OLD GRANDMA

My grandma lived at our own home
When I was but a child
I remember how she used to talk
With voice so sweet and mild.
I sat upon a little stool,
Down at my grandma's knee,
I never can forget how good
My grandma was to me.

MY DEAR GRANDMA!

want to be like grandma dear,
Who has God in her heart and never a fear,
Her hair is like spun white silk knotted on her
head.
At night she makes a long braid before she goes
to bed.

Shetler,Melvin (Marie Hilty) a son Stephen 4-27
Troyer,Jerry E. (Caroline Christner) a dau Caroline
Wengerd,Danny N. (Anna Schwartz) a son ------5-23
Wickey,Reuben (Frances Schwartz a son-----5-12
Etna Green, Indiana
Helmuth,Dan (Mary Miller) a son Howard Dean 4-20
Miller,Vernon (Rose Stutzman) a dau Elaine Kay 4-22
Mullet,Kenneth (Vera Miller) a son Anthony Eugene 4-23
Schwartz,Ernest (Katie Mae Helmuth) a son Lamar dean 5-7
????????,Dan (Mary Ann Chupp) a son Lyle Dean 4-17
Kokomo, Indiana
Bontrager,Jerry (Katie Otto) a son Homer 5-3
Daviess County, Indiana
Knepp,Lloyd (Wilma Jean Graber) a dau Naomi Ruth 5-9
Swartzentruber,Cleadus Jr. (Mildred Raber) a dau Marla Jean 5-24
Wagler,David A. (Marjorie Knepp) a dau Jolene Renee 5-10
Wagler,David Lee (Ruth Wagler) a dau Rosemary 5-4
Wagler,Paul (Mary Miller) a dau Katie 5-26
Quincy, Michigan
Borntrager,Ezra J. (Rachel Borntrager) a dau Rosanna 5-19
Schmucker,Ivan Jr. (Rachel Schwartz) a son Timothy 5-11
Branch County, Michigan
Schwartz,Christ N. (Emma Girod) a son Peter 5-31
Steuben County, Indiana
Schwartz,Andy A. (Ida Mullet) Hamilton, a son Menno 5-17
Wagler,Jonas (Margaret Schwartz) Angola, a son Benny 5-1
Buchanan County, Iowa
Gingerich,Rudy Jr. (Susan Yoder) stillborn Susie 5-17
Schwartz,Ruben (Rosie Mast) a son Henry 5-1
Yoder,David Jr. (Esther Yoder) a son Calvin 5-15
Bloomfield, Iowa
Helmuth,Vernon O. (Miriam Beachy) a son Lester 5-26
Wagler,Joseph (Iva Mae Hochstetler) a dau Laura Mae 5-6
Yutzi,Marvin N. (Rhoda Wagler) a son Justin 5-14
Medford, Wisconsin
Borntrager,Ira Jr. (Mattie Mullet) a dau Miriam 4-8
Amherst, Wisconsin
Yutzi,Ferman (Mary Borntrager) a dau Magdelena 5-24
Blair, Wisconsin
Mast,Freeman (Sarah Mast) Stillborn 5-15
Cashton, Wisconsin
Borntrager,Harvey (Rachel Hershberger) a son Melvin 5-10
Hershberger,Alvin C. (Emma Kauffman) a dau Sadie 5-15
Miller,Roy (Pheobe Hostetler) a son Mahlon 5-6
Wilton, Wisconsin
Yoder,Titus (Viola Yoder) stillborn dau 5-22
Augusta, Wisconsin
Miller,Raymond D. (Lizzie Borntrager) a dau Martha 5-26
Utica, Minnesota
Mast,William J. (Esther Miller) a dau Mary 5-24
Schwartz,Henry M. (Barbara Miller) a son Freeman 5-18
Jamesport, Missouri
Hostetler,Chester S. (Irene Troyer) a son Perry Jay 5-5
Ropp,Phillip T. (Treva Beechey) a dau Lisa 5-1
Yoder,Abe L. (Elsie L. Beechey) a son Henry 5-13
Clark, Missouri
Miller,Mervin E. (Lizzie Gingerich) Clark, a dau Martha 5-22
Yoder,Elmer H. (Barbara Gingerich) Madison, a son Ervin 5-21
Seymour, Indiana
Eicher, Johnie (Annie Schwartz) ason Sammie 5-8
Schwartz,Amos N. (Mary Schwartz) a dau Mary
Grey County, Ontario
Stutzman,Levi J. (Mattie Miller) a dau Lydia 3-27

Her eyes are clear and lovely,
Like to pools of crystal blue;
There is kindness and goodness in them
And they glisten like the dew.

As troubles come, and troubles do,
And life goes on its way,
My grandma is so cheerful,
And has good words to say. 116

GOOD OLD GRANDMOTHERS!

Grandma needed no sleeping pill
As people often do these days,
To get to sleep fast and restfully
She chose some hymn of praise.

Then she sat down quietly
With her Bible in her hand,
This was her viamin pill for strenght,
The most powerful comfort in the land.

My grandmother was old-fashioned;
She may not have had a high I.Q.
But when trouble rolled around her
Grandma knew God would see her though.

THE END OF THE WAY

My life is a wearisome journey,
I'm sick with the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am going
Will more than my trials repay,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest,
But He who appoints me my pathway,
Knows just what is needful and best;
I know in His word He has promised
That my strength "it shall be as my day"
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the road.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much;
All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him
In the city of unending day;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

AS WE LIVE

We weave as we live the threads of life,
Though some of the strands may break
Is lost in the path we take.

Thoughts must yield to the power of thruth,
Or the tangled skeins of the weave will fail
To perfect the things we do.

Zook,Peter D. (Anna Stutzman) a dau 4-28
Desboro, Ontario
Stutzman,Gideon (Lydia Hershberger) a son Moses 4-28
Stutzman,John (Sarah Hershberger) a dau Annie 5-19
Stutzman,Moses (Mary Zook) a son Ephraim 5-20
Zook,Peter (Anna Stutzman) a dau Esther 4-26
Ingersol, Canada
Borntrager,Crist (Katie Miller) a son Sammie 4-8
Hershberger,David L. (Emma Swarey) a dau Caroline 3-22

BAPTISMS

Adams County, Indiana

March 22, 1987
Noah A.L., son of Levi D.J. Schwartz
Peter J.M., son of Joe D.J. Schwartz
Paul D., son of Jake J. Eicher
Ben J.M., son of Joe D. J. Schwartz
Dehlia E.S., dau. of Enos D. J. Schwartz
Caroline B., dau. of Jake C. Christner
March 22, 1987 by John N. Schwartz
Sam, son of Enos E. Schmidt
Joseph J., son of John B. Schwartz
Joseph E.T., son of Enos A. Schwartz
Joseph, son of Clarence B. Eicker
Martin M., sonof Martin N. Wickey
Ernest E.T., son of Enos A. Schwartz
Katie E., dau. of Amos L. Schwartz
Margaret, dau of Enos E. Schmidt
Mandy, dau. of Joe L. Hilty
Catherine L., dau. of David L. Wickey

MARRIAGES

Guys Mills, Pa.

Yoder - Schmucker: Melvin, son of Junior and Edna Yoder (Juniata Co.) to Laura Mae, daughter of John Henry and Minnie Schmucker on May 28 by Andy J. Miller, Sherman, N.Y.

Somerset County, Pa.

Wengerd - Kinsinger: Albert, son of John N. and Amanda (Hershbergerz) Wengerd to Martha, daughter of Paul and Katie (Beachy) Kinsinger by Bishop Albert E. Brenneman on May 21.

Zook - Peachey: Rufus, son of Amos and Annie (Slabaugh) Zook to Rachel Anna, daughter of Alvin I. and Susie (Schrock) Peachey by Bishop Bennie A. Yoder on May 19.

Mercer County, Pa.

Byler - Byler: John, son of Jonathon W. and Lydia J. (Byler) Byler to Susie, daughter of Chris D. and Emma A. (Byler) Byler on May 7 by Andy B. Byler.

Holmes County, Ohio

Weaver - Keim: Monroe, son of Emanuel and Fanny Weaver to Betty, daughter of Roman and Clara Keim on

Yoder - Troyer: Eli Jr., son of Eli J. and Susan J. May 21 by Bishop Jacob Keim.

Yoder - Troyer: Eli Jr., son of Eli J. and Susan J. (Hershberger) Yoder to Rebecca, daughter of Min. Dan A. and Mattie M. (Miller) Troyer on May 28.

Yoder - Yoder: Noah, son of Christ M. and Lizzie Ann S. (Yoder) Yoder to Mary, daughter of Dan D. and Mattie (Troyer) Yoder on May 7.

Stutzman - Weaver: Andy, son of Eli D. and Lizzie Ann (Miller) Stutzman to Dora, daughter to Dan E. and Clara W. (Troyer) Weaver on May 21.

Yoder - Weaver: Jonas, son of Jacob A. and Jemima E. (Mast) Yoder to Anna, daughter of Effie (Miller) Weaver and the late Paul E. Weaver on May 26.

Schlabach - Troyer: Roy, son of Robert C. and Ada (Weaver) Schlabach to Ruth, daughter of Bishop Emanuel L. and Katie Ann (Miller) Troyer on May 28 by Bish. Andy J. Miller.

Fredricktown, Ohio

Schrock - Miller: Aden, son of Min. Emanuel and Edna (Keim) Schrock to Rebecca, daughter of Dea. Roy and Susie (Keim) Miller on May 14 by Bish. Joe Keim of Ashland.

Raber - Wengerd: Reuben, son of Jonas and Susan (Miller) Raber to Anna, daughter of Ben and Susie (Miller) Wengerd on May 21 by Bish. Roy Yoder.

Mast - Mullet: Vernon, son of Alvin Masts of Ashland to Mary, daughter of Sam and Martha (Mullet) Mullet on May 28 by Bish. Eli Mullet of Geauga.

Marion, Kentucky

Yoder - Yoder: Ira, son of Milo and Anna (Mast) Yoder to Ella, daughter of Pre. Elmer and Mary (Stutzman) Yoder on May 28 by John Detweiler.

Adams County, Indiana

Schwartz - Girod: Samuel T., son of Christ M. Berne, to Elizabeth R., Dau of David M. Girod May 7.

Shetler - Schwartz: Tim V. son of Felty J. Shetler Berne, to Maggie J.L. dau of Joseph N. Schwartz May 14.

Schwartz - Schwartz: Enos E.J. son of Jacob D.J. Schwartz Berne, to Ada A.R. dau of Reuben M. Schwartz may 28.

Etna Green, Indiana

Yoder - Hochstetler: Daniel, son of Levi Yoder of Jamesport, MO to Ruth, daughter of Ura and Miriam (Miller) Hochstetler on April 17 by Walter Schwartz.

Yoder - Hochstetler: Lyle, son of Henry and Wilma (Miller) Yoder to Laura Mae, daughter of John Henry and Esther (Hochstetler) Hochstetler on April 17 by John Henry Hochstetler.

Slabaugh - Miller: Glen, son of Raymond and Linda (Hochstetler) Slabaugh to Esther, daughter of Orley Miller on April 30 by Lonnie Slabaugh.

Miller - Hochstetler: Joe, son of Marvin E.E. and Lizzie (Mast) Miller to Leann, daughter of LeRoy and Betty (Slabaugh) Hochstetler on May 15.

Daviess County, Indiana

Stoll - Wittmer: Victor, son of Paul and Marie (Lengacher) Stoll to Betty Sue, daughter of Lester and Anna

Catherine (Knepp) Wittmer on May 3 by Paul Stoll.

Jamesport, Missouri

Detweiler - Miller: Daniel, son of Joe T. and Mattie (Schrock) to Sarah Ann, daughter of Levi C. and the late Clara (Keim) Miller on May 7.

Clark, Missouri

Bontrager - Yoder: Jonas, son of Eli J. and Amanda (Shetler) Bontrager to Mary, daughter of Henry L. and Ruby (Gingerich) Yocer on May 21 by Bishop.

Miller - Gingerich: Amos, son of Deacon Mose Millers, Blair, Wisc. to Savilla, daughter of Jonas U. and Katie (Hersberger) Gingerich on May 7 by Bishop Andrew E. Gingerich.

Clarita, Okla

Yoder - Mast: Edward, son of Elmer and Pauline Yoder to Ruby Fern, daughter of Daniel and Verna Mast on April 30 by Bishop Ben B. Troyer of Stephenville, Tx.

Blair, Wisconsin

Lambright - Hochstetler: Lester, son of John A. and Dora Lambright to Clara, daughter of Willie and Katie Ann Hochstetler on April 30 by Bishop Tobe Petersheim.

Cashton ,Wisconsin

Miller - Hochstetler: Harvey, son of Bishop Harvey Miller to Sara, daughter Min. Menno Hochstetler of Utica, Minn. on May 21 by Bishop John Mast from Augusta, Wic.

Steuben County, Michigan

Schwartz - Wagler: John W., son of Peter P. Schwarts, Seymour, Mo. to Ida, daughter of John & Marian (Graber) Wagler on May 14 by John Graber, Reading, Mich.

Quincy, Mich.

Schwartz - Schmucker: John, son of Joe and Rosa Schwarts, Homer, Mich. to Esther, daughter of Chris and Annabelle Schmucker on May 14th by John Schmucker, Medford, Wisc.

Unmarked

Chupp - Mullet: Ernest, son of William F. and Minerva (Hochstetler) Chupp to Lara Beth, daughter of Delmar and Lizzie Mae (Yoder) Mullet on May 28.

ORDINATIONS

Lancaster County, Pa. - *Correction*

Jacob M. Zook, 48, was ordained in Nickel Mines district, and Benuel Stoltzfus's name was missing from the lot.

Conewango Valley, N. Y.

John M. Miller, 40, son of Bishop Menno E. Millers, was ordained bishop on May 7. Married to Gertrude, daughter of Menno J. Hershbergers.

Dover, Delaware

Jacob G. Yoder, 23, R.1 Hartly, ordained minister in South district on May 10. Married to Mary, daughter of Jonas N. Mast.

Beaver Springs, Pa.

Ben Girod was ordained a Diener Zun Buch on May 1. Married to Barbara, daughter of Bish. Sam Troyer. They have 7 children. John A. Weaver also in lot.

Troutville, Pa.

Andy Miller Jr., son of Andy Miller was ordained minister in North District on April 24. Married to Ada.

Beaver Center, Pa.

John R. Steury, 22, was ordained to the ministry on May 1. He is the son of Menno & Esther Steury of Spencerville, Ind. His wife Kathryn is the daughter of Dave E. & Mary Schmidt.

Holmes & Wayne Counties, Ohio

Melvin D. Stutzman, 38, was ordained minister in Maysville Northwest district on May 10. He is the son of Dan E. Stutzman and his wife is Barbara, daughter of Dan J. Yoders.

Ben D. Troyer, 33, was ordained minister in Maysville Southwest district on May 16, He is a son of Minister Dan E. Troyer and his wife is Mary, daughter of Alfred D. Miller.

Abe R. Hershberger, 27, was ordained minister in Maysville Southeast district on May 17. He is a son of Raymond A. and Sarah (Raber) Hershberger.

Reuben E. Weaver, 28, was ordained minister in Maysville Northeast district on May 19. He is a son of Enos and Dora (Yoder) Weaver.

Dan P. Raber, 28, was ordained minister in Mt. Eaton Southeast district on May 1. He is a son of Mrs. Paul (Mary) and the late Paul A. Raber. His wife is Verba, daughter of Minister and Mrs. Atlee D. Miller.

Harvey S. Bowman, 40. was ordained bishop on Apr. 24

Levi E. Hershberger, 70, was ordained bishop on Aprl 25

Eli I. Miller, 48, was ordained deacon on Apr. 24

John J. Miller Jr., 25, was ordained preacher on May 28

Dan P. Raber, was ordained preacher on May 1

Abe R. Hershberger, 27. was ordained preacher on May 17

Ben D. Troyer, 33, was ordained preacher on May 16

Melvin D. Stutzman, 28, was ordained preacher on Apr. 26

Eli I. Weaver, son of Issac Weaver, was ordained bishop on Apr. 22

Roy A. Troyer, 21, son of Attlee J.E. and Ada (Miller) Troyer was ordained minister in Mose E. Hershberger Annex District. His wife is Marie, daughter of Alvin D. Barkmans.

Amos N. Yoder, 32, son of Noah N. and Susan Yoder was ordained minister in Dan G. Yoder District. His wife is Lizzie, daughter of Attlee C. Millers.

Mose A. Yoder, 27, son of Andy N. and Susan (Nisley) Yoder was ordained minister in Dan G. Yoder Annex District. His wife is Rebecca, daughter of Neal C. MIllers.

Sullivan, Ohio

Sam J. Hostetler was ordained Bishop on May 22. His wife is Emma, daughter of Eli N. Stutzmans.

Henry N. Host was ordained deacon on May 24. His wife is Anna, daughter of Mrs. Jerry Stutzman.

Alvin L. Keim was ordained minister on May 26. His wife is Anna, daughter of Menno Zooks.

Andy J. Weaver was ordained minister on May 29. His wife is Mary, daughter of Jonas S. Swartzentruber.

Adams County, Ohio

David M. Girod, 48, R.2 Geneva, Ind. 46740 was ordained minister on April 12. He is the son of Bishop Menno S. Girods. He is married to Rebecca, daughter of the late David D. Wickeys.

Sam Q. Schwartz, 37, R.2 Geneva, Ind. 46740 was ordained deacon. He is the son of Deacon Christ P. Schwartz and is married to Esther K Kuepfer of Canada.

Jonas J.L. Schwartz, 23, R.2 Geneva, Inc. was ordained deacon. He is the son of Deacon Joe N. Schwartz and is married to Esther A.J. Eicher, daughter of Amos N. Eicher.

Milton V. Shetler, 27, R.1 Bryant, Ind. was ordained Bishop. He is the son of Deacon Felty J. Shetler and is married to Leah J. Schwartz.

Etna Green, Indiana

David E. Mast, 34, son of Mr. & Mrs Edward Mast of Iowa was ordained Bishop on May 10, His wife is Marietta Miller, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Wm. E. Miller. They have 4 children. 2 others shared the lot.

Darryl E. Hochstetler was ordained deacon. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Devon Hochstetler. His wife is Lucy, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Eli D.S. Burkholder. 5 others shared the lot.

Raymong E. Miller, 48, son of the late Eli & Elsie (Burkholder) Miller was ordained minister. His wife is Wilma, daughter of the late Dan P. Yoder. 11 others shared the lot.

Duane Miller, 29, son of John & Amanda (Plank) Miller was ordained deacon. His wife is Nora, daughter of Elmer and Anna (Chupp) Byler.

OBITUARIES

BEILER, Aaron S., 67 yrs., 6 months, & 14 days
died Thurs., May 28 (Ascension Day) at his home, 78 S. Maple Ave. Leola, Pa 17540, after a lendthy illness. Born in Upper Leacock township, he was the son of the late Henry K. and Lydia (Miller) Beiler. He was married to Lizzie (Esh) Beiler. Surviving besides his wife are 2 sons, Henry & Daniel both of Leola. 4 brothers & 2 sisters, Solomon & Christ of Leola, Enos of Bird-in-Hand, Israel of Christiana, Annie of Gap & Susie wife of Daniel Zook, Kinzers. 14 grandchildren & 7 great-grandchildren. Funeral services on May 30, were held at the home, by Christ Esh & Henry Jisher. Leid pape 292 was read by Aaron Glick, Buried at Gordanville Cemetary. Leid pape 286 was read by Ephraim Beiler. Abshied by John Esh. Pallbearers were Elam Stoltzfus, Aaron Beiler, John Beiler & David Glick.

BEILER, Sarah K., 89, 4994 Strasburg Road, Kinzers
died tuesday afternoon at her home after a long illness. She was the wife of Henry K. Beiler. Mrs. Beiler was a member of Old Order Amish Church. Born in East Lampeter Township, she was the daughter of the late John and Lavina Kauffman Stoltzfus. Surviving besides her husband are seven children: Priscilla, wife of Ben S. Stoltzfus, and John S., both of Kinzers; Amos S., Lancaster; Mary S., wife of Alvin K. Fisher, Ronks; Lizzie S., wife of Daniel J. Yoder, Kirkwood; Sarah S., wife of Samuel K. Yoder, Watsontown; and Susie S., wife of Samuel S. Lapp, Gordonville; 52 grandchildren; 66 great-grandchildren; and three sisters: Fannie K. Fisher, Kinzers; Priscilla Stoltzfus, Christiana; and Susie, wife of Elam F. Beiler, Gordonville.

BYLER, Sam J., 74, Smicksburg, PA
died May 16. He was known to have cancer in the bones. He lived in New Wilmington, Lawrence Co., Pa. till the past year he made his home at their youngest child the Amos Bylers. His wife, Emma survives & is in a wheelchair & had bad arthritis in her hands. They have 6 sons & 4 daughter who survive.

EICHER, Dave, 68 yrs., R.1 Bowling Green, MO.
died in the Amos Esh home in Pa, May 3rd, apparently of a heart attack, while visiting after he had surgery to remove some tumors from his colon. He had cancer in his colon and a heart condition. He was born Dec. 30, 1918 to Samuel and Magdalena (Raber) Eicher. Married to Sarah Marner. Surviving are his wife, 6 sons and 8 daughters. Marie (Jerry Schwartz) Curryville, MO., Dan (Mary Whetstone) Monticello, MO., Esther (Joe Schwartz) Hamilton, IND., Paul (Lydia Schrock) Kahoka, MO., Martha (Jacob Mast) Revere, MO., Rachel (Joe Schrock) Maywood, MO., Henry (Anna Mast) Kahoka, MO., Ida (Eli Burkholder) Revere, MO., Amos (Mary Schwartz) Hamilton, IND., Eli (Lizzie Schwartz) in house place, Anna (Sam Mast) Kahoka, MO., Madgalena (Sammie Burkholder) Alexandria, MO., Sammie (Sarah Burkholder) Curryville, MO., and Katie (Lavon Eicher) Bowling Green, MO., also Lydia Hochstetler Eicher (Neal Byler) Dover, DE. 121 grandchildren, 4 great-grandchildren, 3 brothers and 4 sisters. Preceded in death by his parents, 2 sons and 7 grandchildren. Funeral was held in big house by Bish. Reuben Girod Branch Co., Mich and Bish Amos Esh, Lancaster, PA. In little house Rudy Schwartz, Hamilton, IND. and Bish Daniel Hochstetler, Glasgow, KY. Pallbearers were Melvin Hiltz, Andy Yoder, Noah A. Lee and Henry W. Eicher.

GINGERICH, Dannie R., 40 yrs., 7 months, 20 days.
died May 25, 1987, born Oct. 5, 1946. Married to Susie Kurtz in 1966. Surviving are his wife, Susie, 4 sons and 6 daughters, all at home, ranging in age from 19 years to 1 yr. old. Sarah, Martha, John, Mary, Lizzie, Andy, Edna, Rudy, Harvey and Susie. His parents, Rudy and Susie (Petershiem) Gingerich from Hazleton, Iowa, Susie's parents, Andy and Sarah (Hochstetler) Kurtz from Fairbank, Iowa. Four brothers and two sisters. Eddie married to Emma Helmuth, Hazleton, Ia., John married to Ella Gingerich, Hazleton, Ia., Rudy Jr. married to Susan Yoder, Fairbank, Ia., Erwin married to Laura Raber, Hazleton, Ia., Martha married to Raymond Miller, Augusta, Wisc. and Alma at home. Preceding him in death are a sister Susie, a neice and a nephew. Daniel was ordained

to the ministry in 1977 and Bishop in 1979.

GINGERICH, Erwin A., 68 yrs., 7 months, & 5 days. passed away Mar. 25 at St. Vincent Charity Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio, after 51 days in the hospital having had open heart surgery the 23rd of Feb. Putting in a new aortic valve and repaired the mytral valve and one by pass. He was born Aug. 20, 1918 in Middlefield, Ohio and was a life long area resident. Erwin was a self-employed carpenter and a member of The Old Order Amish Church. He was married to Malinda Miller, Jan. 31, 1946. Survivors include his wife Malinda, daughter Mary married to John H. Slabaugh and son Erwin Jr. married to Ida Weaver of Middlefield, mother Amanda Gingerich, 11 grandchildren, 5 brothers, Jonas of Missouri, Sam of Utica, Ohio, John & Allen of Middlefield and William of Florida, sister Mary of Spartenburg, PA. and Martha of Middlefield. He was perceded in death by his father Abraham, daughter Edna, one grandchild Katie, and sister Barbara. Services were held at the residents by th home Bishop Dan W. Byler, Lester A. Miller and Raymond Garber of Sugarcreek, Ohio and at neighbor Urin U. Miller by Dan N. Gingerich, Eli Gingerich from Middlebury, IND. and Enos Bachman. Casket carriers were Daniel A. Miller, Elwin Troyer, Abner Hershberger, and Melvin Kurtz. Burial in Yoder Cemetary.

GINGERICH, Susie R., Fairbank, Iowa was stillborn to Rudy Jr. and Susan Gingerich on May 17, 1987. Surviving are her parents, 1 brother Ervin and 1 sister Carolyn, her grandparents Rudy and Susie (Petershiem) Gingerich and Philip and Caroly (Schwartz) Yoder. Also aunts, uncles and cousins.

HERSCHBERGER, Jonathan, 5 days. Troutville, Pa. died on May 8, 1987 at Maple Avenue Hospital. He was the son of Jonas M. and Mattie (Yoder) Hershberger. Born May 3, 1987 at Maple Avenue Hospital. Surviving are his parents and 5 sisters, Lydia, Rose, Sarah, Mattie and Gerite and 1 brother, Joe. All at home yet. Grandparent's are Menno Hershberger, from New York and Noah Yoder's from here.

HERTZLER, Moses, 1 yr old, 9 month, and 6 days, Spring Run, Pa.
died at his home on Tues. April 7 from pneomonia, after being a cerabral palsy child since birth. He had been in the hospital for a week about 5 to 6 weeks before death and wasn't so well since till the week before he died he seemed surprisingly well, but did not last. He was the son of Ammon and Rebecca (Hostetler) Hertzler. Surviving in addition to his parents are 2 sisters, Lydia, 5 and Rachel, 4, paternal grandmother Lydia (Stoltzfus) Hertzler, widow of Jacob Hertzler, of Spring Run, Pa., Maternal grandfather
Mose Z. Hostetler, widower of Mary (Stoltzfus) of Dry Run, Pa. and a great grandmother Hannah Stoltzfus of Mechanicsville, Md., also uncles, aunts, & cousins. Services were held at his hime by Andy Byler and Christ Hostetler. Lied by Henry Hertzler. Lied at cemetary by Samuel S. Stoltzfus. Casket carriers were Aaron, son of Walter Yoders and Moses, son Gideon B. Stoltzfus.

HOSTETLER, Rufus J., 85 yrs., 11 months, & 3 days died in his sleep on Sat. night, May 3rd. He was ailing the last while, confused at times, and expressed his wish to depart for a better land. The funeral was held at the Jacob Hostetler home by Davie Hostetler, & Levi Swarey, and in the small house by Solly Kurtz and Isaac Stoltzfus. Relatives & friends attended from many parts of Pa. Burial in Fishers cemetery. He is survived by his wife Elizabeth, 4 sons, John K., Jacob, Dave, & Isaac, Mechanicsville, & 4 daughters, Fannie, wife of John Stoltzfus, Spring Run, Pa. and Lydia, wife of Henry C. Byler, Millie, wife of Chris Kurtz & Naomi, wife of Ben Zook, all of Mechanicsville, Md. One daughter Annie & a small son Joe preceded him in death.

KEIM, Harley, 1 day old, R.5 Ashland, Ohio
died April 8, the day after it was born, it was born with many abnormal problems, he leaves behind parents, 8 brothers and 4 sisters. Grandparents are Harley S. Yoders and Mrs. Wm. J. Keim.

KING, Anna G., 33 yrs of 1650 Morningside Drive, Lancaster, PA 17602
wife of Omer B. King, died early Tuesday morning May 12, 1987 at the Lancaster General Hospital after a three-month illness, member of Old Order Amish Church. Born in Sadsburg Township on May 13, 1953 to Joel Z. and Rachel F. (Glick) Zook of Kinzers, Pa. Surviving besides her husband and parents are 4 children, Emanuel Z., Sarah A., Emma G., and Ivan O., all at home, 4 brothers, Christian B., and Emanuel G. Zook, both of Kinzers, Jacob K. Zook of Hopewell, Oh., John J. Zook of New Providence, and a sister Emma G. wife of Moses B. Glick of Willow Street, and a paternal grandfather Jacob K. Zook, age 91 of (Limeville) Gap, R.D. Pa. Funeral was at the late home Thursday May 14 at 11 o'clock Standard time.
Short funeral services in house by Joseph King, lied Nun gute Nacht, ihr liebsten mein read by David King. Services in barn by (Dannies) Henry Z. Fisher and Main sermon by Bishop Samuel Fisher, Michael King read Wer Weiss Wie Nahe Mir Mein Ende, Burial in Beilers Ronk's cemetery. Widower Henry Fisher read Gute Nacht in cemetery, Ab Sheid by Aaron King. She will be greatly missed, but hope our loss is her gain.

LAPP, Melvin E., 54 yrs, 6 months, 21 days, 66 Morrison Mill Rd. Kirkwood, Pa. 17536, died May 17, 1987 of cancer. He was the husband of Rebecca S. (Stoltzfus) Lapp. They were married in 1954. He was the son of Amos L. and Lydia (Esch) Lapp. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. Surviving, besides his wife and parents; 2 sons, John, Bird-in-Hand; and Amos at home, 2 daughters, Lydia, wife of John Stoltzfus, Kirkwood and Annie wife of Gideon Stoltzfus, Bird-in-Hand. 4 brothers; Elam, Christiana; John, Loganton; Amos, Ronks; and Aaron, Gordonville. 3 sisters, Rebecca, wife of Melvin Petersheim, Christiana; Sylvia, Gordonville; and Anna wife of Isaac King, Oxford; and 11 grandchildren. 1 sister, Mary, wife of David B. King and 1 brother, Jacob preceded him in death. The funeral was held at the house by Ivan Fisher and Lasset Klag und trauen fahren (462) was read by Bennie King. Further services were held in the shed on the home farm ar 9:00 o'clock by (opening) John B. Stoltzfus, Bishop Henry Stoltzfus, and Mensch sag an was ist dein Leben (394) was read by David F. King. Pallbearers were Jacob and Aquilla King, Enos Petersheim, and Aaron Lapp. Interments in Fishers Cemetery, Bartville. Nun Gute Nacht ihr Liebsten Mein (464) was read at graveside by Sammie Stoltzfus, and benediction was by Israel Beiler. Dewald Funeral Home was in charge of funeral.

LAPP, Susan A., 78, of Paradise R.1,
died Monday afternoon at her home after an illness of six weeks. She was the wife of the late Samuel S. Lapp, who died in 1984. Mrs. Lapp was a member of Mine Road Amish-Mennonite Church. She was active in the sewing circles of the Amish-Mennonite churches. Born in Upper Leacock Township, she was the daughter of the late Jacob and Annie Stoltzfus Glick. Surviving are seven children: Melvin G., Jacob R. and Edna, wife of Raymond Lapp, all of Kinzers; Anna Mary, wife of Kenneth Benner, Plain City, Ohio; David G., Paradise RD; Barb, wife of Titus Kauffman, Alden, N.Y. and Rhoda, wife of Marvin Smoker, Intercourde; 22 grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren. Also surviving are seven brothers and sisters: Isaac Glick and Barbara, wife of Isaac Dienner, both of Gap; David Glick and Miriam, wife of Jacob Miller, both of Lancaster; Sadie, wife of Levi Smoker, Lititz R3; Leah, wife of Ben Smoker, Paradise; and Amanda Smucker, Gordonville, RD.

MAST, Jacob L., 5 yrs old, of 15756 Shedd Road, Middlefield
died Wed. May 6th at Geauge Community Hospital. The son of Albert N. and Nancy (Yoder) Mast was born November 16, 1981 in Geauga Hospital. He lived all his life in Middlefield. A member of the Old Order Amish Church. Survivors include his parents Albert and Nancy Mast, 2 brothers, Andrew and Robert, 3 sisters, Barbara, Katie and Miriam, all at home. Also grandparents Noah and Mattie Mast, Mahlon and Fannie Yoder of Middlefield, Many uncles, aunts, and cousins. Services were held at the residence on Friday May 8th at 12:30p.m. Burial in Yoders Amish Cemetery Parkman.

MAST, John J., 67, of 17240 Pioneer Road, Huntsburg died Friday, May 8, 1987 in Geauga Hospital after a lengthy illness. Born Dec. 8, 1917, in Troy Township, he was a lifeling resident of Huntsburg. Mr. Mast was a self-employed mechanic and also was a farmer. He married Barbara Yoder in June, 1941. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. Survivors include his wife, Barbara, 8 sons, Eli, Erwin, Joe, Noah, John Henry, Jake, Dan, Melvin, all of Middlefield, 2 daughters, Mrs. Dan R.T. (Katie) Byler of Windsor, Mrs. Joe (Martha) Kauffman of Middlefield. 48 grandchildren, 5 great-grandchildren; 2 brothers, Elmer and Noah Mast of Middlefield, 4 sisters, Mrs. John (Lydia) Troyer, Mrs. Albert (Emma) Yoder, Mrs. Albert (Katie) Troyer, Mrs. Dan (Nancy) Wengerd. He was preceded in death by parents Jake and Mattie (Detweiler) Mast. Services were at 10 a.m. Monday May 11th at the Mast residence. Bishop Dan J. Byler officiating. Burial in the Miller Amish Cemetery, Huntsburg.

MILLER, David, 2 day old son of Dennis D. and Betty (Mullet) Miller, #2 Sugarcreek, Ohio, died May 15.

MILLER, Lizzie, 100 yrs, 3 months, 7 days.
died May 12, 1987, better known by Une Lizzie. She had 7 children, 54 grandchildren, 371 great-grandchildren, 172 great-great-grandchildren, which makes 604 living descendants at the time of her death. A great-great-grandchild was born the day before her funeral. 1 daughter, 5 grandchildren, 5 great-great-grandchildren are deceased. She died at her home in Wayne Co. Ohio. It was beautiful weather at the time of her death. All the grand children were there excepte 3 and many of different states.

PEACHEY, Nancy R., 82, R.1 Belleville, Pa. 17004
died May 24, she was never married, daughter of the late Moses and Rebecca (Renno) Peachey. She had used cancer salve to remove a lump from her back in 1972 and had been fairly well since. This winter she had again used the slave and had been getting along well, her sore had not been completely healed and she was weak. She had walked out to her sisters house for supper Sun. eve May 17, she was bedfast only 5 days.

Surviving are the following sisters, Rebecca with whom she lived, her other 3 sisters are all widows, Emma (Mrs. Solomon Wengerd), Salina (Mrs. Isaac Yoder) Arie (Mrs. Daniel Bender), also nieces and nephews. Services were held May 26 at the Dan N. Peachey home by Daniel L. and Daniel M. Peachey. Burial in the Allensville Cemetery.

STOLTZFUS, Leah, 68 of 132 Locust St., Leola
died at her home at 5:20 p.m. thursday after a lengthy illness on May 21, 1986. Born in Morgantown she was the daughter of Elam G. Stoltzfus and the late Sarah B. (Smucker) Stoltzfus. She was the wife of Daniel F. Stoltzfus. She was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. Besides her father and husband, she is survived by a step-mother (Rebecca Lapp Stoltzfus), Myerstown, 2 daughters, Mattie wife of Aaron Lapp, Gordonville; and Lydia wife of Amos Fisher, Honey Brook; 4 sons, Elam Stoltzfus, Conestoga; Eli Stoltzfus, Parkesburg; Abram Stoltzfus, Leola; and Daniel Stoltzfus, Gap; 39 grandchildren, 2 brothers, Eli Stoltzfus, Lebanon; and Reauben Stoltzfus, Myerstown; 4 sisters, Fannie wife of Jonas Lapp, Myerstown; Lydia wife of Amos Fisher, Myerstown; Rebecca wife of John A Stoltzfus, Bird-in-Hand; Annie wife of Jacob Stoltzfus, Leola; 3 half-brothers, Christian Stoltzfus, Newmanstown; Elam and Isaac both of Myerstown. Preceded in death a sister, Sarah died in 1966, a sister Mary died in 1924, a brother Jacob died in 1929. Funeral service were held at home on Saturday May 23 by a cousin Jacob Smucker and a nephew Benuel Fisher, a lied by Daniel K. King. Burial at upper mill creek,

a lied by Simeon King and Sammie Lapp absheid.

SWARTZENTRUBER, Norman C., 87 yrs, 8 months, & 6 days.

died May 18, 1987, Born Sept 12, 1899 of R.2 Dover, DE. Was married to Sarah Lee on Oct. 31, 1922. Lived in matrimony 5 years. Married second time to Esther Schlabach on Feb 28, 1929. Lived in matrimony 55 years. Leaves to mourn, 1 son, 1 daughter, 17 grandchildren, 42 great-grandchildren. 1 son, 1 daughter and 3 small children preceded him in death. Funeral services were held at the home on May 22, by Neil Hershberger and Bishop John J. Yoder.

TROYER, Bishop Abe D., 88 yrs., R.1 Ashland, Ohio died at his home on the morn of April 26, after failing health for a while.

Born in LaGranga County, on April 25, 1899. He was a son of the Late David C. and Lydia Spicher Troyer. He was a retired farmer. His wife (Lucinda M. Sommers) died in 1984. A son Roy and an infant daughter preceded him in death. Surviving are 5 sons, Ben, Manass, Roman, Abe Jr. & Andy, and 5 daughters, Edna, Ella, Mary, Ada & Erma, 51 grandchildren and a host of great-grandchildren. Services were held at the home of Sam A. Troyers (a great niece) where he had his home. Services were held in house, barn and machinery shed, where Bish. Albert Keim, Henry Raber, Bish, Joe E. Keim, Christ Miller, Joe A. Keim of here and Bish. Eli D. Yoder of Clark, Ohio preached. Pallbearers were Melvin E. Schrock, Aden H. Raber, Ura A. Yoder, and Sam C. Miller.

TROYER, Susanna (Beachy), 75 yrs. and 8 days

died at her home April 2, 1987, near Dover, Delaware. Born March 25, 1912 to John M. Emma Coblentz Beachy. She was united in marriage to Simon S. Troyer, Dec. 5, 1940, lived in matrimony 46 yrs. and 4 month. She joined the Old Order Amish Church in her youth and remained steadfast to her end.

To this union were born 5 sons & 3 daughters. Sam married to Lizzie Mast, Wyoming, DE., Emma married to William Mast, Bethel Springs, Tenn., Henry married to Mary A. Byler, Hartley, DE., Esther married to Bennie J. King, Dover, DE., Barbara married to Sam J. Miller, Wyoming, DE., John married to Miriam F. Coblentz, Hartley, DE., David married to Lena D. Yoder, Dover, DE., Simon Jr. married to Sylvia A. Byler and live on the home place Hartley, DE.. She leaves her bereaved husband, 8 children, 66 grandchildren, and 2 great-grandchildren, also 2 brothers and 2 sisters. Moses of Mifflenburg, Pa., Henry of Dover, DE., Katie Miller of Sarasota, Fl., and Mary Byler or Catlett, Va. and Many relatives and friends to Mourn her departure. She was sick a little over 3 months. It started soon after she had a fall forward, some time in Nov. Some weeks after that she complained of some abnormal feelings in her abdomen. X-rays were taken Dec. 29. Dr's said it shows a hernia and some thing like a tumor and suggested for her to have surgery Jan. 5 and now that dreadful disease removed a cancerous tumor grown into the hernia. Said it was impossible to get it all, which was spread through her body. She came home a week later and gained enough to be up part time, until to the last month she was bedfast and had more pain. The last week or so the only nourishment she could take was in liquid form, till she peacefully passed away to 10:30 p.m. I wish to express my thankfulness to each and everyone of our dear friends far and near for your visits prayer cards and encouraging letters before and during our bereavement also the scrap books. May God Bless you all, the family and lonely companion, when the evening sun is setting and I am sitting here along my mind just keeps on thinking of our loved one gone on home.

How bright the sun had shone. How clear had been the sky. When we together could roam my beloved companion and I.

Lifes sweetest joy we shared together in sunshine and stormy weather. I need your help dear Lord I do. I trust you will help and see me through.

Simon S. Troyer Sr. R.1 Box 221, Hartley, Delaware 19953

WEAVER, John H., 74 of 17515 Newcomb Road, Middlefield

died Sunday evening, May 17, 1987, in his home after a brief illness. Born October 4, 1912, the sone of Harvey and Mattie (Miller) Weaver, in Geauga County. He was a lifelong resident of the county. Mr. Weaver was the owner and operator of a buggy repair shop. He married Fannie (Hershberger) Feb 23, 1933 in Geauga Co. Mr. Weaver was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. Survivors include his wife Fannie, 4 sons, Joe, Crist, Harvey of Middlefield, Melvin of Sherman, N.Y., 6 daughters, Mrs. Joe (Elizabeth) Mullet of Guys Mills, Pa., Mrs. Chris (Mary) Fisher, Mrs. Andy (Edna) Kauffman, and Mrs. Adam (Emma) Detweiler of Middlefield, Martha and Esther at home. 2 brothers, Menno & Pete of Middlefield, 4 sisters, Mrs. John (Mary) Kurtz, Amanda Weaver, Mrs. Bill (Lizzie) Byler of Middlefield and Mrs. William (Mattie) Kempf of LaFarge, Wisc., 72 grandchildren, 33 great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents, Harvey & Mattie, 1 brother, Harvey, 2 sisters, Lydia & Emma and 4 grandchildren. Service will be 10 a.m. Wednesday at the home, Bishop Crist E. Fisher officiating, Burial will be in Yoder Amish Cemetery, Parkman Township.

YODER, Sarah J., 59 of McClure, Pa. R.D.2

died Apr. 30, 1987, quite suddenly was pronounced dead on arrival at Lewistown Hospital, was pronounced as massive heart attack. She was born Oct. 31, 1928, daughter of John D. & Maryann (Swartzentruber) Yoder of Millersburg, Ohio. She was married to Christ L. Yoder of Reedsville, Pa. They lived in Ohio, moved to Winifield, Pa. later moved to McClure, Pa. where she died. Surviving are her husband, 2 sons, David C., Henry C. at home, 2 daughter died in infancy, also surviving are 2 brothers and 5 sisters, David J., Eli J., Lizzie J., Katie J., of Millersburg, Ohio, Mattie J., Susan J., of DePeyoter, N.Y., Caroling (Yoder) Stetler, Rensselaer Falls, N.Y. Funeral was held in house by minister Samuel Z. Yoder and in barn by minister Christ R. Yoder. Burial DeCatur Cemetery.

YUTZY, Jonas, 87 of Nappanee R.3
died April 5 at home after a lingering illness, he was buried April 8.

MIGRATIONS

Enos Mullets and Noah Mullets moved from Medford, Wis. to Augusta, Wis. on May 6th.

Harley Mullets moved from Wilton, Wis. to Augusta, Wis. May 7, 1987.

Eli Schrock moved from Inola, Okla. to Chouteau, Okla. R #1.

Roy Jay and Mary Yoder and 2 children moved from Clare, Mich. to Elsie, Mich. (new settlement) on May 5.

Mervin A. and Lydia Ann Schrock and 4 children moved from Clare, Mich. to Elsie, Mich. on May 5.

Norman Coblentzs and 2 children moved from Delaware to Clare, Mich. on May 14.

Joe W. Schrocks moved from Medford, Wis. to Chetek, Wis. on April 15.

Chris Kempfs moved from Woodhull, N.Y. to Pine City, Minn. in the fore part of April.

The Robert S. Hershberger family moved from Fryburg, Pa. to Union City, Pa. on May 26th.

Toby and Verna (Marner) Mast, 3 daughters and 3 sons moved from Bowling Green, MO. on May 12.

The Eli Shetler family moved from Danville, OH. to Wayne Co. Ohio in May.

Wally R. Bylers moved from Spartansburg, Pa. to Lewisville, OH. on May 20.

Roman M. Millers moved from Spartansburg, Pa. to Clymer, N.Y. on May 16.

Amos M. Millers (newlyweds) moved from Clark, MO to Blair, WI on May 15. Amos was from Blair.

Sammie E. Gingerichs moved from Clark, MO. to Edgewood, Ia. on May 18. His folks, Eli J. Gingerichs moved with them as a temporary move, but they will take their belongings as a permanent move after they get a house built or moved.

Jacob L. Herchbergers moved to Granton, Wis. from Mt. Elgin, Ohio on Mar.10

Eddie Petersheim Sr. and son Eddie Jr. and wife moved to Mich. Mar. 26.

The Eli G. Yutzi family moved from Bloomfield, Iowa to Leon, Iowa in May.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Hazelton, Iowa - Bishop Expires

GINGERICH, Dannie R., 40 yrs., 7 months, 20 days.

died May 25, 1987, born Oct. 5, 1946. Married to Susie Kurtz in 1966. Surviving are his wife, Susie, 4 sons and 6 daughters, all at home, ranging in age from 19 years to 1 yr. old. Sarah, Martha, John, Mary, Lizzie, Andy, Edna, Rudy, Harvey and Susie. His parents, Rudy and Susie (Petershiem) Gingerich from Hazleton, Iowa, Susie's parents, Andy and Sarah (Hochstetler) Kurtz from Fairbank, Iowa. nk, Ia., Erwin married to Laura Raber, Hazleton, Ia.

Daniel was ordained to the ministry in 1977 and Bishop in 1979.

Ashland, O. - Senior Bishop Expires

TROYER, Bishop Abe D., 88 yrs., R.1 Ashland, Ohio

died at his home on the morn of April 26, after failing health for a while.

Born in LaGranga County, on April 25, 1899. He was a son of the Late David C. and Lydia Spicher Troyer. He was a retired farmer. His wife (Lucinda M. Sommers) died in 1984. A son Roy and an infant daughter preceded him in death.

He was a staunch leader to establish the Ashland Community, in the 1950s.

Dover, Del. - Senior Min. Expires

SWARTZENTRUBER, Norman C., 87 yrs, 8 months, & 6 days.

died May 18, 1987, Born Sept 12, 1899 of R.2 Dover, DE. Was married to Sarah Lee on Oct. 31, 1922. Lived in matrimony 5 years. Married second time to Esther Schlabach on Feb 28, 1929. Lived in matrimony 55 years. Leaves to mourn, 1 son, 1 daughter, 17 grandchildren, 42 great-grandchildren. 1 son, 1 daughter and 3 small children preceded him in death. Funeral services were held at the home on May 22 , by Neil Hershberger and Bishop John J. Yoder.

He had formerly lived in Oakland, Md., and also in Norfolk, Va. but was ordained in Delaware in the 30s.

Wayne County, Ohio - Matriarch leaves 604 Descendants

MILLER, Lizzie, 100 yrs, 3 months, 7 days.

died May 12, 1987, better known by Une Lizzie. She had 7 children, 54 grandchildren, 371 great-grandchildren, 172 great-great-grandchildren, which makes 604 living descendants at the time of her death. A great-great-grandchild was born the day before her funeral. 1 daughter, 5 grandchildren, 5 great-great-grandchildren are deceased. She died at her home in Wayne Co. Ohio. It was beautiful weather at the time of her death. All the grand children were there excepte 3 and many of different states.

Kinzer Pa. - Senior reaches ripe age

BEILER, Sarah K., 89, 4994 Strasburg Road, Kinzers

died tuesday afternoon at her home after a long illness. She was the wife of Henry K. Beiler. Born in East Lampeter Township, she was the daughter of the late John and Lavina Kauffman Stoltzfus.

Her father was a well known minister in Upper Pequea. He was accidently killed at the barn raising at the Samuel Stoltzus home in 1927.

17 Year locust appear this year

Decades ago this locust was known to be very destructive, but the present generation knows little of their destruction to farm crops. This is the second time for the 17 year locust to appear since THE DIARY has been issued.

Landisburg, Perry Co. Pa. - Lydiann Fisher

May was such a beautiful month. We had a nice amount of rainfall, tho it is on the dry side at the end of the month. It was dreary the beginning of the week, then the sun came out bright and warm on the 28th and has been very muggy since.

Hay is being made, some having lain for over a week due to rain and damp weather. Corn is about all planted. Strawberries are ripening and are plentiful and nice sized. Asparagus has produced real well this year also.

The seventeen year locusts are coming out and are very numerous. They can be heard singing or chirping or whatever on the mountain. I don't know if they weill do any damage or not. Gypsy moth seem to be doing their usual damage again. In another month they will have the mountains bare in spots.

Conewango Valley, NY - Noah N. Wengerd

The month of May was quite dry. Some people are getting low in water. We had a few thundershowers, but mostly sunny days. We had frost about every morning in the first week, and the last week was a very warm one.

Noah J. Shetler, age probably in the low 30's, had a ruptured appendix. The operation was on May 3rd.

Dewittville, Mayv. Dist. NY - Salome J. Byler

May started in cool, but it got nice and sunny. Had a light frost on the morn. of the 5th, but it went up in the 60's again the next day. On the morn. of the 8th it was frosty again, and on the 10th it was in the 80's. Had a little rain on the 11th, and it was cooler on the 12th. On the 14th we had 1/2 in. of rain and on the 18th we got .2 in. It rained again a little on the 19th. On the 21st it went up to 80 degrees, and the 23 & 24th were cool and then it warmed up. Had .1 in. of rain on the 26th. It was in the 80's and 90's for the rest of the month, being 70 degrees this morn. at 5:30. Oats and corn fields look good. Some hay has been cut. Black berries are blooming.

Saloma D. Byler is going backwards. She can hardly walk at times. The doctor says that there is so many things wrong that all that can be done is to give her medicine to keep her comfortable. She might also have had a small stroke.

Barbara (12) dau. of Dan Swartzentruber, while running and playing fell and broke her collar bone. The doctor strapped her. Levi (13) son of Chris W. Bylers hurt his leg and arm when a log rolled on him. He was laid up a few days, but there was no broken bones. Chris also had an unlucky accident when can-hook in some way flew up and hit him in the face, breaking his dentures and hurting his nose.

Mary Mrs. Wallie C. Byler cut her thumb pretty badly when she grabbed a jar she dropped and broke. She is trying to let it heal without seeing a doctor.

Levi Shetler was hurt some when a horse he was leading got unruly, knocked him down, and almost ran him over. He was still sore last night.

Clymer, New York - Lydiann J. Bricker

We have had a very nice spring. It got quite dry several times, so that things haven't grown very well. Farmers got their crops out early.

May started in nice, though we still had several frosts. Most days were nice and sunny with a real cool wind. Things greened up early. Flower beds are very nice. Saw more of them this year as I just got back from a 10 day, 2,000 mile Eastern trip. One of the highlights was Washington D.C. You could go through part of the White House. It takes 18 hours to clean one of the chandeliers. Chincoteague Island is where we saw the wild ponies and the ocean. Crossed the Chesapeake Bay on the 17.6 mile long bridge, which also has 2 one mile long tunnels. We were in the Free World's largest airplane. Six charter buses can be put in it side by side. It was at the Dover Delaware Air Force Base. We also crossed the world's second highest but longest spanned bridge. It is 876 feet high over the New River Gorge. Stopped at Gordonville Print Shop and Book Store. Enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the Blue Ridge and Appalachian Mountains.

Allen, son of Allen A. Bylers broke his leg above the knee. He has to be in traction for 4 to 6 weeks, and then he will be in a body cast. He is in Shriners Hospital in Erie.

Norfolk, New York - Sue Wickey

May 1st was the last day of school. We had a few sprinkles- had a few days in May with sprinkles, but never more than 1/2 in. at a time, and many times not even that much.

We had 2 mornings that were white with frost: the 13th and the 16th - also had ice the 16th.

It was very warm and humid the last few weeks, seems so early for it to be so warm here.

One early bird already has little green tomatoes on her plants. Of course, some were also frozen two weeks ago.

Willie Hilty (Aluins) and Rebecca Schmucker (Dans) started joining church.

Rensselear Falls, N. Y. - M. E. Shetler

May was cool and dry until in the last part when we had rain and several days of very warm weather with high of 90 degrees reported in the shade. The following are several origins of old-time measuring units. A foot was the length of Charlemagne's foot, modified in 1305 to be 36 barley-corns laid end-to-end. An inch was the width across the knuckle on King Edward's thumb, or obviously 3 barley-corns. A yard was the distance between King Henry's nose to his royal fingertips. The metric system on the other hand uses the meter, it being exactly 39.37 inches, or some 118 barley-corns.

Newport, New York - Sarah Renno

We had a few frosts in May, but mostly we had warm weather this month. Ideal to get the crops out. I think the farmers around here are all finished planting corn in May this year. Garden things are coming with just the right amount of rains, mixed in with plenty of warm sunshine. Asparagus is plentiful, and the strawberry crop looks good, but none is ripe yet.

House Fire

this year. Garden things are coming with just the right amount of rains, mixed in with plenty of warm sunshine. Asparagus is plentiful, and the strawberry crop looks good, but none is ripe yet.

House Fire

Harvey Bylers from Ft. Plain lost their house and contents in a fire when the kerosene stove got out of control. Less than 2 weeks later they're ready to move into the basement of the new house. There is still some painting and finishing touches to be done. Their settlement is located about 30 miles south of here (or southeast). So the folks from here and other areas went to help rebuild.

Miss Salina Peachey now has a fiberglass cast on her leg (which was broken in Jan.) as it isn't quite healed yet. She went out to Romulas this morning and plans to have a vacation there. We still have alot of quilt orders to be done. We had over 20 of them quilted at the large quilting bee in Juniata, May 20-21.

Fort Plains, New York - Mrs. Levi B. Hostetler

May was very cool the first week; by the 9th we had 70 and 80 degrees again. Most of the time the air was cool, but nice growing weather. Quite a few fields of corn are up already; some are still planting this last week of May.

The 16th of May a public sale was held at John J. Bylers to sell the excess articles that were in the buildings on the farm they bought and moved into this past winter. Many antiques were bought and sold at good prices.

The 12th of May we had our communion services and ordained a minister. Rudy L. Byler was chosen by lot; he is the son of Levi A. Byler of Lawrence Co. His wife is Nancy, daughter of Minister Dave Kurtz of Fort Plain. There were four in the lot: Rudy L. Byler, Dave W. Byler, John J. Byler, and Roman Miller.

House Fire

On the morning of the 18th a fire from a faulty oil stove burned down the house at Harvey J. Byler's. They lost everything but the clothes that they were wearing. The bulk groceries that they had in the back of the house were saved.

Sewing was started for the family on Mon. by the women here, with the help of the Newport women for a few days; by the end of the week clothes were on hand for use by the whole family. They have one daughter who will be 12 years by June, and 2 younger sons. The new house was under roof by Sat. evening. This week they hope to work on the inside to get it livable as soon as possible since the Harvey's live in the school house at the corner of their farm. School was closed for 2 weeks; now in June there will be some days of school yet to get the end of the tests done.

A daughter Rebecca was born May 20th to Dannie and Mary (Wengerd) Kurtz.

Montour Co., Penna. - Lydia Stoltzfus

The weather for May had alot of sunny and warm days. he highest was in the upper 90's last week. We also had ht frosts on the first week or so for a few mornings, and bout a week of damp and cloudy days with some rain. On the 31st there was a thunderstorm with enough rain to settle the dust. Strawberries are on the menu, and we also expect to have our first meal of peas today. Head lettuce, asparagus, and onions are being enjoyed. Corn has been planted, and some are making hay. Produce farmers are planting peppers, cantelopes, and cucumbers.

Allenwood,Penna. - John K. Fisher

May was mostly warm and sunny with some clouds in between. The 29th and 30th were very warm and hazy, and it was getting dry. We had a good rain that night.

It is good planting and growing weather and we had farmers just starting with their first crop of hay.

School is over for another term with the last day on the 16th.

Nittany Valley, Penna- Benjamin B. Stoltzfus

May was mostly sunny and there was not so much rain, a total of a little over 2 inches. On the 3rd we had an inch, and an inch again the 18th and 19th. On a few other times we had a little bit of rain. Hay had enough moisture to get a nice length. The third week had 4 cloudy days and the last 3 so that the hay didn't dry well. The 29th, 30th, and June 1st it dried good. On the 1st of May we had frost and again on the 8th, though not so heavy on the 8th as on the 1st.

Brush Valley, PA - David B. Stoltzfus

Mahlon Yoder (31) had the misfortune of receiving a broken leg on April 15th. He was out discing with six horses when he went in front of his restless team to alter something at the harnesses. Apparently the inside horse backed away from him and the outside ones all came in front and completely encircled him. He was soon on the ground with big feet going over him, and with one coming down on his leg breaking both bones near the ankle. The doctors put in plates and they say it will take 6 months to heal. Mahlon is a minister in the East Brush Valley district, and he is coming along as well as can be expected.

We had good showers in the beginning of April and warm weather. Cold weather in the beginning of May delayed corn planting, but with fair weather most of it was planted by mid-May. About 1 & 1/2 in. of rain on the 19th and cloudy weather until the 28th delayed haymaking until nearly June with no rain to speak of so far on the hay, which is a heavy crop.

LANCASTER COUNTY REPORTS

Mascot Area - Bertha Miller

Getting too close to a saw while cleaning at John K's shop called for an emergency visit to the hospital for John Beiler of Monterey. What's more, he's now minus three fingers on the left hand.

May has been here with a number of damp, cool days, but it's ended with 90 degree weather which helps to the yielding of a bumper berry crop.

Farmers won't pout about 1st cutting alfalfa being rained on and browned out. Some have done 2nd best and used the ag-bag.

Good plowing weather with the exception of it being warm for the horses.

Tobaco is being planted in spite of slow and low markets for '86 crops.

Bird-in-Hand - David B. King

Farmers are about done planting corn and are making hay. Some hay was laying for about 2 weeks. May started in nice and cool for this time of year. We didn't have much rain for the first 2 weeks, but the week of the 23rd we had 2 .5 inches of rain. The next week was cloudy until Ascension day, and it's been nice since and has gotten warmer. Quite a change for everything.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

Beautiful spring weather indeed which April has brung us. A nice mixture of rain & sunshine is sure making the garden vegetables grow. We're having the pleasure of eating fresh asparagus, radishes, lettuce & onions. A good spring tonic. I feel sorry for the people without gardens to miss all that. Farmers are busy plowing, etc. Saw someone planting corn the other day. Isn't he rushing the season a little bit.

The weather during May 1st through 8th was rainy and cool. We had around 1 and 1/2 inches of rain, which we were so glad for to help the garden things and crops grow. This last week of May it all of a sudden became summer. It made a person sweat just from sitting and quilting. Farmers are busy planting tobacco and making hay. Nice drying weather this week now. We are enjoying fresh peas and lettuce, etc.

Peach Botton Area - Christ Zook

The first part of May was cool and wet but there wasn't much rain in all of May. The last week in May was very warm, unusual for May.

Chester County, Penna. - J. Elmer Lapp

The month of May started out cloudy and brought us some rain on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Again on the 15th,19th, 20th, 23rd, and 27th there was nice showers for a total of 3 inches. The last 3 days were very warm and humid with 90 degree temperatures.

Corn planting is done except some rye and hay fields to be plowed or planted no-till. This is a practice that seems to be done more in the last four years. Some of it has been done already, but haymaking so far hasn't been so good otherwise until the last few days. It looks like a good crop of sugar peas and strawberries have just started to ripen, with hull peas not far behind.

Dover, Delaware, - Neil N. Hershberger

May was a cool month for the most part with many cloudy days and many days with an east wind. Total rainfall for the month was 4.1 in., which was enough as long as it was cool and cloudy. The last week was warm and summer-like with high temperatures of 98 degrees on the 30th. The low temperature was 33 degrees on the 1st.

Strawberries are a very good crop but will be over with very shortly due to the very warm weather. Early peas look as good as we can remember ever seeing them, and were ready to pick by the 31st. Other crops look well at this time.

St. Marys Co., Md., Amos R. Stoltzfus

Our weather for May was ideal, but the last week was very warm. Had a nice amount of rainfall.

Amos (14), son of Joseph S. and Susie Stoltzfus, broke his wrist on May 21st when the branch of a tree he had climbed broke and he fell to the ground. He has it in a cast and also wears a sling.

Delta, York Co., Penna. - Andrew H. Beiler

We had some good growing weather in May and enough rain to keep things growing, although the latter part was not good for making hay. Those who mowed the 15th or 16th got some nice hay to put in the barn, but from then until after the 28th it was cool and cloudy with some rain. We are having some weevel damage or something is chewing some alfalfa patches up very noticeably.

McClure, Penna. - John Y. Speicher

The end of April was getting dry. It started to rain the 3rd of May and on the 4th it rained all day, then turned cooler. May 11th was down to 50 degrees but during the day it was warm, wet and as high as 90 degrees as soon as it dryed off. On the 18th it started to drizzle. On the 19th it rained hard and washed some of the corn and oats out. It was wet and cloudy most of the week and some farmers lost some alfalfa hay. Some nice hay was put away the last week of the month. the end of the month was very warm and humid. It rained a nice shower Sun. morning. Sat. the 30th was 106 degrees. Much corn was planted in May, but there's some still left to plant. There was also some frost in the fore part of the month.

April 30th will long be remembered by the family of Christ. L. Yoder as his wife Sarah died suddenly. they were about 3 or 4 miles away from home when all at once her ears closed up and she lost most of her eyesight. Also she had chest pains and an ambulance was called to take har to Lewistown Hospital where she was pronounced dead on arrival.

Henry C. Yoder who broke his leg on Feb. 14th is still on crutches. Lydia, wife of David B. Yoder died at the age of 58 years 4mo. 11 days. She suffered from cancer. They lived in Winifield, PA.

Beaver Springs, Penna. - Emery A. Weaver

We had rather a dry first part of May, but nice soaking rains last of May. Strawberries are hanging very full.

5 women of our group were to Felty Petersheim's to a large interesting quilting, on May 20. 257 trays were used at the noon meal.

Juniati County, Penna. - David Y. Renno

May was a favorable month, with several heat waves also quite a few cloudy days, with cool drying winds.

We had no hard frosts all month with the normal amount of rainfall. Crops look very good and hay is tall and thick and lodging a good bit. Cherries may be not so plentiful as some years.

The 17 year locusts are due here this summer again. Have not seem many yet.

Adam Wengerd, 20, who has been working in Andy Petersheims planning mill, got his arm in the cut off saw just as it grabbed and flew forward and cut his left hand off at the wrist. Soon after that Raymond Troyer, 18, who also works at the same shop got his hand in the feed rolls, hurting it quite bad and was a week in the hospital. But both are well again, and at work again.

Mifflin County, Penna. - Catherine Swarey

May started in cool and cloudy with showers and an all day rain (1.7) May 3rd, then sunny, clear beautiful days from May 5-18. Got a whole week of cloudy, wet weather with 2.8 in. of rain. May 23-24 was sunny again, then hazy and cloudy again till May 28, Ascension Day. A total of 4.5 in. of rain. Cool nights, warm days with the highest temperature in the low 80's to the lowest of 32 degrees. Gardens, pastures, cornfields look very nice; peas, strawberries, blackberries are blooming. Some hay has been cut and some has been put in already. Whip-or-whils have been heard since May 1st. The last three days after Ascension Day were quite warm, up to 96 degrees. There were thundershowers Sat. night, .8 in. some places, and others only got .3, others more or less.

Newburg, Franklin Co., Penna. - Jacob Flaud

Through the month of May we had good growing weather. Had some good showers and thunderstorms. Corn is about all planted. Hay crops look good. The hay making has started. Produce farmers are busy planting tomatoes, cantalopes, and water melons. It was real warm the last week of the month.

Gettysburg, Penna. - Elizabeth A. Stoltzfus

We had much cloudy weather in May, especially the week of the 17th. Showers throughout the month totaled 3.9 in. We had several days of 90 degree weather at the end of the month. It was 92 degrees on Sat. May 30th. We had frost May 5.

Farmers started cutting rye, wheat, and alfalfa for hay the week of the 10th. Had a wet period from the 15 to the 27th, then finally on the 30th they could get that alfalfa and wheat in. Alfalfa is now in bloom. There is still alot of corn to plant. Strawberries are ripe, nice and big. Pea vines are hanging full of blossoms and pods. It is very noisy in the woods around here. The 17 year locusts are here or what they call cicadas.

Smicksburg, Penna. - Mrs. David E. Schlabach

On May 1st Andy E. Miller broke his leg while skidding logs. A dead tree fell on his face and shoulder scratching it up pretty bad. He has to have a cast for 3 to 6 months. Mail will reach them at: R.D. 1 ,Box 26, McCormick Rd., Smicksburg, PA 16256.

Andy, 9 month old son of John S. E. and Ida J. (Miller) Byler was taken to Kittaning Hospital on May 10th and then transferred to Pittsburg. He had liver problems and one lung collapsed. He is anemic. He was in I.C.U. for awhile, but could come home on the 19th. He is doing as can be expected. Doctors put tubes in his ears sometime before his hospital stay. Address is the same as above, except the box number.

The last weeks were extra warm for May. Some days felkt like dog days. Received a thunderstorm on the eve of the 30th and more rain since. Some farmers made the 1st cutting of hay. Had our first meal of strawberries last night, June 1st.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. David J. Byler

We had lots of nice weather in May. In the first of May we had frost in the morning when it warmed up in the day and was up in 70's and 80's and it cooled off in the evening.

Most people have all their garden in except their plant's. Corn and oats are up nice.

Allen Fisher is doing good as far as we now, hope he can keep it up. Mrs. Jonas Hershberger is laid up for a while, she is doing good the last I heard.

Salisbury, Penna - J. Henry Mast

May has been a month of ideal growing weather with plenty moisture and sunshine. Crops are coming along nicely and hay making is being started. Out of state visitors in church at Roy Kinsingers were Alvin Masts and his family from Rockstream, New York. They left for home again early Tues. morning. Church is to be at Noah Summys on the 14th.

David Hochstetlers, Albert Summys and possibly others attended the funeral of Mose Hochstetler in Dry Run, PA. on Sat. They returned home again Sat. evening.

David Swareys had visitors last Fri. from Juniata, Co. In the load were Floyd Yoders, Mrs. Tobias Petershiem and others whose full names I didn't get. John Masts is working on getting his sawmill ready.

Meyersdale, Penna - Mary A. Kinsinger

Our May weather has been cool the fore-part of the month and had occasional showers. It seems there were some scattered shower and rained spotty. We had approx. 4 in. of rain in May. It has warmed up now and has been warm & humid, since in the 2 last wks. Had heavy thunder on the 26 & 27th.

Corn is about all in the ground except possibly some that will plow after hay is made and plant corn then.

The schools closed the 1st & 2nd wks. in May. Gardens are being planted as weather permits. Asparagus and lettuce, onions & radish, etc. are on the menus.

Oakland, Maryland - Mrs. Atlee Hershberger

Weather is very summer like the last few days, some days it goes up in the 80's but cools off at night. Had a very good soaking rain the first of the week.

Southern Mercer Co., Penna. - Eli H. Kurtz

May started in with a cool mornig at 28 degrees, the coldest of the whole month, but warmed up to 62 degrees and sunshine. The 2nd had some rain and a little sunshine, 3rd was cloudy and raining, 4-12th was sunny and up to 80 degrees and had a shower of rain at night. The 13th-17th had sunshine, 18th was a real rainy day, thaen two days cloudy followed by 2 days of sunshine. The 24-29th had mostly sunshine with thundering on the 28th in forenoon but no rain, 30th had some sunshine and also cloudy with thundering most of the afternoon with only light rain here. Daytime temperature averaged from 60-88, the warmest being on the 28th and the 29th. Morning temperature average from 40-66 with 3 mornings in the upper thirties.

Has been mostly on the dry side but crops and gardens are growing nicely. Lettuce, onions, radishes are on the menu. Early strawberries are ripening. Farmers have started to mow grass for hay.

John K. Byler, Volant, R.I. was sawing lumber at his sawmill when he sawed into a knot and a piece of wood flew back and hit him in his abdomen. He was knocked partially unconscious. He was taken to the hospital and operated on, they took out his spleen, 1 kidney, had a hole cut in his stomach plus a few other injuries. He was in intensive care until the 30th when he was released into another room if the plans are carried out. This happened on the 27th.

Eli H. Kurtz, Mercer, R.I. had an accident in his shop when he started to motor sharpen the lawn mowers and the emery wheel flew to pieces. One piece flew against his left hand behind the thumb and caused a bad bruise. This happened on the 8th and is now healed nicely, but the thumb usage is still not quite normal.

Mercer County, Penna. - Dan J. Troyer

May was a nice month, the first half was a little cool. The last half was very warm. On the 1st, 6th, and 16th, we had a light frost. Had some light rains on the 3rd, 14th, and 19th. On the 22nd had a hard rain of 1 and 1/2 in. in a short time. Some more light showers occured on the 26th and 30th. Corn is mostly planted. There is a good hay crop about ready to cut . Peach trees are loaded with fruit this year.

Guys Mills, Penna. - Mrs. Crist J. Miller

The first week in May brought us several frosts in a row, and was a nice month to get the crops in the fields, with almost everyone getting their corn in. It rained as it was needed, until the end of the month where we could have used the rain. It was muggy, with temperatures up in the 90's. Early gardens look good, with peas in bloom.

Anna Mae Miller was working with a harrow and 4 horses, the horses got scared and ran over her along with the harrow. She was taken to the hospital by ambulance, where a fractured vertebre was found. They operated on her back and took a bone out of her hip. They took out the bone and put 2 rods on either side of the vertebrae; she is also wearing a fiberglass cast which will have to be worn for 4 mo. she was in the hospital for 2 weeks. She can walk with the aid of a walker. She is 15 years old and the dau. of Ervin and Martha Miller.

Mrs. Sara Ann Byler also had a freak accident. When the boys were in the haymow shooting at rats with a 22, she was in the main part of the barn and got hit in the middle of the forehead, after the shot had glanced off of something. A month later she is still black and blue.

Spartansburg, Penna. - Thomas B. Miller

The first week in May was cool and rainy. From that we had some excellent weather; nice sunny days and just when it got a little dry we had nice showers. Toward the last of the month we had some very humid weather. Even though it rained off and on some days it just did not cool off. We had a severe thunderstornm on the 26th, and even that did not help much. We had a quick hard rain again on the 30th and now the 31st is nice and pleasant with a much appreciated breeze. The hot, humid weather sure made things grow, but it soaked the energy out of a person. Farmers have most crops in the ground and are getting ready to make hay. Looks to be a good yield. Fruit trees and blackberries are really loaded with blossoms. We're hoping for a good harvest. What is better than fresh, ripe fruit to eat?

On May 7th, John L. Hostetler got his hand caught in a radial saw at Sparty Wood Products where he works. He cut off three fingers and ripped off some of his palm.

Melvin (13), son of Melvin J. Troyer cut his foot with a chainsaw. I have not heard how bad the cut is, but he's in the hospital.

On May 23rd some of Noah Shetler's boys were going down Sparty Hill with a team and wagon loaded with logs. The team could not hold back the heavy load, causing them to slip on the pavement and then they could no longer be controlled. At the bottom of the quite steep hill the wagon got caught on a cement post, scattering logs, boys, and wagon all over the road. The mailman was coming up the road and upon seeing the the runaways, he stopped his car and the horses ran into him on either side of the car, doing quite a bit of damage. One of the boys, William (12), is seriously hurt and is in Erie Hamot Hospital. Quite a few bones are broken, his hip is pulled out of the socket, and the socket is splintered. He might be paralyzed.

Dan J. Hershberger is in Erie St. Vincent Hospital undergoing a series of tests. He has had much trouble with his back this last winter and they have now found a spot on his lung. More tests are being administered.

Ida (15) dau. of Mose M. Weaver is still very poorly. They are still doctoring and trying to come up with a diagnosis. She is losing weight and has a hard time swallowing food.

Beaver Center, Penna. - John C. Miller

We had a beautiful April. Many cold frosty mornings. It's a little on the dry side. Many early garden things have been put into the ground. Oast fields have been sown. Spring Hill School closed it's doors for summer vacation on April 29. The picnic was May 5.

Oats are growing nicely. Most of the corn is up that is planted. Garden's are looking nice. Some early radish & lettuce have been enjoyed. Early peas are blooming. A welcom shower fell today (the 31st).

Sugargrove, Penna. - Joe A. Byler

First part of April ground was frozen more than usual as we didn't have as much snow, giving farmers a late start plowing, although oats are pretty well sown by now. Saw a few snow flakes today but not enough to cover the ground.

Crappie fishing was good in Chautauqua Lake this year. average 10-11 inches some 13 & 14 inches were caught.

Not much news up in the north here this time. Had 2 days of 83 and 85 degree weather which broke previous records.

Geauga County, Ohio - Eli E. Miller Jr.

The month of May goes to history as a dry and warm month with temperatures up to 100 in shade with some morning readings in the 70 had a cool spell over the weekend of the 24th, but didn't last long had very little rain the most at one time was 5/10 in. here had some thunder but of times only a 1 or 2/10 in. it was spotted as som have had 1 in. an more hay is short in length but is blooming sooner then other yr's some are filling silo with grass some have put some up dry hay already which don't take long to dry. Corn is all planted but needs rain.

Milk price was down some $10.50 per cut at cheese plant feeder pigs at last sale $111.00 per cut.

WAYNE and HOLMES COUNTIES, OHIO REPORTS

Apple Creek, Kidron Area - John L. Stutzman

This last part of May, the weather feels like the dogs days in August. In the mornings the temperature in the 70's. During the day in the 90's to 100's. It feels muggy, not much air. May the 30th we had some thunder storms & some places hail. I heard say north of Kidron on route U.S. 30 was a place where the road was white with hail. The traffic had to slow down of the hail. Also water running over the road. Some heavy rains, done some gulley washing. Put down a lot of the hay & wheat fields. It is the time of the year when mother nature is about as green as any time. Very nice growing weather.

Some corn will be knee high by the 4th of June already if nothing happens. Further north in the area where they had hail, it striped the leaves off of the corn. Only a stub left anymore.

Holmesville Area - Monroe A. Weaver

Real snow storm Apr. 4, about as much snow as we had all winter together. 2 1/2 inches rain in April, above average temperatures high of 88 Apr. 21 low 21 Apr. 1. 3 1/2 inches rain in May also above ave. Temp. 1/2 of the days 80 or higher. Good growing weather. A few fields of early planted corn is knee high. Most farmers have started to make hay, looks like a good crop.

Hogs ave. in the low $50.00 in Apr. Mid $50.00 in May. 45#-55# pigs sold from $50.00 to $68.00 per pig. Are cheaper the last week $39.00 to $55.00. Cattle were high in Apr. higher in May. Top steers $72.50 - bull calves top $170.00. Top hay prices for the season were May 13, $185.00 & straw $160.00. In general livestock prices are high & grain cheap. Amish in our area buy more grain, then they raise.

Our senior Amish person in our area is John D. Troyer, 103 yr. olf - his mind is good hearing not so good. But you can visit with him,

Fredericksburg Area - Eli E. Hochstetler

May started wet & cool with frequent light frosts but very little damage being in the dark of the moon but good hay & small grain weather. Very good pasture and hay, wheat and barley look very promising. Some early Alfalfa already cut, but poor drying weather. Corn is mostly planted but was slow till mid May it warmed up and corn improved. Early planted corn from six to ten inches tall. Fruit trees are well filled. Blackberries are blooming. Blueberries & raspberries look like a good crop, also strawberries are ripening. Quite a bit of building & remodeling being done. The last full week in May was mostly warm, humid and sticky, yet damp with nice thunder showers. May 30, 65 degrees & foggy, thunders & sticky and is warm 85 by 10 o'clock. Muggy, humid but good corn weather. May 30, usually was Memorial Day, but changed to May 25 this year. Wonder who changed it and why.

Baltic, Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

For May, our first half was a little on dry side along with quite a few frosty mornings, giving farmers a good hand to get their corn planted. The later half brought along some good showers with everything growing at its best. Hay making is started but not much put in yet, on account of damp weather alfalfa weevils are causing some damage. Cattle and hog prices about holding their own. Pig prices still good. Hay still selling good at local sales.

Sugarcreek, Barrs Mills Area - Jonas N. Bontrager

Farmers are done planting corn, it is all up. Hay making has started and looks to be a heavy crop. Some silos have been filled. Lots of pasture, wheat is headed out, also oats is heading out. Gardens look wonderful good.

May has been mostly warm. Some days above 90 degrees. Having rains as needed. Has cooled off some after the thunder shower. May 30, Hail was reported in some areas.

Pre. Eli E. Gingerich of Middlebury, Ind. called on us Sat. May 30. Pre. Eli had plans to be in Danville area at Willie Miller's in Ammon J. Miller district today May 31.

Ashland County, Ohio - Ammon A. Troyer

We are having nice amounts of moisture in May. Haying has started, strawberries are on the menu. I think corn is all planted.

Fredericktown, Ohio - Sarah Miller

In the first 3 days of May we had around 2 in. of rain. Had nice warm days till the 18-21st which had rainy and foggy weather. Then we had alot of warm, humid days with showers and quite a bit of thunder and lightning. On the 30th we got 1 in. of rain and it was stormy-like in the afternoon.

The corn is all planted, and some are starting to make hay. Some early garden stuff is ready to eat along with strawberries.

Wayne A. Miller, son of Andy Miller, broke his hand while his horse was unruly.

Butler, Knox County, Ohio - Alvin Yoder

We have been having quite a bit of rain recently through latter part of May. Makes good growing weather for plants and weeds alike. Hay should be a good crop. Strawberries are a good crop and early this year. Peas are starting to pod.

Two young men were out fishing when lighting struck the tree they had their horses tied to, killing both horses.

Isacc Miller had minor ear surgery in Columbus recently.

Sullivan, Ohio - Gideon J. Hershberger

We had nice weather thru May with a nice amount of rain. Crops are gorwing good.

2 barns have been raised this spring. 1 for David S. Yoder & 1 for Mose Slabaugh. 2 more to go 1 for Fred J. Hostetler & 1 for Jonas L. Siv.

Dana, dau. of Andy J. Hershbergers broke her leg when a wagon upright fell on her. She has her leg in traction.

Stockport, Ohio - Warren L. Fussner

May was nice most of the month, with a couple of light rains. Towards the last of the month it was very warm and humid.

Milk prices are holding at the $10.65 per hundred for grade B. 3.5% base. Grade A. is over $11.00. We are selling eggs at the house for $.75 a dozen.

There was several frolics this month. On the 15th a shop was put up at Samuel Stutzman's. On the 22nd a water line was dug in from a spring to Vernon E. Stutzman's buildings. On the 27th a hog house was put up at John Hershberger's. Eli L. Beechy took a load of belongings to Mich. (Blanchard area) on the 21st. Our son Joel accompanied him. Enos Stutzman left on the 25th for Nappanee, Ind. for the funeral of Albert M. Kuhns. Eli S. Gingerich left on the 20th for Independence, Ia. for the funeral of Bishop Dannie R. Gingerich, a cancer victim. Vernon E. Stutzman is planning to build a new house this summer.

Hicksville, Ohio - David Raber

Thousands Flee Chemical Fumes

At one o'clock in the night a neighbor awoke us saying everyone needs to leave as a big seed house was burning and the toxic fumes were coming our direction. We could smell it and burned your eyes. They came with 2 school busses to take the Amish to a town 25 miles north of here. They fed us breakfast were allowed to lay on blankets to sleep for those who could sleep. But the ones who had chores were the one hurting. We didn't get our cows milked toll 10:30 in the morn, but were thankful they were so concerned about the Amish.

We are having warmer then usual weather for May. It was getting dry but had nice showers now. Most of the crops were planted before the middle of May.

Mr. & Mrs. Joe Miller are on a 6 week trip to Alaska.

Sarasota, Florida - Noah Stutzman

Weather wise its warm but just so in 80's in fact we think its real nice, showers come so about as needed lawns are really growing seen a patch of sweet corn in tassels suppose about ready to eat but Feb. is corn planting time her I think but I'm not a Fla. farmer. Abraham Knepp could tell us all about it as he is a farmer and knows it can get dry and also too wet so guess its about normal from other states. Last Sun. the amish and tourist church had a carry in dinner at the park with about 100 attendance, enjoyed the day much now next Sun. the 24th we will have a carry in dinner in the amish church house after Sun. School last Sun. the 17th was in honor of Roman Yoders as they are moving back to Paris, Texas, and now this sunday. its just a fellowship gathering. Willis Yoder are back again from Ind. as they were to a Grandsons wedding but are not intending on staying home very long as they want to take a lengthly trip to Alaska now in the near future which will be something like 2 months, I think. Good luck to you Willis and the load you are going with.

This P.M. Ellen Nissley, Fannie Yoder, Mrs. Mary Yoder, & my wife Fannie with Laura Yoder as driver wisited Mrs. Levi (Elva) Bontrager, Mrs. Amos Kipfer, also Mose B. Miller. Mary she is recovering nicely from a broken bone between her knee & hip and is walking with a cane which was 5 wks. ago that it happened.

Here through Pinecraft they are building a 5 lane highway and are taking trees horses and what ever needs to be moved or taken away East to railroad beyond Pinecraft, today 4 trailers in Harley Miller's trailer park were sold from $300.00 to $700.00. Mrs. Laura Mast moved into her new home on Kruppane, south of Fry St. All in all it made a change along Baha Vista in looks, sure did do a lot of work along there so we'll say God Bless each reader along the way or who ever may read this.

Marion, Kentucky - Samuel Hertzler

May has been very dry. Rains are very spotty. Crops have not suffered very much here, as we got 1 in. of rain on the 24th, and again some yesterday. Heard of a place not far away where they had no rain for nine weeks. Hay is a good crop, and with this weather it makes about perfect hay. Strawberries were a bumper crop, but due to the dry weather they had a short season. They are almost gone. The tomato crop looks good, and ripe ones will be expected in about 10 days. Zuccini squash is also raised to ship north. They will be coming on the first week of June.

Guthrie, Kentucky - Jessie D. Peachey

It is nice growing weather. Showers are really spotty though, to the extent that our neighbors watched it rain here while they were baling hay! Strawberries and peas are over and were a good crop. Last Sun. on the way to church Gary Lambright's horse shied at something and headed for the ditch. Gary stopped him, but the buggy was hanging and it just slowly tipped over. Then Sun. evening after the singing Deuon Lambright's horse acted up so he left his family off at home and went for a little spin yet. The horse took advantage of this and took off on a gallop, with the buggy swaying. Upon meeting a car, Deuon decided to leave the road. He hit a pole and smashed the front wheel, and his knee put a hole in the dash. No serious injuries.

Park City, Kentucky - Enos A. Yoder

May was mostly quitewarm and sultry, with some days going up in the high nineties. Seems more like July and August. The last good rain we had at our place was May 3rd. There was scattered showers and more rain at other places. Here we had sprinkles now and then and there was enough moisture in the ground for things to grow well. Yesterday (May 30) we got 3/10 in. Today was warm and sultry and this evening is cloudy and lightning a little.

Peas are being canned. Strawberries are a good crop. Fish are finding their way on our table. The oats look good in the heads, but they are short. Corn is from 8 to 10 in. high.

We have dug out for our barn, and are about ready to cement the footer. Gid Yoders has laid most of the blocks for his barn. Hay making is in full swing.

We are expecting Bishop Eli Stulzman from Eth. IN. tomorrow to hold council meeting and communion.

Nunnely, Tennessee - Lester Graber

Visitors here over the weekend of the third when church was at Amos J. Bontragers were the Perry J. Miller and the Leon Miller Families of McRae, Ark. and Mr. & Mrs.

Noah Hochstetlers moved into the small house they built on their rented property. They have now had church in it twice.

Strawberry season is almost past. Our dry weather has ended with the several showers we have had recently.

Ethridge, Tenn. - Daniel M. Gingerich

Mahlon J. Zook got his leg hurt when an unruly team ran over him with the disk. He was rushed to a local hospital where they slowed the bleeding which was pretty heavy and from there they took him to Maury County Hospital in Columbia where they had to operate to restore the circulation in his leg. Reports are that it was a deep puncture wound in his thigh. Doctors said that if they hadn't had luck with the operation they would have had to amputate his leg. So I guess he can feel lucky that it wasn't worse. Mahlon in newly married to Lydian (Mast) since last winter. He has been getting around some with a wheelchair and crutches. It will be awhile though before he can easily do heavy work again.

Levi young son of Paul Millers was also hurt when he was thrown from a disk after hitting a hidden stump. His nose was broken and he also received puncture wound somewhere near his nose. He was going again a few days after the incident.

Weatherwise we have had pretty warm and dry (although we had a couple real light showers) until about the middle of the month. Then we had a few inches of rain in scattered showers, enough to give crops a nice boost. It is starting to dry up again at the time of this report. Strawberries are pretty well over now. We had a short crop on account of dry weather, although it was better than some of the last few years, when we lost the blooms to frost.

Lettuce, radishes and now engligh peas are on the menu, also squash and possibly some other early vegetables. Some early corn is now over knee high. Some late corn has just been planted. Oats are ripening and nearly ready to cut. Our crop outlook is pretty stable at the time.

Dunnville, Kentucky. - Marie Schlabach

May was an extra warm and humid month. More so then usual and is also dry. We didn't get the wet spring that is usual either. The first half had quite cool mornings but also got quite warm during the day. The last week was the worst as it cooled off some at night but usually not more than 60 degrees but is surely good growing weather. Had about 4 1/2 in. rain total for Monday. Oats are starting to turn and corn is knee high. Strawberries were a good crop but we'll be past after this week. Commercial cabbage will be ready to cut in about a week or so.

Little Jake, son of John Detweilers spent from Fri. eve. to Sun. morn. in Lexington Hospital as he bumped his head and was bleeding. He is a Hemo. and had to have factor 9. They took him to Somerset, Ky. to get his factor 9 after he came home from Lexington. He seems to be doing o.k. although he bumped it again and looked quite bad, but gave him just home remedies this time. We had lots of company during May so won't name them all.

Adams County, Indiana - Mary Ann Hilty

May 1987 was a pleasant spring month. The predawn downpour has dwindled to a drizzle, and now at last the sky is brightening. The dry spell we had in the first part of the month came to an end on the 18th when we recorded a welcome rain. Ever since, we have had showers to give crops that extra boost. We've had several sultry, humid days in the 90 degree temperatures. Strawberries are on the menu. Farmers are busy cultivating corn, beans, and also making hay when weather permits. We enjoyed Menno D. Schwartz', Seymore, MO. diary reporter's visit on May 3rd.

Elmer B. Schwartz 19 R2 Geneva, Ind. was injured on the eve of May 12th. They think he was kicked in the head by a horse and received serious head injuries. He spent 2 weeks in Parkview Hospital and is now slowly improving at home. He's the son of Henry H. and Barbara (Graber) Schwartz.

Christ E. Schwartz R2 Geneva, Ind., who received severe injuries on his leg after being caught in a disk, was dismissed from the hospital, after being in the hospital for 4 weeks.

Etna Green, Indiana - Menno Schwartz

We have had several inches of rain in May which was much appreciated., otherwise overall weather has been quite warm. Lettuce and radishes are ready to eat. Most corn is planted through this area.

Strawberries look like they could be a good crop. Lawns look beautiful and green.

Daniel Yoder, son of Levi Yoder, Jamesport, Mo. and Ruth Hochstetler, dau. of Ura and Miriam (Miller) Hochstetler were married Apr. 17 by Walter Schwartz.

Lyle Yoder, son of Henry and Wilma (Miller) Yoder and Laura Mae, dau. of John Henry and Esther (Hochstetler) Hochstetler were united in marriage on Apr. 17 by John Henry Hochstetler.

Glen Slabaugh, son of Raymond and Linda (Hochstetler) Slabaugh and Esther Miller, dau. of Orley Miller, were united in marriage Apr. 30 by Lonnie Slabaugh.

Ernest Chupp, son of Wm. F. & Menierva Hochstetler and Lara Beth Mullett, dau. of Delmar & Lizzie Mar (Yoder) Mullett have chosed May 28th for their wedding day.

Joe Miller, son of Marvin E.E. and Lizzie (Mast) Miller and Leann Hochstetler, dau. of Leroy and Betty (Slabaugh) Hochstetler were married May 15.

Kokoma, Indiana - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

This area was quite dry until we received 8/10 in. of rain May 11 and 2 & 2/10 in. again the third week of the month. We had a heavy fog the 20th since it was so warm and humid. This was ideal growing weather with temperature ranging from 50 degrees at night to as high as 91 degrees in the daytime. Some showers of 2/10 in. or more passed through the last week so farmers had a hard time baling hay. Strawberries and peas are ready and look like a good crop.

Daviess Co., Indiana - Elizabeth Mae Raber

May has been on the dry side and also warm; we had 9 days with 90 degrees or more, and a high of 97 on the 20th, and a low of 39 on the 1st. We had some rain on the 2nd crop.

Daviess Co., Indiana - Elizabeth Mae Raber

May has been on the dry side and also warm; we had 9 days with 90 degrees or more, and a high of 97 on the 20th, and a low of 39 on the 1st. We had some rain on the 2nd and 3rd, and also on the 12th. It looked quite rainy at different times even though we didn't get any rain on some days, so it was rather dry. Then on the 25th we had .3 in., and on Sat. the 30th we had a good rain of over an inch for most of the day. Rainfall for the month was 3.4 inches.

Strawberries are nearly past and were a fair crop. Some hay has been made and it is a good crop.

Marla Kay, nearly 8 year old dau. of Darrell Waglers,is in the hospital in Indianapolis. She had open heart surgery and is coming along as good as can be expected.

Quite a few from this community were to Bowling Green, MO. area on the 7th for the funeral of Dave R. Eicher. He died while in Pa.

Lester Yoder was in the hospital with an infection in his knee after being injured when a gate fell against him while he was trying to load a horse.

Lovington, Arthur Area, Ill. - Henry R. Yoder

May has been a month of good growing weather according to records the warmest since 1934, which was also a warm and growing month. Crops here in central Il. are seemingly 2 wks. ahead of average.

Very little water fell in this area through May. It was spotty what did fall. Most of the people are wishing for rain. However it was real hay weather, lots of nice hay went into the barns during May. Clover hay is being cut now, alfalfa well over with.

Markets have advanced some thru May. Corn & Beans and wheat were getting stronger day by day till they had a good rain thru the corn belt which caused the markets to drop that is in grain. As of now corn has come back around 15 cents per bush., soybeans around 25 cents per bush., still higher tho than at May 1st. Most of the large farmers are co-operating with the Govn't Agriculture program.

Still a good demand for feeder pigs, so much so that it cuts into the feeder profit.

Many small factories & cabinet shops thu here and mostly supplied with orders ahead. The large Toppan factory in Arthur is not as quite as strong as a year ago.

Strawberries started out with nice berries and a good flavor, but without irrigation they shrink fast on lack of rain. All other gardens look but dry for this early. However the old saying is if dry at this time of the year will cause the roots to go down for moisture which would be better for them later on if we do get some rains at a later date.

The fields are dry enough that there is quite a commotion of dust where the large equipment goes.

Corn was mostly planted by the 10th of May and many soybeans.

Jamesport, Missouri - Amos W. Yoder

Corn is mostly all planted, but some soybeans to do yet. Oats are heading out, but some oats have a virus disease and don't look very good. Quite a bit alfalfa hay has been mowed, but we have enough rainy weather that it is hard to get it dried, and a lot of it needed to be sprayed earlier, being badly infested by the alfalfa weevil. Strawberries are bearing well this year, and selling for $1.00 a qt.

Henry, 4 year old son of Joni L. Beechys got his one foot in a weedmower blade while it was running, nearly severing his big toe. He spent a week in a Kan. City Hospital, where his toe was removed and the other wounds sewed up. They expected to bring him home today, May 29th.

Joe J. Swartz, 76, died yesterday morning May 28th, of complications, he had not been well for a number of years. Funeral is to be Sun P.M., May 31st. His wife Fannie (Troyer) survives. They don't have any children.

Audrain (Clark) Co., MO. - Samuel D. Beachy

The months April and May were both, on the average, warmer than usual, but they also had some cold spells in April so that it froze pretty hard. It was also drier than normal. On the 13th of April we had a good rain which was welcome, and then not much for 5 weeks. We had 2 and 1/2 in. in the week of May 18, and after that the ground was in good condition to plant again. Lots of corn was planted in April and early May, but not near all of it. The weevels were bad in the alfalfa this year again. Most of the first crop of alfalfa is put up and people are working on clover and timothy. Oats are well headed out but are more short, and some fields don't look so good. Strawberries are over half past, and were also good. Cattle and hog prices have been very good, but have worked downward in the past few weeks.

A school bus was chartered from here to attend the funeral of Bishop Dannie R. Gingerich, from Ia. on May 28. He had cancer, and was 40 years old.

Jacob J. Gingerich had another surgery on May 28, removing some of his intestines. He also has cancer.

Revere, Missouri - Jacob A. Mast

We are having dry weather with only about 4 tenth of measurable rainfall on May 7. Oast are very short and a poor stand, there is still a lot of corn to plant when we get enough moisture. Hay making has started with a short crop. Strawberries are ripe and mostly a fair size, are having more customers then berries.

The community was saddened to hear of the death of Dave Eicher of Bowling Green, MO. He passed away at the Amos Esh home in Pa. where they had been visitinig since his surgery at Lansdale, Pa., he had cancer, but apparently died of a heart attack. 6 of his 14 living children live here.

Son Dan, age 8 got kicked by a horse in the face, had a cut between nose and eye and a cut below the eye, it missed the eyeball but broke the bones below and under the eye, he had surgery after the swelling went down and is coming along fine, it didn't effect his eyesight.

Migration

Toby Masts moved here from Bowling Green May 12, her Parents Dan Marners, accompanied them and stayed till over Sun. then left for their home in Florida. Mrs. Dave Eicher also came along and visited her children for a week.

Windsor, Missouri - Monroe J. Hershberger

May: We had occasional showers through out the month, very spotty rainfall around this area with 80 & 90 degree daytime-temperatures and enough rain, really keep us busy to stay ahead of weeds. Are having an early spring, with even pea canning started by the middle of month, but more surprizingly still, having one family report having their own tomatoes, ripened by then. They market product & will soon have roadside stands where they sell a variety of produce. Strawberries were a good crop, in spite of our late frost and are selling @ $1.00 to $1.25 a quart. The demand far exceeds the quanity raised. Our new patch we started is looking good. Our first Zuchinni squash is ready to harvest. Oats fields are thin this year, & short.

First cutting hay is a good crop. cherries and mulberries are ripe. Andy Weaver, who kept the men's wool hats a number of years, has finally succeeded in talking someone else into selling them. They were moved to their new location the past week, at "Windsor's Rural Market".

Maywood, Missouri - Moses J. K. Burkholder

May started in somewhat dry, but by the mid part we received more rain & it stayed rather wet the rest of the month. At several different times we had severe wind & thunder storms & at places hail. On the evening of May 21, the sky got very unusual yellow & orange & lasted from 30 minutes to an hour. Later we heard that they had severe hail in several of the surrounding areas. Some people reported having hail the size of goose-eggs.

Wheat & oats look very promising & corn, too at most places. Tho' in some of the very low spots some corn is turing yellow, probably due to too much moisture.

Strawberries seemed to be a very good crop thru here & are probably thru the best part of the season. Mulberries are also ripe & abundant. Peas are on the menu & raspberries & cherries are also ripening. Wild Blackberries are in bloom & look to be a wonderful crop. What a wonderful time of the year with all these goodies that nature brings.

Canton, Missouri - Jacob D. Hochstetler

May was on the dry side and real warm several days. Had around 1 1/2 inches of rain the week of the 20th. The rain was real spotty. Quite a few people waiting to plant until it rains. The oats are headed out. Wheat is turning color. Not very much wheat around here to harvest. A lot of cultivating being done. Some are making hay which is a fair crop.

Seymour, Missouri - Menno D. Schwartz

A month that the green came out. I was gone for 18 days and my home was about growed in. It is a time of the year when things really grow. Once the ground (about 1/2 rocks) gets warmed up with the right amount of moisture, one can't hardly believe his eyes, the difference. Yes, the weeds grow too. I have wondered if some one fertilizer's our weeds! I better not catch him at it, ha!

Oats headed out full grown, looks like a good crop. Hay being made in between showers, also a good crop. Pasture pushing ahead. Garden stuff doing good.

Hogs marked 59 cents which makes for a little extra profit. Milk at 3.5 test $10.50, deferentical 16 cents up 16 cents down. So one better have a good test.

Dublin, Texas - Andrew B. Beiler

Mostly wet through May. Some heavy showers. With all the rain and warm weather it has been very growing. Neighbors have some peanuts in the ground. He usually plants around 60 acus. The best peanut crop is made on a very sandy soil. There is plenty of that in the area. Also hills and lots of rocks not far from the sand fields.

It seemed like we had a lot more turkey this past winter. Apparently our neighbor left several hundred loose last fall. We didn't find out till recently. There wasn't hardly a time that you'd go out deer hunting without hearing or seeing lots of turkey. Our biggest one weighed 18 1/2 lbs.

It seems theres a good demand for dairy heifers now. Heavy springers and fresh heifers are averaging over $1000.

Baby calves are also higher then earlier. Average 45 to $50. for holstein bull calves. This is the time of year when tornado warnings are out. Recently a small town in western Texas was hit. 35 were killed and over 100 injured.

Chouteau, Okla - Mrs. John M. Bontrager

Had a good rain in the first part of the month and it really dried off again so that crops and gardens were starting to suffer. Then on the 23rd it rained again, and on the 27th and 28th we got 4 in.,and at some places they got more.

On Sun. evening the 10th Floyd Schrock (19) was crossing the highway going home from the singing when a semi hit him, demolishing the buggy and killing the horse. Floyd was rushed to a Tulsa hospital where they operated on him to stop the internal bleeding. He had a blood clot on the between his skull and brain which they removed. He came home on the 22nd, and was able to come to church on Sunday. his parents Eli and Mary Schrock moved into their remodeled house on the same day.

On May 26th John L. Chupp (76) passed away in a Tulsa hospital. (See Obituaries next month). His funeral was well attended on Fri. the 29th. It was muddy, but at least the sun was shining again after all the rain.

Sweet corn is getting tassels at this time and peas are almost past. Sounds like green beans are doing well too.

Clarita, Oklahoma - Kathryn Miller

May started with cloudy days, on the 14 it started raining & since then we've had over 11 inches of rain. So the ground really soaked up. Temperature has been in the 70's to 90's.

Norman Miller has been working on his new house and with all the rain he has trouble keeping the basement dry.

Vernon Miller has his new shop framed up & siding on. Dug his basement but hasn't cemented because it's too wet.

First garden things are about past with cabbage and beans coming soon. Visitors at Abe Hershbergers & Allen Yoders over the 17 were Nelson Yoders and dau. Mary, bishop Melvin Yoders from Chouteau, OK & John Yoder of Kalona, IA.

Carpenter worked has picked up again after a slack winter.

Haven, Kansas - Mrs. Enos Schrock

May has been a nice month, mostly cool and weet. Temperatures from 35 to 87. Strawberries and peas seem to be good crops. A lot of the 1st cutting of alfalfa got a good soaking before it got baled.

The Knepp Reunion turned out pretty good which was held at the Yoder Grade School May 23, which resulted to a big church Sun May 24 at the Amos P. Borntrager home. David Knepp from Chauteau, OK. being our visiting minister.

Mrs. Edna Miller, 77 (widow of the late Albert E. Miller) had colon surgery May 22, at the Hutchinson Hospital, where about 1 foot of the colon has been removed. Seems to be getting along alright at this time, Still in the Hospital. Those to attend the funeral of John L. Chupp, 76, of Chauteau, OK on May 29th, from this area were Mr. & Mrs. Lavern N. Yoder, Mr. & Mrs. Enos E. Schrock, Bish Sam J. Yoder, Rudy M. Bontrager, Joe Petershiem, and Amos P. Borntrager with Allen Schrock as driver.

Hutchison, Partridge, KS - Edward A. Mast

The forepart of May had some real warm spells. Had some real good haying weather about the middle of the month. The last 10 days were mostly cloudy with showers almost every day. Wheat headed out about the first of the month and is starting to turn now. Strawberries are a fair crop with the quality being poorer than average.

Bloomfield, Iowa - Mrs. Daniel D. Yoder

May was a fairly dry month until the last 2 weeks showere were very spotty, but believe most got from 1 1/2" to 2". Lots of corn was put out in April so planting got done by early May for most. Some hay has been cut. We had some very warm days of arround 100 degrees & also some chilly nights the 3rd week with temperature at 42 degrees one morning.

Strawberries are a good crop and also 1 to 2 weeks earlier then usual. Gardens look good so far. More produce is being raised for Farmer's Market in Bloomfield, road-side stands and also for one who buys certain varieties of vegetables for hospitals and restaurants. (the latter more on a trial basis as it's the first year) Hog and feeder pig prices are still strong. Egg price is a low of 26 cents for large eggs at the company of most of the producers in this ares.

Buchanan County, Iowa - Clara Nissley

Our May started in with buckets of rain on the 2nd. Bot kinda dry after that till the 18th we got another 9-10th inch. We had another dry spell after that till May 25th and has been drab and rainy since. Seems it was always just at the point where it was getting too dry, and we got a shower that helped. Had lots of nice, sunny days in May. Most of soybeans are in, some hay is down and cultivating is being done. Berries are starting in real good.

Dan Beachy's, John Beachy's, Mary, Katie and Mariam Beachy, along with Andy Kauffman's, Perry Miller's from Cashton, Wisc. and Henry Petershiem's from Canton, Minnesota went to Mexico by train to do some doctoring. Andy Kauffman's sickness was diagnosed as being cancer and Fred Gingerich also found out he has cancer when he was in Mexico about a month back. They are both on diets (Fred and Andy are bro-in-laws). Addresses are both Rt. 1 Hazleton, Iowa 50641.

Martha, 2 yr. old of Joe Mast's fell out of the buggy and broke her arm. A cast was put on, but she had no hospital stay.

Rudy Jr. and Susan Gingerich had a stillborn Daughter named Susie weighing 8 1/2 lbs. and was 21 inches long.

Old Joe A. Yoder was in hospital a few days with a kidney problem. It is getting hard for him to get aroung. His address is Rt. 1 Hazleton, Iowa 50641.

One of Andy Raber's school age boys had a minor ear operation a few weeks ago. He is coming along O.K. as far as I know.

Katie, baby of Allen Detweiler's was taken to UNI hospital in Iowa City May 24 to take a cyst out of the side of her neck. Haven't heard how she is coming along, but they didn't keep her at the hospital.

Dannie R. Gingerich passed away Monday morning on May 25. He had been at the hospital about a week and was on I.V. to get his strength built up again. He had gained aroung 7 lbs, while there and they sent him back home. Sunday he seemed pretty good and Sunday night when one of the girls went to bed he wanted some milk, yet. When they got up Monday morn, they found him in a coma and he peacefully passed away at about 9:00a.m. Funeral was held on Ascension Day in Dannie's machine shed and also in the house. Was a large funeral, they counted an estimate of some over 1,000. The family's address is Hazelton, Iowa, Rt.1 50641

Riceville, Iowa - Dan C. Bontrager

May has brought us some nice rains amounting to a total of nearly 3 inches. It was uneven some places more then others. It was an early spring more warm weather early then usual, and not as much rain as usual altho crops are doing fairly well. 1st cutting hay is ready to cut and may be a little short oats & pasture growing good. Corn nearly all planted by the middle of May. A lot planted in Apr. and looks good. Mattie, dau of widow Ida Petersheim was quite sick and taken to Osage Hospital on the 27th was low in blood and they gave her 4 pints of blood we understand. But gained and was released the evening of the 29th. Reuben Yoder had a run away in the corn planter with team planting corn around a neighbors house. Ending up hitting a tree and needing a replacement part for the planter, No one hurt.

Utica, Minnesota - Atlee J. Shetler

Our area had between 4 and 5 inches of rain spread it in 1/2 to 1 1/2 inches at a time in steady showers. Oats and hay look good and corn is growing and so is the weeds too. Hay is just ready to cut.

Noah D. Gingerich had been having trouble with his back and hip. He has been going around on crutches for a week but has shown some improvement. He got an appointment with a bone specialist in Arizona to see what is really wrong.

We had some unexpected but welcome visitors at communion at the N. District over the 24th. Bishop Enos J. Yoders of Mt. Elgin, Canada, Bishop Christ C. Berntragers and Pre. Willie Planks of Augusta, Wis., and Bishop David J. Yutzy of Fairbank, Iowa.

A van load from Millverton, Canad also came for a pleasant but short visit for 1 day and night, including Pre. Joe N. Yantzie.

Amherst, Wisconsin - Levi Borntrager

We've had nice weather in May. First part of month it was getting kinda dry. Seemed the sun shown everyday. But the week of the 18th clouded up and rained some damp, several foggy mornings & cloudy most of the week also turned cooler & the next week it was cloudy part time and we had more rain again. But was warmer. Everything is growing nicely. Some people have radishes to eat. Lettuce should be ready to eat before long. Strawberries blossomed nicely. Blackberries were in full bloom, looks like a good yield. Most people are done with their field work like corn planting etc.

Pine City, Minnesota - Phineas Borntragers

We finally got our most welcom rain today. Had a few light showers before, but wasn't measurable. The fields were getting dry and dusty. Some corn planted already. Lots of oats fields up look real nice for as dry as it was. Had a couple of foggy mornings in April and some dew, but the wind dried it off in a hurry. Heard Chris Kempf hurt his leg while plowing. Standing on plow and hit a stone which threw him off. Haven't heard how he is coming along. Had real nice weather in April as high as 70 and 80 degrees, had 2 light freezing morning lately.

Wilton, Wisconsin - Ben C. Borntreger

May was a nice month weatherwise. The first half of the month had mostly warm days and cool nights. We've had nice rains through the entire month. We had around 4 and 1/2 in. of rain for the month. Most of the corn is planted, but some aren't done yet. We had 8/10 in. of rain in 15 min. with some hail on the 21st. Some hay fields look rather poor, but some look really good.

Cashton, Wisconsin - Joe C. Bontrager

The month of May had a variety of weather, some mornings with light frost to 70 degrees, also had nice days for field work as high as 80 degrees, with nice showere in between. Corn is nearly all planted, hay fields are spotty, due to freezing out, oats fields look nice, some hay fields are also badly infested with dandelions.

Barn Fired By Lightning

The night of May 13th, lightning struck the barn at Chester Kauffman's and burned it down. On the 26th was the raising to replace it. By evening the roof and siding were on and the doors were hung. They are doing their milking in the new barn the last few days.

Evansville, Wisconsin - Mrs. Ivan Bontrager

May started in rather dry, but around the middle of the month it began to rain. Since that it seems to rain without trying. For a while now we've had a thunderstorm everyday.

Most of the corn has been planted. Strawberries, lettuce, radishes, scallions and spinach appear on the table.

May 1st ended the school year with the graduates being Simon, 3rd son of Ben Yoders, at Spring Valley Scool; Lou Ida, 4th dau. of Leroy Ottos, and our only child, Lester, at Clearview School. the teachers are busy as ever. Mrs. Wilbur (Susie) Helmuth had church twice in this month. The other teacher, Susan Miller, is in Texas, working with Clarence Heading's cage crew.

Wedding invitations gave a number of us an excuse to take a trip. Andy Planks, Loretta and Lorene Otto were in Ill. April 30th for the wedding of one of John Otto's children. The same day we attended that of Olen Miller (Wm. jr.) and Lydia Yoder(Elmer) of Amherst, WI. On May 6th Neil Hostetler attended the wedding at Arthur IL, of Betty Ellen Hostetler (Ervin) and Levi Jr. Miller of Shipshewana,IN. Dorthy and Lou Ida Otto went along to Il.

Wallace and Clara Miller also took a trip recently, spending a week at Goshen, IN, with Clara's mother, Mrs. Sam Plank. They spent another week at Benj. Yoders and others of Plain City, OH.

Mrs. Dan (Leah) Schartz and Mrs. Kenneth (MaryAnn) Plank visited with the Amos Borntrager family at Piketon, OH for about a week. Vernon Detweiler and Cindy Schwartz had an 11-day vacation in Florida with Cindy's sister, Ruth. Ruth then brought them home and will stay a while with her parents, Dan Schwartzes. Also visiting at Dan's were the Menno and Willie Schwartz families, Bern, IN, last weekend.

Weekend visitors May 24 at Lester Detweiler's were Mose Millers of Baltic, OH. At Adin Miller's from May 12 to 15th were Adin's parents, Clifford and Anna Miller. They came with Henry Bender and Albert Yoders, all of Kalona, who went on to Spencer for several days.

Our bishop, Adin Miller, held communion and ordination services at Hillsboro, WI, May 17th. The lot fell on Joe Coblentz, twin son of Dan and Elsie Colblentz. His wife is Rachel, dau. of Joni Hochstetlers. The parents are all from Middlebury, IN.

Our church has seven young people taking instructions for baptism. They are David Miller (Wallace), Vernon Detweiler (Lester), Ervin Miller (Adin), Norman Yoder (Ben), Loretta Otto (Leroy), Lucinda Schwartz (Dan), and Carolyn Plank (William).

Howard and Catherine Miller moved from Keith Blumer's house to the trailer at Ed Webers, changing their adress to Route 1, Box 169A, Old Hwy 92, Broadhead, WI 53520. They again work on a dairy. On the first evening in the new home they had a houseful of company: Howard's parents and all of the above-mentioned Kalona visitors.

Greenwood, Wisconsin - Jonas P. Bontrager

May was mostly dry, but toward the last part we started getting more rain, the total for the month was 2 2/10 inches with the biggest rain being on 1/2 in. on the 29th. May was mostly warm with a few days of real warm and drying winds, but also had some cool days with 5 light frosts, the coldest was 32 on the 4th.

Hay is almost ready to cut, but is short due to the dry weather, but oats and corn look good. Corn planting is finished.

Chili, Wisconsin - Ed D. Stutzman

April was warm ! Had little rain compared to other years. May so far was also warm. Had a welcom rain Sun. and again last night. Was getting a little dry. Crops are going in early. Some corn was planted in April, also some gardens were made first of April. Which is early for this area.

John J. Borntragers Sr. returned from their winter home at Utica, Minn. April 16. They are now living in their new doddy house that was built last winter.

Migration

Eli A. Schwartz left May 4 to make his home at Fredericktown, Ohio area. The Emery J. Stutzman family moved to this area "Graton" yest. May 13 from Dover, Delaware.

Blair, Wisconsin - Mrs. Moses S. Miller

On May 1st we had a welcome all day of rain. The rest of the month was mostly sunny and warm. The 22nd and 23rd were cold. The last week was rainy with a few heavy downpours. It is no longer dry. Water is standing in fields and low in places. Hay is shorter than average.

Lizzie Ann, the small dau. of Andy Wengerde was in the hospital after she swallowed a pin. Ira Borntreger Jr. is building a new house on a plot of land owned by Willie D. Hochstetler. Relatives from here attended the wedding at Clark, MO., of Amos Miller and Savilla Gingerich on May 7th. The newlyweds are now making their home here with Amos' parents (Moses S. Millers).

April started in with snow, but it soon melted. The rest of the month was mostly nice and sunny day after day. It was a little on the dry side, though nothing suffered. Had a few nice rains.

Farmers are busy in the fields, getting ready to plant corn. Gardens are being planted. Grass is slower from the lack of moisture.

Augusta, Wisconsin - Joseph W. Schrock

May was fairly dry, except in the last week very little field work was done. Most of the corn is planted and is up. Some was already cultivated early. Oats are in the boot stage, and already some seeding seems to be coming along pretty well. Hay will be a fair crop if nothing happens. Quite alot of old hay was frozen out, now there is alot of quack and other grasses for hay.

Blackberries look like they will be a good crop if we get enough rain; they are blooming along ditches that usually don't have blooms.

Medford, Wisconsin - Clarence Miller

April was a very nice month with several warm days going up to 80 degrees, the last part was more cool. Had no real soaking rain only several light showers.

Bronson, Michigan - Ora Graber

In the first week of May we had a light frost. In the middle of the month, we had an interval of cool and warm weather, which changed to warm, humid, but dry during the last week of the month.

Crops still look fair, but with the hot and dry weather, the grass is starting to wilt and some brown spots are showing up here and there. This area only had about 1 and 1/2 inches of rain for the whole month. Whereas north of us, in the areas of Cold Water, Union City, and also Bronson and North, they had a severe storm with 2-3 inches of rain in the middle of the month. Many branches were downed, with severe wind and thunder.

When David Lambrights was coming home from town, he was hit by a pick-up, who tried to go around the wrong side, because of a car coming from the other side. No one was badly hurt, but there was some damage to the buggy. David was also kicked by a horse since then, causing a limp in his walk .

Quincy, Michigan - Cathyrn Schmucker

We had very warm and dry weather in May. Had a couple days that it rained. Crops look nice for as dry as it was. Good hay making weather. We are just starting to pick strawberries this last week of May. Looks like the berries will be nice, but a short crop.

Montgomery, Michigan - Mrs Noah N. Schwartz

May has been a very spring like month. It was very warm and dry. We did get a thundershower and 2 in. of rain on the 30th. Hay is being made and strawberries are starting. Bishop Sam M. Schwartz has almost continuous pain from colon cancer.

Clare, Michigan - Abe M. Hochstetler

May is going out very warm over 90 degrees today May 29th. Crops look good, oats especially green this spring. Corn up nice. Scattered rains during month. Some areas in greater need of rain then others.

A man from 15 miles west of here claims thay had less then 3 inches rain since January. Some mushrooms were found a bit north of here. Yellow sponge, good size this year.

Scottsville, Michigan - Marvin Yoder

The month of May was real dry, the temp. was over 80 degrees several days which was real hard on the hogs. Jacob Beachy's lost a sow from over heating. Most of the corn is planted now. The 40# feeder pig price is still well over $50.00, and butcher hogs are close to $60.00 per hundred. While beef is around $45.00 per hundred.

Some of the Delbert Schmucker's spent over Acension Day in Pa. Some boys tried to swim on Acension Day. Anna Marie Yoder and Wilma Beachy are doctoring on Ohio.

The Ervin Hershberger family and Elmina Faye Beachy of Arthur, Il. spent over a weekend here visiting the Mrs. sister, The Ervin Beachy's.

Stanwood, - Michigan - John Y. Schwartz

May was warm and warm, with a few scattered thunder showers. Crops are ahead of normal, with oats having an extra nice color. Some hay has been cut, but isn't as tall as usual. Strawberries are ripening and asparagus picking is about done. Andrew N.J. Schwartz, 40, son of Noah J. (dec.) and Annie Schwartz was ordained deacon on May 3rd. He is married to Alma, dau. of Alvin G.(dec.) and Polly Brenneman

Gladwin, Michigan - Dan Troyer

We are having warm and also more on the dry side. Had a few light showers now and then through May. Today (29th) temperature was 103, but also had a good breeze to help dry the sweat. Rain would be welcomed. Most of corn is planted and up. Early peas are blooming and so are strawberries. Lettuce is on the menu.

Those that come for the barn and shed raising at Noah E. Swartzentrubers on May 27 were Pre. Jacob A. Hershberger, Pre. Jacob J. Hershbergers and 2 children, Deacon Ruben A. Hershberger and Levi J. Hershbergers and 3 children, all from Ohio, also Dennis Zook's from New York. Those that came for our shed raising on May 19 were son Joe, son Elis and Andy. Elis left for home today.

Desboro. Ontario, - Noah J. Stutzman

Weather for May has been mostly on the cool side. Had 8 frosts in first half of month. Was dry until week of May 11, we had 9". The next week 1 1/10", most came on the night of the 21st, a good soaker of 9". Had warm, 75 deg. in shade on the 9th, 72 deg. on the 11th, 78 deg. on the 14th, 79 deg. on the 17th, and 78 deg. on the 21st and 22nd. The other days were cooler, being dreab & damp & 50 deg. on the 23rd & 24th. Total rain for April was 1.7". Early sowed grain is really growing since the rain. Corn is nicely up. Wheat looks to be a good crop so far.

Chatsworth, Ontario - Daniel Stutzman

April started in more like winter again with temp. as low as 18 deg. and snowed some the first 4 days, but the last disappeared on the 5th, as it hadn't amounted to much and a little rain disappeared it fast. Weather then faired up being nice and sunny every day for a week with temp. up to 76 deg. in the shade but is more unsettled again with a little rain, now and then with temp, around 50 deg. The 18th, 19th and 20th were again sunny and warm up to 80 deg., but dropped to 20 deg. on the 25th, but is back in the 50's again, with some rain. It has been getting quite dry for plowing which is mostly finished.

Sale day April 10, for John N. Stutzman, was a beautiful day and attracted a large crowd and things sold well. The 15th was moving day for John N. Stutzmans and there son Elis as they switched homes. Eli is now farming the farm which his dad has settled on 32 years ago after leaving Tenn.

A barn has been taken down for Dan E. Stutzman to help replace his burned down one but another is to be taken down and rebuilding is in mind after seeding. Early gardens have been planted and quite a bit of oats and barley sowed but no corn was planted yet to my known.

Andy J. Miller had an apendicites operation in the Hanover Hospital lately.

Mt. Elgin, Ontario - L. Hershberger

May was very dry, less than 1 in. of rain. People that have lived here for 60 years say that they never saw May so dry as this. The first part was cool, with lots of east wind, and the last part was warm.

Haying hasn't started yet. Strawberries are beginning to ripen. Wiliiam Borntreger's closing out sale was May 26th. Horse prices average $950.00.

Levi Hershberger's closing out sale is set for June 9th.

Yesterday's Years

Sixty-three years ago this spring there were several occasions in the immediate community that are well remembered. Our close neighbor D. Ira Stoltzfus, was very sick with pneumonia and the medics questioned his recovery. Ira was in his twenties or early thirties when stricken, which at that time the pneumonia victims had a very hard struggle to survive. It was in April, and the weather was not settled, and they had to open the bedroom windows so he could get air. No oxygen was available in those days. After 10 days of struggling for his life Ira survived but only with one lung. In 1935 Ira was ordained a minister and in all his preaching days form 1935 to 1971, preaching from the bottom of his heart to the top of his voice you could hardly believe he only had one lung!

That spring of 1924 Ira missed communion at Jonathan K. Riehls (neighbor then) where my father was ordained to the ministry at forty years old. The same spring following Ira's recovery we had company from Holmes Co., Ohio in our church district on old Dan Lapp's farm. The company was minister Emmanuel Schrock, and Bishop Jacob Stutzman. Emanuel had the opening and Jake had the sermons. It was not long after that when Jake Stutzman became more conservative and established his own church in Wayne and Holmes counties, which was then called the Stutzman church. We visited Jake Stutzman in 1953 being an old man then. I don't know which year he died. I think there are still 2 Stutzman districts there but along the years a Troyer was ordained Bishop in that area but later moved to Canada. I'm not that familar with the ministry in that church of today.

The Jake Stutzmans had a boy Levi along when they visited here in 1924 about my age and we played together. I wonder if Levi is still living, and if he is, I think, he's somewhere in Canada. Write us a letter, Levi.

Em. Schrock (they called him Mooney, or Moeny) is also a long time deceased, and his son Emanuel was ordained in Holmes Co. in later years, and then ordained Bishop. We visited them in Ashland, Ohio, where his wife lived yet, and when she died he married the single daughter of the widower Isaac Yoder. But Em. is also gone now and that's the way time goes on from one generation to the next.

Em. Schrock Jr. and Bishop Dave Troyer also of Holmes Co. were in our church district in 1948 at John Kings in Cattaii where old Bishop John Graber, and Pre. Homer Stoll of Davies Co. Ind., were also present. The Holmes Co. minister had the preaching that day. More could be said of such occasions but we are taking enough diary space for this time.

John F. Glick

SENIOR MEMBERS

Persons 80 Years and Over

Lancaster County and descending districts

Compiled by Amos B. Fisher, Soudersburg

wi/o represents widow of; w/o represents wife of.

Senior Men

Aaron S. Esh, Leola, b Dec 10, 1888
Elan G. Stoltzfus, Myerstown, b Oct 30, 1893
Jonas S. Fisher, Ronks, b May 3, 1895
Daniel K. Blank, Leola, b Aug 24, 1895
Jacob K. Zook, Gap, b Sept 7, 1895
Aaron B. Stoltzfus, Ronks, b Oct 22, 1895
Moses B. Zook, Lancaster, b Nov 27, 1895
David Allgyer, Lancaster, b Oct 4, 1896
Amos K. Fisher, Ronks, b Nov 25, 1896
Elam A. Stoltzfus, Kinzers, b Feb 1, 1897
Amos K. Zook, Bird-in-Hand, b Feb 17, 1897
Stephen S. Stolzfus, Kirkwood, b July 17, 1897
John K. Lapp, New Holland, b Sept 26, 1897
David F. Esh, Gordonville, b Mar 18, 1898
Stephen B. Stoltzfus, Honey Brook, b Sept 2, 1898
John S. Lapp, Leola, b Sept 27, 1898
Levi E. Stoltzfus, Bird-in-Hand, b Oct 23, 1898
Aaron H. Lapp, Kirkwood, b Oct 23, 1898
Samuel R. Beiler, Gordonville, b May 22, 1899
Kore B. Stoltzfus, Ronks, b June 9, 1899
Amos S. Beiler, Ronks, b Sept 16, 1899
Elmer D. Stoltzfus, Leola, b Nov 6, 1899
Christian U. Flaud, Gap, b Jan 16, 1900
Gideon Fisher, Myerstown, b July 16, 1900
Henry K. King, Lebanon, b July 24, 1900
Amos U. Glick, Lancaster, b Nov 20, 1900
Fred K. Stoltzfus, Morgantown, b Dec 20, 1900
Amos K. Kauffman, Ronks, b Mar 7, 1901
Samuel S. Stolzfus, Ronks, b April 14, 1901
Elam F. Beiler, Ronks, b Sept 8, 1901
Henry K. Beiler, Kinzers, b Mar 2, 1902
Henry B. Fisher, Leola, b May 6, 1902
Solomon Beiler, Bird-in-Hand, b May 16, 1902
Jacob E. King, Gordonville, b Sept 12, 1902
Solomon Wagler, Gordonville, b Oct 2, 1902
Samuel M. Esh, Gordonville, b Jan 28, 1903
Christian E. Stoltzfus, Christiana, b Feb 6, 1903
Amos L. Lapp, Gordonville, b June 24, 1903
Abram P. Stoltzfus, Gap, b July 3, 1903
Benjamin Petersheim, Honey Brook, b Aug 4, 1903
Levi F. Esh, Quarryville, b Aug 19, 1903
Aaron L. King, Bird-in-Hand, b Sept 16, 1903
David S. Esh, Gordonville, b Sept 18, 1903
Jonas S. Zook, New Holland, b Oct 15, 1903

The Olden Days

Winter's past, warm days have come
Barefoot days are here at last
Honeybees and Bumblebees
Bring back memories of the past

Mom's got a great big job on hand
What will the first task be?
She needs to clean, she wants to plant
And wash the fence, you see

She hustles out with seeds and plants,
She takes her rake and hoe
She plants potatoes peas and beans
She wants her rows just so

And when all her planting's done
Into the house she rushes
She gets the mop, and pail, and broom
And also soap and brushes

She washes windows from morn till night
And all the walls and floors
She sweeps all the cobwebs down
Wipes window sills and doors

While Dad goes out into the field
With Coaley, Dock, Skip, and Joe
He plows the field, and plants the corn
He likes a nice straight row

Next comes the time for making hay,
The grass has all been cut,
The barn is ready, the mow is clean
The ropes have been put up

Load after load of sweet smelling hay,
Finds their way into the mow,
The last load now has been brought in,
What will the men do now?

Well, now wheat harvest is on the go
They're busy as the bees,
The thrashing rig comes in the lane,
Stay in the house now please

Now little boys and little girls
May not be in the barn just then
While there is lots of race and rush,
So get the rig set up, and when

It's all set up, we may go out
So watch for a little while
Now please go in, before you get hurt
Dad tells us with a smile

Samuel U. Beiler, Gap, b Nov 4, 1903
Amos L. Smucker, Ronks, b Nov 17, 1903
David Y. Lapp, Gordonville, b Nov 21, 1903
David Hostetler, Path Valley, b Mar 3, 1904
Jacob B. Zook, Lancaster, b Aug 28, 1904
Benjamin J. Fisher, New Providence, b Aug 30, 1904
Ben T. Fisher, Gordonville, b Oct 16, 1904
Samuel E. King, Leola, b Mar 3, 1905
Levi S. Glick, Leola, b Mar 9, 1905
Elam S. Stoltzfus, Gap, b Sept 8, 1905
Jacob K. Swarey, Ronks, b Feb 17, 1906
Christ B. Fisher, Ronks, b Mar 11, 1906
Samuel K. King, single, Gordonville, b May 1, 1906
Solomon, L. Yoder, Maryland, b June 12, 1906
Daniel K. Stoltzfus, Lebanon, b Aug 14, 1906
John Ebersol, Bird-in-Hand, b Oct 4, 1906
Aaron S. Glick, Bird-in-Hand, b Oct 15, 1906
Samuel E. Fisher, Gap, b Dec 10, 1906
John F. Beiler, Paradise, b Dec 12, 1906
Henry D. Beiler, Lancaster, b Dec 18, 1906
David E. Hayard, New Holland, b April 5, 1907
Amos S. Glick, Lancaster, b June 13, 1907
David E. Fisher, Paradise, b Aug 30, 1907
Benjamin B. King, New Holland, b Sept 5, 1907
Enos K. Zook, Ronks, b Sept 10, 1907
Aaron S. Esh, Gordonville, b Sept 17, 1907
Benjamin K. Fisher, single, Gordonville, b Dec 24, 1907

Senior Women

Sarah wi/o Daniel Zook, Path Valley, b Aug 15, 1884
Rebecca wi/o Daniel Fisher, Myerstown, b Jan 17, 1892
Rachel wi/o Christian Lapp, New Holland, b June 21, 1893
Annie wi/o John Stoltzfoos, Bird-in-Hand, b Nov 5, 1894
Annie wi/o Moses Y. Beiler, Ronks, b Oct 15, 1896
Sarah wi/o Jacob Flaud, Bird-in-Hand, b Feb 17, 1897
Fannie wi/o Samuel Fisher, Kinzers, b Mar 21, 1897
Katie wi/o Jonathon Zook, Lancaster, b April 15, 1897
Emma wi/o Aaron Stoltzfus, Ronks, b June 22, 1897
Fannie wi/o Moses Riehl, Ronks, b Nov 8, 1897
Emna wi/o Jesse Riehl, New Holland, b May 1, 1898
Fannie wi/o David Flaud, Bird-in-Hand, b Oct 16, 1898
Mary wi/o John F. Stoltzfus, Narvon, b June 13, 1899
Sarah wi/o Elan Fisher, Gordonville, b July 19, 1899
Fannie w/o Amos Beiler, Ronks, b Sept 23, 1899
Elizabeth wi/o Levi Fisher, Ronks, b Jan 30, 1900
Katie w/o Daniel Blank, Leola, b Mar 11, 1900
Annie Beiler, single, Bird-in-Hand, b May 7, 1900
Malinda w/o Moses Zook, Lancaster, b Aug 20, 1900
Savilla wi/o Moses King, Ronks, b Aug 21, 1900
Sarah wi/o John King, Narvon, b Nov 11, 1900
Anna w/o Amos U. Glick, Lancaster, b May 6, 1901
Lydia wi/o Christian King, Gap, b Nov 27, 1901
Katie wi/o Gideon Stoltzfus, Narvon, b Dec 11, 1901
Sylvia wi/o Benjamin Beiler, Ronks, b Dec 28, 1901

Next comes the silo filling job
Men work with a whiz and whir
The rig sets there besides the barn
It makes quite a purr

Mom cooks the meal for all the men
There may be eight or ten
She serves meat, potatoes, and beans and corn
Then they go back to work again

Corn husking time is on the list
We all now leave the house,
Dad tears down shocks, we husk the corn
Oh look,there goes a mouse

Thanksgiving Day gives us a break
From daily work and worry,
A day to praise All Mighty God
This day we need not hurry

Christmas time has come again
With mistletoe and holly
For gifts we may get truck or train
A book ar maybe dolly

The greatest gift for all mankind,
Came down from God above
He sent his Son into the world
It is a gift of Love

Now snow and ice, on ground or pond
Makes good for sled or sliding
A snowball fight, or just plain fun,
Or in a sleigh we're riding

Mom and Dad have long since gone
I'm now a senior citizen
I'm still as much out on the farm
As what I was back then

Now winter's past, the snow's all gone
Once more the sun is shining
We all remember those good old days
If sun shines or it's raining

By Christieanne S. Lapp

The Roman Lady

There lived a Roman Lady,
Brought up in Popery,
Her Mother often told her;
The Priest she must obey.
Oh! pardon me, dear mother,
I humbly pray you now,
But unto those dumb Idols,
I cannot longer bow.

2nd marriage John Lapp
Katie wi/o Elias Esh, Gordonville, b Jan 18, 1902
Leah w/o Samuel Stoltzfus, Ronks, b Jan 24, 1902
Hannah wi/o John Stoltzfus, Maryland, b Feb 11, 1902
Amanda wi/o John Stoltzfus, Gap, b Feb 17, 1902
Mary wi/o Daniel Petersheim, Ronks, b Feb 19, 1902
2nd marriage Jacob Stoltzfus
Lizzie King, single, Rebersburg, b April18, 1902
Rebecca wi/o John Stoltzfus, Christiana, b Nov 2, 1902
Rebecca wi/o Menno Stoltzfus, Gordonville, b Jan 11, 1903
Annie wi/o Abram Ebersol, Gordonville, b Feb 24, 1903
Lizzie, wi/o John Allyger, Gap, b Feb 25, 1903
Lizzie wi/o Levi Fisher, Gap, b July 29, 1903
Lizzie wi/o Daniel King, Strasburg, b Aug 7, 1903
Annie wi/o Amos Esh, Gordonville, b Sept 20, 1903
Barbara wi/o Jacob Stoltzfus, Paradise, b Oct 1, 1903
2nd marriage Christian King
Mary wi/o John Esh, Christiana, b Nov 19, 1903
Sally w/o Sol Wagler, Gordonville, b Nov 20, 1903
Barbara King, single, Rebersburg, b Nov 29, 1903
Annie wi/o John Stoltzfus, Leola, b Feb 6, 1904
Emma w/o Elmer D. Stoltzfus, Leola, b Feb 6, 1904
Mary wi/o Samuel Lantz, Gap, b Mar 4, 1904
Fannie wi/o Leroy Stoltzfoos, Kinzers, b Mar 10, 1904
Katie w/o David S. Esh, Gordonville, b May 1, 1904
Barbara, w/o Fred Stoltzfus, Morgantown, b Jan 7, 1905
Lizzie wi/o Amos Lapp, Coatesville, b Feb 3, 1905
Lydia w/o Amos Lapp, Gordonville, b Feb 18, 1905
Katie wi/o Moses Lapp, Myerstown, b Mar 6, 1905
Emma wi/o Christ Fisher, Ronks, b Mar 15, 1905
Rebecca wi/o Samuel Blank, Paradise, b April 9, 1905
Priscilla, wi/o Israel Stoltzfus, Kirkwood, b April 19, 1905
Mary wi/o Samuel L. Fisher, Gordonville, b April 23, 1905
Lydia wi/o John King, Parkesburg, b June 5, 1905
Rachel wi/o David King, Gordonville, b June 28, 1905
Sadie wi/o Eli Ebersol, Bird-in-Hand, b July 9, 1905
Sadie wi/o John King, Leola, b Aug 2, 1905
Katie w/o Samuel U. Beiler, Gap, b Aug 10, 1905
Rachel wi/o Issac Lantz, Gordonville, b Sept 11, 1905
Rebecca w/o Elam G. Stoltzfus, Myerstown, b Sept 27, 1905
Barbara w/o Jacob Swarey, Ronks, b Oct 18, 1905
Barbara w/o Amos Smucker, Ronks, b Nov 10, 1905
Mary wi/o Samuel King, Ronks, b Dec 4, 1905
Annie wi/o Jeptha Stoltzfus, Quarryville, b Dec 11, 1905
Rachel w/o Benjamin Petersheim, Honey Brook, b Dec 23, 1905
Lydia wi/o Amos Ebersol, Narvon, b Jan 30, 1906
Hannah w/o Gideon Fisher, Myerstown, b Feb 3, 1906
Lizzie wi/o Christian King, Lancaster, b April 18, 1906
Miriam w/o Jacob Zook, Lancaster, b April 27, 1906
Annie w/o Henry Beiler, Lancaster, b May 30, 1906
Mattie w/o Aaron Lapp, Kirkwood, b May 30, 1906
Rachel wi/o Jacob Esh, Gordonville, b June 23, 1906

Assisted by her hand-maid
A Bible she concealed,
And there she gained Instruction,
Till God his love revealed.
I cannot worship Idols,
Nor Pictures made by man,
Dear mother use your pleasure,
But pardon if you can.

With grief and great vexation,
Her mother straight did go,
To inform the Roman Clergy,
The cause of all her woe.
The Priest was soon assembled.
And on this maid did call,
They thrust her in a dungeon,
To fright her soul withall.

The more they strove to torment her,
The more she still endured,
Although her age was tender,
Her faith was firm and sure.
The change of Gold so costly,
They from this Lady took,
While she with Joy and Pleasure,
The pride of life forsook.

Before the Pope they brought her,
In hope of her return,
And there she was condemned,
In flaming fire to burn.
Unto the place of torment,
They brought her speedily,
With uplifted hands to heaven,
She there agreed to die.

There being many Ladies,
Assembled at that place,
She raised her hands to heaven,
And begged supporting grace.
Weep not ye tender Ladies,
Shed not a tear for me,
For while my body is burning,
My soul its God shall see.

Your souls, ye need not pity,
In science deep decay,
Young Ladies turn to Jesus,
And make no longer stay,
Then came her aged mother,
Her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her,

Mattie wi/o Elam Zook, New Holland, b July 25, 1906
Mary w/o Aaron Esh, Ronks, b Aug 21, 1906
Sarah wi/o Amos Stoltzfus, Newburg, b Oct 12, 1906
Sarah wi/o Stephen U. Fisher, Paradise, b Oct 18, 1906
Mary wi/o Samuel B. Fisher, Gordonville, b Dec 17, 1906
Arie, wi/o Elam Riehl, Gap, b Dec 27, 1906
Sarah w/o Benjamin King, New Holland, b April 14, 1907
Elizabeth wi/o David Stoltzfus, Kinzers, b May 21, 1907
Emma w/ o Ben T. Fisher, Gordonville, b Aug 10, 1907
Rachel w/o Samuel King, Leola, Oct 11, 1907
Rebecca w/o Samuel M. Fisher, Soudersburg, b Oct 14, 1907
Katie wi/o Jacob Stoltzfus, Kinzers, b Nov 16, 1907
Annie w/o Levi Glick, Leola, b Dec 16, 1907
Sarah wi/o Issac Smoker, Gordonville, b Dec 28, 1907

Senior Marriages

Nov 26, 1918 - Aaron B. m Emma (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Nov 18, 1920 - Moses B. m Malinda (Stoltzfus) Zook
Nov 24, 1921 - David K. m Katie (Beiler) Blank
Nov 21, 1922 - Amos U. m Anna (Esh) Glick
Dec 19, 1922 - Amos S. m Fannie (Stoltzfus) Beiler
Nov 24, 1924 - Amos L. m Lydia (Esch) Lapp
Dec 22, 1924 - Fred m Barbara (Petersheim) Stoltzfus
Mar 8, 1925 - Samuel F. m Leah (Lapp) Stoltzfus
Nov 17, 1925 - Amos L. m Barbara (Esh) Smucker
Nov 19, 1925 - David S. m Katie (Glick) Esh
Nov 19, 1925 - Aaron K. m Mattie (Stoltzfus) Lapp
Dec 15, 1925 - Elmer D. m Emma (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Nov 18, 1926 - Sameul U. m Katie (Lapp) Beiler
Dec 14, 1926 - Gideon m Hannah (Stoltzfus) Fisher
Dec 24, 1926 - Abram P. m Elizabeth (Beiler) Stoltzfus
Nov 17, 1927 - Jacob B. m Miriam (Stoltzfus) Zook
Nov 22, 1928 - Samuel E. m Rachel (Stoltzfus) King
Dec 4, 1928 - John m Sarah (Stoltzfus) Ebersol
Dec 4, 1928 - Samuel E. m Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Fisher
Nov 12, 1929 - Jonas S. m Malinda (King) Stoltzfus
Nov 14, 1929 - David E. m Lydia (Smucker) Huyard
Nov 14, 1929 - John F. m Sally (Esh) Beiler
Nov 19, 1929 - Daniel E. m Mary (Stoltzfus) King
Nov 27, 1929 - Jacob E. m Barbara (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Dec 3, 1929 - David E. m Fannie (Smucker) Fisher
Dec 12, 1929 - Henry D. m Annie (King) Beiler
Sept 21, 1930 - Eli B. m Lavina (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Nov 4, 1930 - Aaron K. m Fannie (Lantz) King
Nov 6, 1930 - Jacob A. m Rachel (Stoltzfus) King
Nov 6, 1930 - Samuel S. m Lizzie (Stoltzfus) Lapp
Nov 13, 1930 - Jacob K. m Barbara (King) Swarey
Nov 18, 1930 - John E. m Priscilla (King) Stoltzfus
Nov 25, 1930 - Samuel M. m Rebecca (King) Fisher
Nov 27, 1930 - Benjamin B. m Sarah (Kauffman) King
Nov 27, 1930 - Christian P. m Mary (Stoltzfus) Speicher

An Image deck'd with Gold.

Oh! take away this Idol,
Remove it from my sight,
Restore to me my Bible,
In which I take delight,
Alas, my aged mother,
Alas, how wild you've been,
"Twas you that did betray me,
But I am innocent.

Instead of Golden bracelets,
With chains they bound her feet;
Dear Lord, she cried, support me,
For I must die at last,
Soon as those words were spoken,
Up came the man of death,
And kindled up a fire,
To stop this Virgin's breath.

Tormentors use your pleasure,
And do as you think best,
I hope my heavenly Father,
Will take my soul to rest.
With Jesus and his angels,
I shall forever dwell;
Lord, pardon Priest's and people,
And so I bid Farewell.

STEADFAST HEART

I've dreamed many dreams that never came true,
I've seen them vanish at dawn,
But I've realized enough of my dreams, thank God,
To make me want to dream on.

I've prayed many prayers when no answer came,
Though I waited patient and long,
But answers have come to enough of my prayers
To keep me praying on.

I've trusted many a friend that failed,
And left me to weep alone,
But I've enough of my friends true-blue
To make me keep trusting on.

I've drained the cup of disappointment and pain,
I've gone many days without song,
But I've sipped enough nectar from the roses of life
To make me want to live on.

Dec 4, 1930 - John m Ida (Stoltzfus) Fisher
Dec, 1930 - Samuel m Bertha (Stoltzfoos) Miller
Nov 7, 1931 - David m Fannie (Stoltzfus) Zook
Nov 17, 1931 - Joel m Annie (Lapp) King
Nov 19, 1931 - Amos E. m Rachel (King) Stoltzfus
Nov 26, 1931 - Daniel M. m Mary (Lapp) Stoltzfus
Nov 26, 1931 - Amos E. m Sadie (Stoltzfus) King
Dec 1, 1931 - Levi L. m Annie (Miller) Fisher
Nov 8, 1932 - Abner S. m Hannah (King) Glick
Nov 15, 1932 - Elias R. m Catherine (King) Stoltzfus
Nov 22, 1932 - Aaron J. m Rebecca (Fisher) Stoltzfus
Nov 24, 1932 - Gideon m Annie (Lapp) Stoltzfus
Nov 29, 1932 - John F. m Barbara (Fisher) Glick
Nov 29, 1932 - Amos S. m Barbara (Stoltzfus) Lapp
Dec 13, 1932 - Levi B. m Emma (Glick) King
Nov 9, 1933 - Christian S. m Anna (Stoltzfus) Beiler
Nov 16, 1933 - Daniel S. m Susie (Fisher) Esh
Nov 16, 1933 - Levi S. m Annie (Stoltzfus) Glick
Nov 21, 1933 - Daniel L. m Susie (Beiler) Zook
Nov 30, 1933 - Levi F. m Lizzie (Beiler) Stoltzfus
Nov 30, 1933 - Ephraim D. m Rebecca (Esh) Riehl
Dec 7, 1933 - John M. m Sadie (Smoker) Beiler
Dec 19, 1933 - Sam R. m Barbara (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
May 31, 1934 - John A. m Leah (Petersheim) Fisher
Nov 8, 1934 - Amos G. m Leah (Blank) Allgyer
Nov 8, 1934 - John F. m Susie (Fisher) Esh
Nov 13, 1934 - Christ S. m Susie (King) Stoltzfus
Nov 15, 1934 - Samuel Jr. m Naomi (Stoltzfus) Esh
Nov 15, 1934 - Jacob M m Lydia (Kauffman) Stoltzfus
Nov 20, 1934 - Eli S. m Lydia (Beiler) Miller
Nov 22, 1934 - John S. m Sarah (Stoltzfus) Glick
Nov 27, 1934 - John M. m Malinda (Esh) Stoltzfoos
Nov 29, 1934 - Amos m Fannie (Renno) Miller
Dec 11, 1934 - Christ B. m Rachel (Stoltzfus) King
Dec 20, 1934 - John m Christiana (Riehl) Dienner
Dec 20, 1934 - Benjamin m Annie (Stoltzfus) Zook
Jan 3, 1935 - Joseph m Mattie (Esh) Fisher
1935 - David F. m Amanda (Smucker) King
Nov 5, 1935 - Samuel K. m Katie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Nov 7, 1935 - Stevie F. m Malinda (Esh) Stoltzfus
Nov 12, 1935 - Jacob S. m Susie (Beiler) Esh
Nov 14, 1935 - Eli S. m Emma (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Nov 19, 1935 - Menno S. m Lizzie (Esh) Beiler
Nov 21, 1935 - Jonas F. m Sarah (Lapp) King
Nov 21, 1935 - Levi E. m Rebecca (King) King
Nov 21, 1935 - Morris Jr. m Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Zook
Nov 26, 1935 - Jerry m Mattie (Miller) Stoltzfus
Nov 28, 1935 - Christian B. m Esther (Ebersol) Fisher
Dec 5, 1935 - Henry R. m Susie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Nov 10, 1936 - David m Lydia (Stoltzfus) Petersheim
Nov 12, 1936 - John E. m Emma (King) King
Nov 17, 1936 - Joshua m Nancy (Beiler) Zook

THE CEMENT STORY

In my research writing I came across a magazine entitled "The Cement Story". My first opinion was why would anyone go to the trouble of writing a story about cement or concrete. Most anyone would know something about concrete and how it is made. It came to my mind that every sizeable building was built or repaired with some form of concrete. The question came to me, "Why is concrete so important?" If a contractor of today was asked to build a fair sized house with a basement and without the use of any concrete or cement he would be totally hand-in-capped. The importance of cement is just that simple. No other building material is as important or has as many uses as cement. The life of a building depends a lot on the foundation. Practically all buildings, roadways, towers, etc. are built with a concrete foundation. What else could be used? It is a long lasting material; it does not rust or rot; and it is fire proof. It stays permanent for many years. Take a look at the concrete bridges with their pillars standing in water for many years, and for miles and miles, supporting heavy traffic in the heat of summer and through the cold winters with no ill effects from freezing. Just imagine the billions of tons of concrete used in building highways. A four lane highway was built in 1956 from St. Louis to San Francisco that used 100,000,000 tons of concrete. The irrigation dam in the state of Washington required 11,000,000 cubic yards of concrete. Concrete out numbers all other building materials—whether wood, steel, brick, aluminum, etc. The runways for air planes are all built of concrete a foot or more thick.

Next to poured concrete, which usually requires forms to keep it in place until it is cured, is pre-cast concrete. This is done at the plants where the forms are made of steel and can be used over and over again. Pillar posts for bridges or for roadbeds are reinforced with steel rods. Concrete drain pipes are made in many different sizes. Los Angeles has 1500 miles of concrete sewer pipes. These concrete parts are made at the plant and shipped out by truck, railroad cars, or sometimes by boat.

Another great invention in the use of concrete is pre-cast blocks. Huge buildings are being made with insulated blocks of various sizes. These blocks are blended together with a mixture of sand and cement prepared especially for that purpose. The blocks are used mostly for the walls of buildings, and layers of block can be arranged to any desired height. Then there are special blocks that are used to build chimneys.

About 1920 concrete silos were built to store corn silage in order to feed dairy cows or cattle during the winter months. These early silos were built with poured concrete, and five foot high steel forms were bolted together in sections. Once a day these forms were filled and left to sit over night. The next day they

Dec 1, 1936 - Jonathon m Sarah (Smucker) King
Dec 3, 1936 - Amos C. m Rachel (Miller) Fisher
1936 - Solomon m Katie (Peachey) King

DeWitville, N.Y.
Joe C. Byler, b Aug 18, 1916
Joni F. Byler, b Sept 17, 1916
Mrs. Joni F. Byler (Lydia), b Aug 28, 1916
Eli E. Byler, b Jan 7, 1917

Dover, Delaware
Byler, Anna Yoder wi/o Felty, R.2 Dover, b Dec 15, 1902
Byler, Lizzie Bender wi/o Simon, Kenton, b May 4, 1903
Coblentz, Lydia Miller wi/o Jonas, R.1 Hartly, b July 2, 1905
Miller, Cassie Miller wi/o Dave, R.2 Dover, b Aug 10, 1900
Miller, Jonas I., b Feb 23, 1903
w. Mattie Miller, b April 3, 1905, m Feb 17, 1931, R.2 Dover
Yoder, Enos J.,R.1 Hartly, b Feb 14, 1904,
w. Susie Miller, b Dec 29, 1903, m. Dec 16, 1926
Yoder, John A., R.2 Dover, b Oct 13, 1907

Mifflin County, Penna.
Iddo W. Bender, b April 2, 1896
Noah L. Peachy, b Dec 31, 1896
Barbara wi/o Dea, Joseph E. Peachy, b Oct 2, 1899
Jonathan R. Byler, b Feb 27, 1902
Dea. Levi P. Kanagy, b Mar 30, 1902
Annie wi/o David M. Swarey, b June 25, 1902
Menno S. Zook, b Sept 20, 1903
Rufus A. Peachey, b Mar17, 1904
Annie w/o Rufus A. Peachey, b May 16, 1907
Jacob J. Peachey, b June 12, 1904
Annie w/o Jacob J. Peachey, b Jan 30, 1905
Samuel Y. Detweiler, b May 24, 1906
Mary wi/o Samuel Swarey, born December 5, 1906
Barbara wi/o Joseph Zook, b June 1, 1907

Senior Marriages
Nov 19, 1925 - Jacob J. m Annie L. (Peachey) Peachey
Dec 5, 1925 - Rufus A. m Annie (ZooK) Peachey
Jan 5, 1928 - Samuel Y. m Lizzie (Hostetler) Detweiler

Adams County, Penna.
Sam Z. Byler, b Feb 2, 1911, m Mar 17, 1981
Lydia F. (Beiler) Byler, b Feb 13, 1913
Widow Lydia Hostetler

Somerset County, Penna.
Annie W. Bender, b April 4, 1907, Salisbury,
Mrs. Sadie Yoder, b July 24, 1895, Salisbury,
Nettie M. Yoder, b May 5, 1905, Salisbury,
Mrs. Daniel S. (Lydia) Kinsinger, b Sept 8, 1906, Meyersdale,
Mrs. Suzanna Yoder, b Dec 19, 1903, Meyersdale,

Senior Marriages
Daniel S. m Lydia N. (Kinsinger) Kinsinger, Mar 25, 1934
Henry S. m Jemima (Zook) Kinsinger, Nov 10, 1936
Abe S. m Katie (Beiler) Kinsinger, Nov 11, 1937
(all are from Meyersdale, R.1)

were taken apart, cleaned, and set in place ready to be filled again. The forms were filled until the farmer had his height which was mostly from 40 to 50 feet. In other words, a 50 foot silo could be built in ten days. Most silos were ten or twelve feet in diameter.

With this operation the concrete was mixed on the farm by a mechanical mixer run by a gasoline engine. Then a winch was attached with a pulley about ten feet higher than the platform where two men worked to fill the forms. A heavy rope was used from the winch to the pulley hooked to a large bucket. The bucket was filled with concrete, and with a break on the winch the engine was able to lift the concrete up to the men on the platform. The platform was erected onto a single steel post in the center of the silo. It was adjustable and could be changed as the silo was being built.

The next improvement in building silos with poured concrete was the use of four threaded steel rods about one inch in diameter. These rods were set upright and divided equally in four corners. Heavy nuts were used to follow the rods. The platform and the forms hung on these nuts. As the forms were filled and the concrete set, the platforms and forms could be raised by turning the nuts. These forms were only three feet high, but on a good drying day they could be about ten feet high instead of the usual five feet provided by the old method. A small engine was used to turn the nuts to a higher level.

The next improvement in building concrete silos was the production of blocks at the concrete plant. These blocks were made so that they fit together side by side and up and down and also made a circle. They were held together by steel rods which circled the silo. They could be tightened so that the staves would stay in place. This type of silo could be built in a day by four or five men.

Concrete on the farm has many uses. It is a number one necessity. Foundations of buildings and practically all barns are built with block to the second floor level. The milk house walls and floors have a smooth finish to satisfy the milk inspector. Manure pits, water tanks, stable floors, side walls, and you name it are all made of concrete. Cement is one of the greatest inventions in the building projects.

The next question is how cement is made. It is just another product of mother earth, and it is made from stone which is blended and ground into powder. When water is added to

Linesville District, Conneautville, Penna.
Widower Christ Schwartz, b Sept 22, 1902, Conneautville
Jacob F. Schwartz, b Mar 23, 1898, Conneautville
Mrs. Jake F. Schwartz, b Oct 19, 1907, Conneautville
Spartansburg, Penna.
Amanda wi/o Moses E. Hostetler, b Mar 6, 1900
Marie wi/o Edward Troyer, b July 15, 1906
Middlefield, Ohio
Jonathan P. Miller, b Mar 5, 1895, Middlefield
Fannie wi/o Eli J. Byler, b Nov 5, 1895, Middlefield
Andy S. Miller, b Feb 3, 1899, Burton
Lizzie wi/o Levi Yoder, b Mar 7, 1899, Middlefield
Amanda wi/o Abe Gingerich, b May 19, 1900, Middlefield
Gideon P. Miller, b Nov 28, 1900
Katie w/o Harvey Miller, b Dec 8, 1900, Burton
Martha wi/o Henry Fisher, b Feb 10, 1901, Middlefield
Ella wi/o Sam Fisher, b May 31, 1901, Middlefield
Mattie wi/o Henry Kuhns, b Aug 25, 1901, Middlefield
Harvey J. Miller, b Sept 24, 1901, Burton
Elmer Hochstetler, b Jan 3, 1902, W. Farmington
Lizzie Ann wi/o Eli Hostetler, b Jan 25, 1902, W. Farmington
Andy D. Miller, b Feb10, 1902, Middlefield
Solomon Bontrager, b Oct 19, 1902, Middlefield
Joni Hershberger, b Dec 14, 1902, Middlefield
Jacob M. Miller, b June 17, 1903, Middlefield
John N. Byler, b July 3, 1903, Middlefield
David E. Miller, b October 3, 1903, Middlefield
Ada wi/o Allen J. Miller, b Nov 24, 1903, Burton
Lovina wi/o Menno P. Miller, b May 1, 1904, Middlefield
Fannie wi/o Sam Gingerich, b June 5, 1905, Middlefield
Sarah wi/o Elmer Byler, b June 19, 1905, Burton
Mary wi/o Andy Mast, b Aug 8, 1905, Middlefield
Katie wi/o John D. Miller, b Oct 4, 1905, Middlefield
Lizzie wi/o John S. Byler, b Oct 20, 1905, Middlefield
Lydia w/o Monroe S. Miller, b Feb 3, 1906, Middlefield
Sarah w/o David E. Miller, b Feb 22, 1906, Middlefield
Mary wi/o Elmer A. Miller, b April 6, 1906, Middlefield
Sovilla w/o Floyd Chupp, b May 6, 1906, Middlefield
Sylvia w/o Elmer Hochstetler, b June 6, 1906, W. Farmington
Noah Bender, b Aug 7, 1906, Middlefield
Mary Ann w/o Jacob M. Miller, b Nov 26, 1906, Middlefield
Melvin A. Miller, b Dec 1, 1906, Middlefield
Sadie wi/o Dan J. Miller, b Jan 16, 1907, Middlefield
Nancy w/o Eli E. Burkholder, b Jan 19, 1907, Middlefield
Mintie wi/o Andy M. Miller, b Jan 22, 1907, N. Bloomfield
Senior Marriages
Jacob m Mary Ann (Fisher) Miller, Nov 19, 1925
David E. m Sarah (Gingerich) Miller, Feb 3, 1927
Eli m Nancy (Detweiler) Burkholder, Dec 1, 1927
Noah m Lizzie (Byler) Bender, Dec 22, 1927
Elmer m Sylvia (Troyer) Hochstetler,Feb 7, 1929
Freeman m Fannie (Miller) Schmucker, April 17, 1929
Dan J. m Martha (Miller) Byler, Feb 6, 1930

the powder it turns back into stone. When it is in this process it can be shaped into almost any form. It is just that simple. It required a lot of experimenting, and it took years and years to make a product that is equal to stone. Cement got its start from burning a certain kind of stone that turned into lime. It was a dark blue stone, and when it came into contact with high heat it turned white and crumbled into pieces. This is called burnt limestone which has a tendency to make the soil sweet, and it helps to enrich the soil as well. This same kind of stone is used to make cement, but the heating process is different. Cement plants are always close to limestone quarries where there are billions of tons of stone deep in the earth. The first process is to remove the stone which is uncovered by blasting the huge boulders of rock. The work is all done by machinery such as trucks, cranes, and crushers. The stone is then ready for the burners. The burner is a revolving tube where LP gas is fed into the tube to the specified heat. When the rocks roll out of the tube they are white hot. Chemicals are added to the stone, and it is then ready for the pulverizers which ground it into powder. It is stored into huge silos, and it is ready for shipment. The powder is stored in damp-proof bags, and it is transported to other countries by either truck, railroad, or boat.

Now let's take our memories back to the age before cement was invented— back in the early 1700's or when the early settlers migrated to the New World. They had some knowledge in using stone for building purposes. They not only looked for tall trees in choosing a location for their homestead, but they also looked for a sufficient water supply as well as a stone supply to lay the foundation for a house. The Swiss and German people had some knowledge in choosing the right kind of stone to burn for lime. They would mix red clay or subsoil with burnt limestone and bury it for a year. Then in due time they took it out and mixed the mortar with water. It then had an adhesive quality similar to cement. Some of our older buildings still standing today were built with field stone and homemade cement. They have stood for over a hundred years. The people who did research work and demonstrations on cement probably got some ideas from the method of limestone and subsoil mixture our first settlers once used.

Noah D. m Mattie (Farmwald) Troyer, Mar 21, 1930
Andy A. m Anna (Schrock) Gingerich, Dec 18, 1930
Alvin m Lydia (Schrock) Bender, Jan 19, 1931
Sam C. m Amanda (Kauffman) Kauffman, Jan 14, 1932
Monroe S. m Lydia (Weaver) Miller, Jan 31, 1932
Pete H. m Emma (Miller) Weaver, Dec 6, 1932
Dan M. m Emma (Gingerich) Hochstetler, Dec 22, 1932
Dan S. m Katie (Burkholder) Byler, Jan 10, 1933
Andy D.C. m Katie (Shetler) Miller, Nov 23, 1933
Elmer m Mary (Hershberger) Mullet, Mar 15, 1935
Pete m Sarah (Mast) Weaver, Nov 28, 1935
John M. m Lizzie (Miller) Miller, Dec 5, 1935
Levi m Katie (Miller) Yoder, Dec 10, 1935
Monroe T. m Mary Ann (Miller) Mast, Dec 19, 1935
Lester m Elizabeth (Detweiler) Troyer, Feb 6, 1936
John m Saloma (Miller) Detweiler, Nov 26, 1936
John m Lydia (Mast) Troyer, Dec 10, 1936
Martin m Gertrude (Miller) Slabaugh, Jan 26, 1937
Dan m Emma (Mullet) Byler, May 25, 1937
Freeman m Ida (Gingerich) Byler, May 20, 1937

Holmes County, Ohio

Amanda (Shetler) Miller, age of 84
Mary Eb Miller, age of 87
Mary (Schlabach) Troyer, age of 80
Mary (Beachy) Hershberger, age of 82
Mary (Hershberger) Schlabach, age of 82
Elmina (Hershberger) Yoder, age of 81
Lizzie (Raber) Beachy, age of 82
Emma (Erb) Mast, age of 85
Mattie (Miller) Troyer, age of 91
Katie Ann (Raber) Yoder, age of 85
Mattie (Troyer) Troyer, age of 85
Mary (Hershberger) Troyer, age of 88
Katie Ann (Yoder) Yoder, age of 80
Meno Schlabach, age of 97
Jonas E. Schlabach, age of 82
Em. M. Beachy, age of 88
Andy N. Troyer, age of 83
Dan E. Raber, age of 85
John F. Raber, age of 81
Abe J. Mast, age of 82
Noah L. Yoder, age of 82
Em. A. Troyer, age of 84
Mose A. Troyer, age of 81
Jonas A. Yoder, age of 83
Roman S. Yoder, age of 84

Other Senior Members:

John S. Miller
Jonas T. and Lovina Miller
Mrs. Andrew N. (Emma) Coblentz
Ervin L. Weaver
Sol L. and Katie Weaver
David E. and Mary Ann Kline

THE COLUMBUS HORSE SALE 1987

It is surprising how much interest there still is in owning top quality horses. In these times that are called the machinery age. The majority of people travel on the road at a high rate of speed, and large operators farm with huge machinery: tractors and equipment that take the place of from 30, 50, or more head of horses. Back in 1950 we heard people say that the horses will be out-dated in the future, that if a person wants to see a horse they will have to go to a zoo, that there would be no more horses out in the country. At about the same time companies that had manufactured horse drawn equipment discontinued it, and converted their factories to making huge farm machinery.

In 1950 officials in Washington predicted that in 20 years the Amish will be forced to use tractor equipment because tractor equipment could not be satisfactorily adapted to horses, and the use of horse and buggies on the road would be outlawed. Now we have long passed the time that the officials predicted that in the future there would be no horse farmers. But it is just the opposite, they say now we have more horses in the United States than at any time in history.

During the time of World War II the horse farmer was severly criticized for not farming with a tractor because the food that was consumed by the horses could be made into better use, that is, to feed the hungry soldiers in the front line of the war. Thirty years later when gas prices went up the public was urged to make gasoline out of corn.

At these National Draft Horse sales probably one half of the horses go for breeding stock. The others are used for draft animals. Most of these horses are of prime quality Percherons and Belgians which are raised, bred, and cared for as a business. They come from stock that is tame, gentle, easy to break, and very intelligent. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois are noted for having the better grade of draft horses. Then we have Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri who are noted to raise the better grade of mules which are also of the draft or farm working type. Next in line are the Saddle Bred horses that are used as driving horses by the Team Mennonites and the Amish. Then last but not least are the Standard Bred type of which only about 10% are used for race horses. The other 90% are those who do not make the grade for winners, and these are sold for the use of driving horses. They make excellent driving horses. Then there are other breeds of horses and ponies that are used for riding, driving, amusements, horse shows, hay rides, etc.

On Mackinac Island in Michigan at a state owned park they have around 500 head of horses of the finest quality. They are used to give the tourists wagon tours of the island. Thousands of people

Eli D. Schlabach
Henry J. and Esther Miller
Melvin J.D. and Martha Yoder
Noah D. and Verna Mast
Joni A. and Sarah Yoder
Andy A. and Nettie Yoder
Mrs. Andy J. (Anna) Weaver
Melvin and Minerva Mullet
Emanuel E. and Susie Miller
Mrs. Mose J. (Susie) Coblentz
Mrs. Mose J. (Lydian) Weaver

Ashland County, Ohio

Widow, Mrs. Emma I. (Yoder) Scrock, b Feb 10, 1922
Jesse Duckworth, b Jan 13, 1919
Mrs. Jesse Duckworth, b Nov 2, 1913
Widow Mrs. William (Laura) Keim, b June 30, 1910
Bishop Simon G. Brenneman, b May 23, 1920
Mrs. Simon G. Brenneman, b Oct 19, 1918
John J. Hershberger, b Mar 28, 1913
Harley S. Yoder, b April 10, 1917
Pre. Henry B. Miller, b Aug 13, 1921
Mrs. Henry B. Miller, b June 26, 1922
Widower Abe J. Troyer, b Dec 28, 1921
Pre. Christ S. Miller, b Sept 29, 1922
Ura A. Garber, b Dec 19, 1912
Mrs. Ura A. (Katie) Garber, b Jan 20, 1920
Bishop Dan A. Miller, b April 27, 1921
Pre. Roman M. Yoder, b Oct 14, 1919
Dea. Abe J. Raber, b Mar 21, 1920
Jonas J. Keim, b Aug 28, 1911
Mrs. Jonas J. (Mary) Keim, b May 28, 1914
Mrs. John (Esther) Schlabach, b Oct 16, 1920
Emanuel A. Miller, b Mar 9, 1917
Mrs. Emanuel (Lydiann) Miller, b Oct 8, 1917
Widower John J. Hershberger, b 1921

Hicksville, Ohio

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Yoder, b 1915 and 1912
Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Hochstetler, b 1912 and 1913
Eli Mast and Martha Mast, b 1919 and 1913
Mr. and Mrs. David Yoder, b 1918 and 1919
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Raber, b 1920 and 1918

Ethridge, Tennessee

Mrs. Delilah Gingerich, b July 29, 1903
Mrs. Lydian Yoder, b April 17, 1906
Joe J. Hostetler, b Oct 5, 1906
Lizzie wi/o Jacob P. Gingerich, b Dec 18, 1906

Adams County, Indiana

Miss Emma Zook, b Oct 30, 1900, R1 Monroe
Jacob Hilty, b Mar 29, 1900, R2 Geneva
Mrs. Chris H. (Lydia) Hilty, b April 27, 1904, R1 Berne
Mrs. Noah S. (Tena) Wengerd, b Nov 11, 1904, R1 Berne
Mrs. Amos (Leah) Graber, b April 5, 1905, R2 Geneva
Daniel S. Wickey, b Dec 28, 1905, R1 Bryant

visit there every year. This is one of the few attractions where the automobile, motorcycle, and other motorized vehicles are outlawed. They have an ambulance, fire engine, and a small truck. Here is a good sized town with no stop signs or red lights. The fastest moving vehicle is a bicycle or a horse. During the winter months when the tourist attractions are closed the horses are shipped by boat to the main land for boarding. They claim it is cheaper to ship the horses to the feed than to ship the feed to the horses.

We now go back to Columbus, Ohio to join the group of 2,000 to 3,000 people who come from all corners of the United States to witness the annual horse sale. Here is a place where the horse lovers meet old time friends visiting with those who have experience with horses and mules and exchanging jokes and wisecracks. This two day sale is a time well spent, and for many it brings back memories of long ago. Then there are magazines and papers published to keep the horse lover in touch with current times. The Draft Horse Journal and the Small Farmers Journal are two widely known papers. They have interesting stories of other people's experiences with horses as well as advertisements as to where a person could buy and sell any items that a horseman would need and want.

The Fair Grounds at Columbus have huge buildings to accommodate the people. There is a dormatory where bunk beds are installed for probably a thousand people who wish to spend the night there. Motels and restaurants are open at special times to accommodate long distance travelers.

At this sale 559 horses were sold in two days for about $200.00 each. This amount is higher than it was a few years ago. This proves again that there is more interest in horses than in the past. The highest priced Percheron stallion sold for over $9000.00. The highest Belgian was well over $10,000. The average may have been about $1700.00. About one half went for breeder stock. According to how the consigners had their horses in shape they must have followed an old custom. They said, "If you take the oats from the horse's feed box that are left lay and rub it over its back it will make the horse fat and slick in the hair." For these horses were all in good shape. The way that the two and three-year-old colts were trained they must have gotten a lot of attention. We must admit there is still a lot of pride among the breeders.

Martin Reed was our consigned driver with nine passengers. We started at 5 a.m. on Feb. 1st., and we arrived at Columbus, Ohio about 2 p.m. We saw most of these horses hitched. It was surprising how well mannered these young horses performed. On the second day of the sale probably half of the spectators were Amish, mostly from the more western states.

Gideon L. Fisher

Chris H. Hilty, b April 12, 1906, R1 Berne
Joseph E. Schwartz, b May 3, 1907, R2 Berne
Samuel L. Schwartz, b June 8, 1907, R1 Berne
Joseph Zook, b July 23, 1907, R1 Monroe
August D. Wickey, b Sept 9, 1907, R1 Monroe

Haven, Kansas

Min. David K. Borntrager, b Jan 8, 1901, Haven
Harvey E. Borntrager, b June 15, 1901, Haven
Mrs. Lydia Schrock, b Sept 25, 1901, Haven
Mrs. Ada Petersheim, b Oct 11, 1902, Haven
Mrs. Katie Plank, b June 28, 1904, Yoder
Mrs. Anna Schrock, b Mar 5,1907, Hutchinson
Mrs. Edna Miller, b July 11, 1909, Haven
Mrs. Harvey (Barbara) Borntreger, b Sept 1, 1909, Haven
Mrs. Anna Eash, b Mar 8, 1911, Haven
Joe Petersheim, b May 21, 1911, Haven
Bishop Jonas P. Borntrager, b Dec 7, 1912, Hutchinain
Miss Ida Schrock, b Feb 5, 1913, Hutchinain
Enos E. Schrock, b May 17, 1913, Haven
Enos L. Keim, b June 1, 1913, Haven
Amos P. Borntrager, b Nov 20, 1915, Haven
Miss Emma Keim, b Feb 1, 1916, Haven
Mrs. Joe (Mattie) Petersheim, b Feb 20, 1916, Haven
Mrs. Enos (Ida) Schrock, b Oct 28, 1917, Haven
Mrs. Polly Keim, b Nov 1, 1917, Haven

Senior Marriages

Enos and Ida (Borntrager) Schrock on Dec 5, 1935

Blair, Wiscosin

Yost N. Hochstetler, b Jan 4, 1910, Blair
Mrs. Yost N. (Fannie) Hochstetler, b Aug 28, 1908
Joe S. Wengerd, b June 22, 1914, Blair
Mrs. Joe S. (Clara) Wengerd, b Aug 28, 1921
Alvin V. Lambright Whitehall, b May 9, 1913
Mrs. Alvin V. (Esther) Lambright, b Oct 29, 1918

Senior Marriages

Mr. and Mrs. Yost N. Hochstetler on Mar 23, 1933

THE BARNYARD STORY

"The Boy Who Didn't Like to Work"

Susan and Andy lived in a little white house with Daddy and Mother.

They liked to help Daddy work in the big barn.

One day Andy said, "Susan, I do not like to work. I want to play with my little red wagon. Will you play with me?

"No, no," said Susan. "I like to work, I like to milk the cows and feed them." And Susan went to help Daddy milk.

Andy was not happy. "I want Susan to play with me," he said, "but she will not, so I will play all alone."

So Andy pulled his little red wagon down the lane to the woods. "I like to play beside the brook." He said, "I will go play there."

Andy played beside the brook. He threw stones into the brook. He splashed his feet into the brook too. It was so fun to play with his little red wagon and this brook in the woods.

Andy was so busy playing that he didn't see it was getting dark. The sun was going down, down.

Soon he looked up and saw that the sun was gone.

"Oh my! Oh my!" he said. "I must go home. It is getting dark."

But Andy could not find his way home he had walked too far into the woods.

"Oh my! Oh my!" cried Andy, "What can I do? I am lost!" and he sat down in his little red wagon to cry.

It got darker and darker until Andy could not see the water in the brook anymore. It was getting cold in the woods.

All the birds had stopped singing and Andy was afraid of those funny noises he could hear.

"Daddy, Mother and Susan must be looking and looking for me" he said. "They do not know where I am!"

Then Andy thought of something. Why had he forgotten that if he followed this brook he would get home!

Andy started to walk beside the brook, "I think this is the way" he said.

Andy stopped. What was that? Something was coming after him, was it a bear, or a wolf? He could hear a stick break. Yes, it must be a bear!

Andy started to run as fast as he could. He was too frightened to cry, he just ran and ran. He could hear the bear coming closer and closer.

"Oh my! Oh my!" thought Andy. "If I had helped Daddy and Susan milk I would be home right now and this bear would not get me. I am a very bad boy!"

Andy started to cry again. Then he felt a stick trip his foot and down he fell, crash! crunch! into a pile of leaves.

Something sniffed Andy's face.

"Bow-wow! bow-wow!"

Andy's eyes got bigger and bigger. It was not a bear after all. It was Lassie.

"Lassie! Lassie!" Andy cried, and he jumped up, "Did you come to find me?"

Lassie jumped up on Andy and wagged her tail.

"Yes, yes," said Andy. "You are telling me to come with you and I will."

Lassie jumped down and started running.

"No, no, Lassie, this is home" Andy stopped. "Maybe I was running away from home," he said. So he started to run after Lassie. "I will go home with you," he puffed and puffed. "You know where home is."

Soon Lassie stopped beside the house. Andy opened the door and looked in. No one was there!

Then he heard someone coming from the shop.

"Andy, Andy!" cried Susan "Mother, Daddy, Lassie found him!"

"Oh Andy!" cried Mother.

"Oh Andy!" cried Daddy.

"Oh Andy!" cried Susan.

Andy looked down at his feet. "I-I was lost in the woods," he said, "because I didn't want to help work." He felt like he wanted to cry. "I-I'm sorry I didn't help you milk the cows Susan."

Daddy was looking a bit cross but now he smiled. "I am glad you're sorry Andy. We will forgive you, for I think you won't run away like that again.

"I won't!" said Andy. "Maybe next time it will be a real bear." He patted Lassie on the back, "instead of Lassie coming to find me."

"Susan Is Angry"

One day Andy and Susan were playing by the brook in the woods.

"Andy" Susan said, "Lassie is splashing into the brook. She must go home. She is getting us wet."

"No, no," said Andy, "Lassie may help us play. We like to splash too." And Andy splashed his foot into the water.

"Stop!" cried Susan. "You are getting me wet! You are just as bad as Lassie."

Andy looked at Susan.

Susan looked at Andy.

Susan was angry."

"Why are you angry" asked Andy, "You splash in the brook too."

"Not like that!" Susan said. "I don't get you wet."

"Come Lassie" called Andy. "We will go home. We will go help Daddy work if Susan is angry.

"Go home!" cried Susan. "I do not want to play with you!"

So Andy and Lassie went home.

"Where is Susan?" asked Daddy.

"Yes, where is Susan?" asked Mother.

"Susan is angry." said Andy, "she is playing in the brook alone."

Mother looked at Daddy. She did not look happy.

Daddy looked at Andy. "Were you and Susan fighting again?" he asked.

"No," Andy said. "Susan was just angry so Lassie and I came home.

Andy went to the barn with Lassie. "Lassie," said Andy. "I do not like Susan to be angry. She does not look nice. I will not play with Susan if she is angry."

Soon Susan came home. But Andy did not talk to her.

"Come children," said Daddy. "It is time to milk.

Andy and Susan helped milk the cows. They washed the buckets and swept the floor. But still Andy did not talk. He did not even look at Susan.

After they were done he called to Lassie. "We will go play in the straw stack" he said.

"I want to come too," Susan said. But Andy did not even look up. He did not see the tears in Susan's eyes. So she went to the house alone, and Andy went to play. He did not know he had forgotten something. He was too busy thinking about angry Susan.

Soon it was time to eat. "You must stay outside Lassie" Andy said. "I will eat supper then I will play with you again. I will not play with Susan. She is angry."

When Andy sat down to eat he looked at Daddy. Daddy was not looking happy. Mother was not looking happy. And Susan was not looking happy.

Andy tried to eat but he wasn't hungry. He wasn't happy either!

"Where are you going Andy?" Dad asked, when they were done eating.

"To play with Lassie."

"Who will feed your calves?" Daddy looked crossly at him.

"Did you forget to feed them?" Mom asked.

Andy's eyes opened up big. He had forgotten to give Flossy's twin calves food and water! He looked down at his feet and nodded his head.

Daddy looked at Andy a long time. Then he said, "Come, we'd better go feed them."

"Andy," Dad said as they were feeding the calves. "Why aren't you talking to Susan.

"She-she was angry, and I don't like to play with someone angry."

"Then you couldn't forgive her when she tried to be nice to you?"

"Sh-she wasn't" Andy tried to forget that he'd seen a few tears in Susan's eyes at the supper table.

"Andy," Daddy shook his head slowly. "She told Mother and I that she tried to play with you and was sorry she had been angry."

Andy just looked at his feet.

"Well, I guess I'll be angry with you for not feeding the calves." Dad said. "I just won't talk to you anymore."

Andy's eyes got big as he looked at Dad, "But...why?" Dad never got angry like that! It made Andy feel a little afraid.

"Well, isn't that what you did to Susan?" Dad looked sadly at his boy. "She was sorry she had done something wrong, but you could not forgive her. What if Mother and I couldn't forgive you for doing something wrong? Like forgetting to do all your work."

Andy looked up at Dad's face. "Wh-what does that mean?"

"To forgive? That means not to be angry with someone who does something wrong to you. No matter how bad someone is to you, you should always forgive them. That means not to be angry with them. You see you didn't really want to forget to feed these calves, nor did Susan want to feel angry, but she was sorry later. We all do things wrong sometimes, but we should never forget to forgive our brothers and sisters."

Andy's eyes filled with tears as he thought of Susan's red eyes." I-I want to be nice to Susan" he said. "I know she is sorry." He looked up at Dad." I will forgive her, will you forgive me?"

Daddy smiled.

Andy smiled too for he knew Daddy would. "I will go and talk to Susan right now" he thought. Then we can all be happy again.

"A Visit To Grandpas"

"Mother! Mother!" called Susan one day" Daddy has Star hitched on the buggy. Where is he going?"

"He is going to Grandpas to help them today" answered Mother. "He said you and Andy may go with him."

Susan ran out to the swing. "Andy! Andy!" she called. "We may go to Grandpas with Daddy. He said we may."

Andy jumped off the swing and ran to the house with Susan. "We will go get ready." He said.

Susan and Andy ran to the shop as soon as they got to Grandpa's place. They knew the 'red wagon' was there.

"I want a ride Andy" Susan said, pulling the wagon onto the lane. "Pull me to the barn."

Andy pulled Susan to the barn. Then he pulled her back again.

"Now you give me a ride." He said.

"No, I want one more first!"

"O.K., just one more." So Andy pulled Susan to the barn and back again.

"Now," he puffed. "My turn."

"Wait Andy," Susan jumped off of the wagon and began to pull it away.

"Let's take rides down this hill!" She stopped at the top of the hill and jumped on the wagon again. "Now give me a big push!" And away Susan went with Andy running after her.

"Now, pull me up again Andy."

"No," Andy was puffing hard, "I'm tired."

"Then I won't give you a ride."

"But I'm tired."

"O.K., pull me up or you won't get a ride!" Susan held up her head high.

So Andy pulled Susan up, up to the top. He smiled when he saw Grandpa coming towards him. Maybe he would play with them.

Susan was having fun sitting in the wagon, but she didn't see Grandpa coming.

"Now," she said when they got to the top. "I want one more..." She pulled the handle away from Andy and pushed herself down the hill faster and faster! Andy just watched her go in tears.

But Susan was having fun! Oh! how fast she was going! "Bang! crash! plunk!"

Susan had not seen the big rock in front of her until it was too late. Her foot hit the big hard stone and she cried hard.

Andy and Grandpa came running.

"Oh! Susan" Andy said. "Are you hurt?" He was crying too.

Grandpa looked at Susan's leg. "I will carry you to the house." he said.

Susan stopped crying when she saw Grandpa. Had he seen how selfish she had been? Maybe if she wouldn't have wanted to run away from Andy...maybe...

"What are you crying about again?" Grandpa asked. But Susan only looked at Andy.

"It was my fault Andy." she said. "New time I won't be so selfish.

Andy only smiled, but it was a glad smile.

"I will forgive you." he said. And he couldn't help but think, 'This time I forgave Susan right away.'

"Learning Something New"

"Oh! Andy" called Susan, "come and see what I found!"

"Tiny little puppies!" Andy's eyes opened wide. "Four little puppies! Where did you find them?"

"Right here" laughed Susan. "They are Lassie's puppies. "She picked up one of the little round balls and held him in her arms. "Isn't this black and white one sweet?"

"I like this real black one" Andy said. "Let's go and tell Mother."

So the children ran out to the garden to find Mother and tell her of the new little puppies.

"Daddy is in the field but when he comes home for dinner, he can see them too," said Andy.

The children like the four puppies. But Lassie did not like to have them play with her babies.

"You should not touch the puppies until their eyes open." Daddy said one day. "They may get sick if you do."

But the children liked to sit and just look at the puppies. One day when Lassie was not there she did not see that Andy picked up his real black puppy, that he called 'Blacky,' and Susan picked up her black and white one that she called 'Spotty.'

"Let's just take them outside a little." said Susan, "I want to see if they can run."

"Yes, let's." Andy cried. "I think their eyes are almost open now."

The children were soon busy playing with the fat little puppies. What fun it was to watch them waddle around!

"My, my," laughed Andy. "They sure are fat!" He looked at Susan." How can they be so fat? We never feed them!"

Susan looked at the puppies. "I think they are crying" she said. "I think we should feed them."

"Yes, I do too." said Andy. "But what do we give them?"

Susan shook her head. "I just don't know," she said. "But they will die with nothing to eat!"

"Let's put these 2 puppies back" said Andy, "and go ask Mom. The other puppies must be hungry too."

So they picked up the 2 crying puppies and went back to the nest.

"Oh! Andy look!" Susan pointed to Lassie's nest. "Lassie is there now and those puppies are biting her!"

Andy ran to the nest. Lassie looked up crossly at the children as he put the puppies beside her. "W-why, Susan! What are they doing?"

"I-I don't know but our two puppies are...." she watched with big eyes as the puppies stopped crying and started to bite Lassie too!

Andy reached out his hand. "Come Blacky, you are hungry, that's why you are biting your Mommy." He picked up another.

"Bow-wow! Snap!"

"Auch!" Andy cried" Lassie bit my finger!" He put down the puppies real fast and stepped away," It really hurts!" He started to cry.

"Oh! Andy" Susan said. "Lassie never bit anyone before. Let's go tell Mother."

"B-but Susan, she'll ask why we were holding the puppies." Andy didn't know what to do. He cried harder and harder.

"What's wrong?" someone said behind them.

The children looked up surprised to see Grandpa standing behind them.

"Lassie bit Andy," Susan said.

"Grandpa came over and looked at Andy's hand." She did bite" he said. "We'll wash it good and bandage it up."

Grandpa turned around to look at Lassie." Maybe you were bothering the puppy's dinner." he said.

"Dinner?" The children looked surprised.

"Yes, didn't you see them eating?"

"Eating their Mommy!" Andy was watching the nest with big eyes.

"No." laughed Grandpa. "You see God gives Lassie milk so she can feed the puppies. But tell me, were you bothering them?"

Susan looked at her feet.

Andy looked at his feet too.

"Mommy dogs don't like us to play with their babies" Grandpa went on. "It could bring germs to them before their eyes are opened and make them sick. Never bother a nest of nursing puppies or their Mommy may bite, as you have learned."

Andy looked at his hand but he didn't cry. He was too ashamed. He knew that Daddy had already told them to leave the puppies alone.

Susan looked at Andy. She knew what he was thinking. They had not listened to Dad the first time. Now they had learned the hard way.

To Be Continued

Selected Gems

RUNAWAY TRAIN CARRIED DEATH

FIVE MEN KILLED AND TWO FATALLY HURT A CARBONDALE.

Cars Jump the Track and Cruch Workman in Shanity - Wreckage Piled Thirty-five High, with Victims Pinned Beneath, Takes Fire from Overturned Stove.

Scranton, PA, Dec. 12,—By the running away of a freight train in the Carbondale yard of the "Delaware & Hudson" company this morning, five men were killed and five injured, two of whom will die, the machine shops of the company were set on fire and burned together with five locomotives. Two of the dead were recovered from the wreckage, the others yet unknown are burned beneath the wreckage.

The injured are in the Emergency hospital at Carbondale. The identified dead are:

Marco Karyok, of Simpson, and Sam Barchio, of Carbondale, both ash pit cleaners.

The injured are:

Oscar Hicks, boiler cleaner; Beppio Lucca, Bolido Teresazzi, Joseph Rutan, Philip Galco, all foreigners, and employed in the ash pits. Hicks and Teresazzi will die.

The train comprised 42 cars and had been drawn to the upper end of the yard to b classified. At this point the drawhead pulled out on the first car and all the others went thundering down the track jumping as they reached the ash pit, where they caught the engine hostlers shanty, in which most of the men were ans swept in against the machine shop wall.

An overturned stove started a blaze which reached to a gasoline tank inside the shops and soon the whole mass of wreckage piled 35 feet high and the shops, which covered and acre of ground were ablaze.

Engines were quickly attached to and pulled away some of the cars and the Carbondale firemen and the shop service set about fighting the flames. The machine shops were wholly destroyed, the firemen's efforts being more on the burning cars in which the men were buried. Some of the werckage is yet to be cleared away and until this is done the other victims will not be identified.

LIVE ON 12 CENTS A DAY

Girls Testing Food Problem Then Cut "Standard" Five Cents.

For a week several young women pupils of the senior class of the Cincinnati Kindergarten Training school have conducted an experiment in dieting, the results of which indicated that it is quite possible for the working girl with a knowledge of food preparation to live at an average cost of 12 cents a day. If she can't afford this she can get along on as little as 7 cents a day which is what the young ladies accompished in their trial.

To carry out the test thoroughly the girls were given a model flat, which was fitted up by the school board. They did their own house-keeping, marketed and prepared their meals, besides doing their regular class and special work. The "seven cent menu" was was as follows: Breakfast, cornmeal mush and milk, brown bread or toast, coffee or cocoa; luncheon; peanut sandwiches, bread and jelly squares, fruit; dinner, split pea soup.

HENRY and the GREAT SOCIETY

Chapter X --- HENRY CHANGES

By H.L. Roush Sr. --- by permission

Henry noticed that he keeps getting farther and farther behind in his work due to the many interruptions and involvements of late. There was a time when getting behind didn't bother him too much, for there was no set schedule to keep. Like the spring he wasn't feeling too well and decided he just wouldn't plow the south 40 at all, and so he just laid it by for the season and so reduced his work schedule for the summer months. That was not as easy now, for the pressure of those two payment books began to prey upon Henry's mind. Frustration began to slip into Henry's day and instead of the freedom he once felt in the field, he now began to feel that he was there because he had to be, sick or well. He made himself a solemn promise to get out from under those obligations as quickly as he could and then, he assured himself, all would be like it was. He thought as he walked round and round behind the mares how soon he could pay the power company off and then slip back to a normal again. That was before the insurance man called on him.

He hated leaving the field just as he was getting things under way so well; but the insurance man couldn't come back at night and he assured Esther, who came to the field for Henry, that their happiness and peace of mind depended upon seeing him. Henry came to the house a little irritated at being interrupted in the middle of a work day, but the man soon soothed his irritation by telling him the latest accident figures in Mindoah County and what the percentages were of he and Esther being killed in a head-on collision and, for the good of his family and for the protection of society at large, Henry must in all haste insure himself, his auto, and their home against accident and loss or death.

The man hinted that the state would eventually require him to have auto insurance or park his car and, when Henry thought of the $1,000 savings he had sunk into that car, he remembered about the battle being lost for the want of a horse, etc. The papers were quickly, but not painlessly, drawn up and he begrudgingly signed, "Henry L. Morgan" on the appropriate line and Esther in her fine hand signed, "Esther A. Morgan" on the line beneath.

Relieved that he was at last in the quiet of his field and away from the reach of further interruption, Henry consoled himself with the thought that the monthly payment on the total house, car and $10,000 life insurance policies was only $24.70. Mentally calculating his total obligation at $55.50 per month, Henry realized that he would have to part with at least one cow from his small herd of white-face cattle he had slowly built up over the years. All of this agitated him a little. The next morning after breakfast, when he should have finished the field he had left undone because of yesterday's interruption, Henry hired Bill Baxter to haul one of the cattle to the sale where she brought a handsome amount. With the money from the cow sale, he was able to pay the Seers account to a minimum, and with the remainder he made a substantial payment to the power company.

That night after supper as Esther lit the lamps, she told Henry that after tomorrow the old lamps would be finished forever, and she was glad. The contractors had finished and in the morning the power company was to hook up Henry's house to the new black pole that stood in the barn lot. This filled Henry's heart with mixed emotions, but everyone else seemed so happy about it that he soon forgot it in the fun that followed.

They gathered in the living room and the checkers and dominoes were brought out, and soon Henry realized that Whispering Pines hadn't changed much after all and that the good things in life had helped. He begged off from the story-time saying he was more tired than usual, and he explained that all the running and confusion had worn him out a little. So shortening the evening as graciously as he could, he soon fell in bed convinced that it was as Esther said, "Nothing will change unless we change"; and Henry was sure that would never happen.

As he lay there in the darkness wondering why he couldn't drop off to sleep as he once did, he suddenly realized with panic that something was wrong! He awakened Esther and said, "What's wrong?" She sleepily replied, "There's nothing wrong. Go to sleep. It'll be a long day tomorrow." He was sure of this, but the uneasiness wouldn't go away. In the darkness he suddenly knew what was wrong-things had changed. He couldn't hear the whipporwill any more. The silence had no more soothing effect, for there was no more silence. He could hear the roar of the late traffic as it went by the house and every now and then the squeal of tires as teenagers "laid rubber", as they called it, on the straight stretch from Henry's barn to the turn at Fred Danner's lane. He noticed that the smell of honeysuckle no longer drifted through the bedroom window, for the window was now shut to keep the exhaust fumes from entering. Even if the window had been open, Henry couldn't have smelled the honeysuckle for the county engineer had ordered it all sprayed to kill it. Henry hadn't known before that it was a "nuisance weed" and would soon "take over the county" if it wasn't stamped out. In the darkness Henry thought of Old Brown and how he tried to make it from the barn to the house a few weeks ago and hadn't heard the engine whine of the car that killed him. Old Brown had never had to look out for anybody before, and he hadn't realized that when progress comes, no one looks out for you.

Henry also wondered why there hadn't been any socials for a long time like there use to be, and all of a sudden he got sick. Not physically, although he could feel this sickness from his heart to his stomach; it was a homesickness that crept over him in the darkness . . . homesickness for the life that seemed to be slipping away in the changes that came while everybody said nothing was changing. The attendance at the socials had so dropped off after the road improvement, and with everyone having so many places to go and things to do, that they had slipped into oblivion. Church attendance had dropped off and protracted meetings just couldn't draw out the people like they once did. He heard the clock in living room strike 12:00 and panicked at the thought of working a full day in the field tomorrow with a short night's rest. He promised himself that tomorrow he would surely talk to Esther about the unwelcome changes in their life. He planned to take this matter up with her at the lunch table tomorrow.

FORT BLOCKER BOYS

After the Raid Is Over

Continued from last month

While the little Watsons lay as flat as they could flatten themselves, Thad kept his head high enough to peep through the grass-tops. As soon as the moving animals came near, he could make out they were cattle. These, too, were running, almost at the top of their speed, as if something or somebody had frightened them.

They soon passed, but Thad and the children remained in hiding for at least a quarter of an hour longer. Hearing nothing more to alarm them, they sprang up and hurried back to the still grazing mare. Thad helped his young charges to mount again, and once more they moved on toward the fort. The moon was now high enough to light the whole prairie. But the fugitives would have preferred darkness.

While Thad and the Watson children were trying hard to reach Fort Blocker, numerous interesting events were taking place there. It was not long after dark that a messenger arrived from the patrol line, thirty miles or more to the west, reporting that at noon that day a big band of Indians, numbering about a hundred, had driven the scouts back and forced them to take refuge in a settler's stockade. The Comanches had marched boldly on into the settlements, and were doubtless spreading death and destruction as they went. Lieutenant Reel, who had sent the messenger, asked for reinforcements, that they might be ready to attack the savages as they passed back.

This news quickly spread over the fort and created the wildest alarm. Captain Totty and his State troops had marched away several days before, and were now somewhere off to the southwest—far beyond the reach of a messenger. There were fewer than twenty men in the fort. With a big war-party of Comanches devastating the surrounding country, it would be reckless for these men to ride away and leave the fort unprotected.

Soon family after family began to arrive, seeking safety—people who lived only two or three miles away. One family, in a two-horse wagon, drove into the square at a gallop. But most of them came quietly, either on horseback or afoot. And all had stories to tell of marauding bands of redskins seen or heard. From the number of bands reported, Captain Graham was of the opinion that the big war-party, after penetrating the settlements, had broken up into numerous little bands, which were now scouring the settlements in quest of horses and scalps.

While the excitement in the fort was at its height, another man dashed in on a sweat-wet horse. He was riding bareback, and was also bare-headed. It was Watson.

He reported that he and his wife had been detained at Perryman's till almost dark. When a mile or so from home, they had seen a bright light ahead, which convinced them that their cabin was in flames. Fearing the worst, Watson had stopped and unharnessed his horses, and sent his wife and baby back to Perryman's on one horse. The Perrymans, a numerous family, lived inside of a stockade. Watson himself had mounted the other horse and come on.

Arriving at his homestead, he had found his house, his corn-crib and his strawstack all crumbling into fiery ruins. His dog lay dead, but not one of his children could be seen. Whether they had been murdered and their bodies left in the cabin to be consumed, or had been dragged away as captives, he could only guess. Hoping that they were captives, he was just starting to Fort Blocker for assistance in rescuing them, when a little band of Indians—the ones who had fired the cabin, or others—came round the hill on the same road he himself had come. They discovered him at the moment he discovered them. Now a race began promptly, in the direction of Fort Blocker.

Not till Watson had run two or three miles, and had lost his hat, did he succeed in shaking off his pursuers. Then he kept right on to the fort.

Not knowing whether Watson's children were dead or captives—it had not occurred to anybody that they had escaped—Captain Graham was undecided what to do. It seemed cruel to refuse assistance; and yet it was risky to take the men away from the fort, which itself was in danger of an attack.

While the discussion was being held in front of Mr. Wilkins's house, Mr. Dayberry, who had just heard of Watson's news, came to report that Thad was believed to have gone to the Watson place this afternoon, and that he had probably shared the fate of the children there, whether death of captivity.

"But Thad would fight. He would have defended the house if he'd been there, wouldn't he?" asked Captain Graham.

"The red raiders might have surprised them all," Mr. Welborn spoke up.

"That's the strange thing about it," Thad's father explained. "Thad wen to git his horse, but he's never come back for the saddle or his rifle. I walked across the creek to where he said the horse was staked, but the horse wasn't there. So I s'pose the boy must have jumped on 'im and made the trip bareback. Though I cain't understand why he should do such a thing. And his mother cain't, either."

"It's plain that he did do such a thing," remarked Mr. Trueblood.

"It certainly is," agreed Mr. Hendricks.

"Not much doubt about that," spoke out big Tim Hart, owner of the ox-mill, in his strong voice. "My guess is that Thad Dayberry and the Watson children are either all dead together or all prisoners together. If they're—''

"No such thing!'' called out a voice, almost indignantly. It sounded very much like Thad's.

Just then there came around the corner of the Wilkins house a bridleless mare, covered with children from her withers to her hips. And close behind her followed a boy and a colt. The boy, grasping her tail, was steering her with one hand and switching her lazy hips with the other.

"Thad Dayberry, or I'm a liar!'' exclaimed Jess Holloway, almost in consternation.

"That you, Thad? And who's this—who are all these you've got with you?'' asked Captain Graham when the small procession had halted near the crowd.

"They're the little Watsons, Captain. The redskins fired Mr. Watson's house, and everything else of his that would burn. And they may have killed him and his wife and a baby. But the other children are here and safe—all five of 'em. You can count 'em for yourself if you doubt it!''

"But we would have been if it hadn't been for Thad,'' spoke up Lizzie, from the mare's back.

"Yes, we would—that we would, every last one of us!'' declared Benny.

The sensation that followed the discovery of who the latest arrivals were can scarcely be described. When it was over, Thad was called upon to tell how he had effected the little party's escape. He began in a modest way, but Lizzie, becoming excited, took the story out of the boy's mouth, so to speak, and went on with it herself, rapidly, enthusiastically. And the younger children interrupted her often to supply the details she was leaving out.

"Well done, Thad boy!'' exclaimed the captain of the scouts, when the story of their escape and of their making their way to the fort had been concluded.

"Yes, I'd say it was well done,'' agreed Mr. Wilkins, heartily. "I'd like to set eyes on the man that could do it better.

Here spoke up another member of the group, a stranger to Thad. His name was Jasper. He was a preacher, and he had just arrived in Fort Blocker this afternoon, in company with another preacher named Keeney. They had come for the purpose of holding a "big meeting'' at the fort—a revival.<ql.

"Men,'' Mr. Jasper said, "I don't know how it looks to you people out here. But to a man who doesn't live on the frontier, it seems a pretty brave, heroic sort of thing that this barefooted boy has done. He's evidently a boy that doesn't lose his head when he needs it worst, as too many grown-up people do. He deserves a lot of praise.''

"If anybody ever did, he does,'' agreed Mr. Keeney, the other preacher, who was also in the crowd.

"Oh, that wasn't anything to speak of,'' protested Thad, in no little embarrassment. "Didn't think I was going to sit down and let the redskins kill and scalp us all, did you? Not as long as I could help myself! And nobody else would, either.''

"Thad's the boy that can fool the red boogers!'' Bill Cogburn called out.

"That he can!'' answered Mr. Weese. "Cain't nobody git ahead of Thad—''

"Nobody except Harbolt!'' put in Jess Holloway.

At that everybody laughed. But it was very kindly, good-natured laughter.

When Thad went home, he found that Mr. Jasper, the preacher, was spending the night there. Mr. Keeney, who had been with the Wilkins family, also came over, with his saddle-bags. Watson and his five children, being relatives of the Wilkinses, were all at the Wilkins house, and little room was left there for any other company.

Thad's mother was of the same religious faith as these preachers, and so were both Mr. Wilkins and her husband. Christians they called themselves, repudiating, almost as an insult, all church names of human invention. These people, the youngest, but by no means the least aggressive, were vying with the Baptists, the Methodists and the Presbyterians for the conversion of this new country.

Pickets were kept out around the fort till daylight. Then Captain Graham started out with a party of scouts—all men that could safely be spared. The two preachers volunteered to go, but the captain told them to stay as a guard for the fort.

Not till late next day did the party return. They had followed the Indians' trail westward, but had not overtaken them. The scouts out on the patrol-line reported that the red raiders had been seen marching rapidly west on the morning after the raid, with a great drove of stolen horses. The scouts, being too few, had not dared to give battle.

Several men had been killed in different parts of the country, but all the fort people had escaped. Most of the settlers here had, however, lost all their horses that were out on the range. Among the animals swept away was a little drove belonging to Thad's father.

For two or three days Thad believed that his young horse, Ped, had gone with the others. But it came out that, after Thad had pursued the drove his horse was with, they had run straight home. Their owner, Chunky Joe Wilson, thinking that Indians might have been after them, had penned them all. Thus they had escaped being driven off, and Ped with them. Roe, one of the Wilson boys, knowing whose the animal was, brought him to the fort the third day after the raid. Now Ped and Mr. Dayberry's saddle-horse were the only horses the family had left.

While the scouts were still out, most of the men and boys in the fort were busy, preparing for the expected big meeting. Down on the north branch, between the road and the spring, a large-sized arbor, or brush-shed, was erected.

Thad and Charley Dick walked down together and seated themselves together on the men's side of the arbor. Charley Dick wore a cotton shirt and cotton pantaloons, and was barefooted. But Thad was arrayed in a blue cotton shirt and brand-new buckskin pantaloons. He himself had killed the deer, before moving to the fort, and tanned the skin once moving here. His mother had only recently cut out and made the pantaloons for him, for this occasion. Also, his feet were sweating and sweltering in a pair of new, home-made shoes.

"Just see the folks gazin' at you Thad?'' whispered Charley Dick, after some people living a few miles from the fort, in the Menasco settlement, had come under the arbor and seated themselves.

"Thad blushed. "Huh! What they gazing at me for?''

"Oh, you've gone and done it this time!"' declared his admiring friend. "The whole Watson family have been tootin' your praises ever since you fetched 'em down here. It's little anybody cares for Harbolt's watermelons now. Everybody's talkin' about you. And they're talkin' you sky-high, too!''

"Oh, shucks, now!'' protested the embarrassed hero.

"You can "Oh, shucks,' all you want to, Thad Dayberry! But it's the livin' truth I'm tellin' you, so 'elp me!"' Charley Dick assured him.

Many of the older people in the fort were church-members, and as stern as the old Puritans in their moral ideas. And both those who were members and those who were not came to the meeting. For this was to be a great occasion—one long to be remembered here. Captain Totty and most, or all, of his company of State troops had returned to headquarters, and the fort was a lively place.

And not only the people of Fort Blocker came to the meeting, but all the settlers for miles around, including many from two neighboring forts, one on Bingham Creek and the other on Denton Creek. Most of the people were on horseback, but others came in ox-wagons or horse-wagons. And all came armed. Their guns they left in their wagon-beds, those who brought wagons. But their six-shooters remained belted on. Several men, who had come to meeting on horseback, brought their guns in and either laid them under the seats or sat with them between their knees.

A few of the fort people brought chairs to sit in, and so did some who came in wagons. Those were the only seats with backs. Part of the seats provided under the arbor were benches—split logs with four wooden pegs for legs. The benches were borrowed from various settlers, and from the little schoolhouse down below the fort. But other seats were logs, elevated by being laid across other logs, and smoothed a little on top with an axe.

Of clothes there was a great variety. Most of the people, of both sexes, wore homespun. But some of themen had on tailor-made suits, all much wrinkled from being long hidden away in trunks. And others, like Thad, were wholly or mostly clad in buckskin. A few, among them Mr. Keeny, one of the preachers, were dressed in linen from head to foot. <m>On the women's side of the arbor the same or a greater variety of dress prevailed. In addition to the usual homespun, there were several silk and satin dresses—relics of other States and other days. All but a very few wore sun-bonnets instead of hats; and, after getting under the arbor, they took them off and held them in their laps. For fans they used wild turkeys' wings or tails. Some of the young women and most of the younger girls were dressed in white. And, whether in white or homespun, they looked very charming, many of them. For Fort Blocker had its fullshare of pretty girls—more than its share, most people said.

But the prettiest of all, in Thad's eyes, was his unfriendly little neigbor, Marzee. Dressed in white, she sat well up toward the front, with Tilda Totty and Sally Cogburn on one side of her, and Rody Weese and Martha Graham on the other. Thad looked often at the row of girls, but they never so much as glanced back.

One thing he noticed particularly. Marzee was fanning herself with a shiny-black fan—blacker, and also prettier, as he thought, than any other girl was using. He had seen that fan before, but never since he had sent it to her until to-day. It was his crow's wing.

When all the people had come together, Mr. Jasper, a little, wiry man with a smooth face and a wide mouth, arose and said:

"We will open the meeting by singing.''

There were various hymn-books and song-books in the audience. But as few of them were alike, and most of the people had none, the preacher proceeded to line out a hymn: ""How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word.'''

When Mr. Keeney leading, the congregation had sung those two lines, Mr. Jasper lined out another couplet: ""What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?'''

And so the congregation sang through that and several similar hymns. After the Scripture reading and prayer came the sermon, with much fiery, forceful eloquence in it. For a very intelligent man was Terrell Jasper, very earnest and very impressive. Many a sorrier sermon was preached in cities this Sunday morning than was preached under the brush-shed by this rude frontier fort.

When the meeting had been dismissed, everybody asked everybody else to go home with them for dinner, and most of those from outside the fort accepted some invitation.

About the middle of the afternoon the people came together under the arbor again, to listen to another sermon, this time by Mr. Keeney. A very tall man, of striking appearance, was the preacher, with blue eyes, a fair complexion, and light or yellowish hair reaching almost to his shoulders. His wife had taught him to read, but he was a born orator. Not a word of what the preacher said did Thad miss.

The sermon ended, the whole congregation marched from the arbor down to the creek-bank, below the spring. There several converts, made by the day's preaching, were baptized in the stream by Mr. Jasper. Among them were Lou Totty and Sarah Jane Totty, daughters for the captain of the State troops, and Molly Welborn, daughter of the Dayberry's nearest neighbor on the south. These were but a few of the more than sixty people who would be baptized here during the next few weeks. For this was the beginning of one of the greatest revivals ever yet held on the Texas frontier.

When the baptizing was ended, the crowd was dismissed till "early candle-lighting."

Even before sunset the people began to reassemble under the arbor. Charley Dick came by for Thad, and the two went down together. They found a numerous crowd, all chatting and joking and laughing. For, in spite of the fact that they might at any moment be called upon to fight for their lives, a cheerful, jolly people were these pioneers, in their fort on the edge of the wilds. Neither hardships nor poverty nor dangers seemed to discourage them in the least.

Thad's eyes ran everywhere in search of Marzee, but she was not there. While he was looking toward the Wilkins house, to see if she was coming, his father said:

"Thad, the water-bucket's empty. Wouldn't you like to take it, you and Charley Dick, and go to the spring before preachin' begins?"

"Yes, sir; we'll go. Come on, Charley Dick!"'

So the two got the bucket and started off. And several of the little boys, Jimmy Hendricks and Hamp Witt and Bailey Cogburn and Travis Holloway and Billy Reel, went with them.

On arriving at the spring, they found a small crowd of boys already there, and three girls—Marzee Wilkins, Tilda Totty and Sally Cogburn. The boys were standing together, back a few yards. The girls were also together, and were washing their hands in the little stream flowing out of the spring, and wiping them with their handkerchiefs.

"Oh, Thad, I'm so glad you've come!" exclaimed Tilda. "Give me that gourd, won't you? Somebody has carried off the spring-gourd. We girls are just dying for a drink."

"Why don't you lay down and drink, like us boys did?" asked Buck Thompson.

"Because we don't want to—that's why," answered Tilda, as she received the gourd from thad and dipped it into the spring.

Marzee was wearing a red flower pinned to the bosom of her white dress. While the other girls were drinking, Buck approached and pointed to the flower.

"Marzee, give me that hollyhawk."

The girl shook her head. "That hollyhock does well enough where it is," she answered, softly.

"Savin' if for one of them Campbellite preachers, eh?"

"Marzee's slender figure straightened, and he eyes almost flashed as she exclaimed:

"Don't you dare call us Campbellites, Buck Thompson! Don't you dare—don't you dare!"

"What are you, then?"

"Don't you dare! We're Christians—that's what we are! We don't have any creeds. We don't believe anything but the Bible! We won't any name but Bible names! Don't you dare nickname us! Don't you dare!"

Buck, surprised, subsided before the usually shy little girl's vehemence. But while Marzee was drinking, Jimmy Hendricks cried:

"Look out, Marzee! Buck's tryin' to snatch your blossom!"

The girl sprang lightly back. "Buck, I told you you couldn't have this hollyhock!"

"Bet you I git it yit! Bet you a dollar I do!" he declared, boldly.

Marzee glanced shyly around. Then she unpinned the flower and held it to her nose. "No, you won't get it, Buck. If I was to give it away, it wouldn't be to you."

"Then, who would it be to? Tell me that!"

"It would be to somebody that's nice, and doesn't try to snatch things," Marzee answered, in her softest tones. "It would be to somebody that can do things worth while. It would be to—"

Her back was to the two boys with the water-bucket. But now she turned suddenly, and, with drooping eyelids, and a smile as bright as the flower itself, held out the hollyhock to Thad.

The boy's face flushed with pleasure, not unmixed with surprise. Weeks had gone by since she had last spoken to him. "It's—it's mighty nice of you to—to give me this, Marzee," he stammered, as he received her gift—her overture of renewed friendship. His manner was not a little embarrassed, but his heart was beating delightedly. For he knew that at last their quarrel was ended.

"Oh, now we know—now we know!" cried out little Billy Reel.

"What is it we know?" Harrison Hendricks inquired.

"Why, who it is Marzee likes best!"

"Shut up, you little sass-box!" ordered the girl, her face flushing prettily.

Just then, as if to relieve Marzee's embarrassment, came from the arbor Mr. Jasper's strong voice, lining out a hymn. Very distinct were the words in the twilight stillness: ""On Jordan's stormy banks I stand<ql.

And cast a wistful eye—''' When the congregation had sung these lines came the preacher's voice again: ""To Canaan's fair and happy land

Where my posessions lie.'''

"Meeting has begun. Let's be going, girls," said Marzee. And of one accord the three, turning, moved down the gravelly creek-bed and up the bank.

Thad dipped the bucket of water from the spring, and then he and Charley Dick followed. And with those two trooped along the crowd of little boys.

On top of the bank, the girls but their arms around one another. Then, as they moved toward the lights, twinkling through the dusk, that indicated where the arbor was, they, too, began to sing, softly, sweetly, in their girlish voices.

It was all very calm and peaceful, and very beautiful, this cool twilight scene. And no matter what Time the trouble-maker may bring us, we who saw it will never forget—shall never live long enough to forget—can never travel far enough to forget.

And it is well to leave them here, these boys and girls of old Fort Blocker. THE END

THAD and CHARLIE DICK

A Sequel to Fort Blocker Boys

Remembered by some as Fort Blocker Girls Which holds no authentic evidence, but as you read these chapters you understand the reason.

CHAPTER 1.

Four Hundred Comanches Coming.

A strange, ominous silence seemed to brood over Fort Blocker as Thad Dayberry rode into that foursquare enclosure of log cabins one summer morning. Mounted on his young horse, Ped, he was returning from his father's farm, two miles up Blocker Creek. Behind his saddle he had a sack tied, with roasting-ears in one end and beans, cucumbers and similar vegetables in the other. A flintlock rifle, slung to the saddle horn, rested across the saddle in front of him.

After dropping the sack at the back door of his home, on the west side of the sqaure, he dismounted and unsaddled at the loom house door, farther back, and hung the saddle inside. Then, having carried his rifle and the vegetables into the larger cabin—the one that fronted on the square—he led Ped away to the edge of the prairie. Where the grass was waist-high he drove down a stake with a stone, and left the horse tethered to it with a hair lariat.

Entering the fort again, he did not return home, but directed his steps toward the south side. At the shady end of a cabin there a freckle-faced boy was squatting by a little fire of chips. In his right hand was a ladle, half full of melted lead; in his left was a pair of bullet molds. On the ground near the boy's bare feet lay a dozen bullets or more, silvery bright in their newness, and all with their necks still on. They had been dropped there to cool.

"Hello, Charley Dick Sheegog! What's up that you're running so many balls? Must be getting ready for a big hunt?''

The other boy filled the molds, then carefully set the ladle back on the fire. While opening the molds to drop the bullets out, he answered:

"Not bad I ain't gittin' ready for no big hunt! Not these here days! Hain't you heared the news, Thad?''

"News! No. I've just got back from the farm. Wasn't anybody at home when I stopped there. What's up now?''

"Why, word's been brung that Comanches, three or four hundred strong, is up on the Big Wichita, marchin' right straight down this a way. They're comin,' a big passle of warriors, to wipe the settlements out, and Fort Blocker with 'em. And they'll do it, too, apt as not, bein' as the's sech a whoppin' big gang. Mighty excitin' time, this is, I can tell you, Thad! Hain't you noticed all them little fires smokin'?'' Charley Dick made a sweeping gesture, which included the whole fort. "Everybody's runnin' balls, or doin' sumpn' to git ready for the boogers. We'll give 'em the fight of their lives, you bet?''

Thad's eyes opened in surprise at this news. He glanced around. Sure enough, at almost every cabin burnt a little fire; and by every fire somebody, boy or man or woman or girl, was busy molding bullets.

"What's become of all the men-folks, Charley Dick?''

"Ain't so very many in the fort jest now, you know. And most of them that's not off scoutin' has gone to round up their nags. Pap rode out to try and find our'n. Started jest a few minutes after the news got here. Hadn't you heared anything at all about it, Thad? About the redskins follerin' the warpath this a way, I mean?''

The other boy shook his head. "Not a word. I started up to our place just at sunrise this morning. No such news here when I rode up out of the fort. While I was up yonder at the farm, I covered some goober-pea blooms, cut poles and stuck some beans, and did a lot of hoeing. But that's big news you've told me—exciting news.''

"Big news! I'd say it is big news! Biggest by fur that was ever fetched to Fort Blocker, I 'low! If we don't up and fight like catamounts when that swarm of redskins comes screechin' and yellin' down on us, ain't apt to be any white folks left alive to tell the tale when the battle's ended. I'm expectin' to mold a hundred bullets before I quit.''

"I'll neck these for you.''

Thad took out his "Barlow'' and opened the blade. Picking up a bullet, he laid it on a chip, then bore down hard with the knife till he had cut off the neck left on it by the molds. After trimming the place a little more, till it seemed perfectly round, he laid that bullet by itself and took up another one.

While Thad was thus busy, the other boy, holding the ladle over the fire, kept filling the molds and dropping out bright bullet after bright bullet. Sometimes he more than filled the molds, so that the metal overflowed and spilled on the ground. But as soon as it was cool enough to hand he picked it up and returned it to the ladle.

"Well, I've got to go now,'' Thad remarked, when he had necked the last bullet. "Got to do some molding myself.''

"Tell you what, Thad. You help me till I've run all the balls we'll need; then I'll neck for you while you run yo'r'n.''

"But—but s'pose the Comanches come tearing down on us before I get any bullets molded. I doubt if we've got a dozen rifle bullets in the house this minute.''

"Oh, the red varmints, they won't git here as soon as all that, I reckon. Four or five days' ride up to the Big Wichita. We'll all have time a plenty to git good and rready for 'em, I guess. Anyhow, if we don't I'll lend you some of my balls to fight with.''

So the two boys worked on together, running bullets and necking them as fast as they could pour the hot metal. When a plentiful supply had been molded for the Sheegogs, Thad and his friend moved across the corner of the square to Thad's home. There, at the shady end of the loom house, the two were soon busy with ladle and bullet molds, over another little fire.

While the boys were thus employed, a girl of about twelve years came out of the Wilkins cabin, which stood next to the Dayberry cabin on the north. She had black hair and blue eyes.

"Oh, Thad, isn't it horrible? Do you reckon we'll all be killed and scalped?"

"No, I don't, Marzee—anything of the kind! What'll we be doing, all of us white folks, while the redskins are shooting us down and scalping us?"

"But there are so few men in the fort now. Captain Totty and all his company are away somewhere scouting, nobody seems to know where. Captain Graham's here; but Lieutenant Reel is out with the scouts—"

"If any big band of redskins comes marching into this country, Lieutenant Reel and every scout with 'im will ride for Fort Blocker as fast as quirt and spur can fetch 'em. When it comes to the scratch, we'll make the red rogues pay for all that they get here!" Thad assured her, a little boastingly.

"I hope so, Thad. I do certainly hope so. Pa's being away scouting makes us all feel lonesome and forsaken at our house. We can't help feeling like—a little like we haven't got a soul in the world to—to look after us."

"Don't you fret, Marzee? We'll all look after you—you and your folks. We couldn't do anything else if we wanted to; and we don't want to. The whole fort will stand or fall together. You and your ma and little Florence and the babies will be safe as long as any of us are left alive to fight."

"Why, of course you will be, Marzee!" Charley Dick now stopped necking bullets to say. "Ain't me and Thad runnin' all these here balls as much to defend you folks as ourselves? Course we air!"

"What I'd like to know is, who fetched that news?" Thad remarked, later.

"Some feller brung us word this mornin', Thad. I don't know who he was or where he come frum. I didn't even see 'im."

"He was from the Menasco settlement. I saw im, but I didn't hear his name," the girl informed them.

"Anyhow, feller that told him must ha' seed the redskins up yander on the Big Wichita River."

"But what was the fellow doing on the Big Wichita? Nearest place, its mouth, is nearly two days' ride beyond the settlements. The scouts sometimes track redskins up there. But what would anybody else be doing in that country?"

"You cain't prove that by me, Thad. Reckon maybe some of the Wagoner's Ranch cowboys seed the redskins in camp, then rode hard to fetch word to the setlements."

"But Waggoner's Ranch is on the Little Wichita. It's miles and miles to the Big Wichita from there. How would the Waggoner's Ranch people know what was going on so far from home?"

"Well, some of their cowboys might ha' been up there on a hunt for cattle. They're ridin' the whole range, I 'low, jest like the cowboys around here."

"That could be," Thad admitted. "Well, anyhow, if a whole tribe of redskins are marching down this way, we've got to spunk up and bristle up and get ready to stand 'em off."

"That's what we have—that's jest what we have, Thad. Wish to my soul I owned a rifle, like you."

"So do I, Charley Dick."

"But I've studied hard, and narry way can I think uv to git a gun. Maybe though, if I could borry somebody else's gun for a little while, I could knock over a red booger and cabbage onto his rifle."

"But they don't carry rifle's, Charley Dick. You know that as well as I do. We've seen 'em ourselves—seen 'em with bows and arrows and lances and shields."

"I know. All that we've seed packed them kind of weapons. But we hain't seed 'em all. Some few of 'em totes shootin'-irons, like white folks. Leastways so I've heared tell. To git a rifle any sech a way as that, I'd have to pick out a redskin armed with a gun. Mighty slim show for me to do much at that, I 'low. Gittin' a gun ain't as easy as rollin' off of a lawg—no how you can fix it."

The silence caused by the impending Indian raid was so great as to seem almost oppressive. Children had ceased to play, and had either gone indoors or were grouped together under their own front door sheds, talking in awed tones and with solemn faces. All their lives they had been accustomed to Indian raids. But the raid which now threatened Fort Blocker promised to be the biggest and bloodiest yet hurled against these frontier settlements.

Soon the men who had ridden forth earlier in the day began to return. Some brought what they had gone out for; others came back empty handed. Those who failed to find their horses had probably ventured far from the fort. Several of the settlers had not horses to hunt for, having lost theirs in previous raids. Every settler had some kind of a rail pen close to the fort; and in those pens they shut up their horses for the present.

Thad's father was one of the first to return. Having lost most of his range horses earlier in the season, he had but few to find. Those he brought in and penned.

The day of suspense went by, and at last night was coming on. A feeling of dread, too strong to be noisy, still prevaded the whole fort. As dusk settled down and dayliht slowly faded out, all were wondering what would happen before the sun rose again. Molds and ladles had been kept busy till every cabin was abundantly supplied with bullets.

At dusk Thad Dayberry, just returned from milking, looked from his own yard and saw Marzee Wilkins at her front door. He sauntered over there.

"Oh, Thad, isn't it dreadful, this waiting for the Comanches to come and attack us? I never was so scared since we moved to Fort Blocker. Just know I'll be too excited to sleep tonight."

"No use to worry about it, Marzee. If the redskins come they'll come, and we'll have it out with 'em. And if they don't come they won't come. That's all there is to it."

"I'm wondering when they're likely to get here. That is, if they do come."

"Hard telling as to that. As apt to happen along one time as another, I'd say."

"Tonight, do you think, Thad?"

"That could be. But maybe it won't. Little bunches of redskins travel fast. Have to to save their bacon. Or at least they do on the way out. But an army of four hundred warriors—they won't be in such a hurry, I'm guessing. They'll take their own time, and they may not show up in this neck of the woods for three or four days yet."

Till night came on the boy and the girl talked of the threatened raid. And all the other people in the fort were discussing the same interesting subject. They were gathered in little groups, the woman and children at cabin doors, the men and boys out in the sqaure. And in both tones and words not a litte fear betrayed itself.

Night was coming on and every empty gun and six-shooter in the fort was carefully loaded; and those already loaded had fresh saps put on them. On going to bed, Mr. Dayberry left his double-barreled shotgun up in the deer-horn rack, and his six-shooter hanging against the wall. But Thad, more excited, and half expecting a battle before daylight, stood his rifle against the logs by his bed, where he could put his hand on it at the first alarm.

No sentinels were stationed in the fort, or around it. None would be needed. The numerous dogs here would be quick to sound an alarm. It wouldn't be possible for even a lone Indian to approach nearer than a few hundred yards without being seen or scented. And so lightly did the men sleep that, at the first noisy barking they would have their six-shooters buckled on and their guns in hand, ready for battle.

It was a little while after dark when Charley Dick Sheegog walked over to the Dayberry cabin. Thad had been on the point of going to bed, but he now came out, being somewhat thirsty, the two boys took the water bucket and set off for some fresh water. The spring that supplied the fort was dwn under the creek bank, three or four hundred yards away, and Thad carried his rifle. After returning, they sat on the chopping log out at the woodpile, which was in front of the house, and talked. Naturally, most of their conversation had to do with the expected, much-dreaded Indian raid.

There being no moon, the whole fort was now in darkness. Here and there faint glowing spots could be detected in front of the cabins. Those were the outdoor fires over which most of the women did their cooking during this warm, dry weather. But the fires had burnt down to coals, and most of the coals had been covered with ashes that the fire might keep till morning.

"Be mighty lively times around this old fort when they do come, all them red varmints," the younger boy remarked. By this time the two, friends were sitting down on the chips, with their backs against the copping log.

"Lively's no name for it, Charley Dick! It will be about the excitingedly time that ever has been in Texas, I guess. Anyhow, in this part of Texas."

"If I jest had a good gun to fight with, like you, I wouldn't mind it so much if the boogers did come. But to have fightin' goin' on all around and me with no hand in it—that's what makes me mad."

"Well, they haven't come yet. So maybe there won't be any fighting to do," was the best consolation Thad could offer.

Bedtime came early in Fort Blocker. Most of the people were asleep, or at least in bed, before Thad and his friend were ready to separate for the night.

"How'll we fight if the red booger does come, Thad?" The two had stood up to go their different ways.

"Well, I don't know how the others will go about it. But I know how I expect to do my fighting. I'll punch some chinking out and poke my rifle barrel between the logs. That way, with a good rest, I ought to fetch a red booger every time I pull trigger."

"I jest 'low you can, Thad." There was envy in Charley Dick's tones. "Fact is, I as good as know you can. And, Thad, if you see a redskin packing a gun instid of a bow and arr's, be shore to p'int your rifle at that feller and knock 'im off his nag for me. Then maybe I can slip out and grab up his gun. Anyhow I'll try."

"I will, Charley Dick. I'll do that very thing. That is, if I can see well enough in the dark to tell a gun from a spear, or some other weapon."

Now the two boys separated, Thad going indoors, and Charley Dick cutting across the corner of the square of his own home.

To be continued

GOD HAS A PLAN FOR EACH LIFE

Sometimes here on earth we experience
Trials that are not to our liking,
We want our joys to continue,
But it's tears we find ourselves wiping.

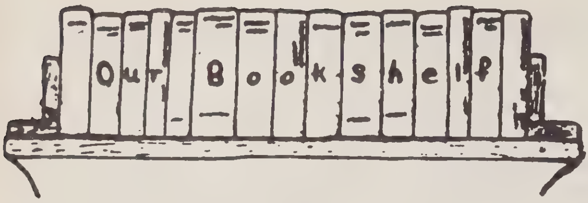
God has a plan for each of our lives,
And we must accept it daily,
He knows the beginning to the end,
He wants His will done gladly.

He sends us suffering and heartache
To teach us with others to share
Compassion for those less favored
To serve some who need more care.

There are so many blessings to count,
If each day we'd kep a tally,
It would help us forget our problems
And around our benifits rally.

We may always enjoy His love,
His mercy is boundless and free,
His promises are sure and true,
He gives them for you and me.

Son of God and sun of my soul,
May we ever trust in Thy power
To lead us safely up higher,
And triumph in that great hour.



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THE KING OF TEXAS--By many this is classed as the best of Miller's work. If you begin to read this one prepare yourself for a day off or a wide awake night.

FLINT AND STEEL -- with a collection of Miller's "Short Stories".

REMEMBER "KING OF TEXAS" In "Pennsylvania Farmer" Around 1935?
NOTE! These are only introductories, and please do not order them ahead of time.

Historical Notes

A new column will be opened in The Diary next month entitled "Questions and Answers". This column is devoted to historical subjects concerning early families, their homesteads and the church in America and Europe- in Berks, Lancaster, and Somerset counties, Pennsylvania as well as Western and Canadian settlements. We have one quetsion to begin, from Indiana, concerning the family of John Schmidt and Barbara Swartzentruber # SZ22 in AAMG. It will be answered next month. The Wagler, Jantzi, and Streuber families can be detected by Lorraine Roth, 37 Ahrens St. W, Kitchner, Ontario, N2H4B6.
Questions are open to all readers.

Paul V. Hostetler, 50 Todd Rd., Hamden, Conn., 06518, has done extensive research on Amish homesteads in Berks Co., PA. He has found many gems that an ordinary scholar has overlooked. He was the first to locate the Northkill Alms book.

He also published a few books, one, "The Three Zugs" which is very well done on the three Zug, Zook immigrant families.He also published some work on the Hochstetlers. He has recently informed me that he still has some books available. For more information write to his address.

LOOK! BOOK BARGAIN

King Family History. For $35.00 you get the result of more than 40 years of work. The two-volume set, with over 14,000 families, contains two indexes. The first is that of the King descendant. The second is for the spouse. Send orders to: Harold Hartzler, 1311 Warren Street, Mankato, MN 56001.

AMISH AND AMISH-MENNONITE GENEALOGIES

by Dr. Hugh F. Gingerich, PhD. and Rachel W. Kreider, Ma, 1986. 858 p. $50 plus $4 postage and handling. Pennsylvania rresidents, $3 sales tax. Order from Levi L. Stoltzfus, 98 Groffdale Rd., Leola, Pa 17540.

The book Amish genealogists have needed for years has now been published and is certainly the most definitive, comprehensive, and scholarly work on Amish genealogy ever attempted and a work any genealogist would do well to emulate.

The DIARY

VOLUME NINETEEN NO. 7

July 1987

A Church Newsletter serving the Old Order Society

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The Diary was organized in 1969, by a group of Amish brethren in Lancaster County, Penna. Dedicated to the preservation of fundamental movements of our church in America as well as Old Order religious literature and its virtues.

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The publication no. is 043430.

This Month

2........................Births
4................. Marriages
6...............Ordinations
6..........   ....Obituaries
10....... Comunity Notes
24................Zip Codes
26..... ....Migrations
26........ ...The Barnyard
29.... ... Henry's Society
31........Thad and Charlie

SUMMER is FULL of Good THINGS

THE HARVEST

With anxious excitement earth's reapers survey
Great oceans of golden-ripe wheat,
Impatiently waiting the sign that will say,
"The harvest is ready to reap."

Small samples are taken this field and that,
To see if the rich, golden grain
Is sufficient ripened and ready to cut,
With the sound of combines refrain.

And great elevators, with wide-open doors,
Stand ready the grain to recieve,
But the wheat stalks keep waving their heads o'er and o'er
For the times they cannot see.

Small "samples" are taken from fields every day
By the great Reaper's powerful arm,
Till the fields are so ripened he can no longer stay,
Else the ripe grain will come to some harm.

And the great gates stand open, the grain to recieve,
While the chaff is left lying to burn,
But with lust-blinded eyes earth's men won't believe
All the signs of the harvest they spurn.

With much more excitement the angels survey
The earth's field of oft-sinning man,
Anxiously listening for the voice that will say,
"The harvest is ready at hand!"

Till the day is upon them, they're caught unawares,
And are left with the chaff in the field,
While all the mature grain that escaped satan's snares
Is safe in the harvest's great yield.

Reports of...

1987 **JUNE** 1987

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	-	-	-	-

Calender Schedule

A Monthly Schudule for Annual Reports

October................................Baptisms
September.........................Ordinations
December..........Widow and Widower List
January.Lanc...... Co. Marriages and Index

Months apply to the month as dated on front cover. Ordinations. baptisms and migrationswill be entered any month they are sent in.Other items will be held to these months.We will not accept or save senior lists, widow lists or telephone numbers on off months, (except when such numbers expire,) because they may be seriously out of date,

Editorial Note!. The question and answer column did not materialize this month on account of lack of requests and a shortage of typists. We had only one typist and she was overloaded.

BAER'S 1988 Agriculttural
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BIRTHS

Norfolk; New York

Schwartz; Ben (Martha Delegrange) a dau **Suzanna** 6-4

Conewango Valley; New York -

Hochstetler; Uriah (Ella Miller) a son **Johnie** 6-5
Hostetler; John E. (Elizabeth Swartzentruber) a son **Joseph** 6-3
Kauffman; Jonas C. (Lydiann Hershberger) a dau 6-
Miller; Mose (Anna Miller) a son **Levi** 6-13
Miller; Roy A. (Fannie Raber) a dau **Susan** 6-14
Wengerd; Jacob N. (Mary Slabauch) a son **Noah** 6-5

Somerset County; Penna. -

Brenneman; Joseph E. (Edna Yoder)Meyersdale a son **Elmer** 6-27
Yoder; Menno J. (Nancy Brenneman)Meyersdale a dau **Fannie** 6-8
Yoder; William M. (Lydia Swartzentruber)Salisb. a dau **Daisy** 6-6

S. Mercer County; Penna. -

Byler; John W. (Mary Hostetler)Volant a dau **Sarah** 6-5
Byler; Mose J. (Mattie Byler)N Wilmington a dau **Sadie** 6-16
Kurtz; Andy C. (Sally Byler)Volant a son **Eli** 6-16
Miller; Levi L. (Mattie Kurtz)N. Wilmington a dau **Rebecca** 6-7
Wengerd; Mose R. (Emma Byler)Volant a son **Noah** 6-10
Yoder; Mose N. (Mary Byler)Sharpeville a son **John** 4-6
Yoder; Sam A. (Rachel Byler)N. Wilmington a son **Noah** 6-23

Smicksburg; Penna. -

Hostetler; Joe (Sally Byler) a son **Andy** 6-2
Lee; Dan J. (Esther Byler) a son **Billy** 6-2
Miller; Crist E. (Sarahann Byler) a dau **Barbara** 6-21
Miller; John A. (Susan Schlabach) a son **David** -
Weaver; John A. (Clara Miller) a dau **Ida** 6-4
Yoder; Dan M. (Anna Miller) a dau **Betty** 6-19
Miller; Dan L. (Mattie Byler) a dau **Ella** 6-20

Union City; -

Hershberger; Emanuel R. (Mary Shetler) a son **Andy** 6-16

Nittany Valley; Penna. -

Esh; Levi (Sylvia Stoltzfus)Mill Hall a son **Benuel Jacob** 6-16

Mifflin County; Penna. -

Byler; Sam (Lydia Zook)Belleville a dau **Rachel** 6-4
Peachey; Noah (Katie Kanagy)Belleville a dau **Rachel** 6-12
Swarey; Jacob (Susan Peachey)Belleville a son **Norman** 5-23
Zook; Abner (Rachel Peachey)Belleville a dau **Martha** 6-23

Juniata County; Penna. -

Troyer; Raymond E. (Lonnie Wengerd)#2Mifflintown a dau **Miriam** 6-13
Yoder; Stephen K. (Katie Lapp)#2McAlisterville a dau **Heidi** 6-15

Dauphin County; Penna. -

Stoltzfus; David (Barbara Swarey)Elizabethville a son **John** 6-15

Lebanon County; Penna. -

Fisher; Eli S. (Lizzie Lapp)Myerstown a dau **Annie** 6-24
Lapp; John B. Jr. (Naomi Lantz)Myerstown a son **Stevie** 6-19
Lapp; Moses G. (Sarah Zook)Lebanon a son **Levi** 4-28
Stoltzfus; Abner G. (Barbara Beiler)Myerst.a son **Ephraim** 6-22

Path Valley; Penna. -

Hostetler; Christ (Mary Yoder)Dry Run a dau **Rebecca** 6-14
Mast; Jacob B. (Lena Byler)Dry Run a dau **Mattie** 5-23
Stoltzfus; Samuel H. (Lizzie Yoder)Willow Hill a son **Levi** 4-8
Stoltzfus; Stephen (Mary Hostetler)Spring Run a dau **Ivy** 5-29

Lancaster County; Penna.

Beiler; Henry S. (Sallie Stoltzfus)Christiana a son **Henry** 6-
***Beiler;** John A. (Sadie King)Quarryville a son **Amos** 5-29
Esh; Elam (Annie Stoltzfus)Honey Brook a son **Steffie** 6-5
Esh; Jacob (Barbara Stoltzfus) a son **Aaron** 6-6
Fisher; Bennie A. (Esther Fisher)Ronks a son **Eli** 6-2

Fisher; David G. (Sarah Beiler)Ronks a son **Joseph** 6-26
Fisher; Samuel (Susie Glick)Strasburg a son **Elmer** 6-20
Glick; Samuel S. (Katie Lantz)Leola a son **Omar** 2-28
Kauffman; Bennie (Emma Esh)Christiana a son **Bennie** 2-2
King; Abner (Fannie Stoltzfus)Paradise a son **Mathew** 6-15
***King**; Abner B. (Rachel Huyard)Paradise a dau **Martha** 5-26
King; Sam Lee (Rachel Lantz)Ephrata a dau **Susie** 6-6
***King**; Samuel E. (Mary Zook)New Providence twins **Mahlon & Martha** 5-28
King; Stephen S. (Catherine Stoltzfus)Gordonville twins **Leon & Lena** - 6-17
Miller; Aaron S. (Lydia Blank)Leola a son **Elam B.** 6-8
Riehl; John S. (Mary Stoltzfus)Kirkwood a son **David***
Smucker; Aaron K. (Susie Fisher)Strasb. a dau **BeckieF.**6-6
Smucker; Daniel Jr. (Sadie King)Ephrata a son 6-28
Smucker; David S Jr. (Sylvia Esh)Lanc. a son **Stephen** 6-29
Stoltzfus; Eli Jr. (Barbara Stoltzfus)Strasburg a dau **Anna Mae** 6-7
Stoltzfus; Henry B (Rachel Stoltzfus)Gap a son **John K**6-25
Stoltzfus; John S. (Sadie Mae)Gordonville a dau **Leah Rose** 6-13
***Zook**; Samuel K. (Susie King)Quarryville a dau **Ada** 5-31

Sugar Valley; Penna. -

Esh; Ben (Lavina Stoltzfus)Loganton a dau **Rebecca** 6-4
Fisher; John U. (Fannie Stoltzfus)Loganton a dau **Elsie** 5-12
Peachey; Emanuel (Mary Peachey)Logant. a son **David** 5-11
Stoltzfus; Amos S. (Katie Miller)Loganton a son **Daniel**5-4

Montour County; Penna. -

Fisher; Amos (Sylvia Zook)Danville a son **John** 6-7

Mt. Pleasant Mills; Penna. -

Troyer; Jeremiah (Amalia Mast) stillborn 6-4

Dover; Deleware -

Byler; Dan C. (Alma Byler)#5Dover a dau **Susan** 5-24
King; Ervin J. (Polly Miller)#2Dover a son **Allen** 6-15

St. Mary's County; Maryland -

Byler; Benjamin C. (Lydia Stoltzfus)Mechanicsville a son **Melvin** 6-6
Fisher; Jacob S (Lena Hertzler)Mechanicsv. a dau **Sarah** 6-16

Ethridge; Tennessee -

Yoder; Andy J. (Mary Zook) a son **Joseph** 6-9

Park City; Kenyucky -

Yoder; Andy M. (Emma Hershberger) a son **Sammy** 6-6

Guthrie; Kenyucky -

Swarey; Samuel (Ruth Kauffman) a son **Jonathan L.** 6-610

Hicksville; Ohio

Yoder; Melvin (Lydia Mae Bontrager) a son **Marvin** 6-27

Stockport; Ohio -

Miller; Calvin L. (Mary Hershberger) a dau **Lydia** 6-30

Holmes & Wayne Counties; Ohio -

Coblentz; Ray J. (Arie Mast)Apple Creek a son **Jonas Ray** 5-17
Hershberger; Albert (Lizzie Barkman)Lakeville a son **Jonas** 5-26
Hershberger; Dan (Susan Byler)Navarre a son **Samuel** 6-13
Mast; Mose N. (Katie Yoder)Baltic a son **Robert** -
Mast; Roman (Susan Miller)Fresno a dau **Emma Mae** -
Miller; Dan D. (Katie Yoder)Baltic a son **David** -
Miller; Dan J. (Magdalena Slabauch)Dundee a dau **Susie** 6-8
Miller; Junior P. a dau **Kristina** -
Miller; Larry (Nettie Miller)Dundee a son **Michael** 5-26
Miller; Marion (Edna Hershberger) a dau **Becky** -
Miller; Menno S. (Emma Gingerich)Navarre a dau **Katie** 6-611
Miller; Robert A. (Mary Kline)Fresno a son **Steven** -
Swartzentruber; Albert R. (Katie Burkholder) a son **Mervin** 6-6
Swartzentruber; Peter D. (Lovina Swartzentruber)Navarre a dau **Lovina** 6-9
Troyer; Bill D. (Erma Beachy)Apple Creek a dau **Mary S ue** 5-10
Troyer; Levi D. (Laura Yoder)Fresno a dau **Rachel** -
Troyer; Roy J. (Alma Miller)Baltic a son **Marvin** -
Wengerd; Henry E. (Ella Miller) a son **Reuben** 6-5
Wengerd; Owen M. twins **Linda & Laura M** 5-26
Yoder; Amos (Fannie Hershberger)Apple Creek a dau **Martha** 6-6
Yoder; Ervin E, (Lydia Yoder) a son **Oris** -
Yoder; Ervin A. (Lena Mast)Fresno a son **Marty** -
Yoder; Robert L (Elsie Troyer)Baltic a son **Brian** -

Ashland; Ohio -

Troyer; Aden A. (Emma Troyer) a dau **Malinda** 6-17
Troyer; Perry M. (Alma Troyer) a son **Paul** 6-18
Wengard; Abe A. (Mahala Troyer) a son **Sam** 6-23
Hostetler; Lewis T. (Sarah Yoder) a son **Mose** 6-26
Miller; Daniel A. (Lydia Miller) a dau **Anna** 6-21

Etna Green; Indiana -

Helmuth; Raymond (Elue Miller) a son **Carl Dean** 5-21
Miller; Harley (Barbara Mullet) a dau **Mary Lou** 5-26
Miller; Omar (Virginia Schmucker) a son **Cristy Lamar** 5-14
Raber; Larry (Vonda Burkholder) a dau **Leanna Jo** 5-18
Schwartz; Delbert (Sylvia Helmuth) a dau **Esther Ruth** 5-28
Schwartz; Ernest (Betty Burkholder) a dau **Julene Kay** 5-20

LaGrange County; Indiana -

Beechy; Daniel W. (Edna Schrock)#4Lagrange a son **Edwin D.** 4-28
Bontrager; Dannie R. (Rosa Helmuth)#Shipshewana a son **Kenneth Lee** 6-5
Bontrager; David (Anna Raber)31LaGrange a son **Reuben**
Bontrager; Levi H. (Leanna Raber)#3Middlebury a son **Laverne Levi** 6-11
Bontrager; Perry Jr, (Rosetta Borkholder) a son **Kenneth Lee** 6-12
Bontrager; Sam J. (Jennie Miller) a son **Laverne** -
Bontrager; Verlin (Mary Lehman)#4Lagrange a son **Kevin Eugene** 6-20
Bontrager; Wilbur (Norma Hochstetler) a dau **Regina Ann** -
Borntrager; Perry D. (Erma Fry)#2Topeka a son **Steven Ray** 6-10
Brandenberger; Rueben (Mary Yoder) a son **Elson L.** 5-23
Fry; Ben R. (Leanna Bontrager)#2Topeka a dau **Norma** 4-27
Fry; Dean (Mary Ellen Bontrager) a dau 5-22
Fry; Kenneth Lee (Ruby Mae Hochstetler)#Ligonier a dau **Laverda Sue** 5-17
Kauffman; Steve (Wilma Yoder) a dau **Ruth Ann** -
Lambright; Ferman (Mary Ruth Hostetler) **Loren Dean** 4-25
Lehman; Joni Y. (Miriam Hostetler)#3Shipshewana a dau **Marlin** 6-9-
Lehman; Nelson (Esther Miller)#2Shepshewana a dau **Erma Elaine** 6-18
Miller; Devon J. (Ruby Ellen Lambright)#2Wolcottville a dau **Frieda** 6-11
Miller; Elva Jay (Rynoma Miller)#4Lagrange a son **Howard Eugene** 5-10
Miller; Glen (Sylvia Yoder) a son **Laverne** 6-7
Miller; Glenn R(Rosanna Bontrager) a dau **Karen Marie** 6-6

Miller; Howaed V. (Ruby Miller)#2LaGrange a dau **Mary Beth** 6-14
Miller; Jonas (Lizzie Bontrager) a son **Freeman** -
Miller; Kenneth Wayne (Edna Fern Miller)#2LaGrange a son **Lyle Dean** 4-29
Miller; Lloyd N. (Edna Ellen Yoder)#2Topeka a son **Emanuel** -
Miller; Marion (Ruby Petersheim)Shipshewana a son **Lamar Dean** 6-3
Miller; Kenneth (Enua Mullet) a son **Lyle Dean** 4-29
Mishler; John Ray (Sharon Yoder) a dau 6-16
Nisley; Ira Jr. (Katie Irene Gingerich)#1Topeka a dau **Anna Mary** 6-15
Raber; Laverne (Leona Hochstetler) a dau **Sharon** 5-22
Wingard; Mervin (Marilyn Lambright) a son **LaMar Jay** 5-8
Yoder; David E. (Mary Mullet)#2Topeka a son **Morris Dean** -
Yoder; Jim (Marietta Otto) a son **Lonnie** 5-5
Yoder; Ervin J. (Dorothy Lambright) a son **Lonnie** 5-29

Adams County; Indiana -
Girod; Jerry B. (Melinda Schwartz) a dau **Emma** 5-31
Hilty; John E.S. (Margaret Graber) a son **John** 6-25
Schwartz; Cris B. (Ruth Elaine Eicher) a dau **Carol** 6-16
Schwartz; Jacob B. (Mary Ann Eicher) a son **Noah** 6-12
Schwartz; Merle A. (Christine Eicher) a dau **Anna Mae** 6-20

Allen County; Indiana -
Graber; David (Amy Schmucker) a dau **Anna Mary** 6-26
Graber; Jacob (Anna Mae Steury) a dau **Dianne** 6-16
Graber; Jonas (Rosa Miller) adopted **Lonnie** 4-15
Lengacher; Joseph (Marie Schmucker) a son **Steven** 6-12
Miller; Peter (Mattie Schwartz) a son **Jacob** 6-12
Schmucker; Joseph (Rebecca Eicher) a son **Mervin** 5-10
Schmucker; Joseph (Esther Graber) a dau **Elizabeth** 5-20
Schwartz; Aden (Margaret Graber) a son **Nathan** 5-14
Schwartz; Jacob (Catherine Eicher) a son **Phillip** 4-19
Wickey; David (Lisa Wickey) a dau **Mary Mae** 6-17
Wittmer; Ben Jr. (Betty Schmucker) a dau **Anna Mary** 5-17

Kokoma; Indiana -
Bontrager; Clarence (Ruth Ann Miller) a dau **Miriam Elaine** 6-24
Otto; Daniel (Martha Hostetler) a son **Nathan Lynn** 6-23

Daviess County; Indiana -
Lengacher; Victor (Laura Knepp) a son **David Lee** 6-14
Yoder; Wayne (Sylvia Knepp) a son **Victor Leon** 5-30
Hostetler; Lewis T. (Sarah Yoder) a son **Mose** 6-26

Branch County; Michigan -
Schwartz; Amos N. (Annie Schwartz) a dau **Katherine** 6-27
Zook; Aaron (Mary Schwartz) a dau **Mary** 6-25

Stanwood; Michigan -
Brenneman; Dan (Sadie) a dau **Barbaea** 6-10
Mast; Andy (Ella) a dau **Rachel** 6-23

Buchanan County; Iowa -
Gingerich; Eddie Jr. (Mary Kurtz) a dau **Annie** 6-3
Kauffman; Allen (Susie Yoder) a son **David** 6-20
Miller; William (Martha Detweiler) a dau **Susie** 6-24
Raber; Henry (Mary Yoder) a son **Raymond** 6-25
Yoder; Andy (Anna Yoder) a dau **Malinda** 6-5

Johnson County; Iowa -
Bontrager; Neil (Anna Marie Miller) a dau **Esther** 5-4
Graber; Alvin (Edna Miller) a dau **Madgalena** 5-31
Nisley; Wayne (Verda Miller) a dau **Erma** 5-3
Yoder; Wesley (Verlene Miller) a dau **Laverta** 5-30

Bloomfield; Iowa -
Yoder; Edwin (Dora Swartzentruber) a son **Norman** 6-21

Kingston; Wisconsin -
Miller; Elton Jr. (Rosanna Schmucker) a son **Matthew** 5-9

Amherst; Wisconsin -
Yoder; Eli (Millie Mast) a son **Henry** 6-11

Medford; Wisconsin -
Schwartz; Menno (Lena Schrock) a dau **Eva** 5-28
Schrock; Samuel (Martha Borkholder) a dau **Lorene** 5-13
Stutzman; Jacob (Lizzie Ann Miller) a son **Paul** 6-28
Yoder; Glen (Anna Hochstetler) a dau **Ellen sue** 6-22

Cashton; Wisconsin -
Miller; Joel (Mary Hochstetler) a son **Allen** 6-24

Harmony; Minnesota -
Stutzman; Criss Jr. (Ada Miller) a dau 6-5

Jamesport; Missouri -
Detweiler; Andy F. (Rosanna Hostetler) a son **Freeman** 6-9

Dixon; Missouri -
Yoder; Eli (Eva Eicher) a son **Gideon** 5-7

St. Mary's; Ontario -
Troyer; Henry L. (Ida Petersheim) a dau **Martha** 5-7

Unmarked; -
Schrock; Aden (Elva Yoder) a dau **Katie** 6-7
Wengerd; Abe (Verna Miller) a dau **Anna** 6-9
Kauffman, David A. (Linda Hostetfer) a son **Davis Anthony** 6-4

MARRIAGES

Baltic, Ohio

Miller - Beachy: Andy, son of Robert L. and Lyndian Miller to Naomi, dau of Albert J. and Mabel Beachy, June 11.

Wayne and Holmes Co., Ohio

Troyer - Troyer: Widower Menno R. to Iva, dau. of the late Eli and Emma (Miller) Troyer on June 16.

Fredericksburg, Ohio

Hershberger - Miller: Ivan D., son of Pre. Dave E. Hershberger to Fannie M. dau of Mose N. Miller, on June 25, by Bishop Jacob M. Mast.

Amherst, Wisconsin

Schmucker - Schrock: Daniel Jr., son of Daniel and Edna (Miller) Schmucker, to Edna, dau. of Perry and Barbara (Mast) Schrock on June 11.

Greenwood, Wisconsin

Stutzman - Borntreger: Jerry, son of Dan and Anna Stutzman of Granton, Wis. to Martha, dau. of Jonas P. and Lena Borntreger on June 11, by Bishop Jonas B. Borntreger.

Kingston, Wisconsin

Kuhns - Schmucker: Marvin, son of Melvin and Clara (Raber) Kuhns to Elizabeth Fern, dau of Min. Ivan and Laura (Bontrager) Schmucker, on April 15, by Bishop Edward Schmucker of LaGrange, Ind.

Adams County, Indiana

Wengerd - Schwartz: David D. son of David N. Wengerd, R1, Geneva, to Lydia M., dau. of Menno W. and (late, Mary R.) Schwartz, R1 Monroe, on June 7th.

Schwartz - Schwartz: John K., son of Sam Y. Schwartz, Seymore, MO to Rachel J.R., dau of John P. Schwartz, R1 Bryant, on June 4th.

Hilty - Schwartz: Willis R., son of Roman L. Hilty, R1 Berne, to Irene B., dau of Ernest B. Schwartz, R1 Berne, on June 25.

Allen County, Indiana

Schwartz - Brandenberger: Mark, son of Reuben and Mary (Eicher) Schwartz to Mary, dau of Elmer Jr. and Sarah (Schmidt) Brandenberger, by Reuben Schwartz, on June 4.

Graber - Graber: David, son of Andy and Emma (Schmucker) Graber to Esther, dau of Fred and Rosina (Miller) Graber, on June 4, by William Laverne Schmucker.

Wickey - Byler: widower David Wickey to widow Sarah (Weaver) Byler of Enon Valley, PA, on June 7, by Elmer Schwartz of Adams Co.

Etna Green, Indiana

Chupp - Mullet: Ernest W., son of William F. and Minerva (Hochstetler) Chupp to Lora Beth, dau of Delmar and Lizzie Mae (Yoder) Mullet on May 28, by Perry Hochstetler.

Chupp - Yoder: Glenn Ray, son of Jacob and Esther (Miller) Chupp to Wanita Kay, dau of Abner and Annabelle Yoder on May 7.

LaGrange County, Indiana

Miller - Beachy: Ezra, son of Amos N. and Clara Miller to Edua, dau of Aaron and Polly Beachy on April 12, by Ervin Hochstetler.

Miller - Troyer: Elvin, son of Jacob (dec) and Anna Miller to Lorene, dau of Wayne and Erma (Miller) Troyer on April 23, by Alvin Hershberger.

Miller - Barkman: Devon, son of Chris and Anna Miller to Lena, dau of Pete (dec) and Miriam Barkman on April 28, by Melvin Miller.

Miller - Schlabach: Ervin Lee, son of Ora and Katie Miller to Karen Elaine, dau of John and Katie Schlabach, by Menno N. Yoder.

Slabaugh - Miller: Glen, son of Raymond Slabaugh of Nappanee to Esther, dau of Orley S. and Mary Miller, on April 30, by Lonnie Slabaugh.

Hochstetler - Miller: Howard, son of William and Rosa Hochstetler to Carolyn, dau of Jacob and Edna Marie Miller on April 30, by her grandfather, Sam J.R. Miller.

Bowman - Miller: Samuel, son of Dan and Polly Anna (Miller) Bowman to Leanne, dau of Enos and Anna Mae Miller on May 7, by Ralph Schrock.

Yoder - Eash: Willie, son of Will and Katy Yoder to Ruth Ann, dau of Ervin and Mary Etta Eash on May 7, by Freeman S. Miller.

Miller - Yoder: Mervin, son of Perry and Fannie (dec) Miller to Lorene, dau of William and Nettie Yoder on May 7.

Bontrager - Schlabach: Kenneth, son of Lester and Edna (Weaver) Bontrager to Edna, dau of Melvin and Ida Mae Schlabach on May 7, by Sam Lawbright.

Bontrager - Bontrager: widower Elmer M. and Lydia B. on May 16 by David Nisley.

Miller - Miller: Merle Dean, son of Noah and Katie (Lehman) Miller to Katie Marie, dau. of Orva P. and Ella (Slabach) Miller, on May 6, by Earl J. Miller, Nap.

Bontrager - Mast: Lavern, son of Freeman and Mary Ellen (Troyer) Bontrager to Rose Ellen, dau. of Elmer Eugene and Katie C. (Hochstetler) Mast, on May 13, by Delbert Mast.

Bontrager - Lehman: Vernon, son of Levi and Rubi (Miller) Bontrager, to Ella Mae, dau. of John and Katie Irene (Mast) Lehmen, on May 19 by Abe W. Bontrager.

Miller - Schrock: Ray, son of Mervin C. and Mary Catherine (Schrock) Miller to Sarah, dau. of Ralph and Anna (Eash) Schrock on May 20 by her father.

Yutzy - Stutzman: John, son of Eli and Mary Ellen (Troyer) Yutzy to Elaine, dau of Kenneth and Irma (Miller) Stutzman on May 20, by Harry Stutzman.

Miller - Bontrager: Floyd, son of Henry N. and Edua W. Miller to Reiby, dau of Ezra W. and Clara (Miller) Bontrager on May 21, by Freeman E. Bontrager.

Yoder - Nisley: Paul (a Beachy) son of Jake and Emma (Barkman) Yoder to Rosetta, dau of John and Fannie Nisley by David Nisley.

Bontrager - Lehman: Daniel Jay, son of Reuben and Mary Etta (Troyer) Bontrager to Christina, Dau of Elva and Ida Mae (Miller) Lehman on June 3, by Daniel J. Bontrager

Yoder - Yoder: Lester, son of Floyd and Anna (Graber) Yoder to Laverda, dau of Alvin and Katie Mae (Miller) Yoder by Sam J.R. Miller.

Bontrager - Mast: Alvin, son of Daniel and Lizzie Ann (Otto) Bontrager to Loretta, dau. of Elmer and Katie Irene Mast on May 28, by Daniel Otto.

Lehman - Mast: Ora, son of Walter and Emma Lehman to Sharon, dau of Felty and Wilma (Miller) Mast on May 28, by Menno N. Yoder.

Bontrager - Weaver: Leroy, son of Bishop Mahlon and Malinda Bontrager to Sue, dau of Calvin and Mary Weaver on May 28.

Miller - Bontrager: Delmar son of Howard and Esther (Weaver) Miller to Marlene, dau of Chris Bontrager on June 3 by Jonathan D. Miller.

Miller - Bontrager: Calvin, son of Orva P. and Ella (Schlabach) Miller to Linda, dau of Lavern and Leanne (Miller) Bontrager on June 11, by Joe Yoder.

Cashton, Wisconsin

Coblentz - Gingerich: David to Naomi on June 16 by her grandfather, John Schmucker.

Mullet - Hershberger: Lester to Ellen on June 18, by her father, Menno M. Hershberger.

Seymore, Missouri

Hilty - Schwartz: Samuel E. Hilty to Lovina P. Schwartz, on June 4, by Joseph Eicher.

Kalona, Iowa

Miller - Yoder: Lyndon, son of Mark Miller, to Charlott, dau of Willis Yoder on June 4, by Vernon Yoder.

Mast - Miller: Marlin, son of Lloyd Mast, to Miriam Grace, dau of Emery H. Miller, on June 25, by Henry B. Miller.

Harmony, Minnesota

Swatzentruber - Gingerich: Eddie, son of Mrs. Dan

(Lydia) Swartzentreeber to Mary, dau of Jonas and Fannie Gingerich on May 26, by Bishop Jacob J. Hershberger.

Bronson, Michigan

Yoder - Brandenberger: Jerry, son of Monroe A. and Susie (Lehman) Yoder to Mary dau of Jacob E. and Malinda (Eicher) Brandenberger, on June 25, by Reuben N. Schwartz of Adams Co. Ind.

ORDINATIONS

Ethridge, Tennesee

Andy U. Gingerich, 46, was ordained minister in the North District on May 28. He is married to Katie (Hostetler).

Daniel M. Gingerich, 27, was ordained minister in the East District on May 31. He is married to Fannie (Hostetler).

Allen County, Indiana

Noah Eicher, Jr., 42, was ordained minister on May 3. His wife is Viola Graber.

Perry Hochstetler District

Lyle Hochstetler, 30, son of Perry Hochstetler was ordained minister. His wife is Ruth, dau. of Earl Schmucker of Nappanee.

Perry Whetstone District

Freeman Yoder, 31, son of Levi and Amelia Yoder was ordained minister. His wife is Lydia, dau. of Harley and Esther (dec) Lambright.

Ervin R. Bontrager District

Amos Bontrager, son of Bishop Ervin and Wilma Bontrager was ordained minister. He is married to Nora, dau. of Levi S. and Ida (dec) Schrock.

Ervin D. Hochstetler District

David Bontrager, son of Irvin E. and Elnora Bontrager was ordained minister. His wife is Anna, dau. of Jacob and Mattie Raber.

Olen Wingard District

Mervin Beechy, son of Alvin and Ida Beechy was ordained minister. His wife is Nola, dau. of Alvin and Edua Gingerich.

Daniel Hershberger District

Amos J. Yoder, son of Jacob and Emma Yoder was ordained minister. His wife is Rachel, dau. of Freeman and Mary Alice Yoder.

Daniel W. Beechy District

Wilbur Bontrager, son of Harley and Oupha Bontrager. His wife is Polly Anna, dau. of Elmer Mast.

Ervin R. Bontrager Annex

Ira D. Fry, son of David Fry. His wife is Alma, dau. of Abe (dec) and Sarah Bontrager.

Noah J. Miller District

Levi Lee Beechy, son of Dea. Jonas and Rosa Beechy was ordained minister. His wife is Lorene, dau. of Bishop Henry and Mary Yoder.

Harmony, Minnesota

Don D. Yoder, 43, was ordained a preacher in the east district on May 31. He was the Lord's chosen one out of a lot of seven.

OBITUARIES

BONTRAGER, Reuben S., 53 yrs, of Amherst Wis.

died on June 16 after receiving head injuries. He was born Nov. 16, 1933, a son of Sam and Fannie Bontrager (both deceased). He leaves his wife Mary and 10 children: Cara, Mrs. Noah Bontrager, Wadena, MN; Alva, Gonzalas, TX; Lizzie, Mrs. Jonas Miller, LaGrange, Ind.; Roy, Amherst, Wis; Noah at home; Edna, Mrs. Calvin Yoder, LaGrange, Ind.; Emma, Mrs. Mervin Yoder, Amherst, Wis; Fannie, Samuel, and Gideon all at home. Also there are 29 granchildren, 5 bro, 3 sis, and 1 half-sis. Funeral services were held Fri forenoon at the home in the sheet by Bishop Enos Bontrager of Pine City MN, Menno Miller of Hale, Mich., and Bishop Harvey Stutzman. In the barn by Eli Detweiler of Wautoma, Wis. and Ivan Schmucker of Kingston. Pall bearers were Mose Schrock, Elmer Yoder, Levi Bontrager, and Emmon Schmucker.

BYLER, Eli Y., 73 yrs 5 mon and 9 days, of New Wilmington, PA

died June 7, 1987. He was born the son of John C. and Barbara (Yoder) Byler, both deceased. He was married on Jan 2, 1936 to Leah Kurtz. To this union were born 4 sons and 5 daus.: Mrs. Joe C. (Nancy) Kempf, Volant, PA, Mrs. Ben L. (Lydia) Hostetler, Cashton, Wis., John L., Mrs. Menno L. (Katie) Hostetler (died 1972), Chris L., Ben L., Eli L., and Barbara and Mary at home. Eli married a second time to Fannie J. Byler on Jan 1, 1959, who survives him. He also leaves 2 bros. and 1 sis: Dan Y. Byler, and Chris Y. Byler, and Mrs. Dan L. (Katie) Byler: also a number of grandchildren and several great-grandchildren. Funeral services were preached by Lobe Petersheim in the house, and by Melvin Hershberger in the barn. Pallbearers were John S. Wengerd, Yost V. Byler, Gideon Kurtz, and Simon J. Byler.

CHUPP, John L., age 76 yrs 10 mon. and 2 days, Chouteau, Okla.

died May 26, 1987 at a Tula Hospital. He was born July 24, 1910 at Wildhorse, Colo. to John S. and Lydia (Nissley) Chupp. He grew up in Yoder Kansas and moved to the Chouteau area in 1933. He married Mary Ann Yoder on Oct. 26, 1933.

Survivors are his wife, 3 sons and 5 daughters: Elizabeth Jane married to Menno L. Miller, Wellman, IA, Emanuel Jay married to Ida Mae (Bontrager), Inola Okla., Noah Ray married to Susie Ellen (Detweiler), Inola, Okla., Lydia Mae of the home, Johnny Jr. married to Katie Mae (Troyer), Inola, Okla, Mary Fern, Kolona, Iowa, Freda Ada of the home, Esther Faye married to Jacob M. Hershberger, Chouteau, Okla.; 22 grandchildren and 1 great-grandchild. He was preceded in death by his parents, 3 brothers, 1 sister, and 1 granddaughter.

GRABER, Lydia, infant, of R2 Berne, Ind.

was stillborn on June 2 at Coldwater, Ohio Hospital to Alvin M. and Esther C. Graber-Graber. Surviving in addtion to the parents are one sister, Elizabeth A.E. at home, the grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Chris J. Graber, Mr. and Mrs. Chris A. Graber, the great-grandparents, Mrs. Margaret Graber, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Lambright of Wis., Mr and Mrs. Amos Graber. Graveside services were held June 3 at the Bunker Hill Cemetery.

HERSHBERGER, Jonas, age 37, of R5, Millersburg.
died from a heart condition on June 3 at Pomerene Hospital in Millersburg. Born in Holmes Co., he was a son of Henry A. Hershberger of R5, Millersburg and the late Fannie (Raber) Hershberger. He was a watch repairman. In addition to his father he is survived by his wife, the former Martha Yoder, whom he married Nov. 8, 1973, a son Robert, and a daughter Rachel of the home; 2 brothers and 2 sisters: Alvin H. of R1 Dundee, Andrew H. and (Mary) Mrs. Henry C. Mast both of R5, Millersburg and Mrs. Henry J. (Amanda) Miller of R1, Holmesville. Also 2 step-bro and 2 step-sis : Alvin Beachey, John Beachey, Bena Beachey, and Mrs. Henry A. (Malinda) Yoder and his step-mother Katie Hershberger. Services were conducted June 4 by Bishop Dan Schlabach.

HILTY, Jacob Sr., 87 yrs, of R2 Geneva, Ind.
died June 17 at the Bluffton Clinic after being a patient there one day. He had however been bedfast one and 1/2 yrs from a broken hip. Born in Adams Co. on Mar 29, 1900, he was the son of Joseph H. and Anna Schwartz-Hilty and was married to Emma Troyer who survives. His first wife, Adelina, preceded him in death. Survivors include 6 sons: Joe of Grabill, Alvin of Norfolk,NY, Andy J. and Sam J. both of Monroe, Jacob of Berne, and Reuben of Westville; and one daughter Mrs. Chris (Katie) Wickey of Geneva. Two sisters Mrs. Jacob L. (Margaret) Schwartz, Seymore, MO, and Mrs. Henry (Barbara) Schwartz of Geneva; a brother Chris H. of Berne; 45 grandchildren, and 30 great-grandchildren. Services were held June 20 at the Chris D. Wickey home, and the burial was in the Bunker Hill Cemetery.

HOSTETLER, Mose Z., 69 yrs., of Dry Run, PA
died Thurs. May 28 at his home from cancer of the lungs. Since New Year's Day he had been in and out of the hospital several times and was using medication, but he gradually grew weaker, until the Spirit called him home.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Mary, on May 8, 1980. Surviving are 13 children : Mrs. Gideon Stoltzfus, Mrs. Israel Swarey, Ike, Sam, Mrs. Ben Stoltzfus, Mrs. Tobe Stoltzfus, Mrs. Israel Swarey, Mrs. Issac Fisher, all from St. Mary's Co. MD, and John, Mrs. Ammon Hertzler, Christ, Mose, and Mrs. Paul Stoltzfus of Path Valley. Funeral services were held at his home, and he was buried in Path Valley Amish Cemetery.

KEIM, Albert E., 16 yrs, of Fresno Rt., Baltic, Ohio
drowned while swimming Sun June 21. He was not found until Mon morning the 22nd. He was born Nov. 6, 1970, son of Ervin L. and Elizabeth (Miller) Keim. He is survived by his parents, 4 bros., 4 sisters: Mrs. David E. (Susan) Troyer, Mrs. James E. (Mary) Mast, Alma, Fannie, Andrew, Aden, Ervin, and John all of the home. Another brother is deceased. Services were at the home by Bish. Em. D. Miller officiating.

KING, Twins Leon and Lena, of Gordonville, PA
were born and died the same day, June 24, 1987. The twin son and daughter were born to Stephen and Catherine (Stoltzfus) King.

KURTZ, John C., 78, of 17062 Bridge Rd. Middlefield, Ohio
died suddenly in his home Fri June 5th. He was born the son of Chris and Elizabeth (Gingerich) Kurtz on Dec. 22, 1907. He married the former Mary Weaver on Mar. 15, 1945. He retired in 1981 from the Grand River Hardwood in Chardon where he worked in the pallet shop.

Survivors include his wife Mary, daus: Mrs. Menno (Martha) Miller, Mrs. William (Lydia) Miller, Mrs. Mose (Ada) Miller of Middlefield, and Mrs. Mike (Amanda) Yutzy of Mesopotamia; bros: Mahlon, Irvin, Dan, and Christ; sis: Mrs. Joe (Lydia) Miller, and Mrs. Eli (Irene) Wengerd; 23 grandchildren. Services were held 10:00 AM at his home June 8, with Bish. David Miller officiating. Burial was in Hayes Corner Cemetery.

LAMBRIGHT, Esther A., 56, of R.R. 1, Topeka, Ind.
died Fri. May 14, in her home following an illness of one year. She was born Jan 25, 1931, and was married Oct. 11, 1951 to Harley T. Lambright who survives. Also surviving are 3 dau.: Mrs. Orla (Sadie) Bontrager of Rome City, Mrs. Freeman (Lydia Sue) Yoder of Howe, amd Mary Lambright of Topeka; 7 sons: Clayton, Leland, and Glenn, all of LaGrange, and Stephen, David, Vernon, and Harley Jr., all of Topeka; 6 sis: Mrs. Sadie Wingard and Mrs. Andrew (Elva) Yoder, Mrs. Katie Miller, Mrs. Polly Slabaugh, Mrs. Joe C. (Malinda) Yoder, and Mrs. Raymond (Susie) Eash; 2 bro: Noah Miller and Andrew Miller; and 23 grandchildren. A brother, sister and grandson preceded her in death. Funeral services were held in the family home with Bish. Daniel Otto and Rev. Daniel Bontrager officiating. Burial was at Yoder Cemetery.

MAST, Susie, 91, of 10668 CR 16, Middlebury, Ind.
died Fri. May 8, in her home following an illness of one year. She was born in LaGrange Co. Feb 18, 1896 and was married Feb. 15, 1917 to David J. Mast who survives. Also surviving are a sister, Mrs. Mary Yoder of Shipshewana; 4 dau.: Mrs. Sylvia Yoder, Mrs. Lewis (Katie) Otto and Mrs. Ernest (Anna Mae) Yoder, all of Middlebury, and Mrs. Ervin (Barbara) Yoder of Millersburg; 3 sons: Ora of Middlebury, Samuel of Bristol, and Lester of Granger; 29 grandchildren; 40 great-grandchildren, and 7 step-grandchildren. Funeral services were held at the family home with the Re. Simon Graber and Rev. Ivan Miller officiating. Burial was at the Mast Cemetery.

MILLER, Amelia A. , 75 yrs., of R.R. 4, LaGrange, Ind.
died Sun. June 14, in her home. She was born in LaGrange Co. Sept 12, 1911, the daughter of Abraham R. and Susie J. (Christner) Bontrager. She was married in LaGrange Co. on Aug 13, 1964, to Joe J. Miller, who preceded her in death.

Surviving are her two brothers, Harley A. Bontrager of LaGrange and Abraham A. of Topeka; five stepbrothers, Leo M. Yoder and John M. Yoder, both of LaGrange, Levi M. and Cornelius M. Yoder, both of Topeka, and Dan M. Yoder of Shipshewana, and 13 stepgrandchildren. Funeral services were held at the Melvin Schrock residence, 300S and 300W, Wed. at 9:30 AM with Bishop Sam J.R. Miller officiating. Calling is to be held at the family home. Burial will be in Miller Cemetery.

MILLER, Andy R. , 8 mon. old, of 4998 Fountain Neck Rd.

died June 26. Son of Robert D. and Mary (Keim) Miller. Funeral was Sat. June 27, with Bish. Aden Troyer in charge.

MILLER, Emma L., 53 years of Rt. 1 LaGrange, Ind.

wife of Howard E. Miller died in Lagrange Hospital. Services were held in the Harvey J. Hochstetler home, C.R. 300 S. and Town Line Road. Bishop Marvin Graber and the Rev. Mervin Framwald will officiate at the service. Burial was in Miller Cemetery.

She was born Aug 25, 1933 in Leesburg, and was married April 21,1955 to Howard E. Miller. Surviving in addition to her husband are seven daughters, Mrs. Herman (Mary) Miller, Lagrange, Mrs. David (Ida) Stutzman, Middlebury, Edna, Erma, Bernice, Amanda, and Grace all at home; four sons, Nelson, Wolcottville, Ervin, Shipshewana, Roman and William, at home; 12 grandchildren; her mother Elizabeth Kuhns, Leesburg; three sisters, Mrs. Roman (Malinda) Miller, Leesburg, Mrs. Edward (Edna) Miller and Amanda Chupp, both of Etna Green; and five brothers, Eli Kuhns, Etna Green, Roman Kuhns, Bremen, Melvin Kuhns, Portage, Wis., Alvin Kuhns, Shipshewana, and Freeman Kuhns, Milford. A son Dennis, preceded her in death.

MILLER, Gid P., 86, of 14082 Bundysburg Rd., Middlefield, Ohio

died Sun June 14 in his home following a brief illness. The son of Pete E. and Emma (Miller) Miller he was born Nov 28, 1900. He was a retired farmer and carpenter. He was ordained Deacon in 1927 and minister in 1944 for the Old Order Amish Church. He married Emma Byler on Dec 10, 1925, and she died Dec. 13, 1975.

Survivors include his sons William and Ervin of PA, Albert, Eli and Freeman of Middlefield; dau.: Mrs. Eli G. (Elizabeth) Detweiler, and Mrs. Gid G. (Lydia) Detweiler, both of Middlefield. Also two brothers, Jonathan and Joe of Middlefield; 49 grandchildren, and 67 great-grandchildren. Services were held at the home on June 17, at 10:00 AM with Val Troyer officiating. Burial was in Hayes Corner Cemetery.

MILLER, Jacob N., 75 yrs., of R.R. 1, LaGrange Ind.

died Tues. May 26, at LaGrange Hospital after an illness of five years. He had been a patient at the hospital for 10 days.

He was married on Mar 8, 1934 to Anna L. Miller who survives. He was a farmer. Also surviving are two dau: Mrs. Ervin E. (Elizabeth) Miller, and Mrs. Alton (Katie) Bontrager, both of LaGrange; 3 sons: Christ of Goshen, Ernest of LaGrange, and Vernon of Wolcottville; one sister, Mrs. Chris (Lizzie Ann) Miller, and one half sister, Mrs. Alvin (Mary Ann) Yoder; two step-sisters, Mattie L. Miller, and Lydia Mae Miller; 27 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held at the Orva H. Miller home, with Bish. Sam J.R. Miller, Rev. Ralph Schrock, and Rev. Melvin Schrock officiating.

PEACHEY, Lavina E., 10 month old daughter of Jacob N. and Rebecca (Renno) Peachey, of Newport, NY died June 29 after having occasional seizures for a week. She had been quite a helpless child, and had never gained much over 2 lbs over her birthweight, and then she lost some again, although she grew 4 in. taller in those 10 months. She was a friendly little child. Also surviving are 4 sisters: Sylvia, Anna, Molly, and Lomie. The funeral was held July 1, and the services were done by Joe E. Peachey and Josiah H. Peachey (Belleville). Pall bearers were Simon Peachey and Ezra Peachey. Relatives from PA arrived for the funeral. Israel Swareys and Ezra J. Swareys stayed a few days, and plan to return home by bus.

SCHLABACH, Bishop Menno N., 97 yrs, of Rt. 1, Baltic, Ohio

died June 4 at his home following a brief illness. He was born at Trail Ohio, a son of Noah J. and Mary Ann (Hershberger) Schlabach. He was preceded in death by his wife Annie Schlabach on Mar. 21, 1971. He is survived by 5 daus., 2 sons: Mrs. Leve A. (Mary Ann) Beachy of Sugarcreek, Katie Ann of the home, Mrs. Mose J. (Ada), Raber, Mrs. Henry J. (Alta) Hershberger, Mrs. Andy A. (Effie) Raber, Alvin all of Baltic, Noah of the home. Also 2 sis and 1 bro: Mrs. Melvin E. (Saloma) Troyer, Mrs. Monroe E. (Alta) Miller, and Albert N. Schlabach; 16 grandchildren, 20 great-grandchildren. Five sisters, 4 brothers and 2 grandchildren preceded him in death. Funeral services were held Sun June 6 at his residence. Bish. Melvin J. Miller officiated, and the burial was at Troyer Cemetery.

SCHWARTZ, Mary K., 21 yrs, of R2 Berne, Ind.

died unexpectedly Sun. morning June 28 at the Decatur Hospital. Death was attributed to an aneurism in the brain. She was at home ready to go to church when she was stricken and died soon after.

Born in Adams Co. on Mar 27, 1966 to Noah M. and Josephine (G. Eicher) Schwartz. Survivors include the parents and five brothers: Noah J.E., Decatur, Neal J.E., Monroe, Joseph J.E. and Jacob J.E. both of Berne, Jerome J.E. at home; 3 sisters: Mrs. David B. (Suzanne) Schwartz of Monroe, Laura N. and Betty N. at home. Two sisters Ruth and Rose preceded in death. Funeral services were held at the Noah M. Schwartz home on July 1, and the burial was in the East District Cemetery.

SCHWARTZ, Joseph J., 76 years, 7 mon, 4 days, of Jamesport,MO

died May 28, 1987 peacefully after suffering failing health due to a heart condition. Born Oct 24, 1910 in Adams Co. Ind. to John J. and Catherine (Burkholder) Schwartz. He married Fannie S. (Troyer) dau of Simon J. and Barbara (Miller) Troyer on Dec 20, 1942. Lived in matrimony 44 years and five mon. Surviving are his wife of their home in Jamesport, two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Anni Schwartz of Ashland, Ohio and Mrs. Susie Schwartz of Jamesport, and many nieces and nephews. Four bros and five sis preceded him in death. Funeral services were held in a pallet shop across the road at the Alvin Kurtz residence by John J. Kurtz and Bishop Eli Troy, both of Jamesport.

SCHWARTZ, Sovilla, 79 yrs, of R1 Berne, Ind.
died Mon June 22 at Decatur Hospital after an apparent heart attack. She was in the hospital one week. She was born in Fredricksburg, Ohio on Jan. 1, 1908 to Solomon D. and Elizabeth Yoder-Wengerd. She was married to David L. Schwartz Dec. 19, 1935, who is the owner of Schwartz Blacksmith Shop north of Berne. Her survivors are her husband, 4 sons: Roman D., Ernest D., Elmer D., and Harvey D., all of Berne. One daughter Mrs. Joe L. (Edna) Miller of Monroe, IN. A dau. Mary is deceased. Five brothers: Noah S. Wengerd of Berne, Dan S. Wengerd of Ohio, Joe S. Wengerd of Wis., Andrew S. Wengerd of Salem, Ind., Eli S. Wengerd of Ohio. One sister Mrs. Andrew W. (Emma) Schwartz of Monroe. Two brothers Jerry and Jona preceded her in death, and 2 half sisters Elizabeth and Sarah preceded her in death. Also surviving are 34 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held June 24 at the David L. Schwartz home. Burial was in the Schwartz cemetery.

STOLL, Catherine, 81 yrs, of Montgomery, Ind.
died at the Daviess Co. Hospital. She had not been well for some time. She was born Mar 31, 1906 to Joseph and Catherine (Stuckey) Wagler, in Daviess Co. She married David Stoll on Feb. 15, 1934, and he died in 1982. Surviving are 3 daughters: Mrs. Wilma Knepp, Sarasota, Fla., Mrs. Mary Knepp, Mrs. Sylvia Wagler; and three sons : Leroy, Joe and Dale Stoll all of this area. There are 48 grandchildren and 37 great-grandchildren. One brother, William Wagler, Hicksville, Ohio, also survives. Five sisters and four brothers preceded her in death. Funeral services were held at the home, and burial was in Stoll Cemetery.

TROYER, David C., 72 yrs., of R.R.2, Topeka, Ind.
died Wed. June 24, in the LaGrange Hospital where he was a patient for two days. He was born in Dodge City, Kan., Feb. 28, 1915, the son of Christ and Susan (Miller) Troyer. He was a farmer. He was married Dec 10, 1940, to Anna Mae Yoder, who survives. Also surviving are five sons, David and Danny, both of Topeka, Mervin of Shipshewana, Ray of Middlebury, and Harley of Littleton, Colo.; four daughters, Mrs. Reuben (Marietta) Bontrager of Ligonier, Mrs. Noah (Sarah) Yoder of Hicksville, Ohio, Mrs. Edward (Carolyn) Yoder of Garnett, Kan., and Mrs. Mervin (Vera) Detweiler of Middlefield, Ohio; a sister, Mrs. Dan A. (Sarah) Miller of Topeka; 42 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren. Calling hours were held in the family home Thurs. Funeral services were held Sat. at 9:30 AM in the Christ Nissley home with the Rev. William Miller and the Rev. Harvey Lambright officiating. Burial was at Hawpatch Cemetery.

TROYER, Jonas J., 10 years, of LaGrange C.R. 200N was killed June 4 at 12:15 Pm in front of his home when he and his sister were racing to the mailbox and he was struck by a pickup truck. The boy was pronounced dead at LaGrange Hospital from a broken neck, crushed chest, and compound fracture of both legs.
He was born Oct. 8, 1976, in LaGrange. He is survived by his parents, Jacob E. and Fannie Marie (Yoder) Troyer. He is also survived by 6 sisters and 6 brothers, all at home. The sisters are Leona J., Katie J., Erma J., Minerva J., Ada J., and Mariann J. Troyer. The brothers are Ira J., Joseph J., Corneal J., Amos J., Edwin J., and William J. Troyer. Also surviving are the maternal grandfather, Ira A. Yoder, of LaGrange, and the paternal grandfather, Eli J. Troyer of LaGrange. Funeral services were held 9:30 AM at the family home. Bishop Peter Whetstone and the Rev. William Schrock officiated. Burial was at the Mast Cemetery.

TROYER, Lovina J., 80 yrs., of Middlefield, Ohio
died in her home June 25 after a lengthy illness. She was the dau. of Joe and Saloma (Detweiler) Miller and she was born Jan 12, 1907. She was a resident of Middlefield for 70 years. Survivors include 5 sons: Daniel, John and Roman, of Middlefield, Mahlon and Melvin of Spartansburg, PA; 4 daus.: Fannie Miller, Ada Byler, and Sara Miller of Middlefield, Saloma Miller of Ashland, Ohio; 2 bros: Joe and John Miller; 5 sis: Katie Miller, Anna Yoder, Saloma Detweiler, Fannie Schmucker, and Lydia Schrock; 65 grandchildren, and 104 great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her husband, Jonas in Dec. 1985. Services were at the home on June 27 by Bish. David D.J. Miller. Burial was in Hayes Corner Cemetery.

WENGERD, Atlee B., 18 years, 4 mon , 7 days.
died Mon morning June 8 at Mansfield Hospital from a farm accident the morning before. He was a son of Ben V. and Susie (Miller) Wengerd. Surviving besides his parents are 4 brothers and 8 sisters: Jonas and Dan both of Belleville, Ohio; Mrs. David (Mattie) Glick; Mrs. Levi (Sarah) Miller, Mrs. Paul (Mary) Raber, Mrs. Reuben (Anna) Raber all of Fredrickstown Ohio; Abe, Andy, Edna, Susie, Elizabeth, and Effie all of the home. Also his girlfriend Sara Fisher of Belleville, Ohio. Pallbearers were Eli A. Yoder, Andy N. Miller, John A. Miller and Reuben E. Wengerd.

WICKEY, Mrs. Emma N. , 42 yrs, of R6, Decatur, Ind.
died very suddenly June 1st at Lutheran Hospital after suffering an aneurism on Sun. morning. She had not been ill and death was so unexpected. She was born in Adams Co. on May 31, 1945 to Noah R. and Mary Hilty-Schwartz, and was married to Martin N. Wickey on Feb 27, 1964. Surviving are the grief-stricken husband and eleven children: David M., Martin Jr., Noah M., Daniel M., Michael M., and Joseph M. all at home; Mrs. Noah J.E. (Verena) Schwartz, R6 Decatur, Mrs. Neal J.E. (Mary) Schwartz R1 Monroe, Amanda, Mattie, and Barbara all at home. Also 10 brothers and sisters: Mrs. Emanuel L. (Lydiann) Miller, Mrs. Levi J. (Rosa) Girod,

Mrs. James Z. (Mary) Scwartz, John N., Samuel N., Joe N., Noah N. Jr., Menno N., and Reuben N. all of Monroe. Mrs. Menno (Elizabeth) Hilty of N. Manchester and 2 grandchildren survive. Funeral services were at the Martin Wickey home on June 4. Burial was in the Schwartz cemetery.

YODER, Cletus L., 8 week old son of Larry W. and Irma (Wingard) Yoder, Rt. 1, Shipshewana Ind.

died at 8:30 Am Mon. June 1, in Parkview Memorial Hospital, Fort Wayne. He was a patient one day and death was apparently due to a heart ailment. Born April 3 in Lagrange Hospital, surviving are his parents; a sister, Karen, at home; grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Wingard and Mr. and Mrs. William L. Yoder; great-grandmother, Nora Wingard, Shipshewana; and stepgreat-grandmother, Emma Yoder, Shipshewana.

Services were held at 9:30 AM Thus. at the Larry Yoder home, with Bishop LaVern officiating. Buiral was in East Barren Cemetery.

YODER, Thomas, 17 yrs, of 13812 C.R. 22, Middlebury

drowned while swimming in a gravel pit on June 11, around 7:55 PM as he attempted to swim across the pit pond. Middlebury Civil Defense ambulance transported the victim to Goshen General Hospital where he was pronounced dead at 9:21 PM.

He was born Oct. 30, 1969, in Goshen and since was living with his uncle Joe Bontrager, and helping with farm chores. Surviving are seven sisters, Mrs. Martin (Mary) Yoder and Mrs. Kenneth (Rosa) Yoder, both of LaGrange, Mrs. Edward (Edna) Lambright, Mrs. Omer (Leora) Bontrager, Inez Yoder, Susie Yoder and Lily Yoder, all of Middlebury; three brothers, Daniel and Herman, both of Middlebury, and Fred, LaGrange; and his grandmother, Lucy Bontrager, Middlebury. His parents, Owen and Katie (Bontrager) Yoder, preceded him in death. Services were held at 9:30 AM on Fri. at the family home. The Rev. Eli Gingerich officiated. Burial was held in Pennsylvania Cemetery.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Baltic, OH - Bishop Reaches Ripe Age

Menno N. Schlabach, 97 yrs, of Rt. 1, Baltic, Ohio died June 4 at his home following a brief illness. He was born at Trail Ohio, a son of Noah J. and Mary Ann (Hershberger) Schlabach. He was preceded in death by his wife Annie Schlabach on Mar. 21, 1971. He was ordained a minister in 1923 and bishop in 1966.

Amherst WI - Bishop Killed in Accident

Our Bishop Reuben Bontrager met with an accident on June 14, as he and his wife were coming home from church. The horse shied a bit, and as Reuben tightened the reins, the horse's bit came apart and they had no control over it. They were going a good speed as they entered the yard and then the horse made a sharp turn throwing Reuben and Mary both out of the buggy. Reuben was thrown against the corn cribs (cement blocks) and received severe head injuries. Mary only had a fractured rib and bruises. The ambulance took them to the Stevens Point Hospital, then Reuben was transferred to Wausaw Hospital. He underwent surgery that evening to remove a blood clot from his brain, but the doctors had very little hope for recovery. He passed away Tues. morning at 4:30. The funeral was held on June 18th.

He was ordained a minister in 1954 at Centerville Mich,

Middlefield OH - Minister Expires

Gid P. Miller, 86, of 14082 Bundysburg Rd., Middlefield, Ohio died Sun June 14 in his home following a brief illness. The son of Pete E. and Emma (Miller) Miller he was born Nov 28, 1900. He was a retired farmer and carpenter. He was ordained Deacon in 1927 and minister in 1944 for the Old Order Amish Church. He married Emma Byler on Dec 10, 1925, and she died Dec. 13, 1975.

Baltic OH - Youth Drowns

Albert E. Kiem, 16 yrs, of Fresno Rt., Baltic, Ohio drowned while swimming Sun June 21. He was not found until Mon morning the 22nd. He was born Nov. 6, 1970, son of Ervin L. and Elizabeth (Miller) Keim. He is survived by his parents, 4 bros., 4 sisters: Mrs. David E. (Susan) Troyer, Mrs. James E. (Mary) Mast, Alma, Fannie, Andrew, Aden, Ervin, and John all fo the home. Another brother is deceased. Services were at the home by Bish. Em. D. Miller officiating.

LaGrange IN - Boy Struck by Pick-up

Jonas J. Troyer, 10 years, of LaGrange C.R. 200N was killed June 4 at 12:15 Pm in front of his home when he and his sister were racing to the mailbox and he was struck by a pickup truck. The boy was pronounced dead at LaGrange Hospital from a broken neck, crushed chest, and compound fracture of both legs.

Fredricktown OH - Boy Killed in Mishap

The community was shocked at the farm accident on June 7, Sun. morning. Atlee B. Wengerd, son of Ben and Susie (Miller) Wengerd had taken a rope and went into the pasture to catch one of their horses. It had hurt its head, so he wanted to put something on it. When he didn't come back, Ben, his dad, went to look for him. He found him by the horse. He had wrapped part of the rope around his arm and was dragged quite a ways, and all of his clothes were torn off. He lay face down and was in serious condition. They didn't really know what had happened. They rushed him to the Mansfield hospital by ambulance. They called the family in the hospital at noon, and then he passed away early Sun. morning. The funeral was held on Thurs with around 600 people attending.

Shipshewana IN - Wedding Goes on Flames!

The wedding day of a young Shipshewana Amish couple will never be forgotten after their wedding dinner went up in flames. It happened when the kerosene stove that was being used for cooking ran out of fuel; the woman who was sent to get more fuel accidently returned with gasoline, which caused an explosion when it was added to the stove. This took place at the home of Vernon Weaver, CR 5 North. Over 100 persons all escaped without injury. The wedding gifts were saved, but extensive damage was rendered to the home. The house is now being completely rebuilt.

Somerset County - Boy Disappears

The community had an unusual and trying experience this past weekend when a 17 year old Amish boy mysteriously disappeared during the night of the 27th. He was accompanied by the family dog, and although many hours and miles were spent searching no clue could be found until today, the 30th, when he was found near McHenry, Maryland. We have not heard any more details.

Bear At Large

A few bears have been seen in the area lately. One was right across the road from where we live. Later we heard that one of the neighbors dogs was in a mix-up with a bear and ended up alive, but required 17 stitches. Roy Kinsinger also saw one in their strawberry patch helping himself to some berries.

Does the Year of 17 Locust Affect Storms?

An Article in (around 1880) John Funk Almanac Claims that the 17 Yr. Locust season has an affect on the weather. If this is true or theory will hardly ever be known. However we have more than ordinary reports of hail and storms. Eight hail storms and at least one tornado and an earthquake is reported in the community notes this month.

Lancaster County had an unusual (for this area) Tornado related storm on July 2nd which skipped, sometimes touched down, from Mt. Joy to Clay, a strip of around ten miles. Some farm buildings were completely leveled, many others were twisted to beyond repair. Also many homes were damadged. A loss of 6million dollar damadge was estimated. No causualities were reported.

Conewango Valley, NY - Noah N. Wengerd

June started in with some rain on the first week. We received 9/10 in. Had some rain throughout the month, enough rain to soak things up. Also had some nice haymaking days. Alot of hay went in without rain! Corn is rather shoulder high than knee high till the 4th of July. The last day of June was a rainy one! Henry M. Stutzman lost 3 cows from lightning the night of the 21st.

Mrs Eli I. Miller, Barbara, had an appendix operation on the 1st of June.

Dewittville, (Mayville) NY - Salome Byler

June started in nice, had .1 in. of rain on the 1st and again on the 3rd. Got .2 on the morning of the 7th. It was nice the rest of the week till the 12th. We had 1 in. of rain and then it was quite warm until the 21st where we got 1.2 in. On the 25th it was in the 90s. Had .4 in. of rain on the evening of the 27th, along with a nice rainbow. We have had 1.1 in. of rain since. Alot of hay was put up without rain. The 2nd crop has had a good start. Corn is knee high and lots of oats look good. Strawberries are about over; rasberries and blueberries are ready. Cherries are $.50 - .60 a pound, you can pick and they are spoiling on the trees.

Norfolk, New York - Sue Wickey

No frost through June, had some light showers to start with. Strawberries started the 15th and are still going. Had 4.1 in. of rain through June; it was spotty in some places and heavier in others. Our coldest temp. was 46 degrees the first thing on the morning of the 17th. And our warmest was up to 90 degrees on the 24th and 25th.

Newport, New York - Sarah Renno

We had good weather to make hay in June, and alot of nice first cutting hay was put up, after the middle of June, Which is earlier than other years. We had a week of sunny weather after June 15, and farmers took advantage of it. We also had rains, enough to keep the gardens growing and the water supply replenished.

Fort Plains NY - Mrs. Levi B. Hostetler

The forepart of June we had a good rain with some cooler air. Then it warmed up nicely and we had a few showers at different times that kept the crops growing. Now this last week of June we had a soaking rain; some hay got wet and it is now very warm and it looks as though the hay can soon be hauled to the barns.

Harvey J. Byler's family has been sleeping in their new house now and this week they intend to have the kitchen ready to move up from the cellar. They appreciate the help of the people from concerned communities since their house fire where they lost everything with it. Their address is Harvey J. Byler, R. 2, Stone Arabia Rd., Fort Plain, NY 13339.

Levi, son of Menno Hostetler, had to have 7 teeth out due to his kidney ailment. He had to go back to Albany Hospital to have it done, and he was home again after a few days stay.

Montour Co., Penna. - Lydia Stoltzfus

June was a warm month, with some rain scattered throughout the month. We got .4 in. in the 1st week, 1.4 in. the 2nd week, and 1 in. in the last week but then it was dry again. Had quite a few days of 90 degrees and windy which dried the ground off in a hurry. The first cutting of hay was a fine crop, and some are starting with a 2nd cutting. Produce farmers are starting to pick zuchini, cucumbers and peppers. Corn is growing fast, oats and speltz are about ready to binder. Gardens are doing good, rasberries are nearly over, and string beans are on the menu now.

Israel M. Stoltzfus got a concussion after falling down a hole in their chicken house and landing on concrete. He is out of work again.

Benuel, 12, son of Ike Stoltzfus, received a gash after being hit with an elevator crank. He had stitches and a black eye. This happened while spending a week at his grandparents in Lancaster Co.

Daniel, 19, son of Jacob Stoltzfus, received a few cuts and two broken bones from being hit in the face over the eye with a two-by-four. He had 13 stitches. He had an operation and a metal plate was put in; he spent two days in the hospital. It's been a week now since the operation and the swelling is about gone. He is now working a little.

Christy, son of Christ Lapp, is in the Geisinger Hospital. He was breaking a board over his knee and rammed a nail in. He had an operation and part of the nail is still in.

Allenwood, Penna. - John K. Fisher

June was a nice summer month. The 7th and 12th we had rainy days plus some days we had afternoon thundershowers. Alot of hay was put in and most farmers are still at it. Second cutting alfalfa will soon be ready to cut and wheat looks pretty ripe.

Barbara, 5 year old daughter of Jonas and Fannie Lapp suffered a concussion and a day in the hospital after falling down from a hayhole on June 15.

Nittany Vy., Pa. - Benjamin B. Stoltzfus

During June we had typical summer weather. Some days and nights were real warm and humid. Some of the mornings were cooler, but mostly it was warm. We had about four inches of rain during June, being more wet toward the end than at the beginning.

Dauphin Co. PA - Benuel B. Fisher

June was a rather dry month with no measurable rainfall until the 22nd and 23rd when we got around 1.8 inches with 3 different thunderstorms. It really perked up the lawns and gardens, along with meadows and field crops. Had a nice amount of first cutting hay but the second cutting will be short. Strawbeeries and peas were a good crop, and now beans, rasberries, new potatoes and cabbage are ready.

Lebanon Co. PA - Levi S. King

June had some very warm days which helped to make things grow and also turned barley and wheat yellow. Wheat was mostly bindered the last two days of the month which is earlier than usual. Threshing wheat has started, but rainy weather has stopped it again for the time being. Garden vegetables are plentiful and also earlier than some years. Cherries are rather scarce along the fence rows and some orchards don't even have enough to let the people pick them.The writer well remembers the days when we picked cherries by the bucketful at home on the farm, but those days are about as over as the trees seem to be dying out. The only place to find some to pick is at the orchard where they are sprayed and grown commercially.

LANCASTER COUNTY REPORTS

Mascot Area - Bertha Miller

Surgey was done on our 57 year old dea., John K. Stoltzfus, because he needed to get rid of an appendix. Reports sound good and he is back on the run at helping with barns of many shapes and sizes.

Several neighboring fields were decked with those treasured shocks of golden wheat. Threshing is well under way. No heavy rains in our area to spoil the crops as of July 1st. God bestows his mercies with us so richly. Gardens are producing well. Peas were a lighter yield, probably due to a warmer and drier spring. Strawberries and rasberries were good yielders. Blueberry picking is here with 20 qts. taken off in 2 hrs. time. Good eating!

Bird-in-Hand - David B. King

We had good growing weather through most of June. It was getting a little dry around the middle of the month. We had some showers at the beginning of the month. On the 22nd we had two inches of rain which made the things grow including the weeds. Some farmers have started the second cutting of hay with a good growth for the 2nd crop. Corn and tobacco have a good start to make a good crop.

Hatville District - Linda Ann Esh

Lizzie King, 77, is now living at her sister Rachel Beiler's. She is still walking with the walker. She is doing as well as can be expected.

Amos Stoltzfus, 76, is back to church again after a heart attack in April. He is the oldest man in the Middle Pequea East Hatville District.

Rachel Esh, 81, wasn't in church the last couple of times. Her mind is failing. She still walks a little, but is in the wheelchair alot.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

The month of June was a bit on the dry side, until the 22nd when we had a very welcome rain. Had two nice showers in the afternoon, then 1.5 in. in a quarter of an hour in the evening. We had two inches altogether that day. We're enjoying sweet corn and string beans this week. Isn't it interesting when one vegetable is over, then another one is ready. What wonderful blessings from above!

Christiana, Pa - Mrs. John S. Stoltzfus, Jr.

June has been a month of rain and sunshine. Farmers had most of their first hay crop rained on, but the yield was very good. As the month is ending, it feels as if the hot summer days are here. We had a thunderstorm on th evening of the 30th, bringing us 2/10 in. of rain. Total for the month was approx. 2 in.

Nine Points area - Mrs. Ben S. Beiler

The first half of May was a very dry month, and the latter part brought wonderful spring rains and much damp weather. Farmers tried to get hay in the barns while the sunshines. Peas and strawberries look like a bumper crop if the weather holds out. Lots of tomatoes and peppers are being planted for the produce market. Drip irrigation is used for peppers, but not so much for tomatoes anymore.

Quiltings and frolics are coming to an end as the busy summer season is here.

Aaron E. Beiler and his son Mennos at last got the building permit to build a house for Mennos who for the time being moved into a section of the engine shop until a house could be built. They moved into the shop in Feb.

June is a very dry month in this area. The later part of the month brought a few inches in a week's time. This is helping garden goods as well as fields. Had alot of very warm, damp, breezy days. A wind came from the south and it looked like rain might be on its way but it went on without. Gardens are still producing our delicious vegetables and berries. Lots of water is being pumped out of the pond for drip irrigation in our neighbo's field for market. Dan M. Stoltzfus' wife Mary was in church last Sunday again for the first time since last year's communion in the spring.

Peach Botton Area - Christ Zook

June had some very warm days, and it was dry most of the month. There was enough showers to have a good crop of strawberries and peas.

Benuel Esh, Jr., 16, was in the hospital a few days with an infection which started in the beginning of June.

Chester County, Penna. - J. Elmer Lapp

June was pretty warm with occasional showers. We got a total of3.3 inches of rain. It was very good growing weather, then we had some 90 degree weather. Corn leaves were beginning to curl around the 20th. It rained over an inch on the 24th. The 2nd cutting of alfalfa is being put in now with a fair crop. The leafhopper is a threat to alfalfa if it is not sprayed to control them. A few weavils are present again this year at the first cutting, but they did very litle damage. Tomatoes are just beginning to ripen and early sweet corn is almost ready.

Dover, Delaware, - Neil N. Hershberger

June was a warm summer month with a few cool spells that didn't last long. Some areas got ample rainfall, other areas are getting very dry. We had a total of 3 inches of rain for the month, with a low temp of 44 degrees on the 11th and a high of 100 degrees on the 20th and possibly several other days were also very warm. Hay and grain crops were good so far with good hay drying weather.

Widow Katie Byler had a very warm day for her sale on the 20th. Many out-of-state folks were here that day. The Danny Lapp and Enos Petersheim families drove down from Lancaster Co. with two horses in a wagon, they served as auctioneers for Katie's sale. They and Pre. Sam Beiler stayed over Sun. and attended church.

St. Marys Co., Md., Amos R. Stoltzfus

Joseph, 10, son of Samuel B. and Hannah Stoltzfus is still not recovering from the severe case of rheumatic he had since April. Address is Rt. 1, Charlotte Hall, Maryland 20622.

We had nice growing weather during June; occasinal thunderstorms kept things growing. Approximately 5 in. of rain was the total amount for the month. We had a hard thunderstorm and 2 in. of rain on June 20.

Delta, York Co., Penna. - Andrew H. Beiler

It has been wet through June. It's been a while since I've seen so much tall weed growth around buildings and along the road. We haven't had very many real warm days yet. Recently we've seen some cool nights, cool enough to close the windows.

It's been a very good hay crop. Corn in the field is at the right stage to gather in for eating. Here in the south most people ar fond of field corn for roasting ears. A lot prefer field corn over sweet corn.

Another new family moved in from Ohio, namely the Myron Hershberger family. They are working on a dairy.

McClure, Penna. - John Y. Speicher

The first part of June had very warm temps. of 70 degrees in the mornings. By the first Sun. we had a heavy rain with thunder in the evening and then it cooled off. By the end of the month it was warm and humid. Looks like the only rain we'll get are light showers that quickly dry off.

Strawberries were a good crop, and the cherries are also plentiful.

Mt. Pleasant Mills, Penna. - S.M. Troyer

We had around 3 in. of rain this month. It avaraged warmer than June 1986. It's getting quite dry around here, so that corn is rolling in places. Produce crops are looking nice. Some are thinking of picking string beans this week.

The 17 year locusts were out this month. It's hard to imagine how so many can be out at one time; all kinds of wildlife ate them, from fish to foxes, from brids to coons, dogs and chickens. All lived fat this month, but you don't hear them anymore. It will be 2004 when they come out again if the world stands that long.

Beaver Springs, Penna. - Emery A. Weaver

Geetings to all who read this in Our Saviour's Name. We got to Mt. Rushmore in South Dakota, viewed the 'four presidents' heads that are carved in a high mountain rock. I bought Oden a puzzle with these heads on it and he was anxious to put it together and hang it with the rest of his collection.Emery glues them on a piece of plywood and hangs them in his room. We crossed Wyoming partly and came to the Montana line at 12:30 Tues. and came to Morris' cousins in Big Timber at 4 in the evening. We all got a very welcome reception there. Later in the evening we turned east again toward home. Drove 300 miles on Thurs, and observed lots of nice scenery. We crossed the Minnesota line on Fri. at 4:30, pm after driving 470 miles. Sat morning when we were preparing our breakfast at a roadside picnic area we discovered we left our good 2 gallon water jug in our motel. This was very disappointing since we always kept ice water in it and used it alot. We came to our friend's house, Bish. Atlee Shetlers, Sat. evening in Utica, Minn. Atlee and Emery hadn't met since they were single boys, and Atlee didn't know Emery, but it didn't take long. Atlee and I went to school together at North Bunker Hill school. Atlee and we wnet to Abe J. Yoders for supper and a few other places, then back to Atlee's for over night. Sun. morning we all went to gma at Melvin Schmucker's. Morris found a church called Bible Church where he attended. Went back to Atlee's for supper, and 5 of their married children were there; we had an interesting evening together. It's Mon. morning now and we are on our way to Cashton Wisconson to make a call at sister-in-law Raymond Rober's and her 5 children.

Juniati County, Penna. - David Y. Renno

June was a favorable month but poor haying weather with many cloudy days with only light showers. Had one good haying week the week of the 25th. It still does not rain very easy, but crops are not suffering yet. Hay was very tall and thick and tangled up. Cherries were a very short crop. They were frozen in Jan. after a long warm spell we had and then it got cold after that. Other fruit is plentiful. Wheat was being cut in June this year and is a good crop.

The 17 year locusts were very plentiful and very noisy, but they are now about over for another 17 years till they come again. Many tree limbs are brown over the outside from where they laid their eggs. The eggs can be seen and are about the size of an ants' eggs.

Mifflin County, Penna. - Catherine Swarey

June was a nice summer month with showers the first 3 days, then again we had showers on the 7,8, and 9th. Again we received a light thundershower June 13. Was a little dry the last week. Again had thundershowers June 29-30, with total rainfall between 2 and 2.5 in. The days were warm at 80 and 90 degrees, but then it cooled off at night down to 48, 52 and 54 degree morning temps.

Lots of hay has been put away, corn looks very nice and is more than knee-high. Some wheat has been cut and on the shock.

Jesse Detweiler moved his pallet machinery to the David Kanagy Jr. home where a shed has been built and David started making pallets June 29.

Landisburg PA - Lydia Ann Fisher

June was a warm dry month. We had some showers, about as much as needed, but at the end of the month it was quite dry. The second cutting of hay is quite short and in blossom. Corn curls in the daytime, and some doesn't even uncurl at night.

The 17 year locusts are about finished singing their song. Tips of the tree branches are falling to the ground, and if you examine them, you can see the eggs. They will go underground for another 17 years.

Gettysburg, Penna. - Elizabeth A. Stoltzfus

The month of June was warm and seemed dry. Had temps. up in the 90s. We had a total of 2.7 in. of rain scattered throughout the month here. Other areas had more or less. The last day of June came in with temp. at 68 and went up to the 90s. In the evening we had a thundershower or downpour, which soaked everyone who happened to be outdoors and gave us 1/2 in. of rain in a short time. Not far from here only got a few drops. There were several different storms that afternoon. In Gettysburg they had a tornado-like storm. Many trees and limbs were twisted and torn off, roads were closed, some roofs were taken off, and trailers ripped out from their foundations. A garage roof was ripped off and landed on a woman and killed her. They also had marble sized hail which did a lot of damage to cars, corn, etc.

Farmers were very busy planting corn. Some second cutting alfalfa is made. Leaf hoppers are very bad in some of the second cutting alfalfa. Some first planting corn looks sorry from worm damage. Strawberries were very plentiful, nice and big. Cherries at the orchard are $5.00 an 8 qt. bucket if you pick. Peas did well too. Rasberries were full and going towards the end of their season. Seventeen year locusts are quiet again.

Moses S. Stoltzfus is doing fine after his open heart surgery on April 13. He keeps himself busy helping the farmer boys.

Path Valley, Penna - Daniel Z. Beiler

Rained the first few days in May. Cleared off the 2nd week. Had nice warm weather till the 16th when we had a light thundershower and it was mostly rainy after that. We had very good growing weather this spring. Corn planting is about done, hay making has started. Early strawberries started around the 25th, no late frost to damage early blossoms this spring.

Sat. evening the boys and I were cutting pallet stock when we saw fire blowing out of the cooling fans of the air cooled engine powering the resaw. We stopped the diesel, went for fire extinguishers and moved some lumber that was close to the motor, all to no avail. The Dry Run Fire Co. was called and they responded promtly; they were on the scene in about 15 min. During the time since the fire was first seen, the roof of the 54x72 pallet shop fell in. We were able to save the saw mill with only minor damage although the roof was burnt badly and was replaced. We did not get anything out of the pallet shop until after the fire. We salvaged some lumber and may be able to repair the notcher and cut-off saw. On May 28th the building is up again, and we hope to get the mill going tomorrow, and the pallet shop within the first part of next week. We are thankful that nobody got hurt and also for all the help of friends and neighbors in the last few weeks. It's hard to express ones feelings at such times with so much help and good will from Amish and non-Amish alike. Several local businesses provided materials at a discount or at no cost at all.

June was mostly sunny and nice weather with a few nice rains. It's nice growing weather. Farmers are beginning to harvest their grain. First cutting hay is almost in. Have had very good growing weather so far this spring.

The Rudy Byler family is now living in their new (shop) home. Mose S. Bylers and his son-in-law Jacob Byler are putting a small addition to their house to accomodate the 2 families. They are also laying blocks for a barn.

Most of the young folks from this area spent the Sunday with the 2 families in Mercersburg. They drove the 20 plus miles early Sun. morning. Church services were held at Ezra Peachey's also attended by Pre. Christ Hostetlers and John S. Stoltzfus from here, along with Bishop Daniel Peachey and some young folks from the Bellville area. Singing was at David Peachey's. The young folks arrived home about 12:00 Sun. night. The older folks went by taxi Sat. evening and came home Mon. morning.

Smicksburg, Pa. - Mrs. David E. Schlabach

June was a rainy month. We got over 3 in. in the last 2 weeks. Also a couple of thunderstorms. Most of our corn is more than knee high. Lots of rasberries this year.

Danny M. Yoder had about a weeks hospital stay with a kidney infection.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. David J. Byler

We had an avarage of 6 in. of rain this month, and over the week of the 20th we got three inches.

Most of the farmers have their hay in. There are still a few that don't. Allen, son of Bill Fisher, is in the hospital, he was admitted the 27th, the last we heard he will be coming home soon if nothing turns up.

Salisbury, Penna - J. Henry Mast

June has brought us some much appreciated moisture as it was getting a little on the dry side, and some of the corn was starting to curl. Most of the first cutting hay is in with not much rain on ti. Gardens are doing well and fresh peas are on the menu.

Visitors in church at Noah Summys on the 28th were the Lewis Zooks and the Edwin Yoder family from Summit Mills Dist. Church is to be at Albert Summys in two weeks.

Meyersdale, Penna - Mary A. Kinsinger

Our weather for June was quite warm with lots of humid and muggy weather. It was getting to be slightly on the dry side, but we have again had rain. Received several in. in some places and only small amounts in others. Quite a bit of thunder was heard off and on. Corn is really growing and some is more than knee-high by the 4th of July.

Most of the hay has been made. The past three days have been spent hunting a lost boy, or at least he wandered away. He was found this morning by Maryland State Police and has since been returned to his home. Details as to what caused him to wander away haven't been released or made known as of yet, although many different reports have been heard. Hundreds of people searched fields and woods. His name is Edwin, 17, son of Pre. Daniel H. and Elizabeth (Brenneman) Kinnsinger. Their add. is Salisbury, R1, PA.

Southern Mercer Co., Pa. - Eli H. Kurtz

June started in cloudy with rain on the third, then sunshine from the 4th to the 7th, rain on the 8th, then sunshine from the 9 to 19th. We then had a thundershower that evening and rain for the following four days, more sunshine for 2 days, and more rainshowers during the rest of the month. Average morning temp was aroung 56 to 66 except on the 5th when it was at 44. Daytime temps ranged from 68 to 92. Most of the hay is hauled in, oats are in heads, early grain is ripening. Corn fields look promising, and gardens are producing nicely.

Harvey, son of Eli M. Troyer, 16, New Wilmington PA, R.!, was kicked by a horse in his abdomen that left a hoof mark. He was at the hospital at the latest report.

Andy, 12, son of Jonathon S. Byler, Mercer PA, R.1 received a brokenarm when a team ran away hitched to a wagon.

Dan B. Hostetler, New Wilmington, PA R.2 received a cut across his fingers and thumb when he reached across his saw and got caught. Fortunately he still has his thumb and all his fingers.

Linesville Dist. - Mrs. John C. Miller

The first week of June we had lots of thundershowers. During the middle part of June it was hot and began to be dry. On the 20, 21, and 22nd we had thundershowers off and on. Four in. of rain fell that weekend. We also had showers off and on during the last week which made it very hard to get the hay in. Lots of hay was put in during the dry spell.

Strawberries began to ripen with almost eveyone picking during the firts week of June. As of June 29th, the strawberries are now over and peas are starting.

Noah, 12 year old son of Josiah Eichers had a runaway with the manure spreader. Going down the hill the tongue came out of the yoke, and went into the ground. The sudden jolt caused noah to fall in front of the front wheel. The wheel went over his chest, breaking the chest bone in 2 places. He also boke his left wrist in the fall.

On June 21, Mary Delegrange 21 year old daughter of John Delgrange hurt her leg. They were driving to the singing, the horse shied and somehow pinched her leg between the wheel and the buggy. She has a couple of bad sores from it.

Conneautville, PA - Menno E. Fisher

The first couple of weeks in June were as a whole quite dry, and very beautiful- lots of sunshine and very good hay weather. We had some very warm days, temps. in the upper 80's and lower 90's, which is unusual for here. The last 10 days were more on the wet side, with alot of thundershowers, some quite heavy. On the evening of the 27th and again on the 29th, we had some hail, but nothing serious. Total rainfall was 7.06 in. Most rainfall in one day was 1.73 in, on the night of the 29th. Highest temp was 93 degrees on the 19th. Lowest was 31 degrees on the 11th.

Leroy Troyer received a broken arm and a fractured skull when he fell from a rafter while on a carpenter job. He was only off work for a few days, and is back on the job, broken arm, cast, and all. Leroy is a son of Joe Troyers and is married to Ada daughter of Jonas Colblentz. They have two children. Address is Rt. 1, Springboro, PA.

Union City, Penna. - Levi D. Stutzman

We had a wet speel the last of May and the first of June, then it was fairly nice being cool the 2nd week with a touch of frost on the dead grass on the 10th and 11th. On th 12th and 13th we had more rain, then we had more rain followed by a week of very warm weather which was ideal hay weather. On the 20th it started raining again with showers for three days. More rain the 26th, 27th, 29th, and 30th. While several people are finished haying, some didn't get started in time to get the hay in without rain.

Geauga County, Ohio - Eli E. Miller Jr.

The first three weeks of June had nice haying weather, being real warm and humid with a few nice showers that were just enough to keep the corn from wrinkling up. From the 20 to the 30th we had 5 and 2/10 in. of rain here with some places with some places getting more than others. There was also quite a few thundershowers. We had 4 nice days in that time. Haying is mostly done, the second crop is growing well, wheat and spletz are ready to cut , and the oats are turning colors. Some corn is shoulder high already. Farmers have time to catch up on some odd jobs now. Fat hogs are a good price, up to $60.00 per cut. Milk about $10.50 per cut at cheese, eggs are cheap.

WAYNE and HOLMES, OH - REPORTS

Kidron Area - John L. Stutzman

June had the right amount of rainfall and warm weather to make things grow. The old saying is when the corn is knee-high by the fourth of July, we can expect a good crop. This year it goes way over that. If nothing happens to it, some is about to come into tossels. In some other areas they had hail and it looks kind of thrashed down. So far we were fortunate. Second cutting of hay is starting. Wheat is about all cut. Barley is being thrashed beteen thrashed between showers.

The foxes are taking their share of young chickens again this year at out over-the-fence neighbors. Seen some gray foxes around the range shelter take young roosters. He quickly got his .22 and blinked at one. The dust flew, and the fox dropped the dead rooster, and quickly put himself into fast gear. It isn't in Ohio like it had been about shooting wild life when they do damage. A Mennonite lost some chickens last year that the fox got. This year he saw a den where the young pups were playing outside during the day. He shot three of them while he had the chance, fearing they might take his chickens again. One day the Game Warden came, since someone had reported him. The officer said he could fine him for $400.00 a piece. But he left him off for only $100.00 in all. If wild life is doing damage to livestock and crops such as berries and cherries, etc. , a farmer has to have permission from the officer first.

Eastern Holmes Co. - Raymond Weaver

There was plenty of moisture through the month of June. Corn is almost at tassel stage. Crops look very good except in some areas where recent hailstorms have brought heavy damage to some fields.

Wife Lizzie Ann has been laid up since March 18 with a Staph infection of the vertebrae and disc. She was hospitalized for 3 weeks, but now is at home and slowly recooperating, a very painful ordeal.

Eli J. Kline is well on the road to recovery from open heart, triple-bypass surgery.

Baltic, Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

June brought along quite a few warm and humid days, along with occasional showers. The first cutting hay is about all made, and a few have the 2nd cutting in. Barley and wheat are about all on shock. Oats are turning color, and it looks to be a good crop. Corn fields are growing well. Cattle, hog, and pig prices are still good.

Fredricksburg - Eli E. Hostetler

First few days in June were wet and cool, poor hay-drying weather. June 8 was Pingst Mon. with heavy thundershowers in the evening and rain most of the night. Temp. got down in the 40's and there was some light frost in low spots. Some hay was put up between showers. There was much overcast and damp weather. Week of the 22nd gave some good hay weather, sunny and a northwest breeze. Most of the hay is now made. Barley is on the shock. Wheat is being cut. Sat. June 27 a hailstorm with a small twister passed the Mt. Hope-Fredricksburg vincinity, stripping and flattening some corn, knocking off quite a bit of oats and damaging vegetables and gardens. Apples and peaches were also damaged. Strawberries and rasberries are almost past, and were a good crop. Blueberries are ripening and are loaded. Sour cherries are also plentiful. June 29 is Peter - Paul day, a good time to kill weeds and briars.

Navarre Ohio - Mrs. Sam J. Hershberger

June was blest with plenty of rain. At times some hay was cured and brought to the barn without being rained on, but a lot of it received several washings. Most farmers have started cutting wheat, but are at a halt because of rain. June 29th had a shower of 1.7 in. in 15 min., and caused quite a gully washer. Garden crops, peas, and berries are doing well.

Barrs Mills Area - John N. Bontrager

Farmers are done with the first cutting. The second cutting is nearly ready. Hay is a good crop, but it had to be put up between showers. Wheat is cut and on shock. Oats will be ready to cut in a few days, it too looks to be a heavy crop. This is July 1st and most of the corn looks to be man-high instead of knee-high by July 4th. Gardens are very good. Lawns have to be cut every week. Had wonderful growing weather in June. Having an all-day drizzel today. Hogs are $.63 per cuet.

Ashland OH - Ammon A. Troyer

We are having lots of rain; we had some heavy rains in the last three days. People have started to cut wheat, and corn is growing extra good this year. Our neighbor's corn across the road was planted 7.5 weeks ago, (on May 11) and now it is 8 ft. high and coming in tassel.

House Fire

In the first part of the month Samuel and Mattie Yoder's house burned to the ground. The fire had started in the wash house. They, with the help of neighbors, got most of their households out. The house is now rebuilt.

Fredricktown OH - Sarah Miller

The June weather gave us plenty of showers. Had around 6 in. of rain during this month. There was a week that was nice to make hay in, which is about all made now. Wheat is on shocks. Strawberries were a good crop, peas and beans are on the canning list now.

The community was shocked at the farm accident on June 7, Sun. morning. Atlee B. Wengerd, son of Ben and Susie (Miller) Wengerd had taken a rope and went into the pasture to catch one of their horses. It had hurt its head, so he wanted to put something on it. When he didn't come back, Ben, his dad, went to look for him. He found him by the horse. He had wrapped part of the rope around his arm and was dragged quite a ways, and all of his clothes were torn off. He lay face down and was in serious condition. They didn't really know what had happened. They rushed him to the Mansfield hospital by ambulance. They called the family in the hospital at noon, and then he passed away early Sun. morning. The funeral was held on Thurs with around 600 people attending.

Butler OH - Alvin Yoder

The month of June has brought frequent rains and thundershowers. Today was a bit on the cooler side. Someone reported 48 degrees this morning. Hay is a good crop if it can be dried between thundershowers. Farmers are starting to cut wheat. Tomatoes are beginning to ripen, sweet corn is in tassels.

Andy N. Miller had the misfortune of sliding off a load of hay bales when his wagon hit a bump. He cracked several ribs and dislocated a shoulder. He is on the mend and is coming along pretty well.

Daughter Esther ran a pitchfork in her leg above the knee and had a pretty sore leg for a few days but it is nearly healed again.

Sullivan OH - Gideon J. Hershberger

Farmers are putting in hay and wheat cutting has just started. We had good growing weather this month, with some nice rains and some very humid weather. The humidity has broken and the last 2 days were very pleasant. Wild rasberries and cherries are on the menu and are plentiful. Strawberries are mostly past.

Jacob J. Yoder from Paoli, who is working on Sam Yoder's sawmill, hurt his eye pretty badly when a chip of wood flew up and hit it.

Dana Hershberger is out of traction and expects to have her cast removed on July 2nd.

Andy J. Hostetler bought 61 A. bare land for $42,000. Ten acres is woods without much lumber.

Eli J. Yoder and Dan E. Schrock bought 168 A. for $100,000. This has 70 A. of farmland. The rest is mostly wasteland.

Stockport OH - Warren L. Fussner

June was unusually warm and humid. On the first we had a nice rain at noon, and then it was fair and nice until early in the morning of the 12th when we got another shower. It was nice again until June 20th when we got a heavy rain. At our house we got 2 .5 in. Some places had more and some had less. The wind took some grain down. The 21st was nice, and on the 22nd it was cloudy and again we got some rain. Remained nice until the 25th. That afternoon we had a hard rain of about 4/10 of an inch. Near Chesterhill they had strong winds which blew down some trees and scattered grain shocks. Was nice for the rest of the month, with a few sprinkles the night of the 30th.

Farmers have been busy making hay, cutting grain and thrashing has started. Women are canning peas, beans, rasberries, and early apples. Strawberries are past and blackberries are starting to ripen. Big cherries can be bought at the local Kroger store for $17.25 a 20 # lug. Reports are at the Mennonite Store for $15.50 a lug. What we canned figured at sort of dear at $1.35 per quart not counting the sugar, time and etc.

Ervin J. Hershberger's family has a 24 ft. addition planned for their barn and straw shed. It will be on the north end.

Hicksville OH - David Raber

Nicholas, 3 month old baby of Henry Rabers, had surgery July 1.

We've had a lot of dry weather so the haymakers got most of the hay up without rain. Crops are earlier than usual and are looking nice. Cattle prices are rising.

Sarasota FL - Noah Stutzman

We are home again from our trip to Brookfield, MO. Our grandson Lelang Yoder and Alda Schrock got married June 12th. From Brookfield we went with our daughter Tillie to Jerry Troyer's home in Molden City, MO. We were there the weekend of the 14th. On Mon. with Tillie as our driver we headed for Coa[illegible]ie MO, where our son Herman Stutzman lives. As we got to Atoka, Okla., a truck driver drove right into us totaling the car. But the Good Lord still had His hand over us, because none of us got hurt badly, only suffered small cuts and bruises. Got to Herman's around 8:30 pm, and spent the weekend of the 21st there. On Mon the 22nd my brother Amos and wife Paris came and had dinner our Herman. In the evening we headed for Paris, TX. Left there the 24th for Dallas, TX where we boarded the plane and got to our home that evening around 8:30. Thankful to be home again. We were asked if we can call Florida our home. Yes, it's home, sweet home.

We are in the rainy season at the present time, so we have a shower of rain almost every day. Lots of lawn mowing to be done. Everything looks nice and green.

The Amish church is rather small, and just now different ones are on vacation. Abraham Knepp got a call that Wilma's mother passed away, so Abraham and Mrs. Lydia (Lewis) Knepp left for Ind. Abe Weaver and Willis Yoder's families have also gone on lengthy trips. I suppose others are gone that I don't even know of. My family, Will Stutzman's, Enos Bontrager's, and Mrs. Dan Beachey took Sun. dinner at the Jona Weaver home. Dan Beachey is in the hospital at the present due to nerve trouble, but we are happy to report that he is doing much better, and all are hoping he can be at his home soon.

Will Stutzman's family and Amos Deiner of Ind. came last Sat evening for a short stay. We wish to have them in our own home this evening to help us eat watermelon, which are in season at the present time. They are good, but the melons from Okla. are much more tasty.

They are still busy on the Baho Vista Road, but hopefully it will be done by the time the tourist season comes along with the more heavy traffic.

Marion KY - Samuel Hershberger

The month of June was warm. It was much like July for temperature. The first part was dry. From there on there was scattered showers, giving heavy rains in places, and at others none. At this time the rains have been all over.

Early corn is in tassel and looks very good. We are in the harvest of staked tomatoes. The crop is good and it is the high income time of the year, if there is any. They are sold in Chicago in 20lb. boxes. They sell as high as $14.00 per box or higher, but that price does not last very long before they begin to come down considerably.

Earthquake

On June 16 at 6 pm we had an earthquake. It rattled windows and dishes in the cupboard. The quake was felt from Nashville Tenn. to Detroit, Michigan.

Guthrie KY - Jessie D. Peachey

Still having scattered showers. Haven't had a general soaker for around 3 months. Grass was brown and corn is curling, but we are having several showers now again. Wheat was a very heavy crop, with some yields close to 100 bu. and straw up to 125 bales per acre. Much of it was down and slow going.

William Hostetler had a narrow escape recently, when attempting a lefthand turn at a traffic island. He didn't look back, thinking that nothing will be coming in that lane, but a trucker was trying it. It hit the tractor broadside, flipping it upsidedown with William underneath. He was at the point of suffocating when enough help to lift it off. He had a broken collar bone and was quite sore. The trucker was cited for improper passing.

Park City KY - Enos A. Yoder

June was warm with temp. going up into the 90's. Had occasional light sprinkles. We got 2.8 in. of rain in the afternoon, evening, and during the night of the 16th, and another 2/10 in. on the 17th and again 2/10 in. on the 18th. Received one in. the 24th and 25th. Had a few chilly mornings with temps. down to 57 degrees. Got another 3/10 in. of rain the night of June 30th and yesterday evening we got a heavy thunderstorm with 2 and 4/10 in.

We had a frolic June 19 to make and haul logs. And we had our barn raising July 1st. Got the siding about all on the sides, but none at the ends. Got the roof all on except the lean roof. Don't have any doors yet.

Oats are off, a little threshing has been done. Cucumber picking is on Mon., Wed., and Fri. We have about one acre out.

Son Benjys and Mose J. Gingerichs from TN were here for the barn raising, also Eli Troyer from Sonora, KY area and some of the Glasglow area folks. There is alot yet to do on the barn. Son Benjys is still helping on the barn.

Dunnville KY - Marie Schlabach

June was a very dry and warm month though it cooled off at night. Had as low as 52 in the morning, but it also went up to 100 one day. Had only about 3 in. of rain for the month and the weathermen says we're 7 inches short again. But even though it is rather dry, the crops are doing exceptionally well. The commercial tomatoes are ripening. Took a load yesterday to the station. The first sweet corn is ready and the field corn is coming in tassles for a week now. We have been using early potatoes for quite a while. Pigs are still a good price. Oats are being thrashed are light on account of the dry spell.

New Haven IN - Mrs. John Schmucker

The second cutting of hay is being made, wheat is ready to thresh and oats are being cut, when weather permits. The corn is way past the knee-high by the 4th of July stage

Bull Attack

James, 9, son of David and Anna Schmucker was letting the cows in to milk, when the bull attacked him. He somehow got underneath the fence and away from him. He received a light concussion and bruises, but no broken bones. He was taken to the hospital and had to stay one night and part of the next day.

Alva Schmucker, 24, fell from a scaffold and hurt his back but is coming along OK.

John P. Schmucker, who is in a wheelchair, had an infection and was in the hospital about two weeks.

Mrs. Sam (Anna) Lengacher was also in the hospital with double pneumonia and was very sick for a while.

David E. Schmucker, 33, had his 2nd open heart surgery on May 6th. Had his first valve replaced and also another one put in. There's to be a benefit consignment sale for him to be held June 6th.

Had around 7 in. of rain during May. Nice for the crops, but not so good haying weather. Had some thunderstorms.

A seed and chemical company burned and alot of folks nearby had to evacuate for a while. Also some milk had to be dumped.

Monroe IN - Mary Ann Hilty

Here it's the last of June and we're enjoying our tropical summer days. Every sunrise is a new message from God, and every sunset is His signature. We've had a very lovely month, with alot of sunshine and plenty of moisture. The golden wheat fields are being thrashed, and the oats are turning to that color. Corn is over fence high and will soon be going in tassels. Gardens keep fresh vegetables on the menu, and canning season has started. The "Martins" are kept so busy feeding their young. The longest day is past and 1987 is half gone. June 1987 has been an unusual month for me. Being a Diary reporter for 17 years, this is the first time it happened, that I send in five obituaries in one month. Our thoughts surely often wend their way to the families of the bereft in their great sorrow. We were again so freshly reminded of how little we know from one day to the next, what may be in store for us. And that we human people have no strength of our own, as when the trumpet blow is sounded, everything must cease - death can be so sudden and final. But there will always be sorrow admist joy and sunshine after rain. One still can't grasp that Mrs. Martin (Emma) Wickey, age 42, is dead and gone. Her going was so sudden, when she was stricken with an aneurism in the brain. She died June 1st and left a sorrowful, grief-stricken family of 11 children. Their address is R 6, Decatur, Ind. 46733. A baby was stillborn on June 2 to Alvin M. and Esther C. Graber. On June 17 a senior member Jacob Hilty, 87, died of complications. He was bed fast 1 na d1/2 years, due to a broken hip. His wife Emma received a broken leg on June 8 and spent a week in the hospital having surgery. She came home from the hospital June 15. The next day Jacob became ill, was taken to the hospital, and died on the 17th. On June 22nd, Mrs. David L. (Sovilla) Schwartz, 79, died after being in the hospital a week from a heart attack. They have owned the Schwartz Blacksmith Shopfor many years. David's address is R1 Berne, Ind. 46711. On June 28, Mary K. Schwartz, 21, met with instant death, after suffering an aneurism in the brain that Sunday morning. She had been ready to go to church, when she was stricken with a sudden severe headache, and soon after she died. She's the daughter of Noah M. and Josephine Eicher- Schwartz. Their address is R2 Berne, Ind. 46711.

Mrs. Jacob Hilty (Emma) R2 Geneva, Ind. 46740, received a broken leg while hanging up wash after she made a mistep. She was in the hospital for a week having surgery. She came home and was only home one day when her husband died. She would appreciate mail.

Leroy L. Schwartz, R1 Monroe, Ind. 46772, spent over a week in the hospital with heart problems.

Noah R. Schwartz, R1 Monroe, Ind. 46772, seems about the same this last while. He goes on the kidney machine each week and has been able to go awat some.

John D. Wickey R2 Berne, Ind. 46711, was emitted to the hospital by EMS after getting ill at home.

Dan S. Wickey R1 Bryant, Ind. 47326, seems to be improving after having by pass surgery in his leg in May.

Noah D. Wickey R1 Berne, Ind. 46711, had surgery again on June 2. The doctors took his leg off well over the knee. On April 30 he had surgery and they took it off below the knee, after having gangrene in it however it didn't heal after the first surgery, so they had to take off more. At last report it shows signs of healing. He's at home and needs encouragement, after going through such a tragic loss.

It seems the year of 1987 has had so many ill people in hospitals and also several farm accidents, causing severe injuries and putting them in the hospital. So often it always has been in other communities, but now it struck in Adams Co. Also several unusual deaths.

Shipshewana IN - Anna Eash

May was a warm month. It had near normal amounts of rainfall, but the warmer temps. made it seem drier. There was 8 days of over 80 degree temps. and also 2 days of 90 degree weather. There was 12 clear days in May, 11 partly sunny, and 8 cloudy days.

Corn is doing quite well but it needs rain. Strawberries are doing well, they're pricing $1.00 a qt. on the market.

We had numerous weddings. Some funerals. Factories are rushed, working 9 to 10 hours per day.

We had unusually warm weather in June. Many 90 degrees days, and had enough moisture to keep crops and gardens growing. However, alot of artificial watering was being done. Please see the obituaries as we had a few tragedies. Also our well known sales clerk Rollin Hostetler, 88, passed away unexpectedly. We mourn the loss of this clean, well-liked Christian. He was a Topeka Sale barn clerk for 50 years, and also worked at many public sales and also served on MCC Board along with others. We have not one complaint that I know of. He was a "pillar" in Emma Mennonite Church.

Crops look well. Factories are busy and we keep busy. Some are having the stomach flu and presently I have it ! It is now cloudy and we are having some showers.

Etna Green IN - Menno Schwartz

We are having ideal growing weather. Our corn is taller than the fences and the beans also are very nice and have a beautiful color. Gardens are so far along already and it isn't even July 1st yet. Potatoes are very slow in coming up, and some just won't come up. That may be a poor crop for us this year.

Levi Schwartz's and David Chupp's families went to the Handicap reunion in Delaware in June. They went by train.

Kokomo IN - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

We had some rain every week in June, but since our water level was so low this spring, it soon disappeared. By the 28th we had a total of 3.2 in. However, we received 2 in. on the 29th and 30th, so the ground is now well soaked. The farmers had nice wheat harvesting weather and lots of straw to bale. The first part of the month was quite warm with 96 being the high temp, and 54 on the 25th being the low temp. Corn is going into tassels, and beans are blooming. Crops all look good so far. A few have ripe tomatoes, green beans and early peaches to use.

Nappanee IN - Joni D. Gingerich

June has been rather dry, warm and humid. But we have no reason to complain at all as corn and soybeans have made a woderful growth. Earliest planted corn is shoulder height. Strawberries are past; they were a little short on account of it being too dry. Sour cherries are just past and yielded heavy. Hay turned out good, wheat is being cut, and the oats are about ready. Most of the crops seem to be about two weeks ahead of the season. Health is fair with a few exceptions as always. The world is again making plans for a "Big Time" 4th of July. Wouldn't it be better if we spent our day in prayer?

Montgomery IN - Elizabeth Mae Raber

June was mostly warm although we had some cool mornings, and we had rains about as needed. We had 16 days of 90 degrees or more, with a high of 50 degrees on the 28th. We had a little over 5 in. of rain for the month with the most in one day on the 12th, when we got a hard rain of 2.4 in. accompanied by high winds.

Wheat thrashing has begun and oats are in shocks.

John Grabers lost 2500 turkeys though a thunderstorm. They think that they were killed by lightning.

Mrs. Ben G. Wagler broke a bone in her foot when she made a mistep off the walks and fell. She has a cast on up to her knee.

Loren Raber has gone to the Mayo Clinic for some tests.

Jamesport MO - Amos W. Yoder

Weather was quite pleasant through June with some warm, (up in the 90's) days though. Grass in the yard was turning brown, but it is greening up again after several nice rains. This settlement was not at all treated alike with rain; as of the 18th, the northern end had up to 5 in., while the bigger part had only a sprinkle to 1/10 in, and again on the 25th, about 2 and 1/2 in. fell on parts of it, while the soutwest part had much less. Corn is growing well and some fields are coming into tassels.

On June 10 Raymon Lee Yutzy (age 60) had the misfortune of getting kicked in the side by a horse, injuring his kidney. He spent nearly 2 weeks in a Kansas city hospital, where they discovered that he only has one kidney. He was in intensive care about 4 days and in serious condition. The kidney has started to heal itself again, and he's gaining satifactorily at home now.

Laplata MO - Neal L. Kauffman

We had some nice, spotty showers in June. Within several miles some had a good rain, others very little. Around the 14th started an extra warm spell, in the high 90's. It is now coller again toward the end of June, and we had a really nice rain last night (June 28), of about 4/10 in. accumulation.

Bishop Lewis S. Kauffman was admitted to the Regional Hospital in Colunbia on June 18. He had fever, diarreah, was weak,and he had no appetite. He seemed to gradually get worse the first week, then he was put in intensive care. He seems to be remaining stable now. They are still taking tests since they are still puzzled as to what his disease is.

Revere MO - Jacob A. Mast

We are having dry weather; had some scattered showers in June, but no good soakers since the middle of April. Hay is short, oats are very thin and short. I don't remember having such a dry time of the year as this before.

Sammie Burkholder's family drove to the Canton area Sat. morning and attended church there on Sun. and returned home Sun. evening. They brought Magdalene's mother along; she was visiting her son Dans at Canton a for a few days. She expects to visit her children around here for a while. She is Mrs. Dave Eicher of B.G.

We hope to work on my parents' house again this week. We have most of the subfloor on.

Maywood MO - Moses J.K. Burkholder

June has been a very dry month. Wheat harvest was early and a fair crop as well as other crops, though pastures and gardens are suffering somewhat from the drought. Jacob's plan to get their thrashing done next week. Rasberries are past and were a short crop. Wild blackberries are ripe and almost a month early. They are heavily loaded but will need more moisture to finish. However, we had a few light showers yesterday and last night and it favorable for more rain today. Tomatoes are ripening.

Marshfield MO - Ruben Yoder

June in general was warm and dry, especially in the first half. The second half brought very irregular and spotty showers, varying as much as 3 inches in 3 miles, while our gauge just measured nice amounts like .4 - .6 inches at a time, 2 - 3 times a week. As dry as it was, these showers didn't last long, and ponds are still low.

Sweet corn and tomatoes are coming on good. We have been eating tomatoes for at least two weeks, which is quite a bit earlier than usual.

Lots of fescue seed was combined at a fairly good price starting at $.22 a lb., but coming down to $.16 at the end.

Seymour MO - Menno D. Schwartz

June is ending, half the year is through, and the longest day is past. We did have some good rains, but they were very spotty; got around 3 in. this month. All grass is looking ripe and brownish. Hay is a good crop, though a little on the short side, but we got very good hay. Oats are in shocks, and we will start thrashing in about a week. Wheat is thrashed, had only 2 jobs. Wheat is not raised much here. The garden-truck stuff is good, and we got new potatoes.

Corn is $2.07 per bu. (shelled) delivered. Hog prices are still low, $.60. Rabbits are $.65 at live weight. The Pell Freez Co. of Rogers, Ark. has a route through here every two weeks to make a pick-up. Milk is $10.50. Cattle prices are still very good, I don't have any special price to report.

Dixon MO - Jonathon Schrock

We have been in some nice growing weather in the last part of June, the first part of the month being quite dry. The temperature range has been between the mid 50's to the upper 90's. Haying is past and threshing is about to start.

Prarie Home MO - Phineas A. Mast

May has been more on the dry side, with no large rains. There have been qutie a few smaller showers. There is still some corn to plant, oats are short, and the strawberry crop was a little short. The Eli Lee family are under the process of building a new home; several more building projects are planned for the fall.

June was on the dry side. We had one heavy rain on the first of the month. Rains have been real spotty this year. Early corn is in tassels and looking good. Pastures are a little short. Dan Beachy was not feeling well the last few weeks but he was in church Sun.

Chouteau OK - Mrs. John M. Bontrager

The month of June has had some very warm and muggy days.

Christ M. Miller left the first part of the month to visit in Kansas, Iowa, Ind., Mich., Canada, and Ohio. He had planned to be gone around a month.

There were a lot of strangers in church at Perry Lee Yoder's home on Sun. the 28th. They were: Ray Yoder and family, Topeka Ind.; Dan Detweiler and family, Shipshewana Ind.; Christ E. Slabaugh, Uria J. Miller, Dan E. Miller and daughters Fannie and Anna all of Middlefield Ohio; David A. Bontrager and family, Macon MO; Mrs. Barbara and her 3 children, Macon MO; Eli Gingerich and family, Ezra Miller and family, both from Laplata MO; Ira A. Borntager and family, Nappanee, Ind.; and from Wisconsisn were Milo Hershberger and family, Dalton, Samuel S. Schrocks and family, Pardeeville, Amos Hershberger, Pardeeville, Joe Bontrager and family, Evansville, Willis A. Bontrager and family, Amherst.

Also in the first part of this week Joe Detweiler and family from Shipshewana, Will Detweiler and family form Ohio came to attend the Detweiler reunion on the 4th of July.

Sweet corn is almost past and tomatoes are starting. Blackberries are ripening with lots of big berries.

Clarita OK - Kathyrn Miller

June was a nice month with plenty of rain mixed in with sunshine. Over the 14th it was real warm and humid, with the temp. over 100 degrees for a few days. On the 23rd we had a rain with some hail at some places. Now it has cooled off again. We had 5.7 in. of rain this month.

Emery Weaver stopped in at her nephew Martin Hochstetler's home over the 7th. Noah Byler's and Bill Burkholder's families stopped at Noah Coblentz's on the 7th. Both loads were headed for the west coast, the latter taking Noah Coblentz with them. Noah Stutzman's family was at their son Herman's for a few days. They had a narrow escape on their way here. They wanted to make a left hand turn and had to stop and wait for an oncoming car, when a semi-trailer hit them from behind. Nobody was hurt.

Norman Miller's family also had a mishap on the 21st. They were coming home from his brother's place, when the neck came loose causing the horses to tear around and upset the open buggy. The Mrs. got a bad bump on her head with a slight brain concussion. She also hurt her right leg. She was pretty well laid up. She was in church yesterday. We did her washing for the last week.

The Vernon Miller family is working on their new house.

Farmers are busy making hay. Some of it has been rained on.

Partridge KS - Edward A. Mast

June was a nice month with plenty of moisture and dry days to get most of the milo planted. Wheat harvest began June 13. The yields were down due to the hard freeze. On the 17th we had 4 in. of rain and hail which damaged the remaining wheat and also did lots of damage to gardens and corn fields. The creeks were overflowing which brought up the fish and much enjoyment to little boys.

On June 23 Edward Mast was hit by a semi while he was hauling wheat. He was transferred to a Wichita hospital where he was treated for head injuries. His condition is satisfactory at this writing.

Haven KS - Mrs. Enos Schrock

We did have quite warm weather in the middle of June, but at this writing it has really cooled off. Yesterday the high temp was 78 and the low was 66. Rained the last two nights and was damp. Harvesting is done, though not quite as good yields as some years since the wheat fields were damaged somewhat by our late freeze this spring. West of us 10 to 20 miles they had hail which really cut the yield. Corn looks very good and most of the milo is planted.

The Levi Knepp reunion was held here May 23, the Solomon Beachy reunion was May 30, the Mose Troyer reunion was June 6, and C.C. Miller's (Lame Christ Miller) was the 13th. Each time we had visiting ministers which was a pleasure to have. There also were other visitors. From June 19 to 23 we went to Jamesport MO to visit Bro. Dave Schrock. It was a year in May that he moved there from our community. Being Enos' only brother, we miss him very much.

Edward Mast, the Hutchinson Kansas scribe is at present in the St. Francis Hospital at Wichton. He was hit from behind by a big semi outfit on the 23rd. He had his tractor and trailer on the way home from Whiteside Elevator, hauling wheat.

Iowa City IA - Duane Bontrager

May came in on the sunny side this year. We had our last rain on April 23rd. Then we had alot of nice weather when most of the corn and beans were planted. A lot of it was planted in dry ground and didn't come up until it rained. A few people decided to wait on rain since we have been having alot of east wind during May. On May 19 it began to rain and it rained almost 8 in. in the next two weeks at intervals. As soon as it began to dry off it would rain again so that the weeds began to thrive in the fields as they couldn't cultivate their corn. Quite alot of hay has been mowed already, but most of it has been rained on. The oat fields are beginning to head already. Hog and cattle prices are very high at present.

Weatherwise we have been treated very nicely this year. We have had about 8 in. of rain during the last part of May and the early part of June. Then we didn't have any rain for over two weeks when a lot of cultivating was done and most of the hay was put away. Because of such a rainy season during the latter part of May, alot of corn had some weeds in it so that nobody could cultivate it. Some of the corn is beginning to tassle in the last week because of alot of warm weather this month with days that reach temps. of 90 degrees or more. The oats are turning yellow, and quite a bit of people are already shocking their oats.

On June 19th Lester and Ruth Swantz were on their way to town when a driver lost control of his vehicle and bumped into the backend of their buggy, close to the intersection on highway 22. The impact of it broke Ruth's back, paralyzing her from the waist down. Lester did not appear to be hurt very much and is home again. The buggy was wrecked but the horse seemed to be alright.

Mrs. Joe F. Miller is in the hospital at the present time with plans to take her leg off due to poor circulation.

Bloomfield IA - Daniel D. Yoder

Rains have been very spotty throughout the month of June amounting to 2 in. and 3/4 in. at two different times, but it has been getting very dry at the end of the month. Also had some very warm, over 100 degrees weather a few times. Gardens are yielding abundantly. Oats are being cut and put on shocks. Strawberries were a bumper crop for many.

Independence IA - Clara Nisley

The first week in June was real nice. On June 7 it went up to 90, also humid, which started a hot and humid spell for us. On June 12 it went up to 92 and it was still 82 at 6:30 pm. On June 13 and 14 the temps. were up to 100 degrees. This lasted till June 17, when we got a short hard shower. The rain was real spotty in some places, and not far from here they had hail damage. It was really dry at one time, then we got a few showers which helped, but we are again very much in need of rain. Our spring of '87 was the second warmest in 115 years. The latter part of June was somewhat cooler again, but it is still muggy. Oats are being cut and shocked already, can't remember it ever being done this early before, but maybe some older people could. Some people have sweet corn already, and there's also lots of other garden goodies to enjoy.

Mrs. Benjamin Beachy had a ruptured appendix. I understand that when they took her to the hospital, infection had already set in. She was there for over a week, but now she is home again.

Laura J. Yoder (21) has been on crutches for a few weeks due to a buggy accident. Something broke on the harness, which started the horse running out of control. She saw the buugy was going to flip, so she jumped. She sprained her ankle quite badly and also stretched some ligaments. She had a few other bumps and bruises.

Dan Kauffman's were visiting their children in Bloomfield, IA, when Dan apparently had a light stroke, but we haven't heard of any after effects.

Utica MN - Atlee J. Shetler

June had nice weather the first 2 weeks and most of the hay was put in without any rain. It was getting dry, but then we got 1.8 in. of rain on the 17th and more showers every few days in the last 2 weeks.

A few will be cutting oats in June; also a few corn fields are very near to coming into tassle by July 4th.

Pine City MN - Phineas Borntrager

June was very dry and warm. Had around 10 days of 90 degrees or higher and 2 times that it hit the 100 mark. It is still very dry at 60 degrees this morning. Nice haying weather but hay is very short compared to the other years since we've lived here. Lots of oats are going into the silos, or put up for hay. Also don't have to mow the lawn very often this summer. So that saves some steps. We now just had a little better than two in. of rain since the first of April. Pasture are also getting very short. A good rain would be welcome. Haven't heard of any wells drying up yet. We also irrigate some of our garden things. We have peas, radishes, onions, and nice head lettuce to eat out of the garden.

Harmony MN - Mrs. Chriss Stutzman

The first two days in May we had some rain. On the 4th and 5th frost was seen in the morning, but no damage. By the 8th and 9th it was very warm, in the 90's. It was more on the dry side throughout [illegible] month, with around 3.5 in. of rai[illegible] At times there was only 1/10 in. and then 3/10 again. The[illegible] was enough moisture to keep the gardens and crops growing.

June brought us much sunshine and warm days, with the 14th being in the 90's. We had some rain now and then, only 3.5 in. in this area. At some places they had so much more that it seemed to be raining in streaks. Haying was earlier than usual, those who didn't get theirs made early got most of it washed off. Oats are turning yellow, and cabbage and beans are on the menu. Rasberries are a good crop. Seems like the birds want their share too. During the night of the 17th a storm came up and lightning killed 4 milk cows for Dan G. Gingerich. Two more were very dirty and breathing hard. In the morning it was believed that they were knocked down too, but they seemed alright again the next day. Looks like lightning struck a tree where the cows used to be and a creek close by; two of the dead ones were lying in the creek. Corn grew vey fast the last month and it's about shoulder high and looks as if it's about ready to tassle out.

Amherst WI - Ben C. Borntreger

We had nice summer weather throughout the month of June. The first two weeks we didn't have too much rain. But on the 19th we had a very hard rain, with 2.5 in. in a few hours. Then on the following Sun. we again had an all day rain totalling almost 6 in. for the 2 days. But it varied quite a bit throughout the settlement. Further south in our settlement they reported only 1/10 in. on Fri. and to the north they had only less than an in. Crops are growing nicely and oats are heading out. Corn is knee high. Men folks are making hay. Gardens look good, although strawberries were a rather short crop for most people.

Joe H. Miller had the misfortune of falling off a load of hay while unloading it. He fell on the silage cutter, bruising his side quite a bit. He also has sore ribs, which may be fractured.

Henry Schwartz received a blow in his face while putting up silo pipe. His left eye was swollen shut a day or so.

Cashton WI - Joe C. Bontrager

The weather through June was from a low of 40 some degrees in the mornings to the high nineties during the noon hour. We had a nice amount of rain. Hay is a fair crop, although some alfalfa was froze out last winter. Corn is from 2 in. to shoulder high. Oats are starting to turn.

Greenwood WI - Jonas P. Bontrager

June is now leaving us with very nice weather. We had some really nice drying weather which was good for haying, but had quite a few small showers which kept corn and the other crops in good shape. The total rainfall was 2.6 in. We had some 90 degree weather, but also had one morning that hit 35 along with a light frost. Hay was short due to the dry weather we had earlier. Most corn is from knee high to shoulder high, and some are all ready to start tassling. Oats are headed out and look really good; early oats are starting to change color.

The 21st was the funeral of Atlee Miller, 35. He leaves his wife and 10 children. Their address is R2 Greenwood, WI 54437.

Blai[illegible] - Mrs Moses B. Miller

L[illegible] sunshine in June, also more moisture which help[illegible]stures and crops. Had some nice slow rains that so[illegible]ed in as [illegible]y came, along with some really heavy rains. It was very warm in the daytime from around the 12th to th[illegible] but it has cooled off quite a bit. Nights [illegible]re mostl[illegible] Men are haying and cultivating corn. Women are busy with peas. Strawberries are about past, and they did well.

Lorene 5, daughter of John D. Hochstetler broke her left arm when she fell. She is getting along fine.

Mrs. Leroy Bontreger was kicked by a horse when she tried to put the bridle on him. No serious injuries.

Medford WI - Clarence Miller

May was a nice month with not much rain, though we had some on the 10th and 13th, with less than a 1/2 in. each time. The last week in May we had very nice rains amounting to a little over 1 in. Hay is short and pastures are slow. Oats. corn and gardens look good.

June has been a very nice month and has still been on the dry side, though we have had several very nice and welcome rains. Most of the crops and gardens look good. Hay is being put up. Strawberries were a short crop. Corn is waist high.

Bronson MI - Ora Graber

The month in general was hot and dry. We had such dry weather for about 3 weeks, and temps. in the 90's every day, that pastures and lawns turned brown in a matter of days. The corn looked almost like pineapple plants, all curled up over the noon hour. Finally the rains came around the 21st, our longest day! We received about four in. of rain in about 3 days, after this date. Altough I am sorry to report it, not all areas were this fortunate. It seems that the rains came in variable amounts in different areas, and some places got almost nothing, where crops are still suffering to date. On the 27th we had a little rain again and it turned quite cool for this time of year. But it makes it more desirable to do more work.

Wheat is cut and in shock, and now people are starting to cut oats. I can't remember if I've ever seen oats being cut in the month of June. Seems that everything is early this year, including the corn. I saw some corn is starting to tassle. This is quite early for it is June, and also the state of Michigan.

The month of June also brought many deaths among our people, and especially sorrowful to me, 2 young or middle-aged Bishops taken away from their churches, which would seem to us where they are so very much needed. I knew well the Bishop Reuben Bontrager of Wis. who got killed, and remember well when he was ordained minister near Centreville Mich. at 20 years of age. Dan R. Gingerich, the Bishop in Buchanan Co. IA who died with cancer, I knew well his grandfather Dan Gingerich and his brother Bishop Issac Gingerich whom my father worked for when he was yet single, when Issac lived near Arthur, Ill.

Quincy MI - Cathyrn Schmucker

We had warm and dry weather in June. Didn't get too much rain, though it is raining today (June 30). It was good hay making weather. Peas, red beets, and cucumbers are on the canning list. It really cooled off the last week of June.

Clare MI - Abe M. Hochstetler

June has been on the dry side. No lawn mowing in the last few weeks. Have had scattered showers in the area on the 25 and 26. The week of the 15th was the hay making week. The air was clear and real warm with temps. over 90 dgrees and up to 100 on most days.

Hay was a lighter crop than usual. Corn looks goog, the wheat is turning, and the oats are shorter. Dairy animals are staying strong.

Stanwood MI - John Y. Schwartz

June was very warm and rather dry. We had only a few light showers all month. Barley is being cut, oats are turning fast, and most corn is too tall to cultivate anymore. Cherries are being picked and are a bountiful crop this year.

Branch Co. MI - Mrs. Noah Schwartz

June was warm. The wheat is cut and the oats are ready. We had 1 and 1/2 in. of rain in the middle of the month. Also had nice showers in the end.

Sam M. Schwartz is getting weaker and has almost continuous pain from his cancer.

St. Mary's Ont. - David S. Graber

Deacon Elmer N. Yoder is still quite weak, and it was a couple of days that he was not able to sit up to the table to eat.

June was a nice month. We had a total of about 4 in. of rain and a high of 90 degrees. Got the hay all made, and it was a fair crop, with most of what was put in being in the best of quality. Corn and oats look really good, and the wheat is starting to turn. Beef and veal prices are up as high as they have ever been; top red veal sold as high as $1.29 per lb. last week.

Unmarked

We have had very nice summer weather so far. Also very good growing weather since we had ample moisture. For a few days the air was very cool, but warm in the sun. On the last day of Junr it was up to 90 degrees in the shade. Some corn is way over knee high till the 4th of July as it goes in the old saying.

BRINGING HOME OUR SHEAVES

The time for toil is past and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor, long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves; each laden with his sheaves.

Few, light, and worthless, yet their trifling weight
Through all my form a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my helpless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves; yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know, I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat:
"Master, behold my sheaves! Master, behold my sheaves!"

So do I gather hope and strength anew,
For well I know Thy patient love preceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
Though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves; Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Aaronsburg PA	16820
Airville PA	17302
Albany WI	43505
Algoma WI	54201
Allensville PA	17002
Allenton MI	48002
Allenwood PA	17810
Amboy IN	46911
Amherst WI	54406
Anderson IN	46012
Anover OH	44003
Apple Creek OH	44606
Arcola IL	61910
Arthur IL	61911
Ashland OH	44805
Atglen PA	19310
Atlantic PA	16111
Augusta WI	54722
Baltic OH	43804
Bart PA	17503
Battle Creek MI	49015
Beaver Springs PA	17812
Beaverton MI	48612
Belfast NY	14711
Bellefonte PA	16823
Belleville OH	44813
Belleville PA	17004
Berlin OH	44610
Bertha MN	56437
Berne IN	46711
Big Prairie OH	44611
Bird-in-Hand PA	17505
Black Creek NY	14714
Blain PA	17006
Blair WI	54616
Blanchard MI	49310
Bloomfield IA	52537
Bloomsburg PA	17815
Bluffton IN	46714
Booneville MO	65233
Bowling Green KY	42101
Bremen IN	46506
Broadhead WI	53529
Bronson MI	49028
Brucetpn TN	38317
Burton OH	44021
Butler OH	44822
Cambria WI	53925
Cambridge Springs PA	16403
Camden MI	49232
Canton MO	63435
Carraraugus NY	14719
Cashton WI	54619
Carrelton OH	44615
Catlett VA	22019
Cattaraugus NY	14719
Centerville MI	49032
Centre Hall PA	16828
Charlotte Hall MD	20622
Charlotte MI	48813
Charm OH	44617
Chatfield MN	55923
Cherry Creek NY	14723
Chetek WI	54728
Chill WI	54420
Chouteau OK	74337
Christiana PA	17509
Clare MI	48617
Clarita OK	74535
Clark Mills PA	16114
Clark MO	65243
Clayton DE	19938
Coalgate OK	74538
Coatesville PA	19320
Cochrantown PA	16314
Cochranville PA	19330
Coloma WI	54930
Colon MI	49040
Columbia KY	42728
Columbus, OH	43212
Conewango Valley NY	14626
Conneautville PA	16406
Cottage Grove TN	38224
Converse IN	46919
Crofton KY	42217
Curyville MO	63339
Dalton OH	44618
Danville OH	43014
Danville PA	17821
Dayton PA	16222
Decatur IN	46733
Delta PA	17314
Dewittville NY	14728
Dixon MO	65459
Dover DE	19901
Doylesburg PA	17219
Drumore PA	17518
Dry Run PA	17220
Dublin TX	76446
Dundee OH	44624
Dunnville KY	42528
East Earl PA	17519
Edgewood IA	52042
Elgin IA	52141
Elizabethtown PA	17022
Elizabethville PA	17023
Elsie MI	48831
Elkland MO	65644
Elverson PA	19520
Enon Valley PA	16120
Ephrata PA	17522
Ethridge TN	38456
Etna Green IN	46524
Evansville WI	53536
Fairbank IA	50629
Fairchild WI	54741
Fort Plain NY	13339
Fordland MO	65652
Fredericktown OH	43019
Fredricksburg OH	44627
Fredonia PA	16124
Freeport OH	43973
Fresno OH	43824
Friendship NY	14739
Garrettsville OH	44231
Gap PA	17527
Geneva IN	46740
Gettysburg PA	17325
Gladwin MI	48624
Glasgow KY	42141
Gonzales TX	78629
Gordonville PA	17529
Goshen IN	46526
Grabill IN	46741
Gradyville KY	42742
Granton WI	54436
Gratz PA	17030
Greenton IN	46936
Greenville MI	48838
Greenwich OH	44837
Greenwood WI	54437
Guthrie Ky	42234
Guys Mills PA	16327
Hale MI	48739
Hamilton IN	46742
Hamilton OH	45011
Harmony MN	55939
Hancock WI	54943
Harrisville PA	16038
Hartly DE	19953
Haven KS	67543
Hazelton IA	50641
Hegins PA	17938
Heuvelton NY	13654
Hicksville OH	43526
Hillsboro WI	54634
Homer MI	49245
Holmesville OH	44633
Home PA	15747
Honey Brook PA	19344
Howard OH	43028
Howard PA	16841
Howe IN	46746
Hutchinson KS	67501
Independence IA	50644
Inala OK	74036
Intercourse PA	17534
Iowa City IA	52240
Jackson Center PA	16133
Jamesport MO	64648
Jamesport MO	64648
Jasper NY	14855
Kahoka MO	63445
Kalona IA	52247
Kenton DE	19955
Kenton OH	43326
Kingston WI	53939
Kinzer PA	17535
Kirkwood PA	17536
Kokomo IN	46901
LaFarge WI	54639
LaGrange IN	46761
Lakeview MI	48850
Lancaster PA	17601
Lancaster PA	17602
Landisburg PA	17040
Lanesboro MN	55949
Laplata MO	63549
Leon IA	50144
LaRue OH	43332
Lebanon PA	17042
Lewisville OH	43754
Little Falls NY	13365

LittleportIA	52055
Lodi OH	44254
Loganton PA	17747
Leola PA	17540
Lewistown PA	17044
Lineville PA	16424
Ligonier IN	46767
Lincoln University PA	19352
Linesville PA	16424
Litchfield MI	49252
Lititz PA	17543
Lobelville TN	37097
Londonville OH	44842
Loogootee IN	47553
Lovington IL	61937
Loysville PA	17047
Ludington MI	49431
Luthersburg PA	15848
Lykens PA	17048
Mabel MN	55954
Macon MO	63552
Madison MO	65263
Madisonville WI	53706
Madisonburg PA	16852
Manheim PA	17545
Mayville NY	14757
Mankato MN	56001
Marion Center PA	15759
Marion KY	42064
Marley MI	49336
Marshfield MO	65706
Marydel DE	19964
Maywood MO	63454
McAlisterville PA	17049
McClure PA	17841
McRae AR	72102
McVeytown PA	17051
Mechanicsville MD	20659
Medford WI	54451
Mercer PA	16137
Mercersburg PA	17236
Meyersdale PA	15552
Middlebury IN	46540
Middlefield OH	44062
Mifflinburg PA	17844
Mill Creek PA	17060
Mill Creek PA	17060
Millersburg IN	46543
Millersburg OH	44654
Millersburg PA	17061
Millersville PA	17551
Milford IN	46542
Milroy PA	17063
Mio MI	48647
Monroe IN	46772
Montgomery IN	47558
Montgomery MI	49255
Montgomery Pa	17752
Morgantown PA	19543
Morley MI	49336
Mt. Hope OH	44660
Mt. Joy PA	17552
Mt. Pleasant Mills PA	17853
Mt. Vernon OH	43050
Mt. Victory OH	43340
Muncy PA	17756
Nappanee IN	46550
Myerstown PA	17067
Narvon PA	17555
Navarre OH	44662
New Castle PA	16101
New Farmington OH	44491
New Haven IN	46774
New Haven IN	46774
New Holland PA	17557
New Providence PA	17560
New Wilmington PA	16142
Newburg PA	17240
Newmanstown PA	17073
Newport NY	13416
Nicklesville KY	40356
Norfolk NY	13667
Norwalk WI	54648
Nottingham PA	19362
Nunnelly TN	37137
Oakland MD	21550
Odon IN	47562
Ontario WI	54651
Orrville OH	44667
Owen WI	54460
Oxford PA	19363
Panama NY	14767
Paradise PA	17562
Pardeeville WI	53954
Paris TN	38242
Park City KY	42160
Parkesburg PA	19365
Partridge KS	67566
Peach Bottom Pa	17563
Pequea PA	17565
Pikeston OH	45661
Pine City MN	55063
Prairie Home MO	65068
Prattsburg NY	12903
Preston MN	55965
Pulaski IA	52584
Punxsatawney PA	15767
Quarryville PA	17566
Randolph NY	14772
Rebersburg PA	16872
Reedsville PA	17084
Renesselaer Falls NY	13680
Revere MO	63465
Riceville IA	50466
Riverside IA	52327
Ridgeway OH	43435
Rochester Mills PA	15771
Rome PA	18837
Romulus NY	14541
Ronks PA	17572
Rosebush MI	48878
Russel PA	16345
Salem MI	48175
Salisbury PA	15558
Sarasota FL	33577
Scott City MO	63780
Scottsville KY	42164
Scottsville MI	49454
Seymour MO	65746
Shawano WI	54166
Sherman NY	14781
Shiloh OH	44878
Shreve OH	44676
Shippensburg PA	17257
Shipshewana IN	46565
Six Lakes MI	49047
Smicksburg PA	16256
Smiths Grove TN	42171
Smoketown PA	17576
Smyrna DE	19977
Sonoro KY	42776
Soudersburg PA	17577
South Dayton NY	14138
South Whitley IN	46787
Spartansburg PA	16434
Spencer WI	54479
Spencerville IN	46788
Springboro	16435
Spring Glen PA	17978
Spring Mills PA	16875
Spring Run PA	17262
Springs PA	15562
Stanwood MI	49346
Stephensville TX	76401
Stevensville PA	18845
Stockport, OH	43784
Stoneboro, PA	16153
St. Charles MN	55972
Strasburg PA	17579
Sugarcreek OH	44681
Sugargrove PA	16350
Sullivan IL	61951
Sullivan OH	44880
Talmage PA	17580
Tionesta PA	16353
Topeka IN	46571
Tomah WI	54660
Trout Run PA	17771
Trenton KY	42286
Troutville PA	15866
Turbotville PA	17772
Union Grove NC	28689
Union City PA	16438
Utica MN	55979
Valdosta GA	31601
Venus PA	16364
Viroqua WI	54665
Virmontville MI	49096
Volant PA	16156
Waterloo IN	46793
Watsontown PA	17777
Wautoma Wi	54982
Welda KS	66091
West Bend WI	53095
West Farmington O	44491
West Union OH	45693
Westby WI	54667
Westfield WI	53964
Whalan MN	55986
White House TX	75791
Whittmore MI	48770
Willow Hill PA	17271
Willow Street PA	17584
Wilmot OH	44689
Wilton WI	54670
Windsor MO	65360
Winfield PA	17889
Witmer PA	17585
Woodhull NY	14898
Wooster OH	44691
Wyalusing PA	18853
Wyoming DE	19934

MIGRATIONS

Ora Schrocks moved from Medford to Chetek, Wisconsin on May 26.

The Peter Schwartz family moved from Steuben Co., Indiana to Conneautville, Pa on June 3.

The John Yoder family moved from Dublin, Texas to Guthrie, Kentucky on June 11.

The Banyard Story

By Mrs. Tobie Smucker

Story Five

"A Lesson at Grandpa's"

"Susan, Andy" Mother put a gentle hand on her children's shoulders, "Daddy is taking you to stay at Granpa's and Grandma's for a few days. Daddy and I are going on a little trip."

Susan's eyes opened wide. "Oh! Mother!" she laughed, "I am glad. It is fun to stay with Grandma."

"And Grandpa", added Andy.

"Will you help them work?"

"Yes, yes!" said both children, "We will help them work."

When the children jumped off of Daddy's buggy beside Grandpa's sidewalk, they saw Grandma walking towards them.

"Welcome, welcome!" she smiled.

"We - we are staying here over night !" said both children at once, "We-"

"She-she" Daddy laughed, "Now don't start talking so fast, or Grandma will soon be tired of having you here."

"Oh no, I'm glad they're here" Grandma laughed and taking hold of the children's hands, led them into the house.

It was fun to eat dinner at Grandma's table. She made such good things to eat! Then suppertime came -

"What do we have for supper?" Andy asked.

"Oh, not much, potatoes, carrots and tomato gravy." Grandma smiled.

Andy puckered up his nose. "I don't like carrots", he said looking at Susan, "And -"

"I don't like tomato gravy." she said, which was just what Andy had started to say.

"I think you do," Grandma said, "Susan, you go put the plates on the table, and Andy you put on the spoons and things."

The children were silent as they worked. Then Susan said quietly to Andy, "I'm not going to eat any tomato gravy."

"I won't eat any carrots either!" Andy frowned.

So when the food was passed around the table, Andy passed on the carrots - so Susan didn't want any either. And Susan didn't take any tomato gravy - so Andy didn't either.

"Say", laughed Grandpa, "aren't you hungry?" He looked at the potatoes on their plates.

"They said they don't like tomato gravy and carrots", Grandma said.

Grandpa looked at the children, "Don't you ever have any carrots and tomato gravy at home?"

"Oh - uh," Andy stuttered, "Mother doesn't often cook them, we just eat them raw."

Susan just didn't say anything. She knew that at home they did have to eat some tomato gravy, but...well, Grandma was different.

The next day Andy and Susan had lots of fun playing with the new red wagon on the hill behind the house.

"I - I wonder what we'll have for dinner", Andy asked suddenly, "I'm hungry."

"So am I," Suan stopped the wagon at the top of the hill. "I - I didn't like the way Grandma made our eggs this morning, did you?"

"No, they were hard, that's why I didn't eat all of mine."

"Dinner!"

the children looked up, Grandma was calling.

"Surprise for you!" Grandma smiled opening the bake oven door. "I made something special I know you'll like!" And Grandma took a big pan full of apple dumplings from the bake oven.

"Yum, yum!" said both children at once, "We like apple dumplings!" and then they hurried to wash their hands.

After they had said their prayers, Grandma put a big dipper full of steaming soup in each plate. Andy looked at the soup. It looked different from "Mom's" vegetable soup. There were too many carrots and -

Susan looked at hers too, and then at Andy's, "I - we don't like soup like this," she said.

"Oh, you don't?" Grandma looked hurt.

"OK! children", Grandpa said, suprising them, "That's enough. You eat your soup or you won't eat any apple dumplings!"

Susan looked at Andy, Andy looked at Susan. Then they both tasted the soup a little. It didn't taste good to them. They kept taking real tiny bits but their plates didn't get any emptier.

Just then the door opened and in walked Daddy with a big smile on his face.

"Daddy!" cried Susan, "Where's Mother?"

Daddy only smiled. "Are you busy eating dinner ?" he asked. "Why children, Grandma and Grandpa are about done eating!" He looked at the still full plates, "What's wrong?"

Susan looked at Andy, but Andy was looking at Grandpa.

"Well," said Grandpa, "they said that they don't like our vegetable soup."

Then Daddy knew what was wrong and he looked a bit crossly at his children. " I had a secret to tell you, a very special one, but I guess it can Wait until you're finished eating your soup. I'm going home across the fields to change clothes and then I'm coming back to help Grandpa." He looked hard at his children. "And when I get back I want you to have all your soup done, and the dishes washed."

Susan and Andy ate their soup, not because they liked it, but because they knew Daddy had meant every word he had said.

"I see you're washing dishes," smiled Grandpa some time later, "You're doing really well." He sat down beside them. "Aren't you wondering what kind of secret Daddy has for you?"

Susan looked up, "Secret? Oh! yes, I forgot!" She looked hard at Grandpa."Do you know ?"

Grandpa only smiled and went outside to work again.

When daddy got back the children were finished washing the dishes and playing with their wagon again.

"Daddy !" Susan ran up to him, "tell us the secret !"

"Yes, do !" Andy cried.

"Well," said Daddy, "did you eat your soup?"

"Yes !"

"And the dishes ?"

"They're washed."

"Were you good here at Grandpa's ?"

"Y-yes-s" Andy looked up at Daddy. Susan didn't say anything. She didn't want Daddy to know how many of Grandma's meals they had not eaten.

Daddy looked up as Grandpa came out of the house. "Grandpa", he frowned, " it looks as if my children were guilty of something."

"Why ? They were - " he was going to say 'real good', but he stopped. Now he knew why they felt guilty. "Well," he started again, "they didn't like carrots, tomato gravy, vegetable soup and -" He stopped. "But they did eat their vegetable soup real well and washed the dishes. And, well they did like the apple dumplings."

Daddy looked crossly at the children. "How often have I told you how wrong it is to say 'we don't like something' on the table ?"

"But - but Mother never cooks our carrots," Andy said.

"You see, different people fix things in different ways. But it is wrong to say we don't like something God has given us to eat." Daddy looked at Grandpa. "I think I know what kind of punishmnet they'll remember best. I bought them each an ice cream bar, I guess I'll have to give it to you and Grandma."

Andy and Susan looked up quickly. "Ice cream bars! And give them away!"

"I'm sorry," Daddy said as he saw four little tears in four little eyes.

A little later Daddy and the children were walking home holding hands. No one said anything for a long time. Then Daddy asked, " Now, would you like to know the secret?"

Susan looked up and saw that he was smiling.

"Yes ! Yes!" they both said.

"Well", Daddy laughed, "Mother has a little baby sister for you both!"

The children just looked at each other. No wonder Mother and Daddy had gone on a trip - a trip to get a little baby sister!

"Oh! goody, goody!" Andy was jumping and slapping hDaddy and Susan were looking surprised at Andy, "What makes you say that ?" Daddy asked.

Andy looked up quietly into Daddy's eyes. "Because, Daddy, that is Grandma's name, she said so, and we want our little baby sister to be just like her!"

Story Six

"Sour Face"

Susan sat down by the window looking sadly at the snow flakes as they fell down on the ground. " Now it will be cold and we can't play outside," she said, " I wish it would not be Saturday, then I could go to school and not have to work!"

But Andy was happy. He laughed as he saw the ground turn white. " We can play outside," he said, " we can soon make snowmen too!"

" Andy, Susan!" Mother called from the bedroom where she was feeding baby Sarah, "Please set the table so dinner will be ready when Daddy comes in."

Andy went to the cupboard. "One, two, three, four," he counted, " and - Mother, one for baby Sarah too ?"

Mother laughed, "Oh no!" she said, "Baby Sarah is too little to eat by herself !"

Soon it was time to eat and Daddy came in. " Brrr - it's cold out there," he said walking over to the stove and holding out his hands to the fire. "Mother," he asked, " did you forget to wash the milk buckets?"

Mother looked up with a frown, "Milk buckets? I sent Susan out to wash them."

Daddy looked down at Susan. She was looking down at her hands and he saw her face get red. " Did you forget?" he asked.

" It- it was cold outside," Susan's lips began to tremble.

Mother was watching Susan. " I don't know what's happened," she told Daddy, " but Susan isn't the 'grown-up' girl I used to have. Maybe she thinks too much about school."

" Do you act like that at school too?" Daddy asked, " Surely Teacher doesn't like to have a sour face at school."

Susan wanted to cry, but she didn't.

After they had finished eating Daddy said, " Susan you had better go wash the buckets. Maybe you'll remember next time if you'll have to do them while we take our rest."

Susan started to cry. " No one likes me," she thought, " not even Andy who always plays with me."

But she went outside and washed the buckets and said nothing.

The next day was Sunday. The snow was all gone and everyone went to church with Star.

When they got home Daddy and Andy went out to feed the animals.

"You can come help me when we start to milk," Daddy told Susan as he went out of the door.

But Susan wasn't thinking of milking. She was thinking of tomorrow. Tomorrow she could go to school again. When she got out to the barn Daddy had already milked two cows.

" Were you helping mother?" he asked.

" I - ah," Susan didn't know what she had been doing. So she looked at Andy. " Andy! You're milking my cow!" she said making a sour face at him.

Andy began to laugh and got up. " OK, then sour face, I don't care if you milk her. I'm done with my cow." And Andy skipped happily away.

Sour face ? Andy had called her a sour face! That had not been nice! And now he was even playing while she milked. If he liked her, he would help her.

Daddy finished his cow and then milked another. Now there was only one more left, Susan's other cow. But when Daddy got up from his cow he did not milk Susan's. He just stopped by the door and said, " When you're done milking Andy and I will help you wash the buckets and sweep the floor." And Daddy went to the house.

Susan felt a tear come to her eye and then another. Why didn't anyone like her anymore? But she milked as fast as she could because she knew she would have to finish all by herself.

The next day Susan went to school. It was fun to read and write. She listened as Teacher told them how to write and what to write. Then they all read a story. Soon it was recess and everyone went out to play.

"Let's play tag"! Susan said, " Let's play tag over beside the horse barn!"

" No-" said one of the girls, "we always play tag. Why don't we play hide and seek today?"

" Yes, let's!" the children all said.

Susan was sad, why didn't the children want to play what she did? She did not want to play hide and seek.

" Susan, you're it," someone smiled.

" No, no!" Susan said.

" Oh, but Suasn, we all said 'not it', but you."

" Well, I'm not it. I don't even want to play hide and seek. I want to play tag."

Then one of the boys said something that made Susan look up in shame.

"My, you're a little sour face!" he said. If Andy would have said it she would have felt different, but it was one of the school children! She just looked the other way and hoped that no one saw the tears that wanted to come.

But everyone was laughing and playing and no one was looking at Susan anymore. She turned around and went back to her desk. The tears came faster and she began to cry.

" What's wrong Susan?" Teacher's voice made Susan jump.

" Did something happen?" Teacher asked again.

" Ah- they - they were calling me a sour face!" Susan sobbed.

Teacher didn't say anything for a long time. Then she asked, " Well, is it true?"

Susan looked up surprised, " I-ah-no!"

" Well Susan," Teacher sat down on the chair nearby, " I heard them call you a 'sour face', which was not nice, but I also saw your sour face."

Susan didn't cry, she just looked up at the teacher with big eyes.

" Sometimes," Teacher went on, "such names are really our own fault. If we're always wanting our own way, or always remembering how 'bad' someone is to us, well, there's no wonder anyone ever thinks of the name. Tell me, is it the first time someone called you a sour face?"

" I- " Susan stopped, then shook her head. Only yesterday she had been called that at home and she remembered.

"Well," Teacher said getting up, " it's time to ring the bell, but remember what I told you."

The Teacher stepped up to her desk and rang the bell. Soon the children came walking in and puffing and panting with great big smiles on their faces. Susan just looked at them and thought," now if I hadn't been so sour, wanting to have my own way - well - I wonder, would I look as happy as the rest too?"

Story Seven

Brave Andy

Andy stood by the gate that lead down the cow lane. It was time to milk, but first the cows had to be chased up from the field. He liked to walk back to the meadow if someone was along, but he was afraid to go alone. The woods was right beside the meadow and it was so dark and spooky in there!

"Andy!" Susan called" Didn't you bring the cows up yet?"

"N-No" Andy blinked his eyes. "Daddy said you should go along."

"Well, I'm busy" Susan answered. "They're not that far."

Andy looked down the lane. It wasn't really far but. . . If a mad dog or something would come out of the woods he knew he couldn't run fast enough to get to the barn before hide eat him all up!

Andy wanted to go back and tell Susan to come along, but he didn't. He just blinked his eyes again and started to walk down the lane.

"I will close my eyes and run real fast" He said" Then I won't hear anything."

Soon he was right beside the cows. "Hey boss! get up!" He slapped Daisy on the rump. "See!" He told himself "It's not spooky after_"

But then he heard it!

"Who-o-o-o! Who-oo-oo-o!" "It shrieked .

Andy was so scared he couldn't move. Had something seen him and was coming to get him?

Then he remembered how Daddy had told him that God would watch them it they prayed.

And Andy prayed. As he chased the cows up to the barn he prayed that God would watch him. And He knew God would.

Soon he was up by the barn and Susan open the door. In went the cows_then last of all a white faced and shaking Andy. He was shaking so much that he had to sit down on a milk stool.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Susan! Were you that afraid!?"

Andy tried hard not to cry." B-But something went

"Who-oo-o! Who-oo-o!"

Susan laughed again and again and clapped her hands. "That was just an owl. Teacher said that's how owls go and owls can't hurt you!" HO! HO! HO!"

Just then Daddy walked in. He stopped when he saw the funny looks on the children's face. "What's going on?" He asked.

Andy's lips began to tremble and soon he was crying." "I_I went to get the cows and_and -I" He didn't know what to say next.

"Didn't you go along?" Daddy turned to look at Susan.

"Ah_I_I was busy."

Daddy looked a bit cross. "Didn't I tell you to go help?"

"Y-Yest but_"

Daddy was looking at Andy. "Were you afraid or what are you crying for?"

Andy felt very much ashamed now. "Y-yes I was afraid-but-but I ran real fast then- then I heard something n the woods go "Whoo! Whoo!

Daddy smiled a little, "Then what did you do. Run home without the cows."

"No" Andy looked up into Daddy's face." I-I prayed to God and he-He watched me."

Daddy put a gentle hand on his boy's shoulder. "You were a very brave boy, Andy. A brave boy is a boy who does the best he knows to do even if he is very much afraid!"

Susan looked at her hands. She wasn't laughing now." "I_I"m sorry I didn't go along, and-and-and that I laughed at you."

Andy only smiled saying, "That's OK." But he was thinking how God had watched him and helped him to be a brave boy. And he knew that he wouldn't be afraid to get the cows anymore. For God would watch him so nothing could get him.

IT IS UP TO YOU

God gave you this day to do just as you would.
You can throw it away - or do some good.
You can make someone happy, or make someone sad.
What have you done with the day that you had?

God gave it to you to do just as you would.
You could do what is wicked, or do what is good;
You can hand out a smile, or just give them a frown,
You can lift someone up, or push someone down.

You can lighten some load, or some progress impede,
You can look for a rose, or just gather a weed.
What did you do with your beautiful day?
God gave it to you, did you throw it away?

HENRY And The GREAT SOCIETY

By H.L Roush Jr.

CHAPTER VI

Henry Meets the Great Society

At the lunch table the next day, Henry heard from Esther how the big orange trucks had come right after he went to the barn and the men hooked up the shiny wires at the pole to the entrance cable, now proudly tied to Henry's house. At last the wonderful world of electricity was theirs and all the magic of its power was at the flick of a switch--before Henry realized that all the power in the world could not light an empty socket. They laughed at their stupidity in forgetting to buy bulbs for the light fixtures, and Henry agreed to run to town right after dark and get a few.

This was all changed by an orange car in the lane and the well-dressed man with the brief case and package under his arm. Introducing himself as the salesman from the appliance division of the power company, he presented Henry with a sample package of light bulbs, and the glory of electric power came to Whispering Pines. Screwing in the bulbs, Henry was fascinated with the ease with which he could flood the house with light. No wicks to trim, no chimneys to wash and no danger of fire-that is, not too much danger. "You will be billed every 10th day of the month for around $10. But the amount depends on you," the salesman explained. He hastily added that there were other pressing matters he had to talk over--such as a farm light for the barnyard at a mere $4.50 per month. He explained about thieves being afraid of night lights and how convenient it would be at night to have a work light where Henry could catch up on things around the barn. All this seemed right and reasonable and the light was ordered. Henry thought ahead and realized that now with lights at his disposal he was no longer limited to sunup to sunset as he and his father had been, but now all the chores could be done after dark and he would have more times in his fields. This brought a whole new dimension to Whispering Pines. Now a 24-hour day was within reach and things would surely smooth out in Henry's troubled life.

Then the man brought out the appliance catalog and began to tell Henry how the genius of electric power lay in the many, many time and labor-saving devices available to them. The glories of each were properly extolled, and Henry and Esther's eyes reflected the wonder that filled and fired their imaginations. Who would imagine an electric-powered plumbing system with their very own bathroom in the house itself! No more chamber pots to empty! The convenience--the santitation--the comfort--the security of it all overwhelmed them; and Henry heard himself saying in a strange voice, "How much would the payments be on a whole plumbing system?" The man explained that this was for a plumbing contractor to figure, but he would surely send him around the next day. Henry had hoped to get the barn cleaned out then, but this was important too, he reasoned.

The good things of life were coming fast and furious, and before the electric man left that day, Henry found himself signing in a bold hand, "Henry L. Morgan" on the appropriate line and Esther in her fine hand wrote,"Esther A. Morgan" on the line under his name. The list was impressive--a toaster to make instant toast, an iron to help Esther have more times around the house, and electric sewing machine, two radios (one for kitchen and one for the barn; it makes the cows easier to milk according to scientific studies), three electric clocks, seven lamps (although they had lived for years with four oil lamps), an electric heating system, a wonderful electric range, a large refrigerator, automatic washer and clothes dryer, a 22 foot deep freeze, and last, but not least in the eyes of the children, a 24 inch black and white TV and as a bonus a free 40 foot tower that would even"pull in Columbia and Dexter City."

The grand total was $3,021.43 and the best part of all--it could be spread over five years with no payments for 45 days, and the payments were only $50.34 per month. This brought Henry's total obligation to the fantastic sum of $120.64 per month. This was actually more money than he had seen many times in three months. That night after Esther had dropped off to sleep, dreaming of the wonderful world of time and labor-saving devices that would arrive the next day, Henry realized that his problems had only begun. Where would he put all these things? The toaster and iron were no problem, and a place for the radios and lamps would be no problem; but the deep freeze, dryer, washer and furnace troubled him considerable. It was after the clock had struck 2:00 A.M. that Henry had finally devised a plan and fell exhausted into a short night's sleep.

Morning came quickly and Henry didn't spring out of bed as he usually did. He could hardly drag and guessed he would shake it off in a little fresh air. He just had to get that barn cleaned, but the plumbing contractor was to be here this morning and the barn would have to wait. After all, Esther reminded him, the barn lights were now working and he could do that after supper and maybe the children would want to help him. It would be like old times again, with them helping and perhaps some times to play in the hay mow or tell a story. It might not be as good under the electric lights as it once was under the oil lamps, but they would make out. "No sir," Henry assured himself, "nothing will change unless I change--and I'm not going to change!"

The plumbing man came right on schedule and got down to business at once. The electric man had called him at home the night before and he had a plumbing system all worked out for Henry. To install bathroom, laundry facilities, new kitchen sink, drill a well and install the pump, all parts and labor came to the modest sum of $1,967.93. This seemed to stagger Henry for a moment, as he was not quite recovered from the appliance salesman's visit of the day before. He was bolstered by the plan he had worked out during the night and told the salesman that he would have to do some arranging before he could obligate himself for such additional payments. The plumbing man assured him that they wished to work no hardship on him and they could install the system now and no payments for six months, if he wished. Henry stalled him by promising to buy the package, but he would work out his own financial arrangements. The man left after making an appointment for Saturday morning. This was the day Henry had hoped to vaccinate the cattle.

Henry told Esther he would be gone for the remainder of the day and to tell the children when they came from school not to plan anything for he wanted them to start on the barn as soon as school was out. He had forgotten that the appliances were beginning to arrive and that by 3:00 that afternoon the TV would be connected.

He hurried to the barn and, getting into his "sharp" used car, he drove with determination to Chamberstown and striding into the First National Bank asked for Will Jenkins, a personal friend of his father and a friend of Henry's for years. Will was up in years and they had delegated him to an office in the rear, although he was still the president of the bank. The young board of directors felt that Will's ideas were old-fashioned and they were only waiting for him to die. He was delighted to see Henry and, after trivialities, Henry stated his case as briefly as he could; he wanted to take a mortgage on Whispering Pines. He thought that if could borrow about $7500 on the place over a period of 20 years he could handle it very nicely. That would enable him to pay off the power company, the appliance contract, buy the plumbing package and leave him with about $1,000 to enclose the long back porch for a place for his new freezer, washer and dryer.

This seemed reasonable to Will, though at first he was shocked at the thought of mortgaging Whispering Pines, and he reminded Henry that to his knowledge the farm had never been mortgaged. he said some other things; among them, that he hoped Henry knew what he was doing and Henry said he was sure he did. Then he explained to Will how you can't fight progress and that he wouldn't want to deny his family any of the good things in life. Will agreed, and with a word to the loan officer, the papers were filled out and Henry signed "Henry L. Morgan" on the appropriate line and left a line blank for Esther's signature. He made a fast trip to Whispering Pines and soon Esther had written, "Esther A. Morgan" in her fine little hand in the blank space, and Henry was on his way back to the bank. Everything went smoothly and, with the $7500 deposited in a new checking account, he went home relieved that for only $55 per month he had wiped out those giant debts, had enough to buy the plumbing the family wanted so badly and extra money to enclose the porch.

The next few days saw a flurry of excitement at Whispering Pines. The porch was enclosed; the old iron, sewing machine, oil lamps, washer and kitchen range were all neatly piled in the smokehouse, none of which they would ever need again--thank goodness! The furnace was installed in a neat corner of the new room on the porch and the washer, dryer and deep freeze stood at attention in their places like robots waiting the beck and call of their master. Esther dreamed of the additional time and energy she would now have with all the time and labor-saving devices at the flick of her fingers. The old spring was permanently abandoned as a health hazard, and the new pump purred contentedly in its place. The new bathroom glistened with sanitation and was warm with comfort and invited all to its convenience.

Now the effort of all this on Henry was readily seen. He was nervous and irritable and each night found him retiring later and later. Trying to keep up with the farm and with all this progress was wearing poor Henry out. The long evenings before the fire were history, and he realized that there had been no communication among the members of his family for weeks; no, not even for months. The evenings were saved, however, by the presence of TV which proved to be one of the good things in life for Henry. It saved him the responsibility of listening to the stupid questions of Jeff, Brent and Hilda and the weary task of trying with a tired mind to think up one of those ridiculous stories he used to tell. He wondered why they hadn't discovered the cure-all for family problems--TV--a long time ago. As far as reading was concerned, the books had long since been sent to the attic to make room for the TV; and he noticed that the tree house was rotting down, and the raft that Jeff and Brent had so laboriously built had sunk in the last spring rains and nobody noticed.

He swore again that Whispering Pines would once more be as it was, but he was too tired to think of any way to bring it to pass. The good old days, when he was deprived of the good things of life, seemed like a dream. For the first time in his life, spring had come and gone and the garden was never plowed and as a result there was not a single can put in the cellar that year. Esther consoled him by saying nobody could raise and can beans, tomatoes, etc. as cheaply as you could buy them on sale at the super market. Butchering seemed like a waste of time when good ground beef could be purchased for 59 cents a pound and sometimes cheaper. Henry tried to tell Esther that it was colored and doctored up, but she said he was argumentative.

About the only time Henry saw the children was on the trips to Chamberstown, and then it was hard to get them to talk about anything except the activities at the new school that had liberated them from the prison of the old one-room school where Henry had gone. That night, as he slipped into bed beside Esther, he reached out in the darkness for her hand and squeezed it. If she responded in any way, Henry told himself, he would open his heart and tell her how lonely and unhappy the good things in life had made him. She never moved and, feeling all alone and very small, Henry turned over and soon fell asleep.

To be continued

THAD And CHARLIE DICK

By Lewis B Miller

Continued from last month

Note! This footnote belongs to Chapter 1

* *Well do I, the writer, recall that time. Little three-year-old though I was, the expected great raid made a vivid impression upon me. What I remember best is walking across the square toward my home on the north side. I had just heard people discussing the expected raid by four hundred Comanche warriors, and I was thinking hard of what had been said. I wasn't in the least afraid - not at all. My father would take care of me. It was the first time, apparently, that I had heard the word warrior used. And, rather oddly, the one thought which I recall most distinctly is that I - liked the sound of the word.*

CHAPTER 2 Threshing-Time on Williams Creek.

Scarcely once did a dog bark during that anxious night without causing Thad to bob up in bed. Like every natural, ambitious boy, he was both willing and eager to do his share of the fighting if Indians should attack the fort. And excitement over what might happen kept him from sleeping soundly.

But the night passed peacefully enough; and the brilliant summer sun rose from behind those eastern hills, without looking down upon any lifeless, scalped human bodies, or upon the smoldering ruins of the fort cabins.

However, the danger was by no means past. As Thad had remarked to Marzee, an army of four hundred warriors could afford to take their time, well knowing that when they did reach the settlements there would not be white men enough to give battle.

During the forenoon of this second anxious day, most of the not too numerous men in the fort thought it unwise to venture far from home. But after dinner several, arming themselves and mounting their horses, rode out first in one direction and then in another, hoping to learn whether any redskinned army was invading the country. But they returned without having seen any Indians, or anything else of an alarming nature.

At these reports the fort people breathed a little more freely. Those who had horses penned now let down the bars or opened the gates and turned them out, first driving them to the creek to water and then out upon the prairie to graze. But even out there the animals were kept under herd; and about sunset they were watered again, and then driven back to their pens for the night.

Another anxious night followed. But that too, passed without bringing any savage, redskinned army, or any further news concerning the expected great raid. When the morning of the third day dawned peacefully, the nervous strain which the people of the fort had been under began to relax. And it kept relaxing as day after day and night after night went by without bringing any Indians.

At last Lieutenant Reel and his squad of scouts came riding home. Like the people in the fort, they had heard the rumor that a small army of red warriors had been sent, up somewhere on the Big Wichita River. But after waiting and watching for several days, they had decided that the rumor was groundless.

At once settlers threw off all restraint and went about their affairs as usual. The exciting rumor, it was now admitted, had been only a false alarm. Just how the rumor had started would probably never be known. But not a frontiersman was disappointed that the alarm had turned out false.

Many of these rumors were flying about, beginning nobody knew how or where, and traveling nobody knew how. Some of them, of course, proved to be only too well founded. The reported coming of our four hundred Comanche warriors in one band was probably the most alarming of the false rumors.

A few days after Reel and his scouts had returned home, and after the excitement had died out, the Dayberrys and the Wilkinses began to make preparations to thresh their wheat. A good while before--near the end of May--the ripe grain had been cut with cradles, and then bound and shocked in the field. When thoroughly dry it had been hauled to a suitable place and there stacked. Having remained in stacks long enough, it was now ready for threshing. Partly because there would be safety in numbers, and partly because they could work together to better advantage, the two families were going to assist each other.

When the appointed morning came, Thad rode out upon the prairie, drove home Spot and Jerry, the oxen, and yoked them and put them to the wagon. Mr. Wilkins already had his horses harnessed and hitched up. Then the two families climbed into their wagon and drove away.

Thad was not riding in his father's wagon. Mounted on his own horse, Ped, he was leading his father's saddle horse. And with him went Charley Dick Sheegog, riding one horse and leading another. All these horses would have a very important part in the threshing.

Driving out of the fort at the northeast corner, and then up the branch, the two wagons were soon on the high prairie. Following a dim road for perhaps two miles, they turned and went down a high, steep hill into the valley of Williams Creek. It was here that the Wilkins family had lived before moving their cabins to Fort Blocker. And it was here that Mr. Wilkins came regularly to cultivate his little farm.

When the two wagons had been stopped at the fence, close to where the log houses had stood, the teams were taken out. Now the oxen were turned loose to graze, the bell ox's bell being first fixed of its wad of grass. The horses were not turned loose, but were all hitched to the fence till they should be needed.

The wheat had been stacked in one corner of the field, but in a little patch of grassland. And it was by these stacks that the threshing would take place.

Around the two stacks, which stood close together, a nearly circular ring was cleared. This was made by cutting the grass with hoes and raking it away, and then by scraping off the loose upper soil. When a ring that completely encircled the wheat stacks had been made, about as wide as a wagon road, water was brought from the well and the bare ground sprinkled with it. The whole ring having been well dampened, Thad mounted his own horse and, leading his father's, began to ride round the ring, and round and round. After him came Charley Dick, also riding one horse and leading another.

Many times around the two boys rode. When not going at a trot they traveled at a fast walk. The soil here was very black--as black as soil could well be; and, having been wet just enough, it was in condition to be packed hard. And that was the object of riding the horses over it.

For almost an hour the two boys kept riding the circle. Mr. Wilkins followed them with a maul, beating down any little places missed by the horses' hoofs. In time the soil became packed till the whole ring was almost as hard as a floor, and fairly smooth.

"Well, boys, reckon maybe we've got the thing about as solid as trampin' and maulin' will make it," Mr. Wilkins finally called out. "So I guess you'd better take off your nags and hitch 'em till we're ready for business."

"Yes, sir! All right, sir!" Thad answered. "thats' all, Charey Dick, till we get the wheat spread down."

The two boys now rode over to the rail fence and hitched their horses there. On hurrying back to the ring, they saw Mr. Dayberry, boosted by Mr. Wilkins, climbing one of the wheat stacks. When on the very top, the climber removed the topmost sheaf, which exposed the sharp end of the stack pole. Set in the ground before the stacking had been begun, this pole ran up through the whole stack to keep the wheat in place. Now Mr. Wilkins reached up a wooden pitchfork.

"B'lieve I can use my hands better," answered the man on top as, holding to the pole with one hand, he began to toss down sheaf after sheaf of the smooth-headed wheat with the other. He was careful to let it fall in the hard-packed ring, so that all the grain shattered off could be saved.

While Mr. Dayberry was tossing down wheat, the man and boys on the ground arranged the sheaves in an even layer over the ring. There were two rows of sheaves, the heads of the wheat being together, and on the hard ground.

So fast did the man on top of the stack shower down wheat that he kept the workers below busy. And they even got behind. There being two big stacks, part of the wheat had to be carried around to where it would lie.

At last the whole ring was covered with sheaves, two layers deep. Now Mr. Dayberry, leaning against the stack pole, turned to face the breeze, and Mr. Wilkins sang out: "Well, boys, reckon maybe you'd better climb your nags ag'in! We're ready to begin the biscuit makin' now!"

"And I can ride too--can't I, pa? You said I could," now spoke up Marzee, eagerly.

"Yes, you can ride. Of course you can! You can ride and ride till you git your fill of ridin'!" her father assured her.

" her father assured her.

"You climb the fence, Marzee! I'll fetch your horses for you!" Thad called out.

Without a word the girl mounted a fence-corner. Soon Thad came leading Mr. Wilkin's horses. One he brought up so close that the girl could, by a slight spring, seat herself sidewise upon his back. Now she grasped the bridle rein with one hand, and Thad placed the led horse's bridle rein in her other hand.

"Sorry you haven't got a saddle, Marzee."

"Oh, that's no matter. I can ride well enough without one. Am I to go first, Thad?"

"No. I'll take the lead. Your horses will follow mine better than they'll go ahead. Horses are not too fond of walking on wheat, and they'll get off if they can."

Hurrying over to Ped, Thad mounted. Riding one horse and leading another, he started round the wheat-covered ring. The horses were treading upon the layers of sheaves; and, as Thad had intimated, they did not have easy walking. It was also rather rough riding. But little the young riders cared for that. Close behind Thad rode Marzee, and after Marzee came Charley Dick. All the riders, as well as most of the horses, had done this kind of threshing before, and the work was soon going on in businesslike way. However the horses may have regarded it, the three eager young riders looked upon their riding as play.

Round and round, round and round, the six horses tramped, their twenty-four hoofs trampling the wheat against the hard ground. The grain, being very dry, was easy to shatter out of heads. After getting the animals accustomed to the work, and the wheat somewhat leveled down, the riders made their horses go faster, sometimes almost at a trot.

"How do you like it, Marzee? Thad at length called out, turning in his saddle to look back at the girl.

"Oh, it's great fun! of courses it is!" she cried, laughingly. Her sun boonet had slipped back till it was hanging by its strings.

"Ain't you gittin' tired by this time Marzee?" Charley Dick wanted to know, from behind her.

"Of course I'm not getting tired! What would make me tired so soon?"

When the upper parts of the sheaves had been well trampled, the two men, who had been watching the work from the shady side of a stack, now began to move round the threshing-ring, turning over the sheaves with their hands as they went. Some of the sheaves already had their strawbinds broken. And by the time their under sides had been turned up by the men and trampled by the horses, the wheat was little more than loose straw.

Now the two men, each with a wooden pitchfork, began to stir the straw and to throw it in from the outer edges, so as to get it under the moving horses' feet. Still later, when the wheat had been more thoroughly trampled, they forked to one side the upper straw, which was already free from grain. When the straw was beginning to get in their way, they raked it all together and began to make a stack of it.

Still the three young riders continued to ride and lead their horses round and round, following the straw-littered circle. Busily, merrily, enthusiastically the work went on. The threshers had been late getting started at the actual threshing. And it was not till an hour or two after dinner time that Mr. Wilkins examined the chaff and broken straw, then called out:

"Reckon that'll be trampin' enough youngsters! Now guess we'd better have a snack to eat, first thing. After that we'll sweep up and clean up, and maybe fan out."

"Hadn't we better ride down to the creek and water now, Mr. Wilkins?" Charley Dick inquired.

"Yes, if you want to. Your nags have been stuffin' down wheat all mornin', and they cain't well be hungry. But they must be thirsty; and it's easier to take 'em to the creek than it would be to h'ist water out of the well for em."

So away went the three riders. On returning they dismounted, and hitched their horses in the shade of some trees.

By this time Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Dayberry, who had brought dinner already cooked, had it spread and waiting in the shade of a big hackberry. Now all the workers were by the well, washing and getting ready to eat. The water they drew from the well with a bucket and a sweep. There was no washingpan; but they had a gourd in their water bucket and could pour water for one another. Thad poured first for Marzee and then for Charley Dick. Afterwards Marzee insisted upon pouring for Thad. The girl used a handkerchief to dry her hands and face with, but the boys waited for breeze and sun to take place of a towel.

When all the threshers were ready, the whole party dropped down on the grass and fell to eating. Afterwards the women drew water from the well and washed their dishes. But those who have been at work sat still. Presently, Charley and Dick and Thad sprang up and hurried over to the straw stack, to return each with his arms full of straw. This they spread down in the shade, where they and Marzee could sit on it or lie on it and rest.

For perhaps an hour and a half the thresher-people rested and talked. Then they bestirred themselves and made ready to clean up.

While the two men, with wooden-toothed rakes, fell to raking the broken straw out of the chaff, Thad and Charley Dick went out into the fence-corners, and soon came back with their arms full of broomweeds. Bunches of these they tied together with buckskin strings, thus making a number of rude brooms.

With these brooms the women and Marzee went to sweeping the threshing floor--sweeping the wheat and chaff into piles. From the piles the two boys, using one a big pan and the other a wooden half-bushel, carried the mixed grain and chaff over and poured it upon a spread-out wagon sheet, at one side of the little log granary. Grainary these people called it. With a spelling to fit, their pronunciaton was doubtless correct--more correct than the other.

Promptly Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Dayberry proceeded to winnow the wheat-- separate it from its straw and chaff. There were fans, turned by cranks, that would do this work. In fact, a few such fans had found their way out into this frontier country. But these people had no fan, and they were going to make use of more primitive means.

Mr. Wilkins climbed up on top of his granary, which was roofed with a mound of straw. Then a second wagon sheet was spread on the ground. This one in front of the granary door. Now Mr. Dayberry, filling a water bucket with the chaffy wheat, handed it up to the man on the roof. At times there was a good breeze. Waiting till the breeze began to blow strongly, Mr. Wilkins raised the bucket high and proceeded to pour out its contents.

Having twelve or fifteen feet to fall, the plump-grained wheat dropped to the sheet below, but the wind swept the chaff and broken straw--most of it many yards away.

Thus the work of cleaning up went on during the rest of the afternoon. None of it was very hard. Nor, for that matter, was it particularly easy.

When the last of the chaff grain had been swept up and put through the winnowing process, there was a good-sized pile of clean wheat on the wagon sheet in front of the granary door. Now this was taken up in the half-bushel, to measure it, and then poured through the little square door into the granary. When all had been measured, the total of third day's threshing was found to be about fifteen bushels. And wonderfully fine, plump-grained wheat it was. For this was a natural wheat country.

Their day's work ended, Mr. Wilkins began to "gear up" his horses, and Thad set off to drive back Spot and Jerry. By this time the oxen were so far away that their bell could scarcely be heard. When they had been brought back, yoked and put to the wagon tongue, and their bell stuffed with grass, the Dayberry family climbed into their wagon and drove away toward the fort. And after them drove the Wilkinses. Close behind the wagons came Charley Dick and Thad, each riding one horse and leading another. In due time--at dusk it was--the two wagons drove into the fort, where they were stopped, each in front of its owner's door, and near his woodpile.

"Well, now, we must try to git a soon start tomorr', and do at least a few bushels better'n we done today," Mr. Dayberry remarked, while they were taking out their teams.

"That ought to be easy," Mr. Wilkins made reply. "We had to clean off our ring this mornin', and then tromp it and beat it hard before we could buckle down to shore-'nough thrashin'. Won't be no more gittin' ready in the mornin."

"A Whole Passle of Redskins."

Bright and early the following morning the Wilkinses and the Dayberrys were in their wagons, driving away toward the Wilkins farm. The threshing floor being ready, they had nothing to do but to throw down their wheat from the stack and spread it in a layer. And the six horses--Charley Dick was still helping--were soon tramping the strawy circle again.

Once, while Mr. Dayberry was tossing wheat, a slight sensation was caused when he threw down a big, black chicken snake with some sheaves. The reptile was quickly raked out of the wheat and killed, then flung aside.

After that the smaller children, having nothing better to do, got a forked stick and carried or dragged the snake away to the fence, where they hung it up on the end rail. Soon Mr. Wilkins noticed them.

"Looky here, young uns, what you doin' there?" he demanded.

"We're hanging' this snake belly up, so's to fetch rain," one of the children called back.

"You little gumps! What do you mean?" the man shouted, half jokingly, perhaps. Certainly he was half in earnest. "Who wants rain in thrashin' time, with stacks half tore down? Take that thing right down from there, and be quick about it!"'

Obediently the little ones used their forked stick again, pushing the snake from the rail. It lay in the fence corner, still writhing, because it couldn't die till sundown, no matter how much you killed it. So everybody here believed, or professed to believe.

By dinner time the six horses, still ridden and led by the two boys and Marzee, had tramped out more wheat than on the day before. After that came dinner and an hour or two of resting. Later the threshers swept up and gathered up the wheat, as before, and put it on one of their wagon sheets, by the granary. But not breeze enough was blowing to separate the chaff from the grain. So they had to leave it lying there on the sheet.

To make matters worse, not long before sunset a black cloud was seen rising in the northwest.

"To me that looks a right smart like rain," Mr. Dayberry remarked, when his attention had been called to the cloud. "Now that comes of hangin' that snake belly up!"

"Yes, and all you little shavers needs a sound spankin' for doin' it!" Mr. Dayberry said, half severely, half humorously. Whether he was in earnest would have been hard to say. If he believed in the silly superstition, he was far from being the only one who did. "Now if a rain comes up and spiles all this here wheat, you little rascals will be to blame!"

The children hung their heads bashfully, in guilty silence. All seemed very much ashamed of havin interferred with the weather.

First the unwinnowed wheat was covered with the other wagon sheet, and then the broken wheat stack was rounded over on top with straw. After that the two wagons drove away to the fort again.

Rain fell during the night. It was a storm farther south, and a rather hard rain at the fort. But when the threshers returned to the Wilkins place next morning, they found that there had been little more than a shower as far north and east as this.

"Lucky I made the little shavers put that snake down when I did!" chuckled Mr. Wilkins. "If they'd left it up there a few minutes longer, everything would ha' been soaked this mornin', instid of only sprinkled."

Thad, standing several rods away, smiled skeptically. "I'm not taking any stock in that snake's-belly business," he remarked to Charley Dick.

"You ain't! That's what everybody says."

"I know. But I don't believe a word of it. And neither does ma."

"Well, now, if it ain't so, what makes folks up and say it is fur? Answer me that, Thad Dayberry!"

Sure enough, what made people say that? And what makes them say many other things just as foolish? Thad was unable to answer the question, and it remained unanswered.

The trampling and winnowing of wheat went steadily on, day after day. Mr. Wilkins had about a hundred and fifty bushels to thresh, and the whole task required more than a week.

But at last all the wheat from that farm had been trampled out and winnowed clean and was in the granary. The granary's straw roof had also been built up with new straw; and the rest of the straw had been carefully stacked for stock feed, in rain-shedding shape. Now the two families returned to the fort. And they remained there till Mr. Wilkins could make a wagon trip to Keep's Mill, down in Denton County, a day's travel away.

One of the troubles which the threshers had encountered was in cleaning up. The wind being very uncertain, especially down in a deep valley, they had lost not a little time waiting for it. Remembering that, Mr. Dayberry, taking advantage of Mr. Wilkin's three-day trip to mill, looked about and found a settler with a fan that could be borrowed. Next morning he and Thad, with their oxen and wagon, hauled the fan up to the Dayberry place. This farm was in the deep valley of Blocker Creek, two miles above the fort, and only a mile or so west of the Wilkins place.

Soon after Mr. Wilkins had returned, the two families went to threshing again, this time on the Dayberry farm. Charley Dick was still helping,and he and Thad and Marzee rode the horses round and round in another threshing ring.

Here, as before, the threshers spent the forenoon trampling out wheat and the afternoon cleaning up. But the winnowing was different. After sweeping the wheat and chaff into piles, they poured it into the hopper of the fan. Now somebody turned a crank, which fed the wheat and chaff into the fan, and blew the chaff away as the wheat fell.

"This here turnin' a fan ain't as easy as lettin' the wind blow the chaff but," Mr. Wilkins remarked, while the threshers were finishing their first work, "it's ever so much faster, then settin' down and waitin' and waitin' for a breeze to spring up. Must ha' had a mighty smart head on his shoulders, the feller that invented this way of raisin' the wind."

So the work went on day after day, till most of the wheat on this farm had been trampled out and fanned clean, and then stored away in another little straw-covered log granary.

One afternoon, not long before night, Charley Dick was turning the fan, and Mr. Dayberry was taking up the clean wheat, in his half-bushel measure, and emptying it into the granary. The others were sweeping up the last of the day's trampling and pouring it into the fan's hopper. Now Mr. Dayberry said:

"Thad, we'll soon be cleaned up here and ready to roll out for home. I'm thinkin' you'd better step up on the ridge and fetch back Spot and Jerry. I hain't heared their bell for while. Guess they've grazed their fill and laid down."

"All right, pa.' I'll soon fetch 'em back. If I can't hear their bell when I get up there, guess maybe I can see 'em."

As Charley Dick was busy turning the fan, Thad set off alone. When over the rail fence, he climbed the steep hill which rose just beyond it, then trampled away across the high prairie. Sometimes he walked west and sometimes toward the southwest. All the while he was looking, and every now and then he stopped to listen for the ox bell.

"They must have grazed a good distance off before they lay down to rest and chew their cuds," the boy was thinking. "If I listen closely, I ought to hear a tinkle before long."

On he wandered, farther and farther. When half a mile or more out on the prairie, he saw a woman, who was also on foot, and also wandering about. Like the boy, she was evidently in search of something. On coming close, she proved to be a black woman named Liz. Just at this time she, as well as several other people, was living over on what was known as the Judge Everts place, a mile and a half toward the southwest.

"I's a-lookin' fo' a young cow what ain't comed home to be milked yit,"the negress explained.

She described the cow, but Thad had not noticed such an animal. Then he inquired if she had seen his oxen, and she answered:

"Yassah. I seed dem ah oxens o' yo'n right back yanner. Dey's a-layin' in de shade, bofe ob 'em, jes' a-chawin dey cood. I heahed dey bell go kling-a-ling, an' I go down dah, a finkin' maybe I fin' my cow wid 'em. But I ain't fin' her."

After inquiring just where the work cattle were, the boy tramped on in search of them.

Down in a rather steep hillsdie, Thad drove the cattle up and started them toward home.

Before proceeding far in that direction, he again caught sight of the black woman. At this time she was making her away down a hill, toward a ravine whose banks were overgrown with timber and brush. And now he noticed that smoke was rising from some point just beyond the timber.

"I wonder who's camped down there," the boy said to himself.

Liz kept on down the hillside till she came to the strip of woods, then disappeared into it. Apparently she was going to the smoke, perhaps to find out what had kindled the fire.

But before the boy had time to drive his oxen much farther, he was startled at hearing terrified screams, followed by a burst of what sounded like Indian yells.

A few moments later, while staring in that direction, he saw Liz rush out of the strip of woods, and then keep on running up the hill. Plainly she was in a state of terror. And the speed at which she climbed could only mean that she thought her life in danger. Also an arrow sticking in her back bore striking evidence that her fright was no delusion.

Before the woman could run many yards up the hill, the boy, watchin in fascinated horror, saw another arrow fly out of the woods and overtake her, lodging also in her back. Now the terrified negress screamed again, and fled faster then ever.

Not having brought his rifle, there was only one thing for Thad to do. He started for home at a run. He was intending to leave the oxen to look out for themselves; but they had taken fright at the Indian yells, mingled with black Liz's screams, and were quickly going at a gallop, in the same direction. Away they fled, Spot's bell clanging frightly as they ran!

The black woman was also running toward the Dayberry place. Before long she and Thad came together. The woman was still screaming. Squalling would better describe the noise she made. But a woman with two arrows in her back, and with no telling how many redskins in pursuit of her, was fully justified in making any kind of noise she wanted to make. Like Thad, she kept on after the oxen.

Spot and Jerry seemed to be running a race; and Liz and the boy were running another race, not far behind them. So wildly, furiously did the big ox bell clange out in its alarm, that Mr. Dayberry and Mr. Wilkins, as soon as they heard it, easily guessed that something was wrong. Buckling on their six-shooters and snatching up their guns, they sprang over the fence and went running up the hill.

When on the upland, they saw Spot and Jerry coming at a wild gallop, and Thad and the black woman not many yards behind. Both men stopped and stood waiting, their guns held in readiness to shoot. But they could discover nothing to shoot at.

If the two settlers had been disposed to pronounce this a false alarm, the negrees's squall, and the terrified speed at which all the fugitives were running, would have convinced them that something terrible was not far away.

The frightened work steers dashed by the men, plunged down the hill, and did not stop till they came to the wagon, which stood by the fence. But the other fugitives ceased running when they met the two armed settlers. Now the woman began to squall more loudly than ever.

"What in the world is the matter with you? What are you makin' all that awful noise about? You're enough to deefen a body--" Mr. Wilkins was saying, when Liz turned to look behind her. At sight of those two arrows the man understood.

Too Scared to Count

At first the negress nor Thad could speak. After their flight for life, both were grasping for breath. Liz was the first to recover.

"Oh, dem red debbles--dem red debbles--dem red debbles! Dey done gawn an' kill me plumb daid! Dat's w'at dey hav--plumb daid!" she wailed.

"No, no, Liz! You ain't dead yit! You're worth a dozen dead niggers!" Mr. Wilkins hastened to assure her. "Where was you when they shot them arr's into you?"

At first the woman could not calm herself sufficiently to explain. But at length she replied: "I out lookin' fo' young cow, what ain't comed home to her ca'f. W'en I git close ter branch out yanner on de prerry, I goes down ter de timber, ter fin' out ef dat cow ain't some'r's in dat bresh. W'en I mos' down dah, w'at I see but a camp fiah buhnin', an a whole passle ob niggahs settin' close aroun' hit, a-cookin' der suppah? Leastways dat's wat dey look lak ter me--niggahs. And so I marches right up to 'em, bold as ebber you seed. But w'en I ain't sech a great ways frum 'em, up dey jumps, an' fust' ting I knows dey lettin' fly dem arr's right at me! Cose I runs, hahd as ebber I can streak ~~it;~~ but I cain't outrun dem arr's! Nobody cain't outrun Ingin arr's! But dey's kill em! Oh, lawsy, dey's done gawn an' kill me!'"

"No, no, Liz. Nobody that can run like you ain't nowheres near dead," Mr. Wilkins proteted. "Maybe we can pull them arr's out. They're ruther short ones, I'm guessin'."

But when an attempt was made to remove the arrows, the black woman set up such a frightful outcry that the attempt had to be given up. After assuring themselves that no Indians were coming in pursuit the men took Liz on down to the wagon. Now the question was: What should be done with her till somebody could go for a doctor?"

On inquiring of the negress, they learned that the present owner of the Everts place, a man named Hufaker, was there with a rather numerous party, trampling out wheat, drying peaches and doing similar work. Hufaker lived farther east, in a more thickly settled country, and much of the time this farm was allowed to take care of itself. The black woman would soon be missed by her frieds, and it was thought best to take her home.

So she was set on a horse, and Mr. Dayberry and Mr. Wilkins, both mounted, accompanied her. The rest of the threshers, in their wagons, drove away down the creek toward the fort. Thad was driving his father's wagon and Charley Dick the Wilkinses' wagon.

The people in the two wagons were very anxious, now knowing at what moment Indians might rush out of the brush by the roadside and fall upon them. But they reached the shelter of the fort without being molested. It was after dark when the two men arrived there.

"Did you see anything of the red boogers, pa?" Thad inquired, eagerly. Mr. Dayberry was unsaddling at the loom-house door.

"Not a thing--narry thing. Of course they may still be down there, hidin' in the bresh some'r's. We didn't go down lookin' for 'em. Two white men hain't got no business pokin' around where a big bunch of redskins may be hidin'."

"How many Indians were in the bunch, Thad?" Mrs. Wilkins now called out. She was standing in her own back yard.

"You can't prove that by me, ma'am. I heard 'em yell, and wasn't more than a quarter of a mile from 'em. But I didn't catch a glimpe of even one. They were all behind a strip of woods; that is, while I was looking that way. Their yells sounded like there must have been a dozen or so of 'em."

"Liz saw 'em. How many did she say were in the bunch, Silas?" Mrs. Dayberry, who had also come out, now demanded of her husband.

"Oh, Liz was too bad skeered to do any countin'. And you couldn't blame her--you couldn't blame her."

"No. All we could git out of Liz, and all Hufaker could git our of her when he questioned her, was that she'd seen 'a whole passle ob redskins'," Mr. Wilkins now spoke up.

"And how did Liz appear to be by the time you got her home?" Mrs. Dayberry wanted to know.

"Better, I'd say. At least a little better. We found a considerable party at the Everts place. Guess Hufaker is afeard to vencher out to his farm by hisself. And all of 'em seemed not a little excited when they heard what had happened to their nigger woman. But they started a man off right away for Doc Balley. No tellin', though, whether Doc can save her or not."

"Guess that all depends on how deep them arr's went in," Mr. Dayberry remarked.

Chunky Joe Wilson's Shooting-Match.

It had been after sunset when the news reached Fort Blocker that red raiders were in the country, and that they had shot two arrows into black Liz. Not many men were there at the time; but next morning a party of them armed themselves, mounted their horses, and rode away in quest of the raiders.

First they stopped at the Everts place, where Lieutenant Reel, who was in charge of the pursuing party, went in to inquire how the wounded woman was, and to see if anything more could be learned from her. Doctor Bailey had already been there, having come the night before; and he had removed the arrows. The Comanches had been known to poison their arrow spikes. But the black woman's wounds showed no signs of poison. The doctor had expressed the opinion that, unless unforeseen complications set in, she was in no serious danger.

Nothing new could be learned from Liz, and the scouts rode on over to the place where she had been wounded.

It was easy enough to find the raiding war-party's camp. The ashes of their camp fire were still there, but the fire itself, being of brush and small wood, had gone out. And not far away lay the carcass of a young cow--probably the same cow that Liz had been hunting. They had shot the animal down, and had then kindled a fire and cooked as much of her flesh as they cared to eat. It was while they were eating that Liz, mistaking them for some of her own people, had made the dangerous blunder of trying to join them.

**This black woman's experience is told just as it happened. She finally recovered from her arrow wounds.*

When the scouts had learned all that could be learned from the camp, and from examining the place where the Indians' horses had been tied, they mounted again and rode on their way, now following the trail.

And the trail was now easy to follow. Indeed, there was scarcely a possibility of following it as fast as the red horsemen had made it. But all day long the scouts trailed the raiders westward, though without once catching a glimpse of an Indian. It was about midnight when they returned to the fort.

A day or two later the Dayberrys, still assisted by the Wilkins family, drove up and finished threshing their wheat crop. It was while they were still busy there that Roe Wilson, son of Chunky Joe Wilson, came riding by and invited the men and boys to a shooting match.

Chunky Joe, as he was nearly always called, had been the first settler in this part of the country. He lived over in the edge of the Cross Timbers, his being one of the few families that had not yet moved to Fort Blocker, or to any of the other forts.

"You goin', Thad?" Charley Dick inquired, after Roe had ridden on.

"Yes, I am. That is, if pa'll let me. And how about you, Charley Dick?"

"You're mighty right I'll be there, unless pap says I cain't. You goin' to shoot, Thad?"

"I'd like to, the best kind. But don't guess I can. Everybody that shoots has got to pay. And it's little money I can rake and scrape. Can't rustle up a dollar to my name."

"Me neither, Thad. So I reckon that lets me and you out, as fur as shootin' our own selves goes. But we can watch the others blaze away. What's Chunky Joe goin' to have 'em shoot fur? A beef, same as usual?"

"Why, no. Didn't you hear what Roe said about that? But that must have been while you were after the horse of yours that got loose. Anyhow, Roe told us they had a lot of things they expected to let people shoot for. That is, if men enough want any of the things to make up the prize. One of the prizes Roe mentioned was a saddle. That's what I need, and that's what I'd try for if I had any money to pay for shots. And then--"

"Roe didn't say nothin' about narry gun, did he, Thad?"

"Yes, he did. I recollect that. I'm not caring about any more guns; but I knew you might be wanting one."

"I'd say I do want one! That's jest what I'm needin' so dreadful bad--a gun. Reckon, though, chances is mighty slim for me gittin' any."

"No telling, Charley Dick. That is, if you had money enough to shoot. That was a good shot you made when you knocked over that wolf that was chasing your uncle's sheep. If you could shoot as well as that another time, you'd have as good a chance as anybody for the gun. I'm pretty sure of that."

The other boy looked pleased. "If you think so, Thad, I'm goin' to ast pap for money enough for--for a few shots. If he'll let me, I'll do my level best to pack home that shootin' iron. Did Roe say what kind of a gun it was?"

"Yes. It's a--a musket."

"Army musket, eh? Them kind of guns ain't nothin' to brag on. Still, they're a long sight better'n none. I'd lots ruther have a rifle, or even a shot-gun, but--"

"A musket's both--two in one. You can ram a big ball into 'em if you want to. That's what they're made to use. But they'll shoot shot just as well --buck-shot, or bird-shot, or even slugs, or nails. Grandpa used to say a musket was like a mule. They can both stand anything and still be able to kick."

"Yes, I know. Nothin' cain't make a musket much worse than it is. Main trouble I'm thinkin' about, you cain't hit nothin' with the things--nothin' littler'n the side of a house. Still, they make a thunderin' big noise. You can skeer things to death if you cain't shoot 'em. And even a musket beats goin' around without any shootin' irons--beat it all holler. So guess maybe I'll try for Chunky Joe's musket if pap'll let me."

One Saturday morning, about two weeks later, Thad and Charley Dick rode out of Fort Blocker, at the northwest corner. Thad had his own rifle slung to his saddle horn, and Charley Dick his father's. They were on their way to the shooting match.

When at length the two rode up to the Wilson's yard fence, they saw Chunky Joe standing in front of his cabin door.

The maker of the shooting match was, as his nickname indicated, a short, fat man. He wore a short, curly, reddish-brown beard, and had curly hair which would have been very black but for a slight reddish tinge.

"Light and hitch your nags, boys, and come right in!" the settler invited cordially, heartily.

"Hain't nobody else come to your shootin' match yit, Mr. Wilson?" Charley Dick inquired. By this time the two boys had hitched their horses to limbs; and with their guns they had climbed over the low panel in the rail fence which served for a yard gate.

"No, not yit. But it's early. Reckon more will be showin' up around here before a great while. Anybody else comin' from Fort Blocker?"

"Oh yes, sir! There'll be ever so many here from the fort," Thad hastened to assure him. "We happened to get ready first, and we didn't wait for the others."

"We 'lowed we'd ride on ahead, so's to have time to look at the prizes you're goin' to let us shoot fur," Charley Dick explained.

"Well, come in, and I'll show you most of the prizes. Of course I cain't say for certain just what things will be shot fur and what won't. That depends on whether men enough want to shoot for anything to make up the price." The two boys were now shown the various objects, which the marksmen would be likely to compete for. Naturally, Charley Dick was most interested in the army musket. He handled the gun and sighted it, and was much pleased at the thought of owning it.

Two of the prospective prizes attracted Thad's attention. One was a saddle, the other a sow with young pigs--a "razorback" sow. While of a rather sorry breed, she would survive if turned out in the woods or on the prairies to make her own living. And that was what the boy had in mind to do with her, sooner or later.

Ere long other people began to arrive. Hitching their horses out in the woods, they entered the yard but not the cabin. One of the first to come was Dan'l Green Menasco, from the Menasco settlement. There a number of frontiersmen, instead of erecting an actual fort, had built their cabins so near together that they would be able to assit one another if attacked by Indians. The Menascos were from Illinois.

A few minutes behind Dan'l Green and his neighbors came a rather numerous party from Fort Blocker. By ten o'clock, thirty or forty saddled horses were hitched in the woods near the house; and thirty or forty men and big boys were in the front yard or out by the woodpile, chatting and laughing.

When it seemed that everybody had come that could be expected, Chunky Joe led the way out into the woods. All the crowd followed him eagerly. Stopping by a big post oak, he began to nail a sheet of foolscap paper to it. There was a special object in choosing a tree with a thick trunk.

Two black ink lines were on the paper, one running up and down, the other horizonally. Where the lines crossed was a black spot; and it was through the black spot that every marksman would try to drive his bullet.

The first prize to be shot for was a saddle. It was not a very good saddle, but Thad had his eye on it. Mr. Dayberry owned a saddle, and of course the boy could have that when it was not in use. But while his father was away from home, Thad must ride bareback, or borrow a saddle, or walk.

Joe Wilson had brought the saddle out. When all who were interested had examined it, Chunky Joe said:

"Now how many of you fellers think you'd like to shoot for this?"

More than twenty persons presented themselves. The saddle's owner named a price of ten dollars--ten dollars in hard money; and he announced that each person who shot would have to pay forty cents.

All paid promptly, and the time came for the shooting match to begin. Thad Dayberry, who had recently sold a dressed deerskin for a dollar and a half, was one of those who paid for a shot.

Chunky Joe now asked Dan'l Green Menasco to step off seventy-five paces from the target tree. When that had been done, Roe Wilson brought a stake and an axe and drove down the stake to indicate the place. Then Menasco stepped off another fifty yards, and another stake was driven down. Now Chunky Joe announced:

"Them that wants to shoot with a rest can do their shootin' back here. And them that wants to shoot without a rest can stand with their toes ag'in' that other stake. Who wants to shoot with a rest?"

Several of those who had paid now stepped forward, Thad among them.

"We'll shoot from the other stake first," the maker of the shooting match announced. And the crowd followed him back to the stake that was only seventy-five yards from the target tree.

"Now I'm goin' to ask Dan'l Green Menasco and Bill Perryman to watch the target paper and kept the markin's. Air them two men satisfactory to all of you?" Chunky Joe, inquired.

"Suits me all right, them two does," one of the shooters answered. And all who made any reply said the same thing.

So Menasco and Perryman walked over and took their stands, one at a safe distance to the left of the target tree and the other at a safe distance to the right.

"Now who'd like to shoot first?" the master of ceremonies inquired. "Don't be bashful! First come first served!"

"Jest soon take my pop first at last," a man from the Menasco settlement remarked, as he stepped forward from the half circle of men and boys.

With his toes against the stake, the marksman cocked and raised his rifle, took a long and careful aim, and fired.

As soon as the rifle cracked, Menasco and Perryman advanced, meeting at the tree. After finding the bullet hole in the paper, they made a ring around it with a pencil, and put a figure 1 by the ring. They also wrote the same number, followed by the name of the shooter, on another piece of paper.

When the next offhand marksman had fired, the markers did the same thing. Only they put a figure 2 by the ring around the second bullet hole. And so the shooting and the marking went on.

All who had chosen to shoot with a rest had their turns, and then the crowd moved back to the farther stake. There a fork was set up, and marksman after marksman rested his rifle in it and fired.

No report had yet been made of the results of the contest. But one thing was known. As yet nobody had put a bullet through the black spot. When that was done the markers would call out. After every shot Thad had listened eagerly; but, to his great relief, no such announcement had been made. Modestly he waited till all the others who had paid to shoot had taken their turns. Then he came forward.

"This fork's too high for you, ain't it, bud?" Chunky Joe inquired.

"Yes, sir; guess it is--just a little. But that's no matter. I'd rather shoot lying down."

One or two others had already shot from that attitude, and a small log had been placed near the stake for that purpose. Thad threw himself down behind the log, rested his flintlock across it, and made ready to fire.

He had attended a number of shooting matçhes; but this was the first he had ever taken part in. Now, to his no small dismay, he found himself very nervous. Indeed, it was almost as bad as when he had first attempted to shoot a deer. At that time he had suffered from a very pronounced attack of what frontier hunters called "buck auger". But now he finally got his hands fairly steady, and fired.

Thad's shot being the last, the crowd at once moved forward till they were around the target tree. Here Dan'l Green Menasco began to read out the names of those who had shot, with the distance of each man's bullet from the center of the target.

In view of the fact that these people had guns in their hands so much of the time, and that they never went anywhere unarmed, their shooting was not particularly good. Nobody had missed the tree, but three had missed the paper. When the fact was read after a marksman's name, it always raised a laugh, and the guilty man never failed to blush.

The best shot had missed the black spot by more than an inch. After his nervousness, Thad was not surprised that three bullets wre nearer the center of the target than his. When this fact was mentioned by the markers, several of the men spoke to Thad in praise of what he had done, and Charley Dick said:

"Mighty straight shootin', that was, Thad. Twenty-four other fellers shot that time, and you laid it over twenty-one of 'em, men and big boys. If I could only do as well as that, I'd be tickled to death."

But Thad was far from being pleased. "Precious little good that does me, Charley Dick! My forty cents is gone, and I'll have to keep on straddling a horse's backbone!"

"Oh well, what's the differ'nce? You'll do better next time, like as not. wonder what they'll put up next."

Various other objects were offered and shot for now; but neither of the two boys was interested enough to take any part in the shooting. At last Roe Wilson brought out the army musket.

Such guns did not stand very high in the public estimation, because with most of them accurate shooting was impossible. But weapons of any kind were hard to obtain here--could not be bought new. And after Chunky Joe had named a price, so many announced their intention of competing for the musket that the cost of a shot was only twenty-five cents.

"I'll tell you what, Charley," spoke up a settler from Indian Creek. "Sell a shot around to every feller that's anxious to try his luck. Then, after the markers tells us how the bullets has hit, let anybody that hopes to do better buy another shot, or as many shots as he's got the hard money to pay fur, and blaze away ag'in."

"Does that suit everybody? Air all of you willin' to that?" Wilson inquired.

Nobody objected, and it was understood that every person could shoot as often as he cared to pay for a shot.

Again the marksmen were permitted to choose between offhand shooting at seventy-five yards and shooting with a rest at a hundred and twenty-five yards. Both Charley Dick and Thad paid for a shot apiece; and both elected to shoot from a rest. Their guns were rather heavy for boys of their strength to hold up. All the other boys that were shooting were larger than they.

Thad himself had no interest in the musket. But he was going to shoot for it, in the hope of winning it for his friend, if Charley Dick should fail to win it for himself. And that boy admitted that his own chances for capturing the army weapon were not very great.

It Speaks Mighty Well for the Boy!"

A new sheet of foolscap was tacked up against the target tree, and the shooting and marking began. When those who wanted to shoot offhand had finished, the foolscap was so full of holes that still another sheet had to be used. Now the crowd moved back to the farther stake, and the rifles began to crack again. Marksman after marksman did his best to win the prize. Charley Dick and Thad kept themselves in the background till all the others had had their turns. Then they came forwrd.

Now Charley Dick threw himself down behind the log and prepared to shoot. He was noticeably excited and nervous. This was his first time to take part in a shooting match, and he was very anxious to carry home that musket. Seeing that his friend's hands were shaking, Thad stooped down ovr him and whispered:

"Don't be in a hurry. Hold till your hands are steady. My trouble before was that I shot too soon."

The boy stretched out on the ground, with his rifle across the log, tried to act upon this advice. He waited for a minute or two, fidgeting about; but his excitement seemed to grow worse rather than better. At last he fired.

Now came Thad's turn. He, too, stretched himself on the ground, with his rifle across the log. He was less excited than when shooting before. And this time he could take a steadfast, accurate aim.

Buy lying on the ground, with nearly forty pair of eyes focused upon im, was not, he soon discovered, the best place to keep one's nerves steady. However, he took his time, sighted long and carefully, and at length pressed the trigger.

That being the last shot, at least for the present, the crowd again moved forward as one man, till they had surrounded the target tree. Now Menasco began to read off the numbers and names, while Perryman called out the distance from the center spot that each shooter's bullet had struck the target paper. Several had missed the target. Two had even missed the tree. Most of the bullets had not struck anywhere near the black spot.

As the end of the list came near, both Thad and his friend listened anxiously. "Bet a button I missed the tree!" Charley Dick muttered.

But it was not so bad as that. Indeed whether by design or accident, his bullet had hit within an inch and a half of the center. However, four bullets had struck nearer than his. Now the two boys listened eagerly for the next name.

"Thad Dayberry," read Menasco from his paper; and then he added the number.

"His shot come purty close to the black spot--a little less than an inch," Perryman said. "Only one bullet closer than his, and that's George Reel's."

"How close is his bullet--Lieutenant Reel's bullet?" Thad demanded, quickly.

"A little less than three-quarters of an inch, I'd say, jest measurin' it by my eye. I can see that it's closer'n yo'r bullet. They're almost together, the two holes."

With his hand in his pocket, the boy turned to Chunky Joe. "Another shot for me if you please, Mr. Wilson."

"To be shore, Thad, to be shore," the settler answered, as he pocketed the money. "Anybody else want to try a second shot? he inquired, glancing round at the crowd.

But nobody answered. Apparently Thad was the only one of the shooters who thought he had not done his best.

"Will you be wantin' another shot, George?" Chunky Joe inquired of the winner.

"Not just yet, Joe. I don't need it yet. Wait till Thad tries again. So far I'm closer than he is. If he comes closer than I did, I may take another pop at the thing."

So Thad advanced to the log, threw himself down, and again made ready to fire.

Lying with part of his weight on his elbows, and with is flintlock resting across the chunk of wood, Thad aimed long and carefully. Not till the two sights of his rifle and the black center of the target had become a fixed line did he press the trigger. And even after that he had got hold very still; for there was first a flash and then the report of the gun. When it was all over, the boy sprang to his feet.

The crowd did not move toward the target tree. The markers were seen to examine the paper, and then to be measuring. Later they came toward the crowd. Both looked pleased.

"Well, that was the closest shot of all," Dan'l Green announced. "Bullet struck a little less than half an inch from the center spot. That's more than a quarter of an inch closer than the next nearest shot--George Reel's shot."

"Now Chunky Joe looked at the lieutenant of the scouts. "The boys's laid over you so fur, George. Would you like to try another pop?"

Reel hesitated. "Believe I will. No certainty, though, that I can do any better. But I'll try, just the same."

He did not lie down to shoot, but rested his gun in the fork. The whole crowd waited anxiously, almost breathlessly, while he was taking aim. When the rifle had cracked, all moved briskly toward the target tree. By the time they arrived there, the markers had read the target was were ready to announce the result. Everybody awaited the report eagerly, and nobody more eagerly than Charley Dick and Thad. Thad was wondering just how well Lieutenant Reel had shot; and Charley Dick was hoping that the prize would come to him. It was understood between the two boys that if Thad won the musket Charley Dick would own it.

"If he's laid it over you this time, will you shoot ag'in, Thad?"

"Yes, I will. Of course I will. That is, unless Lieutenant Reel has knocked the center out of the black spot. Maybe I will anyhow."

"If you'll try one more pop, I'll pay for it, Thad. I've got money for one shot more. I'm jest nachelly bound to pack home that there musket if the's any chance."

"I'm with you, Charley Dick! And you can risk me to do my level best.

But at this point Menasco remarked: "You'll have to shoot straighter than that, George. Your last shot hit just a little further off than you first one. And the boy's bullet hole is still the closest to the center."

Now all eyes were turned toward Reel, and Chunky Joe said to him:

"Still room to do better, Lieutenant. Not a soul has teched the black spot yet, let alone the center of it. Better take another chance."

But Reel shook his head. "That's enough. If I'm getting worse, the sooner I quit the better. I might miss the paper next time--or the tree," he laughed.

Now the master of ceremonies held the musket high and called out, addressing the crowd:

"Still aboit half an inch between the nighest bullet hole and the black spot! Who wants to git closter? This is a bully good gun, and the feller that lands nighest the center totes her home!"

"B'lieve I'll try one shot more, just for luck!" answered a settler who had come with Menasco. "I don't calculate to hit anything, but maybe I can sorter keep my shootin' hand in. It's offhand for me."

Two other men examined the musket, then remarked to Chunky Joe that they would take another shot apiece. One would shoot without a rest, the the other with a rest. So the crowd moved back to the seventy-five yard stake and waited.

When the first of the men had fired, the markers read the target and called out:

"Five other bullets closer than that one!"

At this everybody laughed. And when the second man had fire, a very similar result was announced, which started another laugh. Now all moved back to the second stake.

Here the other man who was to shoot threw himself down on his elbows and rested his rifle across the log. Now everybody awaited the shot eagerly, and the two boys almost held their breath.

After a very careful, deliberate aiming, the shooter fired. The markers did not call out, but could be seen shaking their heads as they examined the paper. When they had returned to the crowd, Dan'l Green said:

"Reel and the boy are still closer than anybody else. You'll have to shoot straightr than that, whoever wants the musket. Otherwise the Dayberry boy will pack it home with him."

Chunky Joe now urged others to shoot, but nobody cared to try agan. Finally he announced:

"If that's the best you can do the musket goes to--Let's see, what's your name, bud? Oh yes, Dayberry. If you're all done, the army musket belongs to Thad Dayberry. It don't speak so overly well for he country when a twelve or fourteen-year-old boy can drop in and take a prize away from all the men. Seems to me like--"

"But it speaks mighty well for the boy," Menasco remarked.

"Right you air, Chunky!" a settler from Mountain Creek called out. "It's a shame for us men--a burnin' shame for every last one of us! But when a feller cain't help his pore self, why, he cain't, and that's all the' is to it. So let the younster have the gun and welcome. He's earned it."

"He has that!" Wilson agreed. "And now I'm glad--glad to turn the prize over to 'im."

Thad received the weapon, half bashfully, then retreated into the crowd.

"Well, here she is, Charley Dick! I raked her in for you, by hard scratching."

"You bet you did, Thad! Sorry I couldn't shoot straight enough to rake her in for myself. But when a body cain't a body cain't. I'm tickled to won a gun at last. I've been needin' one ever so long. Now that I've got a gun of my own, maybe I can learn how to shoot straighter, so's to pack off some shootin'-match prizes for myself. First thing, though, I've got to hustle up some powder and caps and balls."

The shooting went on. Various prizes were put up and shot for. But for a time Thad and his friend did nothing but watch other shoot. At last, however, the sow with five young pigs was offered as a prize. Now Thad bestirred himself and made ready to compete.

Most of the settlers had hogs of their own, and they did not care of any more. Some of them--a few--had pretty good breeds of hogs. But this sow was only a woods ranger. That, however, did not make her any less valuable in Thad's eyes. The better breeds had to be fed and protected from beasts of prey. But these razorbacks, or scrub stocks, could shift for themselves. They could take to the brush, and not only root for a living, but they could fight off wolves and wildcats and cougars. For this half-wild country the sorriest breed was perhaps the best.

When all the men and big boys who expected to shoot for the sow had paid for the privilege, the rifles began to crack. As before, some marksmen shot from the nearer stake, without a rest, and some from the farther stake, with their guns in a fork or across a log.

Again Thad, in his modesty, kept himself in the background and was the last to shoot. When the shooting was ended, two other bullets were close to the center of the target than Thad's. However, the boy promptly paid for another shot, and this time he drove his bullet nearest to the black spot.

But others also shot again. And one of their bullets was still closer to the center than Thad's. There was room for further improvement, however, and the boy tried another shot--his third shot. This time his bullet was nearest of all to the center.

But the fact that a boy was on the point of carrying off his second prize so provoked competition that nearly a dozen men and big boys took it upon themselves to wrest the from him.

Thad, watching eagerly, stood ready to try again if that should be necessary. Most of the bullets struck farther away than Thad's best shot; but one was closer--almost against the black spot.

Promptly the determined boy paid for another chance. Very carefully he reloaded his rifle. This\ time he was resolved to knock the very center out of the target. And though he did not quite succeed, he had the satisfaction of hearing the markers announce that his last shot was the closet of all. His bullet had passed through the edge of the black spot. Surprised at the She Wolf's Den.

But by this time excitement was running high, and more than twenty other shots were fired. Thad waited anxiously. Though doubtful if he could do better than he had already done, he would have been willing to try again. But, unfortunately, he had no more money. Charley Dick had a little, and offered him that.

But no other shot was needed. When all who cared to do so had done their best to capture the prize, the markers announced that Thad's last bullet was still closest to the center. So, much to his satisfaction, the sow and pigs were awarded to him.

Another hour or two of shooting followed. But most of the time Thad and his friend did little except to look on. When the last prize was offered, Charley Dick decided to try for that.

This prize was the privilege of picking the lead out of the target tree's trunk. Many shots had been fired here this day, and there must have been at least two or three hundred pounds of flattened bullets in the tree. They were just under the bark, most of them, and would be tedious but not hard to dig out.

Though Charley Dick Shot twice--all the shots that he had money to pay for--and did pretty well each time, there were others who did better, and he failed to win the prize. However, the fact that he now had a gun of his own kept him from feeling seriously disappointed.

By this time it was late in the day, and the crowd soon scattered away. Thad and Dick Charley returned to Fort Blocker alone. Charley Dick, now with three guns in front of him, was riding his own horse and leading Thad's. The other boy was on foot, driving his prize sow with a rope and a dogwood switch. The switch was to make her go; and the rope, which was tied to her hind leg, was to keep her from going too fast, or in the wrong direction. The pigs, being young, would not get far from their mammy's heels.

Not a little trouble the long-legged, long-nosed brute caused her driver at first. And she had to be stopped from running away often. But in time she learned to follow the road. The sun was setting when the boys drove her into the square at Fort Blocker.

Very proud Thad felt over this prize of his; and both he and Charley Dick never tired of telliing by what hard shooting she had been won. All night, and till about ten o'clock next day, the sow was kept out in the square, tied to a good-sized log at the woodpile. Her new owner fed her, dishwater and such other tings as he could find, including a hatful of acorns. Still later she was put into the cow pen till Thad and is father could drive over to the Cross Timbers for a load of rails. With these a hogpen was built, against the cow pen. Now the sow was kept in her own pen. The pigs, being small enough to slip between the rails, went wherever they pleased. After being gentled and accustomed to their new surroundings, the whole razorback family would be permitted to run at larger.

It was only a few days after the shooting match that Charley Dick and Thad decided to go hunting. By this time Charley Dick had some powder and lead and caps, and, naturally, he was eager to try his new gun. So, early one morning, the two boys set off together.

Both were on foot, and each carried his gun on his shoulder. After crossing Blocker, they tramped away down the stream, keeping not a great distance from its far bank.

"What you loaded with, Charley Dick? A big bullet?"

"Naw. Narry big bullet have I got, nor any big bullet molds to run 'em with. So what did I up and do but beat out a piece of lead thin, and then cut it into bits with my knife and a hammer. And that's what I'm loaded with."

"Loaded with slugs, eh? What do you think you can kill with 'em, and how far off?"

"Whatever I can hit, and as fur as I can hit it. I'll jest bet a button I could knock a redskin cold with her!"

"If you didn't take the buck ague."

"Could do that, I guess. But it would be mighty unlucky for me if I did."

On the two young hunters wandered, looking for game but seeing none that they cared to shoot at. The country was not a little broken over here--almost mountainous, in fact. But for that very reason, they knew, game would be more likely to be found here. At length the two paused on the bank of a deep ravine, or gorge.

After following the bank till they came to a sloping place, they started to cross. But, when down in the bottom, they could not easily climb the farther bank. So they turned and followed the dry ravine toward its head. It led them a hundred or two hundred yards out into the prairie. At length they came to where the ravine ended under a rockly ledge.

Before coming to the ledge, they had discovered a sort of patch leading up the ravine. Both had suspicions that some wild animal had trampled out the path. And when they came to the ledge and found that the path disappered under it, they knew that some beast of prey had its den there.

"What do you redkon it is, Thad? Co'gar?" Charley Dick spoke cautiously, almost in awed tones.

"No telling. May be a co'gar, and then again it may be a wolf. Lots more wolves than co'gars; so it's more likely to turn out a wolf, I'm guessing."

"Reckon the booger's in there now?"

"Could be. More apt to be away, though. We can soon find out."

At some time in the past a piece of the ledge had broken off, and one edge of it had dropped down, so as to shut up the mouth of the opening under the ledge. At one side of this fallen block of rock was a not very large hole, which was the only opening into the cavern-like place under the ledge. It was into this hole that the dim game path led.

First cocking his rifle, Thad stooped and tried to peer into the cavern. But it seemed to be filled with impenetrable darkness. Picking up a loose stone, he flung it through the hole. He was listening, and also stood ready to spring aside and shoot if some wild beast should rush out. But no wild beast or anything else appeared; and only the clattering of the stone on the cavern's rockly floor could be heard.

"This is bound to be some big varmit's den. But the varmint's not at home just now."

"Then it must have little uns in there, Thad. That's all a big varmint would want with a den this season of the year--to hide her young uns in."

"Mighty strong animal smell here. Wouldn't surprise me if there should be some kind of young varmints in there somewhere. Believe I'll crawl in and see what I can discover."

"Better not, Thad. The old booger might be in there, after all. Then you'd find yourself in a tight fix--dredful tight fix."

"Oh, I'm going to push my rifle before me, so as to be ready to shoot if I see anyting dangerous."

"But it's little you can see in that black hole."

"Not at first. But I'll poke my head in a foot or two and then wait till my eyes get used to the darkness. After that, if nothing else, I can see the booger's eyes shining."

"All right. Try that if you're a mind to, Thad. But I'd lots ruther it was you tried it than me."

As a further precaution before venturing to crawl into the dark hole, Thad found a long stick and thrust it in as far as he could reach. But no growl or similar sound came out, and he felt sure that the den's owner was not at home just now.

"Nothing dangerous in there, Charley Dick. But I'm going to find out what is in there. And I'm not going to bother to take my gun, either," he added, as he stood the weapon against the bank of the ravine.

Now, dropping to his hands and knees, he began to creep into the hole. By turning to one side, he succeeded, by hard work, in squeezing himself through. When in where there was plenty of room, he paused till his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. While waiting he looked everywhere for shining eyes, but saw none.

Soon he could distinguish, dimly, the outlines of the place he was in. The hollow under the ledge was eight or ten feet wide and five or six yards deep. But the rock roof was less than a yard above the rocky floor.

"Found anything?" the boy outside soon called in.

"Not yet. Now big booger here, though. I'm sure of that."

"Then b'lieve I'll crawl in too, Thad. What do you say?"

"I say don't do anything of the kind. Mighty strong smell of some varmint in this hole. Hasn't been long since the creature was here. And may not be long till it comes back. We don't dare let the booger catch both of us in here at the same time. It would eat us alive. You keep a sharp lookout, Charley Dick."

"I'm right here at the hole. Let any booger thing come that wants to? I'd like to see how my new gun shoots, anyhow. Have you found any bed where the varmint sleeps, Thad?"

"Not yet. Can't see well enough for that. I'll just have to crawl around and feel. Wish to goodness I had a light. Don't like crawling in dark places. Too many snakes in this country.

"Snakes don't hole up much in the summertime."

On his hands and knees at the cavern's mouth, the boy outside waited eagerly for Thad's report of his explorations.

"Hope I don't put my hands on a--on a rattlesnake, or a centipede," the boy in the den was heard saying, more to himself than to anybody else. At length a startled exclamation came from the innermost part of the cavern.

"Here they are! I've found 'em, Charley Dick!"

"Found 'em! Found what?"

"The young varmints. I don't know just what they are."

"How many, Thad?" the boy outside thrust his head in at the hole to inquire, in tones that trembled with eagerness.

"I can feel four. Guess that must be all."

"Thad, I'm jest nachelly bound to crawl in!"

"Don't you dare! It's too risky. These can't by a coyote's pups. They don't seem to have their eyes open, and they're too big for young coyotes. If they're not a co'gar's cubs they must be a wolf's pups--a timber wolf's pups.'

"Thad, I'm jest bound to see the little boogers or bust!" the boy outside called into the hole.

"You stay right where you are, I tell you, till I come out! I don't want that old she co'gar or she wolf to get me bottled up in here. Mighty slim show I'd stand. Chances are the old booger would gobble me up before I could say scat!"

"Then you come out and stand guard while I crawl in. I've got to see what the booger's den's like."

"Yes, I'll come out. But there's not much den here, and you can't see what there is. I'm going to fetch one of the little varmints with me."

"Yes, do, Thad! We can see 'em all right out here."

Charley Dick, still on his hands and knees, with his head in the den's mouth, waited eagerly for the boy inside to make his appearance.

"Do hurry, Thad! I'm jest dyin' to see--"

What Charley Dick was dying to see would never be told; for a fierce growl behind him startled the words out of his mouth. Up he sprang, to find himself face to face with a big she wolf!

The animal had been hunting and had killed a rabbit--a large, mule-eared rabbit. She was bringing the game to her den, either for her little ones or to eat it there at her leisure. With the rabbit still in her mouth, she stood snarling and growling at the boy! And every hair on her body appeared to be standing on end, in anger!

Bottled Up in the She Wolf's Den.

Not really having expected any wild beast to appear. Charley Dick had left his musket leaning against the bank of the ravine, near Thad's rifle. The fiercely snarling wolf was now almost between the boy and the two guns. Hemmed in here at the head of the ravine, and unarmed. Charley Dick, with his tangled hair almost on end from fright, could only stand staring at the angry mother wolf. Believing that she had surprised this boy in the very act of harming her young ones, the fierce brute seemed ready to leap upon him and tear him to pieces. Dropping the big rabbit, she stood confronting him defiantly, snarling and growling, and with every tooth displayed.

"What you doing out there, Charley Dick? And what that noise I hear?"

Receiving no reply, the boy bottled up in the wolf's den became both excited and frightened. He crawled fasther.

"Where are you, Charley Dick? And why don't you answer me?"

The boy spoken to uttered not a word. But the wolf, hearing a human voice issuing from her den, drew still nearer, and growled so fiercely that the boy inside could not mistake the sound.

Now the furious beast seemed determined to attack the boy barring her way. Being unable to escape, Charley Dick, without for a moment, withdrawing his gaze from the wolf, stooped down slowly and grasped a stone. While straightening up, he raised the stone in readiness to strike, then managed to say:

"Look sharp in there, Thad! The--the old she booger's out here, mad as a wet hin! She looks--looks fierce enough to eat us both alive!"

"What is she--a co'gar? And why on earth don't you blow her head off?"

"No, she's a wolf! And the old rip's gone and stuck herself right between me and my gun--both of our guns!"

"Whatever you do, don't let any varmint crawl in here!" Thad called back, in tones that trembled with fright. Without any weapon, he felt his own utter helplessness in that dark hole.

The boy outside had partially recovered from his first terror. But he was still very uncertain as to what he ought to so. The wolf kept crowding him, and appeared to be growing fiercer and bolder every moment. More than once she seemed on the point of leaping upon him. Probably she would have leaped; but the boy faced her resolutely, and kept his gaze fixed upon her eyes. All these frontier people knew well the power of the human eye to restrain any beast of prey.

Soon the boy standing at bay noticed a rather long stick lying close by. It was the same stick that Thad had thrust into the hole before crawling in. Bending down cautiously, Charley Dick managed to grasp the near end and pull it toward him. Now, with the stick drawn back, he stood threatening his enemy. And the wolf, in turn, kept threatening him.

"What you doing, Charley Dick?" came, shiveringly, out of the hole.

"I'm guardin' this old booger out of--out of her den, or tryin' my best to! Don't know whether I can keep her back much longer or not!"

"Will it be safe for me to crawl out? I'll be a tight fit there at the last, you know."

"Yes. But I don't 'low it'll do any good for you to crawl out. Your rifle's fu'ther away than my musket. I've got a big stick, but don't know whether I can keep old wench out with it or not!"

Silence followed. At length Charley Dick, by putting one hand behind him, grasped the top of the fallen rock. Then, with a sudden spring, he got himself on top of it. After that, standing a yard higher than he wolf, he felt safer.

But the den's mouth was now without anybody in front of it, and the wolf seemed to be determined to enter. For several minutes the boy had all he could do to keep her out. Every time she approached he struck at her furiously with his stick, causing her to leap back, snarling and growling and showing her fangs.

What to do under the circumstances would have puzzled a wiser head than Charley Dick's. Plainly the wolf had no thought of going away. On the contrary, she seemed every minute more determined to force a passage into that hole. Now and then one of her pups would whine slighty. Perhaps it was the one that Thad had taken away from the others. And every time that whine reached her ears, it seemed to aggravate the mother wolf beyond endurance. Then only by fast and furious blows with his stick was the boy on guard able to drive her back.

"Can't you get to our guns somehow?" the boy in the wolf's den presently called out.

"Don't see how I can, Thad! This old she booger's right between me and them now! And even if I could dodge round her, the minute I got away from this hole she'd be right in there on top of you!"

"For mercy's sake don't--don't let her do that--don't let her in here! I haven't a thing to fight her with! She could eat me alive! And she would too--I just know she would!"

They "Let the Old Booger Rip."

Charley Dick gazed around helplessly. If Thad had not been bottled up in the wolf's den, it would have been easy to do one of several things. But as long as that hole had to be guarded every moment, the boy on guard could do nothing but swing his stick.

After a few minutes his eye alighted upon a piece of flat rock lying not far out from the hole. It would be rather heavy lifting, but not too heavy for him to lift one end. Now he knew what he wanted to do.

Slipping from his perch to the ground, he swung his stick at full length several times, and drove the wolf back a few feet. Now he began to slide the flat rock toward the hole. Again and again, while doing this, he had to stop and drive the wolf away. But at last, when the rock had been slid along far enough, he lifted up the outer end and leaned it against the ledge, so as to cover the hole with it. After that he turned quickly and swung his stick a few times more.

"What's the matter, Charley Dick? What makes the hole so dark?"

"You're all right now, Thad! I've stopped the hole! Old booger cain't git to you! You're bottled up tight!"

"Glad to hear that!" came out of the wolf's den, in relieved tones. "Now see if yo can't get hold of a gun and blow daylight through her!"

"Jest what I'm going to do--goin' to try to do!"

Now Charley Dick sprang upon the fallen block of rock again. Here he could swing his stick to better advantge. There was now a rock wall at his back; but it was too smooth for him to climb. And the top of it was too high for him to reach.

But one thing could he see that promised a way of escape from his perch. Out of the steep right-hand bank of the ravine grew a small leaning tree--little more than a sapling. One limb was within his reach from where he now stood. By pulling the tree top lower, he could spring upon it, then let himself down the slender trunk to the bank of which the tree grew. After that he could slide down the bank and thus find himself within reach of the two guns. The rest would be easy.

To plan was to act with Charley Dick. Grasping the limb, he drew the tree top as low as he could; then, after leaning his stick against the ledge, he made a vigorous leap and was quickly among the branches. When in a secure position he turned, intending to work his way down the leaning trunk, feet first, till he reached the bank. But now he discovered that the wolf, there being no longer anybody to bar her way, was already at the hole, trying frantically to enter her den. And from the vigorous manner of her claw at the piece of rock, it seemed certain that she would have it out of the way before the boy could slide down the tree and grab up a gun. After she had entered her den, a gun would be of little use. The boy outside wouldn't dare shoot into the hole for fear of hitting Thad.

"What are you doing now, Charley Dick? And what's that scratching out there?" came from under the ledge, in alarmed tones.

"Hit's--hit's that old she booger, tryin' her level best to git to you, Thad! But you needn't be skeered! I'll stop her somehow!"

Under the boy's weight the tree top had bent down till the lowest branches almost touched the wolf. Something must be done, and that quickly. So the boy began to sway the tree top up and down. When it was in motion he gave it a sudden downward movement and made the brush strike the wolf's back.She sprang away from the hole and stood snarling up at him.

But she was quickly clawing at the piece of rock again. "Let that alone, you old rip, or I'll make you wish you had!" the boy in the tree exclaimed, as he began to get the tree top in motion again.

As has been said, the tree was small; and it was growing out of the nearly upright bank, where it could not be well rooted. As the boy swayed himself up and down, either the principal root broke, or the soil holding it gave way.Then suddenly and unexpectedly, both boy and tree crashed down on top of the wolf!

For a few moments there was a fearful clawing and snarling and growling, while the astonished beast of prey was scrambling from under the bushy top. Charley Dick, too, was losing no time in getting clear of the fallen tree.

"What's the noise out there? What are you doing now, Charley Dick?" came from under the ledge.

There was no answer. The sound of a human voice in her den seemed to provoke the wolf to fury. She sprang at the flat rock barring her way and began to claw it again.

Already the rock had been pushed aside a few inches. As soon as there was a small opening, she thrust her sharp nose in, then forced her head through it. Now she kept trying to force her whole body through.

Charley Dick saw at a glance that the brute would squeeze into the cave before he could reach his gun and shoot her. So he made a desperate lunge and seized the wolf by the tail. By this time all of her had disappeared but her hips and hind legs.

Grasping the shaggy tail firmly, desperately, with both hands, and with one foot braced against the leaning rock, the boy held with all his might.

"What's the matter, Charley Dick? What's that in the hole?"

The boy outside took a firmer grasp, first with one hand and then with the other, as he anwered:

"If my tail-holt breaks loose you'll mighty soon find out what's in this hole!"

The fierce brute pulled and clawed and tugged, but Charley Dick's "tail holt" did not break loose. Finding herself unable to go on, she promptly decided to back out. She wanted to use her teeth on whatever was holding her.

At first Charley Dick was on the point of letting go and making a dash for his gun. But he dared not, lest she should push through when he let her go,and attack Thad. So, standing squarely behind her, he grasped the leaning piece of rock and tried to mash her with it. Indeed, he wedged her so tightly between the two rocks that she could neither advance nor retreat. For several minutes the trapped brute struggled fiercely, snarling and growling and snapping. But at last she seemed to realize her helplessness. Now she remained quiet.

But the boy holding her was pretty well exhausted, and almost equally helpless. Not for a moment did he dare to cease pushing on the flat rock, lest the wolf should slip on into her den. Enraged as she now was, if permitted to come out she would doubtless leap upon Charley Dick before he could run to a gun. But as she was and where she was, she was harmless to both boys.

Thad, still well back in the dark cave, kept calling out to know what was the matter. But the boy outside was altogether too busy to explain, or even answer. He was greatly worried, though--worried to know what to do next.

When at length the helpless brute had exhausted herself, the boy, still clutching her tail with one hand, thrust his other hand into his ammunition pouch. And the first thing he felt there was some buckskin strings. One of these he took out. To make a slipping noose in it without letting that tail go was far from easy, but at last he accomplished it. He had intended to tie the wolf's tail to something. But he put the looped string around her two hind legs and drew them together, hard and fast.

For a little while now he was much puzzled to know what to tie the string to. The only thing that presented itsself was a limb of the fallen tree. After thinking a few moments, he made the string fast to the limb.

"Well, I've got her safe at last, Thad!" Charley Dick called out, in greatly relieved tones.

"Got what safe?"

"Why, the old wolf, of course! I've got her hind laigs tied hard and fast to a limb--to a tree top. She cain't git in to you, because the tree top won't go in. And she cain't git back to me out here because I'll keep the tree top between us. She's achin' to back out now; and she will just as soon as I let go uv her. I'll drag the tree top away, and the wolf with it. Then while I hold her back, you can crawl out here and grab your gun and finish her!"

"All right, Charley Dick! But--but do something as quick as you can! I'm dreadfully tired of being corked up in this dark hole! Here I can't help myself, no matter what comes!"

"After making sure that the wolf was tied fast, Charley Dick sprang away from her, then dashed round to the other side of the tree top and began to tug at a limb. First, the wolf tried to force her way in, but the boy held the tree top. Then she began to back out. And scarcely was she out of the hole when she was snapping right and left, and struggling to free herself. But Charley Dick kept dragging the tree top away, and the wolf with it. The fallen tree was still fastened to the bank by some roots, but the top could be moved around. Not till he had dragged the wolf two or three yards from the hole did he call out:

"Now Thad, the road's clear! Hustle out of there as quick as ever you can and grab your shootin' iron!"

"Are you sure you've got the old varmint safe, Charley Dick? You know I'm a tight fit in that hole! I couldn't come out fast to save my life."

"I know. But you'll be safe enough! Come out as quick as ever you can, though!"

At once the boy's head appeared in the hole. At sight of him the struggling wolf ceased to struggle and began to snarl fiercely, and to show her teeth. Thad was indeed in a tight fit in the hole, and coming out with the wolf threatening him was exciting business. He came out much faster than he had gone in, however, and was quickly clear of the wolf den's mouth.

As the boy leaped to his feet, the wolf, doubtless believing that he had murdered her children, sprang at him fiercely. But Charley Dick, still tugging manfully at the tree top, held her back.

"Over there's the guns!" Charley Dick jerked his head toward them. "Grab one as quick as ever you can and blow her head off before she breaks loose!"

Thad was more than eager to comply. But after being so long in the dark den, the bright sunlight outside almost blinded him. Finally he got to his gun and snatched it up.

Even before this the wolf, unable to reach either boy, turned her attention to freeing herself. Doubling back she began to snap at the buckskin that held her. Those sharp fangs of hers would cut like knives. A few snaps and she was loose from the tree. But her hind legs were still tied together, and she had to double back again to snap them free. And now she made straight for the mouth of her den.

As she was disappearing into the hole, Thad fired at her. But he was still half blinded, and the bullet struck the sloping rock, glanced off, and could be heard as it flew singing away. The wolf vanished into her den.

The two boys stood staring at the hole into which the wolf had disappeared.

Mighty poor shooting, that was!" Thad soon exclaimed. "Seems to me I ought to have done better!"

"Oh well, what's the differ'nce, Thad? The old rip cain't git away from us now! Minute she pokes her head out of that hole, we let her have it!"

"But she may not poke her head out, Charley Dick! Most wild varmints would have run away when they got loose, young ones or no young ones. But this wolf's different. She's bound to stay in there and defend her pups, no matter who comes, or what."

"That's so. She' purty spunky for them little fellers of her'n, even if they ain't nothin' but varmints."

"But they're not varmints to her, Charley Dick. They're babies--nice little, cute little babies."

For several minutes the two boys, each now with his gun in his hands, stood gazing at the hole under the ledge.

"How long do you reckon it'll be till she sticks her nose out, Thad?"

"Hard telling. Not till night, I'd guess. Maybe not then."

"A long time to wait! Don't you reckon we could be shoot her in there?"

"Not if she's with her pups we couldn't. They're off in a corner--a sort of pocket in the back end. I couldn't see daylight from where I found the little wolves."

"Then looks like we'll have to crawl in there to shoot her."

Thad grinned. "I crawled into that dark hole once. No more of that for me! It was a tight squeeze to get in and out when the old lady was away. I won't try it when she's at home, thank you!"

"Then we've jest got to set down here and wait for the varmint to stick her head out."

"No other way I can think of."

"And she may not stick her head out for a day or two--till she's half starved."

"That's a fact."

"Then I'm for lettin' the old booger rip! We didn't come out to hunt wolves nohow."

"Of course we didn't. And if we hang around here all the rest of the day, it's little game we'll have to carry home when we go back to the fort."

"Then let's pick up and mosey on, Thad--what d'you say? We couldn't eat the varmints in there if we did kill 'em. Kind of thought I'd like to pack one of the little boogers home and make a pet of it. But wolves don't make good pets--so them that's tried 'em says. They'll al'ways be wolves. You cain't git it out of 'em."

The other boy was willing enough, and the two started off down the ravine. But after a few steps Charey Dick turned back. Catching up the dead rabbit, which was lying where the wolf had dropped it, he tossed it in the cave.

"There's your mule-year, old lady wolf! Your dinner for you and your little varmints! Game belongs to whoever kills it!"

Before going far, the boys climbed out of the ravine, then tramped away hunting again. It was a good while after dark when they returned to the fort, with all the game they cared to carry. Driving Home from the Lime kiln.

Next morning, just after breakfast, Thad's father said:

"I got to thinkin' last night. Winter will be comin' on by and by; and the way them northers will whistles through the cracks of this old shanty will make a body shiver."

"What do you think of doing, pa?" Thad inquired. "Had we better point up with mud? That's what some have done, and what more are intending to do."

"Mud's for them that likes mud. It makes a cabin wind-tight, but mighty dirty. For my part, I'd just about as soon have nothin' at all."

"And I'd rather have nothing at all," spoke up Mrs. Dayberry. "Hard plastering the sticky stuff on the walls."

"Well, I wasn't thinkin' of usin' mud-dobbin'," her husband answered. "Not a great sight to do around here these days; and I'm wonderin' if me and Thad hadn't better hump ourselves a little and burn a limekiln."

"Without a doubt that's what you ought to do," the woman agreed. "Of course the weather's pretty warm just now, but--"

"But that won't make much differ'nce. We can load the concern up and stick fire to her, and then let her burn till she burns out."

"When had we better burn it, pa?"

"Right away. When you make up your mind to do a thing, the sooner you pitch into it the better. First thing is to look up the right kind of a place. And that may not be so easy. We ought to find wood and rock together. Unless we can, we'll have to haul one or the other. And that's no light job these hot days. And then, too, I'd like a bank. Some trouble to dig out a kiln; but you can have a lots hotter fire, and have it with less wood.And besides, we may want to burn more lime some day. The kiln, once it's dug, will come in handy ag'in."

About the middle of the forenoon Mr. Dayberry and Thad mounted their horses, with their guns slung to their saddle horns, and rode away. Not long before sunset they returned, to announce tht they had found just the place they wanted.

Next morning they put Spot and Jerry to the wagon, threw some tools into it, and drove away up the valley. When not far below their own farm they turned up the hill and kept on across the prairie toward the west. Finally they drove down a hill and stopped near a not very large prairie stream, known as the Loring Branch. Here they unyoked the oxen, hobbled Spot and unstopped his bell, and turned them loose to graze.

Now the man and the boy made ready to work. Close to where the wagon stood was a dry branch opening into the Loring Branch, which had water in it. At one side of the dry branch was an upright sand bank, perhaps twelve feet high. On top of this bank, and four or five feet back from it, the two began to dig something that looked like a well. The well was about six feet in diameter.

All the rest of the day they toiled in their well, digging up sand and shoveling it out. The weather was very warm, but the two relieved each other, and the work went steadily on. When the hole was about seven feet deep, they stopped work for the day and drove home in their wagon. But they were back there next morning, and as busy as ever.

Having their well, or pit, deep enough, they now began at the bottom and, with their spade, made a little tunnel from the bottom of the pit to the bank. This horizontal opening was a foot or fifteen inches high, and about as wide.It would admit air to make a draft; and if they cared to they could put in some fuel there. And after the lime had been burnt they could push it or rake it out through the hole into their wagon bed.

Up on top of the bank, and not far from the pit, was a considerable patch of woods. Here was dead timber, both standing and fallen. This they chopped into proper lengths and carried to the pit. After a good-sized pile of fuel had been placed on the layer of wood, the pieces of stone being so arranged that the fire could pass between them.

When the bottom of the kiln had been covered with a layer of fuel, the two toilers went up to a near-by hill, where many white chunks of limestone were lying loose. Those they carried to the top of the pit. Then a layer of stone was placed on the layer of wood, the pieces of stone being so arranged that the fire could pass between them.

And so, by slow, hard work, the pit was gradually filled, layers of stone alternating with layers of wood. And the wood and stone were piled at least two feet higher than the top of the pit, because the kiln's contents would soon settle down when it began to burn.

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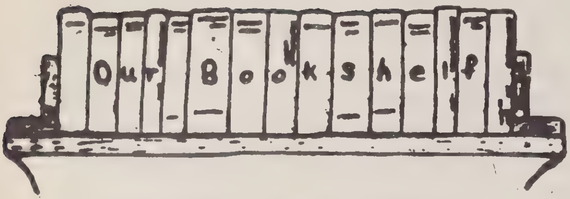

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Thad and Charlie

By this time night was not far off.

"Now, pa, shall we fire the concern before we start home?'

"We could do that, and let it be burnin' durin' the night. But I'd jest a leetle ruther be here and watch the thing at the start. So I'm guessin' we'd better let her rest till mornin'."

The two drove away and spent the night at home. But next morning found them back at the Loring Branch again. After unyoking Spot and Jerry and turning them out to grass, they made ready to fire their kiln.

Emptying the priming from the pan of his rifle upon some lint cotton, Thad snapped the lock against the cotton till the powder flashed and the cotton caught fire. With this he fired a bunch of grass, which his father pushed into the hole in the bottom of the pit. Soon clouds of smoke were boiling up from the top of the kiln.

With the hole in its bottom to let in air, the kiln burnt freely. The pit being not very deep, there was just enough draft to make a hot fire, but not enough to cause the wood to burn too fast. In time the whole kiln became a roaring furnaced, and both smoke and flames were issuing from the top of it.

The two watched the fire burn for a while. Later they sat down in the shade by the stream, with a tin bucket between them, and ate their dinner.After dinner the man remained to watch the kiln, while Thad, with a basket,set out up the branch in quest of wild plums and grapes. His mother wanted them to make pies of, and some for preserves. On returning with his basket full of the wild fruit, he found his father sitting in the shade, gazing at the smoking, flaming kiln.

"Well, how's she going by this time, pa. All right?"

"Couldn't be doin' better, I reckon. We could ha' teched her off last night jest as well as not. That was good, solid wood we put in. Take it a day or two to burn out, some of it. Guess maybe the thing wil burn down by late tomorr' till we can roof it over."

To be continued

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A CHRONICLE
Of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, crop and community notes, historical events, genealogy and articles of general interest.

The Diary was organized in 1969, by a group of Amish brethren in Lancaster County, Penna. Dedicated to the preservation of, fundamental movements of our church in America as well as Old Order religious literature and its virtues.

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The publication no. is 043430.

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WHERE THE WATERS ROLL

Is your heart weary, with care and strife?
Burdened with sin, and the troubles of life?
Do you feel depressed, with worry of grief,
Do you wish for a solace, and hope for relief?
There is balm, yes balm, for the praying soul,
Down in the meadow, where the waters roll.

There's never a burden too heavy to bear
And never a heartache, a sorrow or care,
That will not find rest, or comfort or hope,
Or give you the strength to earnestly cope-
To whatever God sends, to chasten your souls-
You'll find that strength where the waters roll.

With the calm rolling water, your thoughts impart,
There is hope and peace for the troubled heart.
There is trust for today, and faith for tomorrow,
Forgiveness of sin, and comfort for sorrow.
This, and more, will strengthen your soul,
Down in the meadow where the waters roll.

Those rolling waters, they have such a way-
To clear your thoughts and brighten the day.
They strengthen the heart, that was weary and weak,
They bring it the comfort, for which it does seek
A prayer or song, will gladen your soul
Down in the meadow, where the waters roll.

Reports Of....

1987			JULY			1987
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
☽ FQ 4	○ FM 10	☾ LQ 17	1 CANADA	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	● NM 25

Calender Schedule

A Monthly Schedule for Annual Reports

October....................................Baptisms
November..............................Ordinations
December.............Widow and Widower List

Months apply to the month as dated on front cover. Ordinations, baptisms and migrations will be entered any month they are sent in. Other Items will be held to these months. We will not accept or save senior lists,
Widow lists, or telephone numbers on off months (except
when such numbers expire.)

Diary Reporters Notice! The address of Diary Reports have changed now to **The Diary, PO Box 456, Lancaster PA 17603.** This includes all Births, Baptisms, Marriages, Obits, Community Notes etc. but **Diary Reports Only.** All other mail to The Diary or to Pequea Publishers keep the old address.

Announcing

The Old Order Shop and Service Directory is now being brought up to date. All Amish Communities in the U.S. and Canada are invited to participate. If you wish to have your shop included, write to: Old Order Directory, Box 328, Lancaster, PA 17603. A joint effort of the Pequea Publishers and Publishing Co., to be ready in 1988. For more information, write to the above address.

BIRTHS

Conewango Valley New York

Hertzler; Amos J. (Rebecca Shetler) 7-9 a son **David**
Miller; Sam D. (Naomi Kauffman) 7-1 a son **Danny**
Raber; Levi N. (Anna Stutzman) 7-12 a son **John**

Montour County Penna.

Stoltzfus; Jeptha Z. (Katie Beiler) R2 Watsontown, 7-8 a dau **Annie**

Brush Valley Penna

Fisher; Abram (Rebecca Fisher) Rebersburg, 6-8 a son **Benuel**
Miller; Jacob (Martha Stoltzfus) Madisonburg, 6-26 a dau **Ella Susan**
Stoltzfus; Daniel R. (Lydia Ebersol) Rebersburg, 7-7 a dau **Mary**
Stoltzfus; Jacob K. (Sara Huyard) Rebersburg, 7-17 a dau **Rebecca**
Stoltzfus; Morris (Rebecca Beiler) Rebersburg, 7-12 a dau **Lydia**

Lebanon County Penna.

Stoltzfus; Benjamin F. (Fannie Lapp) Myerstown, 7-19 a son **James**

Lancaster County Penna.

Allgyer; Jacob A. (Katie Beiler) New Providence, 7-18 a son
Allgyer; Samuel J. (Hannah Ebersol) Parkesburg, 7-23 a dau
Beiler; Aaron B. (Susie Fisher) Paradise, 7-20 a dau **Annie**
Beiler; Abner (Arie Stoltzfus) Bird-in-Hand, 7-29 a son **Samuel**
Beiler; Jacob B. (Fannie Stoltzfus) Leola, 7-29 a dau **Katie S.**
Beiler; John (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Drumore, 6-28 a dau **Sadie**
Beiler; Stephen S. (Katie Beiler) Lancaster, 7-7 a dau **Mary K.**
Blank; David A. (Rachel King) Narvon, 7-27 a son **Benuel**
Ebersol; Jacob B. (Ella Peachey) Leola, 7-27 a son **Jacob Henry**
Esh; Aaron K. (Sadie Allgyer) Ronks, 7-21 a dau
Esh; David H. (Freida Smucker) Gordonville, 4- a son **Mahlon**
Esh; Jonas S. (Ruth Esh) Paradise, 7-14 a dau **Barbara**
Esh; Stephen L. (Ada King) Quarryville, 7-28 a dau
Fisher; Daniel (Malinda Allgyer) Drumore, 7-17 a dau **Mary A.**
Fisher; David A. (Malinda Lantz) Oxford, 7-21 a dau
Fisher; David F. (Mary Ellen Lantz) Strasburg, 7-6 a son **James**
Fisher; Gideon (Sadie Stoltzfoos) Quarryville, 7-4 a son **Ammon S.**
Fisher; Jacob J. (Annie Stoltzfus) Quarryville, 7-9 a dau **Katie S.**
Fisher; Levi S. Jr. (Fannie King) Strasburg, 7-10 a dau **Rachel**
Fisher; Melvin L. (Lydiann Smucker) Ronks, 7-8 a dau **Mary Ann**
Fisher; Stephen U. Jr. (Anna King) Gordonville, 7-15 a son **Allan James**
Glick; Daniel K. (Emma Stoltzfus) Lancaster, 7-14 a dau **Rachel**
Huyard; Amos (Miriam Zook) New Holland, 7-22 a son **Stevie**
Huyard; Christ M. (Sadie King) Gordonville, 7-29 a son
Huyard; Jacob (Barbara Stoltzfus) New Holland, 5-31 a son **Issac**
Kauffman; Elmer E. (Lizzie Beiler) Christiana, 7-26 a son **Elmer**

Kauffman; Henry (Katie Riehl) Honey Brook, 7-17 a son

King; Abram P. (Fannie Fisher) Gordonville, 7-3 a dau **Kathryn**

King; Amos F. (Emma Petersheim) Kinzers, 7-23 a dau

King; Christ M. (Katie King) Leola, 7-7 a son

King; Daniel (Barbara Riehl) Honey Brook, 7-17 a dau **Mary Ann**

King; David B. (Anna Riehl) Paradise, 7-23 a dau **Rebecca**

King; David G. (Lena Beiler) Gordonville, 5- a son **David**

King; Elam B. (Susie Stoltzfus) Lancaster, 7-1 a dau **Annie S.**

King; Emanuel J. (Fannie Fisher) Quarryville, 7-17 twin daus **Lizzie & Lydia**

King; Leroy (Naomi Esh) Gordonville, 6-30 a son **Steven**

Lapp; Amos (Annie Beiler) New Holland, 6-26 a son **Samuel**

Lapp; Amos K. (Lydia Lapp) Gordonville, 6-20 a dau **Linda**

Lapp; Elmer S. (Edna Lapp) Gordonville, 7-18 a son **David**

Riehl; John D. Jr. (Susie Lapp) Gap, 7-9 a son **Levi** (died same day)

Riehl; Moses B. (Ruth Beiler) Leola, 7-11 a dau **Elizabeth Marie**

Smucker; Jacob S. Jr. (Sara Petersheim) Narvon, 7-18 a son **Ivan Lee**

Smucker; Levi (Esther Beiler) New Holland, 7-23 a son

Smucker; Moses (Susie Stoltzfus) Narvon, 7-31 a dau

Speicher; John J. (Fannie Ruth Fisher) Witmer, 7-1 a son **Jonathan E.**

Stoltzfus; Abraham F. (Katie Fisher) Leola, 6-27 a dau **Katie**

Stoltzfus; Christ K. (Katie Stoltzfus) Leola, 7-19 a son **Michael J.**

Stoltzfus; Christ S. (Rebecca Ebersol) Coatesville, 7-12 a dau

Stoltzfus; Daniel F. (Malinda Kauffman) Mt. Joy, 7-22 a son

Stoltzfus; David L. (Lizzie Lapp) Gap, 7-31 a dau

Stoltzfus; Elam K. (Mary Jane Stoltzfus) Morgantown, 7-3 a son

Stoltzfus; Elam S. (Katie King) Kirkwood, 7-12 a dau **Sadie**

Stoltzfus; Jacob E. (Kathryn Stoltzfus) Gap, 7-7 a son

Stoltzfus; John B. (Linda Ebersol) Kinzers, 7-26 a son

Stoltzfus; John U. (Mary Petersheim) Bird-in-Hand, 7-19 a dau **Rebecca**

Stoltzfus; Jonas S. Jr. (Elizabeth Stoltzfus) Honey Brook, 7-25 a son

Stoltzfus; Stephen L. (Elizabeth Zook) Kirkwood, 7-17 a son **Samuel J.**

Mifflin County Penna.

Peachey; Sylvanus (Ida Zook) Belleville, 7-14 a son **Christie**

Juniata County Penna.

Petersheim; Harvey T. (Fannie Peachey) Mifflintown, 7-27 a son **Henry**

Wengerd; Dan A. (Katie Ann Weaver) Mifflintown, 7-28 a son **Melvin**

Franklin County Penna.

Fisher; John (Lena Esh) Newburg, 7-28 a son **Christian**

King; Issac (Sarah Byler) Newburg, 7-28 a son **John**

Path Valley Penna

Beiler;John S. (Elizabeth Stoltzfus) 7-15 a dau **Lydia**

Somerset County Penna.

Beachy; Jonas D. (Mary Emma Summy) Meyersdale R3, 7-26 a son **John**

Kingsinger; Levi H. (Lydia A. Brenneman) Meyersdale R1, 7-30 a dau

Peachey; Edwin (Miriam M. Brenneman) Salisbury R1, 7-26 a dau **Effie**

Wengerd; Simon J. (Clara W. Yoder) Meyersdale R1, 7-2 a dau **Christina Marie**

Guys Mills Penna

Mullet; Lester J. (Martha S. Byler) 7-24 a son **Jonathan**

Southern Mercer County Penna.

Byler; Andy L. (Lovina J. Byler) New Wilmington R1, 7-22 a son **Rudy**

Yoder; Andy J. (Susan J. Byler) New Wilmington R1, 7-2 a son **Sam**

Yoder; Jacob J. (Ella J. Byler) New Wilmington R2, 7-24 a dau **Nancy**

Union City Penna.

Hershberger; Emanuel R. (Mary Shetler) 5-16 a son **Andy**

Spartansburg Penna.

Byler; Ben D. (Mary Wengerd) 7-5 a son **Billy**

Byler; Chester J. (Laura Hershberger) 6-20 a son **Willie**

Byler; Harvey W. (Marie Miller) 6-9 a dau **Lucy Ann**

Byler; John H. (Ada Hostetler) 6-18 a dau **Sarah**

Byler; Jonas Jr. (Judy Troyer) 7-12 a dau **Naomi**

Miller; Abe A. (Amanda Miller) 6-14 a dau **Lydia**

Miller; Allen A. (Mary Byler) 5-29 a dau **Mary**

Miller; Ivan A. (Barbara Byler) 6-11 a son **Jonas**

Miller; Jerry D. (Ada Yoder) 7-18 a son **Ervin**

Miller; Raymond D. (Sara Troyer) 6-17 twin sons **Daniel and David**

Holmes and Wayne Counties Ohio

Hershberger; Jonas A. (Anna Shetler) Sugar Creek, a dau **Esther**

Hershberger; Jonas L. (Ida) 7-20 a dau **Arie**

Hershberger; Levi A. (Erma Yoder) Sugar Creek, a son **Nelson**

Hershberger; Owen R. (Mary Yoder) Baltic, a dau **Marlene**

Hershberger; Tobie J. (Anna L.) 4-17 a dau **Edna**

Hostetler; Monroe (Clara Troyer) Fresno, a dau **Fannie**

Keim; Dennis (Dora Schlabach) R1 Dundee, 7-17 a dau **Leah**

Miller; David E. (Anna Raber) Fresno, a son **Glen**

Niller; Em. E (Verna Hershberger) Dundee 7-21 a son **Eli**

Miller; Emanuel R. (Mattie Yoder) a dau **Viola**

Miller; Enos S. (Lydia Schrock) 4-19 a son **Andy**

Miller; Henry H. (Emma Miller) R1 Big Prarie, 7-6 a son **Raymond**

Miller; Jerry (Mary Weaver) Apple Creek, 7-14 a dau **Rachel**

Miller; Joe M. (Malinda Hershberger) Fredericksburg 7- a son **Enos**

Miller; Paul A. (Betty Miller) Apple Creek, 7-25 a son **Aden James**

Miller; Raymond (Laura Yoder) Apple Creek, 7-17 a dau **Nettie**

Petersheim; Noah N. (Fannie Yoder) Applecreek 7-23 a son **Levi**

Raber; Eli A. (Fanny J. Miller) 6-29 a dau **Mattie**

Stutzman; Chris E. (Emma Troyer) 4-14 a son **Chriss Jr.**

Troyer; Andy Jr. (Iva Yoder) Orrville, 7-2 a son **Eli**
Troyer; Ben (Mandi) 7-10 a dau **Dorcas**
Troyer; Marvin N. (Mary Yoder) Troyer 7-21 a son **Leroy**
Weaver; Levi B. (Susie Troyer) 6-26 a dau **Leah**
Wengerd; David (Nettie Hershberger) Apple Creek,7-29 a dau **Amanda**
Yoder; Emery M. (Amanda Miller) Baltic, a son **Daniel**

Ashland County Ohio

Garber; David U. (Barbara I. Hochstetler) 7-17 a da
Raber; Eli A. (Fanny J. Miller) 6-29 a dau **Mattie**

Fredricktown Ohio

Troyer; David (Fannie Yoder) 7-17 a dau **Katie**
Yoder; Abe (Fannie Miller) 6-30 a son **Leroy**

Allen County Indiana

Eicher; Joseph Jr. (Frances Wickey) 7-23 a son **Elmer**
Graber; Jacob (Anna Scwartz) 7-13 a dau **Emma**
Hilty; Enos (Luann Gerig) 6-28 a son **Marcus**
Lengacher; Aaron (Fern Schwartz) 7-22 a son **Loren**
Miller; Amos (Rebecca Schmucker) 6-30 a dau **Margaret**
Schmidt; Emanuel (Rosemary Schwartz) 7-13 a son **James**
Schmucker; Ernie (Ruth Lengacher) 7-24 a dau **Kanashia**
Schmucker; Jonas (Betty Graber) 7-7 a son **Aaron**

La Grange County Indiana

Bontrager; Allen A. (Ruth E. Bontrager) R1 Shipshewana, 7-15 a son **Samuel A.**
Bontrager; Dennis (Clara Schrock) 6-19 a son **Abe**
Bontrager; Laverne E. (Miriam Nisley) R3 La Grange, 7-18 a son **Delmer**
Bontrager; Levi (Edua Miller) 7-14 a dau **Wilma**
Bontrager; Levi H. (Leanna Raber) R3 Middlebury, 6-11 a son **Levern Eli**
Bontrager; Vernon D. (Polly Anna Beechy) R2 7-5 a dau **Laura V.**
Bontrager; Wayne D. (Dorothy M. Hochstedler) R2 Topeka, 7-20 a dau **Marla S.**
Borntrager; Dan Jr. (LeEtta Yoder) 6-26 a dau **Linda Jo**
Chupp; Lloyd R. (Edith Eash) R1 Ligonier, 7-18 a son **Nelson L.**
Graber; Orva H. (Ida Petersheim) R3 Shipshewana, 6-25 a dau **Dorothy**
Hershberger; Daniel R. (Kathryn Lehman) 6-29 a son **Omer**
Hershberger; Mervin M. (Ida Mae Hochstedler) 6-26 a son **Daryl Lee**
Hochstetler; Amos A. (Anna Fern Raber) R1 7-12 a dau **Susan**
Lambright; Joe (Linda Lambright) 6- a dau **Janel**
Lehman; Alvin (Inez Schlebach) R2 Shipshewana, a dau **Elizabeth**
Miller; Elmer J. (Mary Hochstedler) R3 Shipshewana, 7-24 a dau **Mary**
Miller; Orlie A. (Elizabeth E. Yoder) R2 Topeka, 7-6 a son **Willard**
Miller; Willis H. (Arlene H. Miller) R3 Lingonier, 7-11 a dau **Anna W.**
Petersheim; Christy (Eileen Miller) R2 7- a dau **Leann Jo**
Schalabach; Samuel M. (Ruth E. Miller) R1 La Grange, 7-4 a son **LaMar S.**
Schrock; Dannie A. (Fannie Gingerich) R2 Topeka, 7-7 a dau **Marlene**
Troyer; Perry (Lizzie Miller) 6- a dau **Fannie**
Wengard; William (Edna Miller) R4 La Grange, 7-21 a dau **Susan W.**
Yoder; Dan (Mary Yoder) 6-25 a son **James Lee**
Yoder; Floyd (Laura Ellen Miller) 7-14 a dau **Brenda Kay**
Yoder; Floyd (Linda Chupp) 7-3 a dau **Waneta**
Yoder; Harley (Fannie Schmucker) 7-7 a son **Ervin**
Yoder; Lonnie (Kathy Yoder) 7-16 a son **Lonnie**
Yoder; Mervin Dean (Edna Helmuth) 7-9 a dau **Inez**

Kokomo Indiana

Yoder; Joni (Elnora Miller) 7-15 a son **Ezra**

Davies County Indiana

Graber; John R. (Lillie Catherine Wagler) 7-14 a son **Jason Matthew**
Graber; Joseph D. (Rhoda Graber) 6-30 a dau **Katie**
Miller; Paul (Delores Knepp) 7-7 a dau **Onita Dawn**
Raber; Fred (Mary Catherine Knepp) 7-17 a son **Virgil Dean**
Raber; Glen (Delores Wagler) 7-7 a dau **Lorene**
Wagler; Amos (Marie Wagler) 6-24 a dau **Christina**
Wagler; David L. (Christina Wagler) 7-11 a dau **Emma**
Wittmer; John (Susie Knepp) 7-11 a son **Jeremy Dean**

Ethridge Tennessee

Gingerich; Pete J. (Sarah J. Gingerich) 7-13 a son **Abe**

Park City Kentucky

Zook; Herman (Miriam Yoder) 7-11 a son **Menno**
CSchlabach; Wayne (Linda Byler) 7-15 a son **Randel**

Marion Kentucky

Yoder; Aaron (Ella Mast) 7-10 a son **Aaron**
Yoder; John E. (Rachel Detweiler) 7-21 a son **Mervin**

Windsor Missouri

Mast; David E. (Irene Beachy) 7-14 a son **Lester**

Marshfield Missouri

Kauffman; Herman (Christina Raber) 7-26 a dau **La Verda**
Troyer; Rudy A. (Betty Yoder) 6-27 a son **Abraham**
Yoder; Ruben (Mary Yoder) 7-31 a dau **Rachel**

Seymour Missouri

Schwartz; Mose W. (Katie D. Schwartz) 7-2 a dau **Katie**
Schwartz; Henry D. (Katie E. Schwartz) 7-11 a son **Aaron**
Schwartz; Jacob W. (Susie D. Schwartz) 7-24 a son **Petie J**

Jamesport Missouri

Kramer; David A. (Anna Mary Graber) 7-12 a dau **Marjorie Lynn**

Clark County Missouri

Bontrager; Williard L. (Amelia Burkholder) Clark, 6-20 a son **Joseph**
Gingerich; Eli N. (Naomia Burkholder) Clark, 7-2 a dau **Maryann**
Yoder; Eli M. (Lydia Gingerich) Clark, 7-12 a son **Emanuel**

Dixon Missouri

Yoder; Sylvan (Malinda Shrock 7-29 a dau **Laura**

Revere Missouri

Burkholder; Eli C. (Ida Eicher) 7-20 a son **Daniel**

Partridge Kansas

Yoder; Morris (Luella Ropp) Hutchinson, 7-7 a dau **Sharon Renae**

Buchanan County Iowa

Hershberger; Noah (Susie Yoder) 7-29 a dau
Miller; Freddie (Mary Kauffman) 7-22 a dau **Rachel**
Nisley; Raymond (Miriam Detweiler) 7-10 a dau **Esther**
Yutzy; David (Katie Shetler) 7-9 a son **Alvin**

Riceville Iowa

Borntrager; Levi (Edna Borntrager) 7-17 a son **Ura**

Schrock; Monroe (Mattie Gingerich) 6-1 a dau **Lena**

Harmony Minnesota

Hershberger; Mrs. (Lena Miller) 7-22 a dau **Sarah**

Swartzentruber; Abe (Lydia Hershberger) 6-22 a son **Josie**

Swartzentruber; Noah (Sarah Hershberger) 7-6 a dau **Malinda**

Augusta Wisconsin

Borntreger; Amos C. (Viola Miller) 6-1 a dau **Mary**

Miller; Ben S. (Mary Stutzman) 4-2 a stillborn son

Miller; Emanuel (Mary Borntreger) 4-18 a son **Jerry**

Miller; Jonas D. (Katie Ann Borntreger) 7-22 a son **Raymond**

Schrock; Noah (Emma Schrock) 4-6 a dau **Rebecca**

Blair Wisconsin

Mast; William Jr. (Wilma Stutzman) 7-7 a son **Allen**

Miller; William (Mattie Borntreger) 7-22 a son **Elmer**

Stutzman; Alvin (Mattie Lambright) 7-3 a son **Lester**

Cashton Wisconsin

Borntreger; Daniel S. (Ruth Helmuth) 6-28 a son **Simon**

Gingerich; Jerry E. (Anna Hochstetler) 7-20 a dau **Mary**

Hershberger; Chris (Anna Miller) 7-24 a dau **Irene**

Hershberger; David J. (Naomi Schrock) 7-18 a dau **Miriam**

Keim; Harry (Barbara Helmuth) 7-23 a son **Perry**

Kemp; John (Katie Mullet) 7-25 a dau **Maryann**

Miller; John (Lizzie Borntreger) 7-26 a son **Enos**

Miller; John Henry (Malinda Miller) 7-22 a dau **Wilma**

Amherst Wisconsin

Schrock; Dan (Susie Mast) 7-11 a son **Andrew**

Schrock; Eddie (Fannie Mae Miller) 7-8 a dau **Lydia**

Yoder, Glen (Polly Miller), 7-13 a dau Rosie

Greenwood Wisconsin

Shetler; Daniel V. (Mattie Hingerich) 7-5 a dau **Ada**

Wilton, Wisconsin

Borntreger, Mose C. (Mary J.), 6-19 a dau **Lizzie**

Petersheim, Jacob (Betty Schrock, 6-27 a dau **Ella**

Quincy Michigan

Miller; Amos (Rosanna Eicher) 7-12 a dau **Lydiann**

Steury; Jonas (Alma Schmucker) 7-19 a son **Melvin**

Desboro Ont. - Noah J. Stutzman

Yoder, Levi J. (Lydia Hershberger) 6-28 A dau **Lydia Jr.**

Mt. Elgin Ontario

Miller; Joni (Susie Petersheim) 6-12 a dau **Martha**

THE BIBLE AND THE CHILD

The most precious gifts from God to this world
of ours are the Bible and the child.
When the truths of the Bible live and breathe
and become incarnate in the child,
When the child and God's Word become one,
we have God's greatest and best gift.
The greatest lives, those which have accomplished
most for God and for humanity,
Have been those of men and women who in early life
absorbed the teachings of God's Book.
As the plants and flowers absorb
the rain and sunshine.

God has given us the child, and He has given us
the inspired word.
He has also given us the blessed privilege of
making the two become one.
His voice is calling today to parents and teachers
to join hands and hearts in this great and noble task.

Let us study the child, study the Bible,
and learn the method of bringing the two together;
Then shall we send forth young men and women,
with all their youth and glory, beauty and enthusiasm
To be light-bearers for God and humanity,
to bring in His kingdom or earth.

MARRIAGES

Guys Mills Penna.

Mullet-Yoder, Joseph Jr., son of Joe L. and Elizabeth Mullet; to Anna Mary, dau of Ervin L. and Lydia Yoder on June 11. by Andy L. Yoder, Middlefield OH.

Somerset County, Penna.

Yoder-Beachy, Leroy, son of Herman M. and Mary H. (Kinsinger) Yoder; to Elsie, dau of Yost M. and Fannie D. (Kinsinger) Beachy, both of Meyersdale, on July 16, By Albert E. Brenneman.

Allen County, Indiana

Lengacher-Miller, Alvin, son of Rudy and Irene (Miller) Lengacher; to Marilyn, dau of Andrew and Verna (Schmidt) Miller, on July 30, by Christy Schmucker.

LaGrange County, Indiana

Botrager-Weaver, Glen, son of Wilbur and Lizzie Mae Bontrager; to Alice, dau of Vernon and Elva Weaver, on June 4, by Sam E. Bontrager.

Miller-Wingard, Melvin, son of Orva and Ella Mae Miller; to Ruth, dau of the late Perry and Wilma Wingard, on June 18, by Daniel J. Bontrager.

Yutzi-Yoder, Elroy, son of Marvin and Anna Mae Yutzi; to Anita, dau of Elmer and Ida Carolyn Yoder, by Daniel J. Bontrager.

Daviess County, Indiana

Stoll-Graber, John, son of Joe and Sarah Catherine (Knepp) Stoll; to Esther dau of Raymond and Martha (Graber) Graber, on June 28, by Paul Stoll.

Stoll-Graber, Raymond, son of Levi and the late Pauline (Graber) Stoll; to Leah Rose, dau of Herman and Rosa (Wagler) Graber, on July 5, by Ben E. Wagler.

Graber-Knepp, Abraham, son of Ezra and Esther (Wagler) Graber; to Wilma Jean, dau of Leroy and Mary (Stoll) Knepp, on July 23, by Ben E. Wagler.

ORDINATION

Guthrie, Kentucky

Wayne, son of Richard and Ada Lambright, was ordained minister in North District, July 5. He is married to Irene Byler.

OBITUARIES

BONTRAGER, Ezra L., 90, of RR 3, Middlebury, Indiana

died Sun, July 12 in his home after an illness of several years. He was born in La Grange County on Dec 1, 1896, the son of Levi and Sarah (Yoder) Bontrager. He was a retired farmer and a resident of Middlebury for most of his life. He was married Feb 27, 1919 to Susie Lehman who preceded him in death, Feb 28, 1987. Surviving are three daughters: Mrs. Levi (Amelia) Yoder of Topeka, Mrs. Melvin (Ella) Nisley of Goshen, and Mrs. William (Lizzie Mae) Bontrager of Middlebury; seven sons: Harley of La Grange, Levi of Shipshewana, Dan and Andy, both of Topeka, Sam of Middlebury, Monroe of Millersburg, and Joe of Bronson, Mich.; 78 grandchildren and 211 great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held Wed. in the family home with Bishop Melvin Miller, Rev. Lester Lehman, and Rev. Abe Bontrager officiating. The burial was in the Mast Cemetery.

BYLER, Andy C., 58, of 15550 Grove Rd., Parkman Ohio

died at his home July 4 following a lengthy illness. He was born Sept 7, 1928 in Middlefield Township, the son of Christ D. and Mary (Gingerich) Byler. A lifetime resident of Geauga Co., he lived in Parkman for the past 25 years. He married Barbara M. Mast, April 21, 1949. He was a bishop of the Garrettville District. Survivors include his wife, 10 sons: Mahlon and Robert of Kinsman, Andy Jr. of Windsor, Lester and Owen of Maumee, Thomas of Mesopotamia, Chris, Ervin, Samuel and Melvin all of Parkman; 4 daus: Edna Mae Hershberger of Garrettville, Mary Ann Kuhns, Saloma Byler, and Barbara Ann Troyer all of Parkman; bro Dan C. of W. Farmington; 4 sis: Mary Hershberger of Parkman, Martha Coblentz, Lydia Kurtz, and Barbara Ann Miller all of Middlefield; and 21 grandchildren. Services were on Jul 7 at the residence, with Bishop Lester Yoder officiating. Burial was in Weaver Cemetery.

BYLER, Dan D. Jr., 54, of Spartansburg, PA

died July 21 after a few years of serious heart problems. He was born May 23, 1933, the son of the late Daniel D. and Elizabeth Byler. He was ordained minister on May 10, 1969. He leaves his wife Emma (Mullet), 7 sons and 5 daughters: Danny of Lewisville, Ohio; Barbara (Mrs. Joe Coblentz) of Clintonville, PA; Joseph; Nancy (Mrs. Urie Byler); Sarah (Mrs. Emery Miller); Martha (Mrs. Alvin-Troyer); Betty (Mrs. Levi Miller Jr.); Eli, Christy, William, Melvin and David of the home. One son, Johnny, preceded him in death. Funeral services were held in the home by Daniel Kurtz and Jake R. Byler, at the Sam J. Byler home by Aden M. Troyer and Abe A. Miller, and in the Byler shop by Eli Wengerd and Valentine Gingerich. He was buried at the Britton Run Amish Cemetery.

DETWEILER, Mrs. Noah (Mattie), 63, of Donley Rd., Middlefield

died July 2 at her home following a brief illness. She was the dau of John and Mattie (Stutzman) Shetler. She was born Oct 26, 1923 in Middlefield, and here she was a lifelong resident. She married Noah N. Detweiler Jr. on April 1, 1942. Survivors include her husband, 8 daus and 3 sons. She was preceded in death by 1 son. Services were held Sat. at her home. Burial was in the Mahlon Miller Cemetery.

GLICK, Sarah, 44 yrs, 7 mon, 28 days

died July 21 at home following a long illness of M.S. They fed her for 4 years. She didn't have the use of her hands and she was in a wheelchair. Born Nov. 23, 1942 in East Lampeter Township. She was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. She was the dau of John and Sarah (Stoltzfus) Glick. Surviving are her parents with whom she lived, 8 brothers and 4 sisters: Enos S., New Providence; Christina Z., Honey Brook; Moses B., Abner Z., Benjamin S., and David Z., all of Quarryville; Simeon and John, both of New Holland; Rebecca, wife of Daniel B. King, New Holland; Bena S.; wife of Henry Zook, Ronks; Lizzie S. at home; and Arie S., wife of Amos S. Kauffman, Christiana. She had many nieces and nephews. A short funeral service was held on July 23 at 12:00 noon in the house by John Stoltzfus, led by Enos Stoltzfus. Services were in the shed by Abner Joseph Glick and the main sermon was by Bishop John Stoltzfus. Levi Glick read "Komm Sterblicher, betracte Mich". Burial was in Georgetown Cemetery.

HERSHBERGER, Joas H., 37, of Rt. 5 Millersburg

died from a heart condition on June 3 at Pomerene Memorial Hospital in Millersburg. He was born in Salt Creek Township, the son of Henry A. and the late Fannie (Raber) Hershberger. He was a watch repairman and a member of the Old Order Amish Church. In addition to his father, he is survived by his wife, Martha (Yoder), whom he married Nov. 8, 1973; a dau and a son, Rachel and Robert of the home; 2 sisters and 2 brothers, Mrs. Henry C. (Mary) Mast and Andrew H. of Millersburg, Mrs. Henry J. (Amanda) Miller of Holmesville, and Alvin H. of Dundee; 2 stepsisters and 2 stepbrothers, Bena, John and Alvin Beachy, and Mrs. Henry A. (Malinda) Yoder; and his stepmother, Katie Hershberger. Services were held Fri. June 5 at the Andy Hershberger residence with Bishop Dan Schlabach officiating. Burial was at the Hershberger Cemetery, Salt Creek Township.

KAUFFMAN, Elam P., 58, Honey Brook R2

died at the Brandywine Hospital, Coatesville, after a brief illness. He was born in Leacock Township, the son of the late John A. and Fannie (Petersheim) Kauffman. He was the husband of Sadie S. (King) Kauffman. He was a farmer in Honey Brook Township, and a Bishop in the Old Order Amish Church. In addtion to his wife, he is survived by 7 sons: John K., Benjamin K., Amos K., Daniel K., Elam P. Jr., Melvin K., and Elmer K., all of Honey Brook R2; 3 daus: Rebecca K., wife of John L. Fisher, Paradise, Mary K., wife of Elam K. Esch, Ronks, and Sadie K., Honey Brook R2; and 13 grandchildren. He is also survived by 5 bros: Christian L., Benjamin M., John A., Levi P., and Daniel P.; and 4 sis: Lydia, wife of Jacob M. Stoltzfus, Rachel Fisher, and Rebecca, wife of Jacob Esh, and Mary, wife of Aaron Ebersol.

KING, Jonas Z., 29, of Ridge Rd., Gordonville, PA

was killed instantly on Mon evening at his home when a tractor he was using fell on top of him after it slid down a steep hill. It caused the tractor to upset, crushing him underneath. Born in Bird-in-Hand, he was a son of David and Katie (Zook) King of Ronks, PA. He was the husband of Fannie S. (Beiler) King. A year ago Fannie's parents met with instant death when a truck hit their team on Hollander Rd. He was self employed and operated a market stand in Harrisburg. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. In addition to his wife and parents, he is survived by 3 sons, David B., Melvin J., Jonas Jr., all at home. Two bros, Christ of Ronks, John of Allenwood; 5 sis, Mary, wife of John Zook of Montgomery, Lydia, wife of Elam Fisher, and Susie wife of Jay Allbright, both of Quarryville, Malinda, wife of Jeff Stoltzfus of Oxford, and Mattie, wife of Bernard Brennen of Miss; and a step-grandfather Amos Zook of Bird-in-Hand also survive.

KING, Katie, 1 yr., 1 month, 4 days of Bird-in-Hand PA

the community was shocked by the sudden death of Katie, the dau of Daniel and Lizzie (Fisher) King on July 17. She was crushed to death by their milk truck. She is survived by her parents, 5 brothers: Stephen, Enos, Reuben, Dannie, and Abner, also 1 sister, Anna, at home. Paternal grandmother Anna King and Maternal grandparents Stephen and Katie (Glick) Fisher also survive. She will be greatly missed by all.

MAST, Emma, 85, of Rt. 1 Baltic, Ohio

died Thurs. July 23 at Orrville following a brief illness. Born in Holmes County, the daughter of the late Valentine and Amanda (Speicher) Erb. She is survived by her husband Abe J. Mast, whom she married Dec 22, 1927. Also surviving are one son, Levi of Rt. 1 Killbuck, and one daughter, Amanda of Rt. 1, and 9 grandchildren. Three sisters and 2 brothers preceded her in death. Services were held Sun July 26, at the Jonas D. Yoder residence. Bishop Floyd Troyer officiated. Burial was in the Jonas Yoder Cemetery.

MILLER, Issac D., 58 yrs, 6 mon, 12 days, of Cone wango Valley, NY

died unexpectedly at home on Sun evening, July 19, apparently from a heart attack. He hadn't fely so well all summer. He was born Jan 7, 1929 to David E. and Lena (Wengerd) Miller. Married to Saloma E. (Miller) Jan 20, 1949. She's the dau of the late Eli J. and Lizzie (Hershberger) Miller. Survivors are his wife, 3 sons, and 8 daus, 2 bros, and 3 sis, and a number of grandchildren. One son preceded him in death. His half brother died 10 days before he did.

MILLER, Jonas A., 78 of 9775 Girdle Rd., Middlefield, Ohio

died __ in his residence following a lengthy illness. He was born the son of Albert M. and Mary Ann (Gingerich) Miller on Dec 9, 1908. He lived in the Middlefield area most of his life. He was a retired, self-employed farmer, and was ordained deacon in 1944. Survivors include sons Albert and Jonas Jr. of Middlefield, Mose of Garrettville, and Andrew of Applecreek, OH; daus Mrs. Noah (Lizzie Ann) Wengerd of Meadville PA, Mrs. Christ (Sylvia) Miller of Guys Mills PA, Mrs. Melvin (Emma) Detweiler at home, Mrs. Ray (Mary Ann) Hershberger, Mrs. Albert (Tillie) Miller and Mrs. Ervin (Linda) Byler all of Middlefield. Also bros Andrew and Albert, sis Mrs. Emma Miller and Mrs. Mary Ann Troyer; 50 grandchildren, and 17 great-grandchildren. Services were held July 27 at the residence. Burial was in the Wilcox Rd. Cemetery.

MILLER, Mary E., of RR 3 Shipshewana, Indiana

the infant daughter of Elmer J. and Mary Hochstetler Miller, died Fri. July 24, in the La Grange Hospital where she was born. Surviving with the parents are 3 sisters: Marla, Wilma, and Ida, and 4 brothers, LaVon, Lonnie, Leonard, and Elmer Jr., all at home, and the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Hochstetler and Mr. and Mrs. Joni J. Miller, all of Shipshewana. Graveside services were held Mon. at 2 pm in the Yoder Cemetery with Bishop Abe Bontrager officiating.

MILLER, Raymond, of Augusta Wisconsin

six day old infant son of Jonas D. and Katie Ann (Borntreger) Miller died from brain damage on July 27. He is survived by his parents, 1 sister, Verna, and grandparents, David Millers and Roman Borntregers from here. The funeral was held on July 29. Pallbearers were David E. Borntreger and Eli W. Yoder. Burial was in the Amish Cemetery.

MILLER, Sam D., 75 yrs, 2 mon, 2 days of Conewango Valley, NY

died July 9. He was the son of David E. and Catherine (Miller) Miller. He was married to Viola (Byler) on Dec 6, 1934, the dau of Joas Byler. He was born May 7, 1912. Suviving are his wife, 5 sons, and 3 daus, 66 grandchildren, 32 great-grandchildren, one brother, 2 half-bros, and 3 half-sis. One son and one dau preceded him in death.

MILLER, Samuel M., 21, of Blair Wisconsin

died July 20 from serious injuries received in a head-on collision car crash. He was born May 31, 1966 to Moses S. and Elizabeth (Hochstetler) Miller. He leaves his parents, 5 sisters and 4 brothers: Susie, Anna, Elizabeth, Esther, Andy, and Amos, all married and living around this area, Danny, Emma, and Lavern at home. Also 5 nephews, 7 nieces, 7 uncles, and 5 aunts, and many cousins and other relatives and friends. Funeral services were held at the Lester Lambright residence.

RIEHL, Levi of Spring Head Rd., Gap, PA

infant son of John and Susie (Lapp) Riehl died July 10. Aside from his parents he is survived by 2 brothers, Daniel and John David, and 3 sisters, Sadie Mae, Carolyn, and Marlene, all of the home; and his grandparents John and Rachel (Fisher) Lapp of Lebanon County.

STOLTZFUS, Elizabeth S., 80, of 5268 Amish Rd.

Kinzers, PA

died Friday evening July 31 at the Lancaster General Hospital. She died of congestive heart failure and had been in failing health for about three months. She was the wife of the late David G. Stoltzfus, who died in 1980. Born in Lancaster County, she was the daughter of the late Samuel K. and Fannie S. Fisher. She was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. Surviving are eight children: Katie F., Gordonville; Sam K., Atgler; Tobias D., Romulus, NY; Barbara wife of Jonas Zook; Fannie wife of Melvin Beiler, both of Gap; Emma, wife of David B. Stoltzfoos; Elam M.; and Lydia wife of Samuel F. Stoltzfus; all of Kinzers; 57 grandchildren and 41 great-grandchildren. Also surviving are 4 sisters: Lydia Ebersol; Emma and Sylvia Fisher, all of Narvon; Annie King, Ronks; and a brother, Samuel U. Fisher of Elverson. Funeral services were held at the late home on Mon, Aug 3, at 11:30.

TROYER; Emanuel A., 84, Holmes County, Ohio

passed away unexpectedly while eating his dinner after church in his home on Sunday, June 28. He was born in Holmes Co. to the late Andrew J.S. and Mary (Beachy) Troyer and was married to Mattie Troyer on Jan 23, 1926 who survives. Also surviving are 2 daus, Mrs. Robert (Mary) barkman of the home, Mrs. Dan (Anna) Keim of Sugarcreek, one sis and 3 bros: Mrs. Eli M. (Sarah) Raber and Mose A. Troyer, both of Baltic, Levi A. and Samuel A. both of Fresno; 15 grandchildren. Five grandchildren, 4 sisters and 2 brothers are deceased. Services were held Wed. July 1, with Bishop Dan G. Yoder officiating. Burial was in the Yoder Cemetery.

WEAVER, Sarah E., 88, of 672 S. Swinehart Rd., Apple Creek, Ohio

died Fri morning July 10, in her home. She was born in Sugarcreek in 1898 to Christian and Sarah (Yoder) Yoder and had lived most of her life in the Apple Creek area. She was a member of the Old Order Amish. She was married to the late Emery P. Weaver on Feb 21, 1924. Surviving are her children, Mrs. Eli D. (Clara) Yoder, with whom she made her home, Mrs. Joe J. (Fannie) Miller of Apple Creek, Mrs. Eli J. (Nettie) Raber of Dundee, Andy E. of Smicksburg, PA, and John E. of Apple Creek; 55 grandchildren; one great-granchild, and a brother, Andy C. Yoder of Dundee. Two sons, a daughter, 6 sisters, 5 brothers, a grandchild and 9 great-grandchildren also died previously.

YODER, Mary E., 34, of 9323 County Rd., 329, Holmesville, Minn.

died June 11 at Wooster Community Hospital following a long illness. Born in Prarie Township, Holmes County, she was the dau of Eli H. and Lizzie Miller Weaver of Holmesville. In addition to her parents and her husband, whom she married on April 5, 1975, she is survived by a son and 5 daus: Daniel, Elizabeth Ann, Barbara, Alma, Laura, and Mary Ellen, all of the home; 3 sisters and 2 brothers: Mrs. Emanuel (Barbara Ann) Yoder and Mrs. Ivan (Anna) Raber of Holmesville, Mrs. Henry M.C. (Katie) Yoder of R2 Millersburg, Roy E. Weaver of Fredericksburg, and Emanuel Weaver of Holmesville. A brother is deceased. Services were held on June 14 at the residence with Bishop Dan B. Weaver officiating. Burial was at the Yoder Cemetery, Prarie Township.

MIGRATIONS

Preacher John Yutzi, Perry Millers, Dave Millers, Harley Yutzi and Leon Millers Moved to Canton MO this spring. They Were the last Amish families to move from McRae Ark.

Neil Bontrager Jr. moved to Anabel MO from Canton MO April 14, a distance of 80 miles.

Dan D. Byler family of Spartansburg PA moved to Lewistown OH on June 4.

Dan D. Byler and wife of Spartansburg PA Moved to Clintonville PA on June 12.

Eli L. Beachys' moved from Chesterhill OH toBox 180, S. Coldwater Rd.,Blanchard, MI 49310.

Dea. Elmer J. Kauffman moved from Shipshewana IN to Guys Mills PA on June 27.

Joe P. Miller and Family moved from Burton OH toGuys Mills PA on July 22.

Joe D. Gingerichs' moved from Norwich Ont. to Union City PA, July 11.

Irvin Yoders' Moved from Dublin TX to Guthrie KY, July 29.

Eli and Mattie Petershiem moved from Mt. Elgin, Ont. to Marlett, Mich.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Park City KY - Car Buggy Accident Fatal

On Mon. eve., July 6, Enos (age 20), son of Gideon A. Yoders was hit in the rear of the buggy. He had gone to Railton for feed and had just left the store when he was hit from behind by a 17 year old boy driving at a fast speed. He did not see him in time to stop. Enos was taken to Sanoson community Hospital in Glasgow and transfered from there to Bowling Green where he died the next day.The driver was'nt hurt much . The horse died soon after the accident . The funeral was Thurs. July 9. Friends and relatives attended from Can., NY, OH, IND, MO, KY, TN. His parents, 2 brothers and 9 sisters survive. He will be very much missed in this small community. Relatives stayed after the funeral and repaired the buggy and did some work on Gids new barn. His mother is Amelia, daughter of Jacob Masts.

Blair, Wis. - Youth killed in Head-on Collision

Samuel M. Miller, 21, died July 20 from serious injuries received in a head-on collision car crash.

Bird-in-Hand PA - Child Crushed by Milk Truck

Katie King, 1 yr., 1 month, 4 days.The community was shocked by the sudden death of Katie, the dau of Daniel and Lizzie (Fisher) King on July 17. She was crushed to death by their milk truck. This is the third child milk truck falality in Lancaster Co. in this decade.

Gordonville PA - Fatal Tractor Accident

Jonas Z. King, 29, was killed instantly on Mon evening at his home when a tractor he was using fell on top of him after it slid down a steep hill. It caused the tractor to upset, crushing him underneath. Born in Bird-in-Hand, he was a son of David and Katie (Zook) King of Ronks, PA. He was the husband of Fannie S. (Beiler) King. A year ago Fannie's parents met with instant death when a truck hit their team on Hollander Rd.

Parkman Ohio - Bishop Expires

Andy C. Byler, 58, of 15550 Grove Rd., died at his home July 4 following a lengthy illness. He was born Sept 7, 1928 in Middlefield Township, the son of Christ D. and Mary (Gingerich) Byler. A lifetime resident of Geauga Co., he lived in Parkman for the past 25 years. He married Barbara M. Mast, April 21, 1949. He was a bishop of the Garrettville District. He was ordained to the misitry in 1966, and made Bishop in 1968.

Honey Brook PA - Bishop Succumbs

Elam P. Kauffman, 58, died at the Brandywine Hospital, Coatesville, after a brief illness. He was born in Leacock Township, the son of the late John A. and Fannie (Petersheim) Kauffman. He was the husband of Sadie S. (King) Kauffman. A large funeral was held at his barn, and sermon was conducted by John J. Yoder, Dover DE.

Middlefield Ohio - Deacon Expires

Jonas A. Miller, 78 of 9775 Girdle Rd., died __ in his residence following a lengthy illness. He was born the son of Albert M. and Mary Ann (Gingerich) Miller on Dec 9, 1908. He lived in the Middlefield area most of his life. He was a retired, self-employed farmer, and was ordained deacon in 1944.

Middlebury Indiana - Senior Member Expires

Ezra L. Bontrager, 90, died Sun, July 12 in his home after an illness of several years. He was born in La Grange County on Dec 1, 1896, the son of Levi and Sarah (Yoder) Bontrager. He was a retired farmer and a resident of Middlebury for most of his life. He was married Feb 27, 1919 to Susie Lehman.

Apple Creek Ohio - Senior Member Expires

Sarah E. Weaver, 88, of 672 S. Swinehart Rd., died Fri morning July 10, in her home. She was born in Sugarcreek in 1898 to Christian and Sarah (Yoder) Yoder and had lived most of her life in the Apple Creek area.

Lancaster Co.'s Hottest July In 66 Years.

According to a report in Lancaster New Era, this July was definitely the hottest in 66 years and the second hottest recorded. The Average high temperature was 91.8 degrees. The hottest July on record was in 1921. The last time the July highs averaged 90 degrees was in 1966. So far this summer 30 days of 90 plus temperatures were reported and three days over 100.

Ed. Note! Country readings registered many more days over the 100 degree mark, in fact one week it was over this mark nearly every day.

These exceptional high readings are not only in Lancaster County or in eastern Pennsylvania. Reliable reports say that the unusual heat wave extends into Europe. It is reported that in the country of Greece alone thr death toll is nearly 1000, due to the great heat.

Conewango Valley NY - Noah N. Wengerd

We had quite a bit of rain the first half of July, but also some very warm and sunny days. The morning of the 26 we had a thundershower with a heavy rain, then it got real nice and sunny for the rest of the day. Thrashing started in the last week of July.

Noah, 14, son of Dan N. and Sarah Raber, got a broken heel. He was on the top of a load of hay on a truck, when they passed under a telephone line and it sraped him off in front of an English man's house. They didn't find out until he was brought home by this English man. It also broke his new glasses.

Min. John N. Raber got pinched between a tractor and a truck, as he was trying to fasten a chain between them. He has a broken chest bone, and he's still very sore and stiff, but he's at home and gaining.

Rennselaer Falls NY - M.E. Shetler

We ahd alot of very warm days in July and heavy rainfall for about a week. Crops look very good. Heifers are bringing better prices again. I assume it's about time to set the record straight. Our section of the country has an abundance of rock, brush, and swamp when it comes to welfare recipients and mosquitoes, we must surely get first prize in terms of quantity. Both are supported by the public.

Norfolk NY - Sue Wickey

July came in warm, and it was in the 70's in the morning, and went up to the 90's during the day. Excellent weather for putting up hay, and alot of hay went into the barns without rain. Birds took alot of rasberries. Tomatoes taste real good. It cooled off a little from the 15th to the 23rd. Then we had a few more warm days, but it seems they are over with for now as it was 45 degrees this morning. Seems dry here, rains were pretty spotty.

David and Ruth Wengerd and their son James were on a trip to Missouri and made stops between here and there. Everyone seems well and busy.

Fort Plains NY - Mrs. Levi B. Hostetler

In the forepart of July we had a good bit of rain and a few cool days so that heat from the kitchen stove was nice. By mid-month it turned quite warm with rain most every week. It was warm every day during the week of the 20th. By the 28th day it was cooler, we had a shower of rain one night since, and we have a cool breeze to stay comfortable.

A daughter Saloma was born to Menno L. and Nancy Hostetler on July 25th. Levi, son of Mennos, who has the kidney, is most times out at play or doing light errands. He can now do his own dialysis exchange by himself.

Clyde NY - Mrs.Noah S. Byler

July 3- The month of May was more or less on the dry side till Ascension day, we had a thunder, wind, hail, and rain storm. Have had plenty of moisture since. Temperatures ranging from 34 degrees on May 3rd to 92 degrees on rain storm. Have had plenty of moisture since. Temperatures ranging from 34 degrees on May 3rd to 92 degrees on the 30th.

June started in changeable and we had 1" of rain at suppertime on the 1st and temp. up to 82 degrees; was rainy till the 5th. Then it was nice and clear , also chilly a few days. Then it was drab and rainy again from the 7th to the 9th. We had some real warm weather around the middle of June and not much rain. The last 3 days of June were changeable with a good shower on the last day of June

July started out being drab on the first, and we had an all day rain on the 2nd, showers on the 3rd, and then it was changeable until the 12th. Then we had nice sunshine and warmer weather till the 20th when we had a good rain again. It was real warm till the 25 and 26th; we had some rain again, and then it cleared off until the 30th when it rained again. Temps. ranged from 58 degrees on the 17th to 90 a couple of times. The humidity was very high at times too.

Dewittville NY - Saloma J. Byler

Had .1 ich of rain on the 1st, .3 on the 2nd, .4 on the 6th, 1 on the 7th, .1 on the 8th, being warm all that time. It was 70 degrees at 5 AM quite often. On the 13th we had .8 and on the 14th we had 2.2. It was 56 degrees on the 15 and 16, but it warmed up. On the 20th it was 76 at 5 AM, on the 25 and 26th we ahd a few showers it was cool in the mornings, but it warmed up during the rest of the month. Most of the time a good breeze was going through the day. Buffalo had a small tornado yesterday, but we had no serious damage. Oats are cut and one job of threshing is done. The second crop of hay is being made. The cash crop farmers are busy with zucchini and squash, yet quite a few were shut off from sending milk a few days due to much bacteria.

Joe, 8, son of Dan L. and Clara Swartzentruber, smashed one end of his finger to the first knuckle when playing with a cement mixer. He was taken to Westfield Hospital, had it X-rayed, and was transferred to Brooks Hospital in Dunkirk to have it repaired. He had one overnight stay and is coming along OK.

Newport NY - Sarah M. Renno

July has been extra warm and we've had a few weeks of humid weather. It has been a little bit on the dry side . First and second cutting has started but it's not finished. Some oats are cut and shocked with little thrashing being done yet, while others haven't cut and their oats yet. We didn't see anything of the 17 year locusts up here like they did in Pa. Also no Gypsy moths, and so far we aren't bothered with potato bugs or Japanese beetles. Although sometimes we are bothered with vine beetles, our pickles are yielding good this year without any pesticides.

MissSalina Peachey now has a brace put on her leg instead of a cast.

Early tomatoes and sweet corn is ripe. Blueberries are plentiful, but apples are more scarce around here.

Bloomsburg PA - Lydia Stoltzfus

July was a very warm month until the last week when it cooled off more . Also had rain the first week - 3 inches, had some more the second and third week of about an inch, and the last Sunday we got a little over an inch. It was getting quite dry . Corn was making ears, oats and speltz were thrashed, and in July the 2nd cutting of hay was made. Gardens are doing good, tomatoes, sweet corn, lima beans, and other beans are being canned or frozen .Peaches are also ready.

Allenwood PA - John K. Fisher

July was a very warm month. Most of the rain we had fell in the first two weeks. It was pretty dry then and it still is, although we had a good shower on the 30th. Total rainfall was 3 inches. Crops look pretty good in spite of the dry weather we're having.

Millersburg PA - Mrs. Benuel B. Fisher

July they say, was the warmest for 57 yrs. Had temps. in the 100's for most of two weeks, and it didn't seem to cool off very much at nights. Not much rain fell, just a few tenths in the beginning of July, and on the 25 and 26 we had 1/10, but some places had 1 in; it was very scattered throughout the valley. In this section, corn is hurting with the dry weather. The second cutting of hay was nice, and had a fair yield. Produce pickers are busy with tomatoes and peppers. Not much lawn work or as many weeds to get after. Lima beans are starting a good crop.

Lebanon County PA - Levi S. King

The month of July was mostly on the dry side here in our area, while farther south some areas had more rain. The rains we did get were mostly thundeshowers and very spotty, with some places getting 3 inches in a short time, while others only had sprinkles. Alot of very warm weather prevailed through the month, and corn on the shale ridges was curled during the afternoon hours. Wheat crop was excellent in yield this year, with most reports above 60 bu. per acre and lots of nice straw. Most garden vegetables also yielded very good so far this summer.

LANCASTER COUNTY Reports

Mascot Area - Bertha Miller

Newcomers in Bishop Christ Riehls church are: John Stoltzfus and 3 little children. They moved in where Benj. and Lavina Esch moved out. John is an employee at Hoover Diesels.

Doogie Aaron missed out in church most of this summer. He does welcome visitors though. His wife Emma had a weak spell the last week of July. Heat and humidty has been rather hard on Mother, plus to top it off, she had a little tumble and sprained her knee. Crutches and her oxygen tubes didn't mix very well.

Widow Fannie Riehl missed church the last 3 times. Cold and cough has weakened her somewhat.

Eli S. Miller is recuperating from gland surgery. Let us remember our aged and feeble in prayers and short visits. Mrs. Amos Ebersol (Lavina) is getting some relief from arthritis in her legs after one cortisone shot and one trip to Virginia.

A day at M.C.C proved quite interesting on July 30. It was good to have Ephriam Riehl with the men folks.

Tobacco harvesting has started. Dry weather is bringing a bumper lima bean crop.

Bird-in-Hand PA - David B. King

July was warm and humid most of the time. We didn't have much rain until the 12, when we had a heavy thunderstorm. It rained 3 and 1/4 in. in 1 and 1/2 hrs. On the 26 we had another thunderstorm, with 1/2 in. of rain. Some places in the area had light hail, and a couple of places cattle were killed by lightning. Men are making the 3rd crop of hay, and MD type tobacco is ready to cut. It seems kind of dry again, but crops are doing good. Field corn looks like a bumper crop. Sweet corn and cantelopes are on the menu, also lima beans look like a good crop. Women are busy quilting.

Nephew Jonas Z. King was instantly killed by a tractor upsetting on him. Katie, dau of Daniel King, Bird-in-Hand, was instantly killed by their milk truck on July 17.

Strasburg Area - Mrs. John Glick

To describe July is not hard at all: rather warm, humid and dry. We had 100 degree weather the week of the 20th. On july 14th we had nice showers of 1 and 1/2 inches. Otherwise we had very little rain, so the crops are beginning to show signs of dryness around here, but still we have plenty of vegetables, etc. to eat. We are thankful and should not complain about the weather.

In the afternoon of July 4, Aaron Z., 22, son of Bennie and Lizzie Lantz, had a mishap on his father's farm while helping his father. Mules hitched to a two wheel cart got scared and ran off, and Aaron ran after them, when the mules made a sudden turn and Aaron ran into the cart. He hit the iron bar, was thrown 15 feet, and he broke his leg. He was taken to the hospital where he stayed for 5 days. He was operated on July 6, and they put a steel rod in. While they were operating, he broke out in a rash as a result from the drainage coming from his bone marrow and going into his blood stream. He was given oxygen until Wed. morning. The doctor said it could be fatal if the oxygen goes down too far. He was in intermediate care from Mon. till Tues. afternoon, and the oxygen was taken off a few times, but it had to be put back on again. he came home from the hospital on July 9. He had some miserable days and nights the first week. On July 14 he got a walking cast for 6 weeks. Stitches were taken out July 21. He is coming along good and is still using his crutches. His wife is Katie, dau of Abner and Lavina Glick. Mail will reach him at 346 Lancaster Ave., Strasburg, PA 17579.

Nine Points Area - Mrs. Ben S. Beiler

July this year means hot, humid and hazy. Rainfall was very little in this area. The few showers we had soon dried off. From the 10 to the 21 we had high temps, soon reaching the 90 degree point day after day. Had 1/2 in. on the 21st, then 1/10 in. on the 26th. Early corn looks to be holding out fairly so far. Sweet corn and lima beans bear good so far.

Dan M. Stoltzfus of Nine Points was admitted to the hospital July 31 because of prostrate gland trouble. His wife Mary is also not so well again.

Christiana PA - Mrs. John S. Stoltzfus, Jr.

The first two weeks in July we had wonderful growing weather with plenty of rain, making it hard to get the 2nd crop of hay in without rain. Now at the beginning of Aug it is getting dry. Crops are starting to show the effects of dry weather. The last 4 days have been cloudy, humid, and it looks very much like rain. But as the saying goes... all signs fail in dry weather. We are still bringing in loads of produce from the garden, so we want to be thankful for everything.

Peach Bottom PA - Christ Zook

July was warmer than normal, also dry with a few light showers. On Sun the 26th we had a real hardy wind storm that brought down trees and limbs in the neighborhood, blew down both of Christ Beiler's corn cribs, and also blew over a big hay rack wagon at Jacob Ebersol's, that belongs to a neighbor.

Chester County PA - J. Elmer Lapp

July was warm and quite a bit humid, with thundershowers about every week. On the 14th it rained 1.9 in., and the total for the month was 4 in. There were quite a few days of over 90 degree temps. The 2nd cutting of alfalfa was finished in the beginning of July. Now the 3rd cutting has just begun. Both have been a fair crop. Corn was growing nicely, but it is in need of moisture again as it hasn't rained hardly any for 2 weeks. Sweet corn is plentiful with prices at roadside stands around $1.00 per dozen.

Amos, 12 year old son of Reuben and Sadie Allgyer, injured his big toe on the right foot, while helping his brother Lester move a corn binder. The tongue or hitch fell down on his foot while they were getting ready to take the binder home from the farm of Christ Stoltzfus near White Horse. He was taken to the hospital in Lancaster to have it X-rayed, stitches put in and dressed. It was quite sore. Amos says he thought it was hurt pretty bad, but he guessed it could have been worse.

Sarasota FL - Noah Stutzman

Unusually warm weather, humidity is high here, and then when it is so wet as it is now, lots of people went north. To mention some: Menno Swartzendruber, and Henry Miller. They wanted a train ride so they decided to go to Oregon and Ind. Andrew Rabers went to Ohio to a reunion on the Raber side. I think they will be back on Sunday the 2nd day of Aug. Also others but I can't name them all, but the group is small on Sundays in Church and Sunday school.

We had lots of rain and it is not really dried any yet around here as we are low here , but the main trouble is they had to fill up to get the new houses higher and they didn't provided ditches for the water and so it went to places and set there. We had a lot of water in ours and Lloyd Stoltzfuses yards. But I got the yard mowed now since it soaked down again, so it will all come out the way it should I guess.This morning I stayed with Ben Eisenberguger, a paralyzed man 81 years old. His wife wanted to do some shopping. Manass Beachy also is a poor man still hanging on and has asthma disease . He had a bad spell Sat. eve., but after awhile his breathing got better and he rested pretty good the rest of night. God Bless each reader!

Park City KY - Enos A. Yoder

July weather was normal, warm and at present, dry, with temperatures in high nineties and probably 100 degrees some days. It is hard to tell when different thermometers don't show the same.

Had 2 and 7/10 " around the first of July , .5" July 3, .8" the 5th , and .2" the 9th,1/2 " the 13th, .1 "the 27th. The 14th and 15th were more pleasant, not so very warm , more like Sept. and Oct. Cucumber picking has come to an end July 24th.

We finally got our wells drilled, one July 23rd , the other one July 27th. One of them is 42' deep, the other 75' deep. Cost 12.00 including casing.

We did some fencing this week including digging post holes which was not play work with stony ground and 95 degree weather. But, we now have our cattle and horses moved over to the new barn.I've been working at the barn the past few days, made a few barn doors and misc. jobs.

Most garden things were a good crop so far this season. We have been selling some tomatoes ane canteloupes.I caught16 bluegills and one 13" bass in the neighbor's pond this eve.

Marion KY - Samuel Hertzler

Warm and humid describes the month of July. Rain came as much as needed. There was some problem in getting a second crop of hay. The tomato crop was fair, but we got a poor deal on the price. We feel they took advantage of us with interventions on the price. Crops, pasture and produce hardly ever looked better. A bumper corn and soybean crop are in the making.

Guthrie KY - Jesse D. Peachey

On the dry side again, with occasional spotted showers. Early corn is turning fast and is ready for the silo. Beans look nice, but they need some moisture. Had heavy rain in the beginning of the month, bringing the 4th cutting of alfalfa to a fair crop.

Ethridge TN - Daniel M. Gingerich

Ura J.K. Gingerich was kicked by his driving horse when he wanted to go into her stall. He had a colored hoofprint on the inside of his hip for a while, and was laid up for a week or so on account of it and a sore back, which was not related to the kick. He is back at work again. Danny, little son of Amos Gingerich, was a very sick little boy for a while. They took him to the doctor for the 3rd time before the doctor finally realized that it was appendicitis. He operated right away, and not a bit too soon, as his appendix was leaking and an infection had already started. He seems to be recuperating real well by now. Enos S. Yoder had the misfortune of getting his leg broken, (both bones) on the 26th of July when an energetic calf that he wanted to turn loose in the yard somehow got unruly and tangled up and threw him. At last reports he was in the Maury County Hospital with a possible operation coming up.

Weatherwise July started in with plenty of rain. Then for a few days we had some hot and humid weather. Then around the middle of the month, we had a couple of nice comfortable days. After that it warmed up again with temps. going as high as 98 and above on the 27th. In the meantime we had a heavy thunderstorm with rain anywhere from 1/2 to over 1 inch. Total rainfall for July was over 4.3 inches in parts of the county. But it is getting to be a bit on the dry side again. Peppers are ripening, threshing is nearly over with or maybe completely. Several of the Amish farmers have been putting up silos and geting ready for the corn silage, which is just about ready. A big part of the canning has been done, and vegetables are over their peak.

Beaver Springs PA - Mrs. Emery Weaver

Not much variation in the weather during July, above normal temp. and very little rain. Some corn is starting to suffer but early crops and produce was good so far. All men folks here are busy in the pallet shops and saw mill, and one family is in the greenhouse business.

I have spent the past 5 days in the Divine Providence Hospital in Wiliamsport due to a case of food poisoning which developed Salmonella infection, which we found out can cause serious problems. We blame it on tainted cantelopes.

Mt. Pleasant Mills PA - Sam M. Troyer

July has been warmer than last July and there has been alot of high humidity, but only around three inches of rain. The last part of the month was very dry in out locality. It has been so dry that it is quite doubtful that we will get much corn. Oats were a nice crop. Mellons are ripening too fast for good because the moisture is lacking. Fruit seems to be a good crop. We are still picking blueberries. Gardens are drying up quite a bit. We were out in Ashland and Linesville and we didn't see anywhere else that was as dry as Mulberry Ridge.

Mifflintown PA - David Renno

July was a very warm and dry month. Had several light showers with many warm and windy days with temperatures in the upper 90's and it has been up to 100 degrees on the porch in the shade.

Wheat and oats were very good crops. Wheat made 60 bushels per acre and oats around 115 bushels per acre. Such yields were unheard of in our parents' times.

Corn was hurt badly in the last of the month, but is tall in the fodder.

Bish. Jake Petersheim (64) has been in failing health the last month or more. It seems as if he has dropsy as he fills up with fluid, and it leaves him very weak if he takes any medication for it, and it effects his breathing.

Belleville PA - Catherine Swarey

July started hazy with rain the first week, with accumulations of over 2 inches till July 3. Again on July 6-7 we had showers . The next week was very warm and humid till a thunder storm arrived on July 14, then it was much cooler. Local papers called it a cold front, night temperatures as low as 48 degrees, but it didn't last long. Again it was very warm in the day and night temperatures as high as 90 degrees and 100. July 25 -26it rained again making a total of 4.5 in. for the month, also it was slightly cooler . Corn still looks nice, oats are thrashed, sweet corn is a good crop, and blackberries are begining to ripen.

Franklin County PA - Jacob Flaud

We had real warm and humid weather during the month of July, and had showers in the first week of the month. We've had very little rainfall since then. Harvest is all finished with a fair grain crop. Produce farmers are getting busy with cantelopes, tomatoes, and sweet corn.

Gettysburg PA - Elizabeth A. Stoltzfus

Weather for the first part of July was hot and humid. The other half was hot and dry. Most of the July days had 90 degrees or more, several reached 100. Most nights had temps in the 60's and upwards to 74. We had nice showers and excellent growing weather till the 14th, which came to a total of 2.9 in. We've had no measurable rainfall here since. Air feels very hot and dry. Other sections of Adams County have had more rain than what we have gotten here. Corn fields look pitiful. Pastures and lawns have the dried up look. Tractor farmers were busy combining small grain. Wheat was very good, from 50 to 65 bu. per acre, and making lots of straw. Our farmer boys' first planting of corn has made ears and will soon be ready to put in the silos. Womenfolks have been busy canning sweet corn, pickles, etc.

Stephen and Edith Fisher have gone on a trip in the last week of July, traveling with two mustangs and wagon. Plans were to camp out sometimes and be in no hurry to get anywhere or come home. Plans were to visit in Franklin Co., Path Valley, and Perry Co., PA.

Enos, 3 yr old son of Jonas M. Beiler, had the misfortune of breaking his leg between the knee and the ankle, and spent several days in the Gettysburg hospital. He is coming along fine. It is easier for him to slide across the floor on his seat, than usind his crutches. His leg was in a cast to above the knee.

Path Valley PA - Daniel Z. Beiler

July has been an extra dry month. July 6 saw the last rain that soaked the dust. People say that the night of the 20th was a record breaker for warmth at night for about 100 years. Crops look pretty dry.

Somerset County, PA - Mary A. Kinsinger

The weather pattern for July has been very warm and we've had lots of humid weather. The week of the 12th we had a welcome rain of about a half an inch, and since then there hasn't been much at all. On the 26th a very heavy thunderstorm passed through dumping around an inch in 15 to 20 min. in the Myersdale area, but up our way we had only .2 and that was soon all absorbed due to the dryness of the ground. In some places we never got any rain.

Men are cutting oats and working at building projects. The second cutting of hay wasn't very much. Corn fields look good, at least the early one that were planted. Some fields show signs of dryness more than others. Corn is naturally curled in such warm muggy weather. Garden yields aren't so abundant as sometimes.

Salisbury PA - J. Henry Mast

July has been a very warm and dry month with temps in the upper 90's. Had a low of 48 one morning. Our spring water supply has become quite sluggish in this dry weather, which requires us to use water sparingly. The second cutting of hay was short and corn is curling alot. Sweet corn, tomatoes, and cantelope is on the menu.

John Mast now has his mill set up and is starting to saw. They are also working on building a shed over the mill. Enos Lee had a frolic on the 28th to set the rafters on his free stall barn.

We are in the proces of buying the property which we have been waiting on. It has finally become available after going through foreclosure, sheriff sale, and bankruptcy during the past year. It is located near Poahontas, a short distance from where my parents live.

On Mon Aug 3rd, our dry spell was broken during the night by a very welcome rain. Everything looks refreshed this morning.

Southern Mercer PA - Mrs. Eli H. Kurtz

July was mostly warm and sunny. Also had some rain on the 1st, 2, 6, 10, 13, and 25th. Had lots of upper 80 and 90 degree weather, also a cool morning on the 15th, but it warmed up to 70 that day. Farmers are hauling their second crop of hay, and threshing oats soon. Gardens are producing good, sweet corn and tomatoes are on the menu.

Mrs. Levi Miller (Mattie Kurtz) had a mishap while carrying a teakettle of hot water and spilling it over her leg and foot. She has second degree burns. As far as I know she is recovering nicely. Mrs. Mose J. Hostetler had the misfortune of getting a badly cut foot when she was washing fruit jars. She slipped and fell and broke a jar, then she got up and stepped on a piece of glass, cutting her foot and toes. They required 20 stitches. It has healed nicely and she can wear her shoes again.

Mrs. Dan J. Byler had an operation lately but we have gotten no further reports. Eli H. Kurtz went to Buffalo to Dr. Park's on the 28 for his second cataract operation on his right eye. His left eye was operated on June 9th and is getting along good from that. Hopefully the right eye will be as good as the left.

Mrs. Amelia Miller also was to Dr. Park's on July 14 and had her right eye operated on for cataracts and was there again on the 28 to have her left eye operated on. Eli and Amelia both came home again on the 29th.

Troutville, PA - Mrs. J. David Byler

He had a dry July, with some rain in the first part of the month. John Miller sprained his foot at work on July 2. He is back to work again.

Urie Miller, 4 yr. old son of David and Mary Miller got a piece of glass in his foot on July 1st. They took him to the doctors to have it cut out, and now he is back on the go.

Atlee Weaver had his tonsils removed on July 16, and he is on the go again. Allen, 10, son of Eli and Amanda Miller, had the misfortune of falling into a pitchfork while running into the barn. The fork went through his main artery above the knee, which required surgery. He was in surgery for 3 and 1/2 hours. He was in intensive care for 1 and 1/2 days, and now he is coming along fine. This happened on Thurs. evening, July 16. He had almost a three day stay in the hospital. His address is Allen Miller, R.D.3 Panxsutawney, PA 15767.

Allen Fisher was off and on in the hospital this month, he is the son of Bill and Amanda Fisher.

Guys Mills PA - Mrs. Christ Miller

The first half of July gave us ample rainfall, with hot and humid weather also. Corn is growing and filling out fast. Oat thrashing has begun by the last week in July, which is earlier than in former years for our area. Garden produce is doing well, with sweet corn and tomatoes on the menu. The first peaches have been trucked in, at $6.75 for 38 lbs.

Ray R. Miller's, (the couple who lost their 4 children in a fatal house fire in Feb.) have built a basement, and put a double wide trailer on it, and are now living in it. They had been staying in his parents, Roman M. Miller's. The house that is being replaced, where the one is burned, is progressing nicely, and Jake R. Miller's wants to move in when it's done.

Spartansburg PA - Thomas B. Miller

July started in with rain almost every day for the first 2 weeks. A lot of hay was lost on account of it. Then when the rainy weather was over we got almost 2 weeks of very warm , muggy weather so that the hay did not dry very fast, and when it did, it was oh so warm to put in the barn.

On the 25th we had a small shower and that kind of put an end to warm, humid days. For the rest of the month we had nice sunny days and a nice breeze and cool nights. Corn is in tassel and some of the 2nd crop of hay is being put up. Oats are turning golden yellow and some has been cut.

A few months ago the Route 2 - Spartansburg mailman had 4 Dan D. Byler's on his route. Two of them moved to Lewisville, Ohio. One moved to Clintonville Pa, and the other one died (see obit). I imagine the only gain there is belongs to the mailmen!

Dan J. Hershberger left for Mexico on the 15th to go to a Cancer Doctor.

Conneautville PA - Miss Anna Fisher

The first several weeks in July were very rainy and wet. We had over 7 inches of rainfall between the 1st and the 15th. It caused flash floods on several occasions. The last two weks were as sunny and dry as the first two were rainy. On the 25th we had a few nice showers, totalling right around 4/10 inch. We had an unusual amount of warm and humid weather in the latter part of the month, with a real heat wave during the week of the 20th. Highest temp was 93 degrees on the 20th and 22nd. Lowest was 45 on the 15th. Total precipitation was 7.8 inches.

Farmers are busy combining oats and baling straw on the 2nd crop of hay. Gardens are doing well - most things seems to be earlier than usual this year.

Union City PA - Levi D. Stutzman

The first half of July was real wet with 7 inches of rain up until the 14th. Then it turned dry with only .1 inch on the 25th, and a few sprinkles on the 30th. We had a few cool days in the middle of the month. Otherwise, the temp. was above normal, mostly in the high 80's. Some people are making the 2nd cutting of hay, while some only finished their first cutting the week of the 20th. Still a few natives are not done with their first cutting. Very little hay went in the barns from June 22nd to July 15. Oats are all cut and thrashing has started.

Geauga County OH - Eli E. Miller

July is now past and summer is almost gone. It was warm and dry. Had two inches of rain on the 1st and 2nd, and only 3/4.in. for the rest of the month. A few places had more. Alot of mornings had temps of 70 or above at daybreak, and quite a few had temps around 85 to 90 in the daytime with humidity in the 90% range. Oats are all cut, very little is thrashed; they are light in weight. Wheat and spletz are all thrashed with fair to good yields. One wheat yield was from 80 bu per acre, spletz from 60 up. Alot of nice 2nd crop hay was put up in these last two weeks, and it dried really fast. It was a good yield. Feeder pig prices are down to $104.00 per lb. at the last sale. Fat hogs are around $60.00 per cut. Eggs are cheap and milk is about the same.

HOLMES & WAYNE Co. Reports

Kideon Area OH - John L. Stutzman

On July 1 we had 2.3 in. of rain, on the 2nd we had 1.3 in., and on the 6 and 10th we had a couple of tenths of rain. This was the rainfall for our area for July. It rained streaky. The storekeeper said that with one of the showers it didn't rain on the west side of the store, and on the east side the ground was wet. The temp. was in the 90's, and up to 120 in the sun. Oats are all about thrashed with good yields, some over 100 bu. per acre. Where the hail storm went through, some yields were only 10 to 11 bu. per acre. It seems dry and dusty. A good soaker would be welcome.

Sugar Creek Area - Jonas N. Borntrager

This neighborhood finished their thrashing on July 22 with good grain yeilds. Some fields had storm damage earlier that did not do so good. Pasture fields are getting short due to lack of moisture . Corn fields look promising, corn is a month ahead of usual . The first week of July we had nearly 3 inches of rain but very little since. None at all in the last 2 weeks. Corn has no signs of suffering, but lawns and gardens do.Hogs are just above 60 cents.

Mrs. Jonas J. Sarah (Mast) Hershberger age 82, the oldest member in south east Barrs Mills district fell Sunday eve. and broke her hip, or either the hip broke then she fell. She was taken to the hospital late Sunday eve. She was to have surgery Tuesday July 28. Her birthday is Aug. 4. She grew up in the Nappanei area.

Visiting Bishops and Ministers: Bishop Andy E. Stutzman and family of Milroy Ind. attended church at Menno A. Erbs July 5. Preacher Eli F. Detwilers of Milroy Ind. attended church at his brothers, Perry F. Detwiler in Clarence J. Yoder district July 5. Bishop S. Yoder and another minister and deacon of Middlefield, of whose name I don't have, attended church at Em A. Millers July 26 in Monroe M. Yoder's district.

Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

Our month of July is now history with not much change in weather. Had some showers in the fore part of the month, but the latter part was mostly on the warm side, with thermometer readings up to 95 and even better. Second crop of hay is all made, and a few have made their 3rd cutting. Oat thrashing is coming to a close, with mostly good yield reported. Cattle prices are holding their own. Good calves are at an all time high, and pigs and hogs are still good.

Fredericksburg Area - Eli Hochstetter

June ended wet and July's 2 days were rainy with hail and heavy rains in our district, which left some oat fields partly thrashed and down and badly tangled. Temperatures dropped to 65, barometer is rising and clear skies ,SW breeze July 5-12. Humid, warm sticky weather with showers about every day. A cool shower and north wind brought about lower temperatures and 63 degrees by July 13, warmer and dry till the 26th it cooled off for no rain. Last week in July was mostly cool mornings in upper 60's and warm in PM. Oats thrashing , a few passsed with good yielding. Peaches are being sold at Mt. Hope sale at 8-10 dollars a box. Fruit seems plentiful, also garden vegatables. Hail damaged corn fields recovered well and look promising although a good rain would give the ears a good boost. Everything seems to be a week or two early.According to the Katy -did singing, we can expect frost the fore part of Sept. Livestock is selling well.

Fredricksburg Area - Mrs. Levi Miller

The last half of July has been very warm and dry. It's nearly 3 weeks since we had our last rain, until tonight (Aug 1) when we got a few sprinkles. Lawns and pastures are turning brown. Gardens could use more moisture to ripen late sweet corn, melons, tomatoes, peppers, etc. Oats are being thrashed, with good yields where there's no hail damage. One field was nice till the hail storm hit. The corn is coming along pretty well since the hail, with the good rains following the storm.

The second crop of hay was a good crop. Peaches are ripe, and some trees are overloaded, and therefore not too big. On Aug 3 we had a good 7 inch rain which freshens things up.

Holmesville Area - Monroe A. Weaver

Fairly warm in June, high of 92, 4 in. of rain. Crops look real good. Hogs 60.00 - 63.00 a cut. Pigs over 1.00 lb. and cattle are up to 72.00 a cut. Had 4.5 in. of rain and hail in places in the first few days of July, and 1 in. in the next few days. Have had more since the 15th. The ave, daily high temp. for the last two wekks is 92, and 2 days it was 97. Real good weather to put up the 2nd cutting of hay, it was a fair crop. Wheat and oats are mostly thrashed, and have fair yields. It is getting rather dry. Hogs are mostly over 60.00 a cut. Pigs are cheaper, $.90 to $1.10 a lb., cattle in the low 60's. Hay is cheaper, straw was high, before the new crop came in, now it's cheaper. Oats elevators are paying $1.00 a bu., and are selling 1.25 a bu.

Eight of us cousins and 2 of our sons visited our only uncle Jake I. Wengerd, 88, in Conewango Valley NY. We also visited cousins and friends. Our cousin Issac D. Miller, 58, died shortly after we were there.

Is this our oldest Old Order member?

Our oldest Amish person in the area is John D. Troyer, 103. His mind is still good, has a hard time hearing. You can visit with him: 3819 Star Rd., Millersburg, OH 44654. He lives near Walnut Creek.

Ashland OH - Ammon A. Troyer

No rain in the last half of July which makes it very dry. Melon vines are dying off. Lots of thrashing has been done and a nice 2nd cutting of hay was put up.

Fredericktown OH - Sarah Miller

July 1st we had an all day and night rain with 4 " of rain. Had lots of high water with some damage to oat fields and also to the corn. Didn't have rain since. Rain would be very welcome. It is on the dry side. The lawns are turning brown . Menfolks work is now making a second crop of hay and thrashing oats. Women are busy canning peaches, red beets, pickles and sweet corn. Gardens aren't at their best this year. Min. Elmer Brenneman came home from the hospital after over a weeks stay . He already had many trips in the hospital and home again. They are glad for mail and visitors, as he isn't able to work any more and have had many lonely days. Address Waterford Rd., R#2 Fredericktown, OH 43019.

Aden E. Yoder recieved a broken arm from a mishap of a team of buggy horses hitched in the ladder wagon. One of the tugs came lose from one of the horses and the other tore on one horse, scaring the horses and making them trot faster, so he couldn't hold them.The wagon turned over (which was loaded with a silo filler, ice box, etc.) He also had their 1 and1/2 year old boy along, but he wasn't hurt. Just scared!!

Sullivan OH - Gideon J. Hershberger

We are having nice, warm weather. Rain would be appreciated. Farmers are busy threshing oats and putting in the second cutting of hay. Blackberries are very plentiful this year.

Jacob Weavers are building a new barn with intentions of having the raising the first week in August.

Stockport OH - Warren Fussner

The month of July was warm and we had several days of humid weather. Several days were in the nineties. On July 1 we had a nice rain; on the 2, 3, and 5, it was partly cloudy. July 5 was warm and humid and we had some rain that evening. It was nice then until the afternoon of the 7th, when we had a hard rain. The remainder of the month was warm, there were many humid days and no rain. Had some cloudy mornings, but no rain, which leaves it now quite dry. Some corn is firing and curling up. Pastures are short and I saw some farmers feeding hay. Threshing is mostly all done, and farmers are busy making hay. Crops seem to be doing extra well this year. Women folks are busy canning sweet corn, pickles, tomatoes, blackberries, and peaches. Peaches are selling at $7.00 a bu. for 2nds up. Blueberries are around $3.00 a gallon, but there aren't alot of those. These were pick-it-yourselves. We also have cantalopes out of the garden now. Grade B milk is holding steady at $10.90 a hudred for 3.5%. 44% Dairy supplement $14.05 a 100. Corn on Columbus Market was $1.69 a bushel.

Allen County IN - Mrs. John Schmucker

Mrs. Viola Gerig was in the hospital almost 4 weeks . Had a double hernia surgery and her toe on the one foot didn't heal and also found she had sugar and a few other problems. She is home but still weak.

Mrs.Ida Schmucker was in the hospital for a few hours with a bad case of hives.

Had a lot of hot and humid weather and also nice showers and just a few thunderstorms. Crops look nice.

Shipshewana IN - Anna Eash

We had above average temperatures most of the days in July. Over the 26th it cooled off enough to use covers during the nights . It warmed up again and dried off considerably and presently it has cooled off and we are having thunder showers which we appreciate very much.

Oats are about all thrashed , corn looks "super" nice, Tomatoes and cucmbers also squash are above of what I can remember seeing! Sweet corn is also very plentiful.Seems everybody is busy. We have so many reasons to continually praise the Lord for all these material blessings and also spiritual blessings.

Nappanee IN - Joni D. Gingerich

The month of July will be remembered as being a warm and dry month, although the field crops showed no signs of being hurt, in fact they look extra good. We had 15 days of 90 degree temps., with 96 being the highest on several days. The humidity was so high, that only 2 days had all sunshine, and 3 were all cloudy ones. Then on the 29th it clouded up fast and rained 2 inches in the evening, which was very welcome. Early potatoes are yielding good, but many late potatoes don't look very good. We hope this rain will perk them up. Peaches are on the market at mostly $12.00 per bushel. Blueberriesare in full harvest now, and seem to be plentiful. Thrashing is over with good yields.

Kokomo IN - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

Warm and humid has been our July weather, making it ideal growing weather for all the crops, although it has been rather hard on some people. We had around 2 in. of rain at the beginning of the month, and a few light showers, by the last week it was getting to be quite dry after a week of 90 to 98 degrees. On the 29 it was quite stormy with 80 mi. per hr. winds, and lots of rain, but here in the community it wasn't quite so stormy. We had from one to 2 in. scattered throughout the community.

Eli L. Miller is gaining well at home after surgery on July 7 for a tumorous kidney. Mrs. Melvin C. Bontrager is gaining some since she's using a medication to treat the pagets disease which affect the calcium of the bone. This disease causes brittle bones.

Montgomery IN - Elizabeth Mae Raber

July has been a warm month, we had 21 days of 90 degrees or more and 2 of these days it was 100, which was on the, 22nd and 23rd. The low for the month was 56 degrees on the 15th. We had plenty of moisture the first half of the month, but it is on the dry side now as only .4 in. have fallen since the 15th. Total rainfall was 4.7 in.

Alva L. Grabers lost 5 horses when they got into some hog feed, and went through a door that was left open by someone who was there.

On July 4th in the morning, Amos Knepps had a fire in their house when white gasoline was used to start a fire in the kitchen range in the basement. It was brought in by mistake instead of kerosene by one of the children. His wife carried the jug which was on fire upstairs, and received burns on her hand and arm. She was taken to the emergency room to have her burns treated, but was still a lucky person. Fire extinguishers were used to put out the fire, with only minor damage and alot of smoke, but the house needed some repairs. It is nearly a new house.

Canton MO - Jacob D. Hochsteter

July was mostly warm, but we had more moisture than in June. Pastures were brown and corn was curling during the day in June. We ahd only around 2 in. of rain in June. July brought us more. Had 4 in. or more the week of the 5th and also around 2 in. the last week. So pastures are green again, and other crops look promising. Quite alot of building is going on. Plans are to build another school house, a barn for Mrs. Dave Miller, a house for Pre. Perry Millers. Pre. Dan Eichers are planning to move to a house. So, work is plentiful.

Windsor MO - Mrs. Monroe J. Hershberger

June and July: We had church and S.S. through June amidst sour cherry and pea canning , also beans and pickles. Much of our extra vegetables sell good through the stores . We kept a fresh supply of blackberries in the store, daily for a month, and now have passed the 200 gallon mark. There are still nice and red ones hanging on yet. Also picked blueberries in a patch north of here and they've sold real good. People through Missouri did not grow up with blueberries, but are gradually learning how good they are!

All this spring and summer , we've had rains as we needed them, we are wishing for rain now, but is not very dry- nor has anything suffered. Among our group, SE of Windsor they have not had enough spring rains to even make blackberry picking worth while going!

A thrasher - meeting ended up the thrashing job in mid July. Most oat fields were light through here, blamed on decrease -oat-seeds that MFA sold to farmers. Corn fields look exceptional so far.-but we have not harvested it yet, and also can keep us from gathering a big crop, even yet. Melons are a good crop, our potatoes are stored in basements for our winter supply. Crops run generally earlier this year than normal. Sweet corn is real nice and this is the first year our seedless grapes hung on.

Marvin Millers dug a basement and added it on to their house at the present.

We are getting things ready for another surplus- auction by the end of Aug. 8. Henry Hertzlers will sell their sale

We had 7 inches of rain until the 13th of July, but none since. The last half of the month was quite warm, with temps up to 98 degrees on some days. Grass is starting to turn brown again. Corn is real well along growing ears, and beans also look real nice. Gardens have produced well this summer and wild blackberries are plentiful.

Seymour MO - Menno D. Swartz

July had quite a bit of rain, although spotty at times, giving us a second cutting of hay . Oats are just above ave. Rains had kept us from thrashing, and now the last half of month has become hot and dry, not hurting anything yet. A real black berry year. Also good garden year. Sweet corn is like field corn ears . Hogs still around the 60 dollar mark. Cattle are very high priced .Young Springer Heifers 800.00 . The rabbit market is good, 77 cents per live lb.

Marshfield MO - Ruben Yoder

July started with several good rains and good growing weather, but the last 3 weeks brought only a few light spotty showers. Temperature was very bearable in the early part of month, but as the month went on the days got hotter, with the last 3 days hovering around the 100 degree mark and predictions are for it to be still warmer and no rain is in sight. Most gardens crops have been real nice and the demand is real strong for fresh produce. Local peaches are few and far between, blackberries were very plentiful. Small calves are selling (3 days old) up to 160.00 per head and hogs are quite stong yet.

Revere MO - Jacob A. Mast

Warm and dry describes our weather here in Clark County; there have been some scattered showers, but overall it's very dry.

The house for dad's "Alvin Masts" of Bowling Green, MO is about ready where they can move in. There is alot of finish work to do, yet we are expecting them sometime in Sept.

There is alot of building to do this fall; Sam Burholder's barn is ready for the roof, except for the extension they are putting on the east end. John Burkholder and Toby Mast have their foundations in for their barns.

Jacob and Sammie Mast attended the funeral of their cousin Enos Yoder of Park City, KY. Sammie visited homefolks at Ethridge TN before returning home.

La Plata MO - Mrs. Neal Kauffman

We had quite a bit of moisture through July, seemingly more than usual. Some places had nearly as much as 5 to 9 inches in short periods of time. Now towards the end of July it is warm and there is not much breeze. Thrashing is finished.

Last Sat. the 25th was the funeral of Ezra Yoder of Anabel, MO. He was 89 yrs, and had not been well for some time.

Lewis S. Kauffman came home from Columbia Hospital on July 8. He seems to be gaing now. Still there's no name for his sickness.

Clark MO - Samuel D. Beachy

The month of June was quite warm and dry. We had one inch on June 2, then none, or hardly so for 4 weeks. From July 4 to 13 we had around 7 inches; it came prety fast and washed away pretty bad at some places. After the rains it was cooler for awhile, but the summer heat returned, and the last two weeks in July were very warm and it is getting pretty dry again. The corn and beans look good, but the corn is a bit short. Thrashing was past early this year, wheat was good, little what got sown last fall, and oats were from fair to good. The 2nd crop of alfalfa is being made at this time. It didn't grow out well until after the rains in early July. There was plenty of good sweet corn, as well as many other garden goodies. The heat and drought is hard on vine crops, melons, etc.

Maywood MO - Moses J. K. Burkholder

July has been a very hot and humid month in general. After having been fairly dry through June we received some welcome light little showers in the first week of July, then on the evening of the 6th, there were some very scattered, heavy thunderstorms through here. Our gauge showed 4.5 in in 2 hrs. time and another inch or so during that night. At places hail was reported. Since then we've had very little rain and many days of 100 degree temps., though in general it's accompanied by a welcome breeze. Oats and wheat harvest are past, yielding fair. Gardens are dry, though the gardens that have been kept waterd do well and supply produce for local "Farmer's Markets". Blackberries have been a bumper crop, after having no blackberies for several years. They were extra large and juicy and will do for many delicious pies and cobblers next winter. They were free for the task of picking, and many went to waste besides what we and the wildlife got.

Dixon MO - Jonathon Shrock

The first part of July the weather was real nice , with a nice amount of moisture, but now towards the last it is hot and dry !! On the 16th Leo Shrock, Ruben Wickys and Sylvan Yoders went to Buffalo MO for a family gathering. Joe Eichers are on extended trip to Canada and eastern U.S.

Lovington, IL - Henry R. Yoder

We had quite a number of days in June and July when the temps. would be 95 degrees to 100 degrees in the daytime, and mostly cooler in the morning. It has been exceptionally that way at the time the corn gets to the tasseling stage, and we had a few cloudy and rainy days which were not quite so hot, which gave reason for some well tasseled corn. The prospects for corn at this time is real good through here. Without plenty of moisture, there were times when we began to wonder about moisture because the rains hadn't been very plentiful, but later we had more rain. Corn was perhaps two weks earlier than usual. The old saying is if corn is knee high by the 4th of July held good this year. Some corn was knee high by June 4th, but not all. All was well tasseled by July 4, and most had good stands.

The same went for soybeans; they were planted fairly early and had good stands. After some were planted through here, there was some heavy rains, which at times would crust the ground, but it seemed as though the ground through here, there was some heavy rains, which at times would crust the ground, but it seemed as though the ground was in excellent shape and the beans came right up through. The herbicide did real well in most of the bean fields, which was a great help to our soybean fields.

Most of the first cutting of hay was put in in good shape. Some of the 2nd cutting was put up without rain, though some was rained on after the cutting, but it was still a good hay. The tird cutting has been mowed in places. Apple crop is good where the trees prevail. Reports are for a good crop in southern IL, which is contrary to the belief at the time of the late frost. The frost did not do the damage as reported.

Should have mentioned it rained on July 1, and July 31.

The demand for pigs seems good, also for calves, but not for fat cattle through here.

The price part is not so interesting since it is rather expensive to produce a crop and for that reason people are hoping for enough price to make expenses. The same goes for the milk price, however feed is more reasonable on dairy and hog feed. The hog price is somewhat better than it has been for several years.

Land prices are around $1500 per acre on good farming ground. Building is really not much of an item at this time. Seems like the farmers want the land to increase in volume. Buildings would increase the expense part because of upkeep and taxes.

Fred Schlabach, 79, fell out of a swing and the results were a hip fracture. He was sent to the hospital where a pin was inserted to steady the bones, hoping that the bones would do OK. This happened two weeks ago and he is getting along as best as can be expected, and they are thinking of bringing him home by the first part of Aug. However he's been rather restless and uneasy at the hospital.

Pickton TX - Andrew Beiler

The weather has been mild through most of July. Only had a few sprinkles. The latter part has been very warm, which came a little later than usual. Watermelon and cantelope are in season. Also tomatoes and other vegetables. This writing finds us at a new location. We made the move July 23 from Stephenville area to Sulphur Springs 200 miles northeast from where we were. More rainfall here. Milk cows here are all on pasture instead of dry lots. Average dairy here is alot less that ave. dairy where we were. There are 3 families here and another moving in next week. There are 400 and more dairies here in Hopkins County. We are 90 miles from Arkansas, on Hwy 11, 1/4 mile from the small town of Pickton. We're 1/2 way between Sulphur Springs and Winnoboro. Anybody is welcome to stop by when coming this way or making a special trip to here.

Grass hay is the main crop here. They say that big dairy operators have tried dry lot dairy here. It doesn't work well here because of the rainfall. Dry lot dairy prefer dry weather to keep the cows clean. With 600 to 100 cows in a small area, it can get very muddy with wet weather.

Jacksonville, FL covers a larger area than any other U.S. city except Juneau Alaska.

Partridge KS - Edward A. Mast

The beginning of July was extra wet but by the end it has dried off and it feels like summer. Temperature in the upper 90's daily.

Most of the wheat ground has been worked by now but there were wet spots until the 20th. The wheat crop yielded less than was expected.

Mrs. Anna Stutzman was not feeling well over the weekend of July 12th from high blood pressure. She is 91 years old and spends her time at the mennonite Friendship home.

Haven KS - Mrs. E.E. Schrock

In the first half of the month of July we had nice rains like we needed, then we had our last shower the 17th, 2 weeks ago. Now it is getting dry, and since then the temps have been up in the 90's every day, till the last 2 days we had 100 degrees. Still it gets nice and cool by mornings with a nice breeze.

Crops look fair yet, considering the heat and dryness. Lots of hay has been up since the harvest of the second cutting. Good Year for fruit, apples, peaches, etc. Gardens were good, and they are about over with. Still getting seet corn, pickles and tomatoes.

There's some sickness in the neighborhood. Mrs. Tobie Petersheim had surgery July 14, and Mrs. Perry (Edna) Eash had surgey on the 27th. Both are getting along good as far as we know. Mrs. Edna Miller has not been able to attend church yet since her surgery 2 months ago because of discomfort.

We are having German school again for 2 weeks. Teachers are Enos, Floyd, Velma Schrocks, Katie and Emma Keim, Ada and Anna Borntreger. They have a good attendence. On July 30 in the morning, Harry Bontragers and Joe Petersheims left for two weeks vacation to Calo.

Buchanan County IA - Clara S. Nisley

We are having very hot and humid weather and it has been this way through most of the month of July. We got some vry good rains in the first part of the month, but not much since it is getting dry again. Temps are getting up to 100, with a high humidity and practically no breeze. Crops are growing excellently, the oat thrashing is done, with varied yields, and some number almost to 100 bushels. Maybe some had even more yet that I didn't hear of. The second crop of hay is being put up. Peaches are coming in, prices are from $11.00 to $13.00 a bushel for Red Havens.

Mrs. Susie Gingerich's family has had a few accidents in the last month. Her small son Harvey bumped his chin against the sink and the doctor had to put stitches in, and they had to watch the bleeding since he is a hemophiliac. Her 11 yr old son Andy was going up a ladder into the haymow, when he slipped and fell, straddling the manger. He broke his pelvic bone, but they couldn't put a cast on. The doctors sent him home and said for him to stay in bed for 3 weeks. The 3 weeks are up now, but we haven't heard what the doctor said since. Expect he will be on crutches for another few weeks. Their address is Rt. 1, Hazelton, Iowa, 50644.

Bennie Miller's had a fire in their wash house when someone put red gas into their kerosene stove by mistake. They called the firetrucks, but they also used a power extinguisher and had it out by the time the firetrucks got there. Not much damage was done, except for some very smoky walls.

Riceville IA - Dan C. Borntreger

June has been a little on the dry side, although nothing is suffering. We had some scatterd showers totaling about 2 inches for the month. Hay was a fair crop, being mostly all put in. Oats seem a little on the short side on account of not enough moisture form the way it looks. Pastures are also a little short. Corn seems to be doing well. The old saying is knee high by the 4th of July. Alot of it is about shoulder high and a few of the early fields are showing some tassels. Oat cutting has started, and some fields look real good while others are a little short. They turned the pick acres loose now so some of that has been put in silos.

July has brought us only about 2.6 in. of rain. So it is getting quite dry. The 2nd cutting of hay is rather short on the higher ground, and the thrashing that's done has below average yields. Corn seems to be doing well, or most of it. But the last few days it is starting to curl up some. So it will probably be hurt some if we don't get rain soon. The earliest corn is denting. We have had real warm weather the last 10 days or two weeks, and the temps. in the 90's is quite regular.

Pine City MN - Phineas Borntreger

Our drought was finally broken. We had from 3 to 4 inches of rain since July 18th. Grass and hay fields are greening up again. Last weeks paper stated that Pine County had 2.2 in of moisture since Oct, 1986. Of course they had more in some places. New seedlings are lost from 80 to 90 %. The second cutting of hay is about 1/2 a crop. But by the looks of it, it will still help the corn with the rains. The third crop may do better. Thrashing is on the go. Some oats seem fairly good, and others are light. Pastures and crops were real short. Had quite a few 80 and 90 degree weather days, and quite a bit of wind which dried things out fast.

Harmony MN - Mrs. Chriss H. Stutzman

July brought us good growing weather, with some very windy days. Had good rains every week except the last week we had days the sky was over cast and thundered, but we only got a sprinkle of rain, so maybe we are in for a dry spell.

Oats were cut and thrashed, yields were not quite as high as some years. Second cutting of hay is being put in. Plenty of sweet corn around and melons are on the menu. Peaches are being brought in for 10.00 per box, and they are nice peaches.

Utica MN - Atlee J. Shetler

We had a nice amount of rain through July for the second cutting of hay and corn, etc. On the 8th we had 1 in., on the 12th 2 and 1/2 miles north of us they had 2 and 1/2 in., and 1 mile north had 1.4 in., and we had .8 in. Also had some real humid and warm days in the 90's and up over 100. Around the middle of the month oats were all cut and the 2nd cutting of hay has been started to be put up.

This is being written at our son Ivan's home near Glasglow, KY. On July 20 at 6:15 AM a van with two drivers came in to pick us up. My wife Sarah and I and our 3 daughters, Amanda, Sarah, and Clara, we came down to help Ivan's family with their vegetable produce. It is quite interesting. Every morning at 6 or before, they leave with the rack wagon to pick and bring it in. Sarah is sorting nearly all forenoon and evening. At 8:30 AM I leave with the 1st load of tomatoes in 1/2 bu. baskets, watermelons, cantelopes, a few beans, cabbage, peppers, also peaches they but from S. Carolina. This is sold at their stand in Glasglow, at a bust service road right along a four lane highway. By 2PM they send the 2nd load up. The melons and the tomatoes are at their peak now, or at least it seems so. The first of the tomatoes that are good and firm and slightly pink he takes to the stores or to a place where they contracted them. On the north side are two more stands, and on the south side there are one or two stands daily. We also sell sweet corn, but it is all gone now, or nearly so. Pickles are also done.

At 7 to 7:30 the driver picks me up to go home. The more stands there are, the more attention it draws. In the evening I am always nearly sold out. I can see I will have the nicest tomatoes and cantelopes I have had yet to take along at $6.00 per 1/2 a bu., or 3 for $1.00.

Last night Andy Troyers were here for a visit - Bish. Roman Troyer of Wayne Co. OH is her uncle.

There is a big lake 1 and 1/2 miles from here and it is right along Samuel Schwartz Lane, but there is no time to fish yet, however the fever is way above normal - hope to do something before it breaks out in a rash. We got warm days and cool nights and even sell alot of produce here at home.

Augusta WI - Joseph Schrock

June was a little warmer than usual. The warmest day was the 14th, when it got up to 94 degrees, and the coolest day was 38 degrees on the 4th. We had between 3 and 4 in. of rain.

July was exceptionally warm after a few 90 degree days. We had around 12 in. of rain, some had more and some had less. Most of it came in the last week. Thrashing has started but it is slow on account of the rain. Some made a little over 70 bu. per acre. Blackberries were plentiful, and most everybody got all they wanted, and alot went to waste. Some have started their 2nd crop of hay.

On July 7th there was a barn raising at William Yoder's and they had a freak accident when a barn wall fell out and injured two people. Roman, son of Felly V. Borntreger, and Roman, son of Roman A. Borntreger were on the wal when it fell. Roman F. had a broken pelvis and was in the hospital, but now he is doing fairly good. Roman R. was pretty sore for a few days, and the next day his younger brother Ira R. was riding a horse and the horse slowed at last reports.

Amherst WI - Mrs. L.J. Borntrager

In July we had a nice amount of moisture with some warm weather. It also cooled off once or twice, and it was 50 degrees on a few mornings. We had occasional showers throughout the month, which really helped the crops and gardens which look promising. Oats are cut, but they are quite short due to the drier weather we had earlier. Some 2nd cutting hay is being cut. Tomatoes are ripening and sweet corn is on the menu too.

Pre. Joe Miller, 60, met with an accident on the 25th. As he was alone in the barn at the time, it's not known exactly what happened. But apparently he got kicked by a horse right in the face. He was taken to Waupaca Hospital and transferred to OshKosh soon after, where he underwent surgery that evening. He had fractured eye sockets, both cheek bones were broken, and his eyes were injured. One eye was damaged to the extent that it was removed sveveral days later. He is in intensive care still, but he seems to be slowly improving. His children, who live in various communities, were all here to see him. One daughter who lives in Texas came with her family on the bus. Joe was still farming with the help of his sons now and then. His first wife died three years ago. He married again to Anna, dau of Joe Stutzman of Medford area.

Blair WI - Mrs. Moses S. Miller

July was very warm, especially the last 3 weeks, and some days there was not much breeze, nor did it hardly cool off at night. Had quite a few rains, with some heavy rains. The second cutting of hay is ready, but no drying weather. Some thrashing is done, but some are waiting for drying weather. Gardens are producing bountifully. There are lots of blackberries.

Lorene, 5, daughter of John D. Hochstetler, who had broken her arm in June, was now in the hospital for an appendicitis operation. She was a very sick girl, and had to stay there a week. After being home a day or so, she had to go back to the hospital again as she was not gaining well. She is at home now and doing well.

On July 23 was the funeral of Samuel D. Miller (21) who was killed in a car accident on July 20. Many relatives and friends attended from near and far.

Greenwood WI- Jonas P. Borntreger

July was very warm with alot of 90 degree weather. We're having more rain again with a total of around 5 and 1/2 in. Corn looks like a real good crop, oat thrashing is just ready to start. Wild blackberries are real nice, and tomatoes are ripening.

Wilton WI - Ben C. Borntreger

June was another nice month weather wise. Had around 4 inches of rain at different times, and 2 and 4/10 was the most at one time. Had real nice growing weather. From the 14th on it was quite warm and humid with day time temps. close to the 100 mark. It was good haying weather, which seem to be a heavy crop. A lot corn is from knee high to shoulder high. Most people are done with the 1st crop of hay. It was a little cooler again in the last week in June.

Cashton WI - Joe C. Borntreger

The weather through July was a little on the dry side, with only light showers until last Sun night when it started in with thunder and lightning and kept it up for most of the day on Mon, with quite a bit since. Brought us a total rainfall of 4 to 7 inches in the area. Thrashing has started, but it is at a standstill since Sun.

Scottville MI - Marvin Yoder

July was extra dry and humid this year. It was uncomfortably warm; the writer had a heat stroke last week. I have only a few small effects from it.

Our road is being widened by the county. It really looks alot different.

Three loads from here attended the funeral of Rachel Chupp (16 months), dau of Earl Chupps of Mio MI on July 27. Rachel drowned in a water tank on July 17.

Lephas Beachy (Freds) stepped on a rusty nail. He is rather lame from it. Amgie and Richard Troyer from Rexford Montana each purchased a farm here. They plan to move in by Sept.

Litchfield MI - Cathryn Schmucker

July was a nice month to thrash oats. Didn't get very much rain. Had one good shower the 25th. Some had over 2 inches. Second cutting of hay was nice. Canning corn is really nice again.

Bronson MI - O.A.Graber

The month in general was quite warm and had high humidity. One day and night about the middle of the month, and again on the 28th, we had some relief from the heat, by a cool front moving in after some rains. The rains are still spotty here. Some places north of us toward Battle Creek were extremely dry, and south of us, in the Orland IN area, they had in recent weeks rains as heavy that they came almost to the flooding stage. We had only one in. in the last week, accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning. Some people received shock from lightning, and Joas Bontrager's horse was knocked down while in Orland during the storm, and he himself was shocked. A house was hit by lightning on State Line Rd., about one half mile east of Joas Hersberger, doing considerable damage to the house, before they got it under control.

On the 19th Jacob Brandeberger Jr. and wife Alma got hit on Ind. Rd. 120 by a hit and run driver, when they were coming home from visiting her folks, Menno Bontrager's, near La Grange. The horse had to be killed, and Alma is still laid up and sore. The buggy is smashed and in small pieces.

The fruit trees are loaded and are bending down with a bountiful crop here in Southern MI. The summer applea are ripe and ready. It seems when you pick one apple off the tree and eat it, and later come back for the second one, there's another one hanging there.

Desboro Ontario - Noah J. Stutzman

Lots of warm weather during June, but also a few cool days now and then. Had 2 in. of rain the first two weeks, none from the 12 to 22nd. Then we got 2.4 in. until the 29th, a total of 4.4 in. in June. Had some frost on the 6th and 10th. Strawberries were not too good a crop as likely we had too much cool weather earlier. Rasberries are ready and seem to be a good crop. Hay making is on the go with a fair crop. Wheat is starting to turn, as well as barley. Both look like a good crop. Corn is looking excellent too. We usually like to see it knee high by July 1st, and it doesn't always make it. This year mine was knee high by mid June.

Lots of warm weather in July, more so than in other years. Had several days that were 90 in the shade. Also had a cool spell over a week ago, with temps. dipping to 43 on the 16th. Had 1.3 inches of rain on the eve and night of the 19, with none since except a light shower on the 24th. Had 3.5 inches in July until the 27th. Alot of thunder and high winds went around north and south of us on the 24th. A tornado was reported in the east. Crops are looking excellent with corn in tassel and a good size. Grain is being cut and thrashing is likely to start later in the week.

The Jonas A. Hershberger family arrived at their daughters, the John C. Stutzman's, and on Sat. Mony A. Yoder also arrived at his brother Andy's. Both are from Medina Co. Ohio. Eli J. Stutzman had a frolic on Thurs. to change stabling in the barn. Gideon N. Stutzman's had a frolic to take down a driving shed on the 16th, and another one to re-erect it on the 24th. Joe A. Millers have one planned for about the 30th to add an addition to his workshop.

Rasberries are an excellent crop and sell good at $2.50 a qt. Some get up to $3.50. Sweet corn is on the menu.

Mt. Elgin Ontario - L. Hershberger

This summer will be remembered as the extra warm and dry summer. June had very few showers and they were scattered. Had about 2 in. of rain in June. Temps. were in the upper 80's and 90's, and on June 19 it reached 100.

July was unusually warm for this area, with the week of July 20 being the worse. Early morning and late in the night the temps. have been in the 80's. Daytime temp is from 90 to 100 and over, and very humid. Only one inch of rain so far for July. Oats are cut. No Amish have wheat, but wheat is harvested. Alot of straw was bought, being that oats are so short.

Enos Yoder had a hernia operation in Toronto on July 24.

OLD AGE

I have just met with someone new,
He is the quaintest fellow I ever Knew.
He slipped on me some time ago,
Just how he did I'll never know.

Old age is his name, the weakening chap,
Says I can't do this and I can't do that.
Sometimes I think He's just about right,
And i'm almost ready to give up the fight.

But I still try to do the things I did,
Along the way since I was a kid.
But when I try he frankly says, No,
You should take it easy and go more slow.

So I get along with him the best I can,
For I know he captured many a man.
I'll just accept him as a friend,
And we'll walk together to the end.
Submitted by a reader

PARENT'S PRAYER

O, Heavenly Father, make me a better parent.

Teach me to understand my children to listen patiently to what they have to say and to answer all their questions kindly.

Keep me from interrupting them or contradicting them. Make me as courteous to them as I would have them be to me.

Forbid that I should ever laugh at their mistakes, or resort to shame or ridicule.

When they displease me. May I never punish them for may own selfish satisfaction or show my power. Let me not tempt my child to lie or steal. And guide me hour by hour that I may demonstrate by all I say and do that honesty produces happiness.

Reduce, I pray, the meaness in me. And when I am out of sorts, help me, O, Lord to hold my tongue. May I ever be mindful that my children are children and I should not expect of them the judgement of adults.

Let me not rob them of the opportunity to wait on themselves and to make decisions. Bless me with the bigness to grant them all their reasonable requests and the courage to deny them priviledges I know will do them harm. Make me fair and just and kind. And fit me, O Lord, to be loved and respected and be imitated by my children. Amen.

THE LITTLE CHAP WHO FOLLOWS ME

A careful man I want to be,
A little chap now follows me;
I do not dare to go astray
For fear he'll go the selfsame way.

I cannot well escape his eyes,
Whate'er he sees me do he tries;
Like me, he says, he's going to be,
That little chap who follows me.

He knows that I am big and fine,
Believes in every word of mine;
The base in me he must not see-
That little chap who follows me.

I must remember as I go
Through summer sun and winter snow,
I'm building for the years to be
That little chap who follows me.

Yesterday Years

A Trip to Kansas in 1949

In 1948 Bishop Leander S. Keim of Haven, Kans. came to the Lancaster Gen. Hospital in Lanc. City, in Pa., to have a growth removed from his throat which made it difficult for him to consume his food. A year before that one of our church menbers, Abram Ebersol, had the same problem & Dr. John L. Atlee Jr. took care of it. I had Abe's problems & his throat surgery in the weekly Budget & Bis. Keim read the article. This gave Keim the idea of going to Pa. for relief & he did. He soon recovered. At the same time, Sam Stoltzfus, calle Eli's Sam, was in the hospital for the same trouble & had surgery,

By this time Abe Ebersol had recivered & when Keim came out of the hospital he had his abode at Abe's until he was recovered to go back home. He was well enough to attend our church services & preached. Christ Petersheims & Bis. Sam F. Stoltzfus accompanied Bis. Keim to his home in Kans. Mrs. Keim did not come along to Lanc. as she was not a traveler.

Bis. Keims surgery was in Feb. of 1948, & the same year in Sept. he paid another visit to Lanc. Co. partly to have a check-up with Dr. Atlee, & also to visit.

Then in July of 1949, Abe Ebersols & us left Lanc. on a Wed. eve on the Pennsylvania Railroad for Kans. We transfered in Chicago for the Western Route but at that time we also changed in Kans. City for Hutchinson arriving there the later part of the week & got a steam train in Hutchinson for Yoder, arriving there Sat. morning early.

There we were met by Keim & were in time for Breakfast. Abe & I walked the 2 miles to the Keim home & followed the railroad (tracks). On Sunday we were to church at Jonas P. Borntragers (now Bishop) & they got Abe & I to sing the "Berg Lied" We were pretty much embarrassed because the Kans. people did not help. Old Sam Petersheim was the cause of it.

At church that day David E. Schrock had the opening, Pre. D. K. Borntrager read the Scripture, & Bis. Felty Yoder had the sermon. Later Felty's moved to Ind. That trip to Kans. was worth every cent we spent.

On the way home we stopped off in Adams Co. Ind. & were to church there in Pete Girods dist. the next Sun. Our daughter Sarah met one of Leander Keims Grand-daughters in Colo. this summer married to a Beachey. After Mrs. Beachey fount out where Sarah is from their conversation turned to Keims old letters & she said she would like to have some Photo copied.

I did not save mine that I received from him but I think I can help Mrs. Beachey out & will write them to that respect. Leander S. Keim & his wife Mattie are both gone & Enos & Emma are the 2 remaining children. Anna, Lena, John, Jonas, Dan, & Menno are not living.

Today the ministry in the south dish. where Keim was are Bis. Sam Yoder, Prea. Eli Schrock, & Eli Miller, They have no Dea. at this time.

By John F. Glick

Mr. Edward's Hidden Treasure

CHAPTER 1

By Mrs. Tobie Schmucker

Jerry Miller glanced down the drive a bit hesitantly, as if the oncoming darkness was about to swallow him. Halting beside the swing that hung limply beneath the big maple tree, just outside of the white farm house, he sank down into it trying to relax.

But this was a bit hard to do, being an indoor boy, and one who was used to depend on his Dad for security. The moon's shadows seemed spooky and strange, sitting here alone with out Dad.

For the truth was, Jerry was a cripple. No, he wasn't in a wheelchair. He could walk - so far. He could talk, learn, read, write. But there was something wrong in his back. Dad called it something like, muscular Distriffy! Well, that's how he always said it. His Dad had said it a bit differently he was sure, but it really made no difference to him, what it was called. All he knew was that he was slow and limp and crooked.

Tears filled his eyes as he thought about his crooked back. He just could not understand why the other boys his age were so swift & full of energy & here he was - a cripple. Why was his life so much different?

All along Jerry's life had been different from the other boys' lives. He had no sisters, no brothers, no mother. Only Dad. Other boys had a family. And Jerry was certain that just 2 people couldn't be called a family.

" Woof ! Woof ! Woof !"

Jerry jumped, startled.

" Well, are ya ready ?" a quiet voice wondered."You must have been daydreaming not to see me come up the drive."

Jerry moved his position and lifted himself to his feet.

"I guess I'm ready, I've been waiting an hour I think."

" Where's your Dad?"

"Reading."

Henry Mast was tall and broad for his 13 years. His eyes held a firmness that Jerry deeply admired. Yet the brightness within him told of boyish ambition, excitement and imagination.

First came his ambition. He was always ready to do things. From playing new games at school to helping at home with the work. But one side of his ambition seemed always to be searching for some new exciting kind of problem. This is where his imagination came in. And lo! with these 3 together and the firm determination to back these up, Henry could brew himself some unforgetable mysteries.

Now Henry was really a good boy. He always wanted to do only what was right but . . . well when he got himself into these sprees sometimes - and sometimes quite unexpectedly, he found himself into some king of mess.

And very often little crippled Jerry Miller was right there with him. That is exactly where the two friends were heading now. To solve a new mystery Henry had discovered only the day before. Jerry followed his friend through a pasture field. He was a bit slow but Henry was used to his handicap and was always gentle with his little friend.

"We'll go this way now." Henry halted at a board fence and turning proceeded to follow it.

"Say Henry," Jerry spoke suddenly, "why don't you tell me all about this Mr. Edwards again." Jerry paused, gasping for breath just a little.

"Well, I told you what I saw the other day. You know I was cutting wood in our woods which comes up right beside Mr. Edwards buildings. "

"Did you tell your Dad about it?" Jerry interupted.

"No," Henry chuckled, "you know how Dads are. He'd never have believed it." Henry paused and turned to Jerry his eyes twinkling. "But if your're going to keep interupting me with questions I'll - -"

"OK ! OK ! Go on!"

" Anyways just as I was resting by a tree, I noticed Mr. Edwards carry something behind the house and out of sight. It looked like something heavy and he had a spade too - -"

"How do you - oh ! go on, I'm sorry." Jerry clasped his hand to his mouth.

"Well, pretty soon he came around the house again with only his spade - he was singing about a treausre he had just hidden ! He looked so happy & contented! "

"Why wouldn't he have been !"

" But what made me even more sure, " Henry went on, "was that big black dog trotting just before him acting as if he was the old man's care taker."

"You mean the money's care taker," Jerry reminded, " But it's not nice to call him that."

"What?"

" You called him the old man. You're even the one that told me how rude it is."

"OK, I'm sorry. I guess I forgot." He wrinkled up his nose mockingly at Jerry . "Hey ! that was my Dad you called—"

" I know it was, what's the difference?" Jerry interupted again.

"Well this is an old man." Henry moved forward. "Come on lets hurry up. The old - Mr. Edwards, I mean, is likely in bed by now."

Jerry tried to hurry himself but it seemed they had come a long way already. Determination moved him to keep silent. Henry needn't know he was tired already. Big husky and swift, Henry could never realize how tired his friend was. His leg - it felt. . . .

"Henry." The voice was broken as Jerry reached out and took hold of his friend's arm and just as he did his leg buckled and he fell to the ground. Henry turned. His eyes softened as he stooped down apoligetically. "I'm sorry Jerry. I guess I forgot myself."

Had it been anyone else Jerry would have been shamefaced and remorseful to have to be lifted up again. But it was only Henry. Nor had it been the first time Henry had had to lift him to his feet, and no one had seen - no one but Henry. Maybe that was why Jerry's flood of tears broke. Maybe the past struggling at school, the painfulness in his heart seeing other boys jump and play, were the reasons

Quickly Jerry blew his nose, he hadn't meant to cry. Henry pressed his arm gently.

"That's OK Jerry," he spoke softly, "you know I don't care." He paused. "Right over there is the barn, I see it through the trees. We'll have to go through the gate by the house though." Thus saying, Henry moved slowly forward.

Jerry followed close behind. Already he didn't feel so tired just to know Henry understood.

" Say, anyhow," Henry turned trying to break the silence. "When did you get a new dog? He's sure a beauty. " Jerry looked up questioningly, "We didn't, why?'

Henry looked surprised "Then who's dog barked when I got there?" It was then Jerry remembered the "woof! woof! woof!" just as Henry had come. He shook his head, "It wasn't our dog cause Shep's locked in the barn nights."

Henry shook his head starting forward again."It was a great big dog whatever.I would have been scared if I'de known it wasn't yours."

He chuckles. "Here we are now, we'll go through the gate, Now I wonder where . . "

Henry's flood of words was suddenly interupted by a swift snarling blackness racing toward him. Jerry gasped and jumped away from the tight fence just as Henry jumped back from the gate & banged it shut.

Jerry cowered down low beside a big bush and Henry's white face soon apeared close by. "Whew!" He breathed, "He was big enough to eat me!"

"Is someone here ?"

The boy's startled eyes lifted to see a brightlight appear behind an open door in the house just a few feet away. A small dark form stood before it calling back his dog. "Come Chippy! Come back here!"

The dog trotted back with a wagging tail to his master. He stood as tall as the man's waist and his blackness frighteningly blacker than the night.

Both Jerry and Henry moved back into the woods, shaking and frightened. Jerry did not pull away when Henry took his hand silently as they slipped away, and like two frightened puppies they made their way farther and farther from Mr. Edwards and his viscious dog!

"Say, by the way," Henry spoke for the first time just as they were nearing Jerry's house. "I think that's the same dog that was here only a 1/2 hour ago!" He didn't look as big and husky anymore to Jerry. His eyes looked about nervously. "Well, good night, see ya in school tomorrow."

"Good Night!"

"Are you boys back already?" Dad's eyes twinkled as

Jerry walked in. "I don't see any pigeons, where'd you put them?"

"I - we," Jerry stammered. " A big black dog - awe - wouldn't let us in the gate."

"Hum." Dad shook his head sympathetically "I told you I should have asked permission before already. That way Mr. Edwards would have been looking for you - chained the dog."

Jerry just nodded sheepishly. "But Henry wanted to go tonight and you didn't get past today, to ask."

Dad just chuckled & ruffled his boy's hair, "That's how little boys are, I guess. Always in a hurry, then they end up in a mess of some kind."

Jerry let Dad help him up the stairs to bed. "You must really be tired then, if a dog chased you." Dad looked gently at his boy, "Maybe I shouldn't have let you go, but . . " he paused, " I guess you need some liberty."

Jerry was wondering what "liberty" really meant but he was too tired to ask. He wished Dad would leave him alone now. His nerves still twitched from the scare the dog had given them, and from his out burst of tears earlier. But there was something else that made him feel even more miserable, and that was the fact that he had actually spoken untruthfully to his Dad. He had lied to him!

Well, almost.

To be Continued

THINK OF ANOTHER

God, help me to listen when I should,
And open my mouth when 'twill do some good.

Teach me to measure the things I say
So as not to hurt someone today.

Temper the tone of my voice as I speak,
Remembering the thoughts I must keep.

Challenge me to hear my neighbor's plight,
And not always demand my right.

Keep my tongue still about what I've heard,
And make me always keep my word.

Help me stand in the other man's place,
Feeling the pain that he must face.

Make me reach out and touch my brother
To make You real, I must think of another.

Henry and the Great Society

By H. L. Roush Jr.

Continued from last month

Chapter 12 -- Henry Communicates

As though Henry didn't have enough problems in his life, there was yet another to add to his miseries. The telephone company sent a representative to see him. The power company's progressive move on Salem Pike had prompted them to match the progress in the community and the telephone line was at long last to become a reality. Henry listened without too much enthusiasm—not because he was opposed to progress, but because he wondered how much more he could stand. He heard the most reasonable arguments as to why they should have a phone installed.

Esther, determined that she would not influence Henry in this, was having a hard time keeping still when she thought of all the added convenience a phone would give them. If there ever were good things in life, a telephone must be one of them. The man from the phone company told them how by telephone they could keep in touch anytime with anyone in the world . . . . a real life saver in emergencies. They were told that to be cut off from human contact is to live but a part of life, for the wonder of a telephone is that it multiplies human contact (a fact soon to be realized by Henry) and constantly develops new ones. They were told about the wonderful new extensions and that one in the bedroom was a must.

Henry asked why he must be constantly kept in touch with three billion people. Esther laughed, and the phone man winked at her and said times were changing and that progress demanded instant communication. Henry thought of the inability to communicate with his own family and wondered what he should say to three billion people outside his home. Then a telephone man told Henry to think of his wife seriously ill and what a life saver the phone would be to call a doctor to her bedside (this was before Henry had ever tried to call a doctor to *anybody's* bedside). The loud extension bell that could easily be installed at the barn, to keep Henry within earshot of the telephone, seemed also like a good idea and so the contract was signed in Henry's tired signature "Henry L. Morgan" and in Esther's fine little hand "Esther A. Morgan" on the line below.

The next day the phone company installed the phone, and Esther spent the entire day calling everybody she knew on the pike and then starting on Willoughby. Henry had never seen her so happy, nor so tired when supper time came, and she confessed that she was so tired she wondered if Henry and the children would mind a few fried eggs for supper. "After all," she explained, "you don't get a telephone every day and have the ability to keep in touch with the whole world." Henry thought to himself that he was real glad this didn't happen every day and hoped that it would never happen again.

In the weeks ahead, Henry learned that the same road that let them out to Chamberstown, Willoughby and Dexter City soon let all of Chamberstown, Willoughby and Dexter City in to them. He also learned that the little black phone that kept them in touch with the whole world kept the world in touch with them. More and more time was consumed with the phone. Henry kept an accurate account one rainy day while he was in the house, and the phone rang 17 times. There were soliciters with guessing games and free prizes; TV and radio quiz programs with money to give away; there were calls of inquiry about whether Henry had any lots to sell along the road.

The one call that distressed Henry the most was from the assessor's office to inform him that his real estate had been re-appraised in light of the progress that had come to this area; and that instead of the $31 per year, which he and his father had paid for 50 years, his taxes would now amount to $365.78 per year. When Henry protested that it was the same land he had always paid taxes on, they replied, "Not anymore it isn't, Henry. You own 160 acres of sub-division land now and that is what progress has done for you." When Henry objected that he had no interest or thought of sub-dividing his farm, they only chuckled and said, "Not now, you don't, but we'll give you time."

Esther had been invited to join the Canasta Club in Willoughby (a game she had never heard of, but was attended by many of her old school friends). She joined and said that everybody needs to get out once in a while by themselves. She also took an active part in PTA, for they called every Tuesday to see what she could bring on the next homeroom mothers' day. She explained that she wouldn't have time to bake anything, but she would bring some bakery cookies. This necessiated a trip to Willoughby the next morning.

In the 17 times the phone rang that day, Henry observed that all of them together didn't amount to a hill of beans; but that 4 hours and 15 minutes of Esther's life and his had become involved in these nuisance interruptions.

Time was becoming a scarce commodity and more and more he heard himself saying, "I don't have time." Sometimes it seemed like his mind would burst. Like a backlog of trash, the many problems that lay against the dam of his mind threatened to break him and destroy him. If only he could talk it out with Esther, but there was no time. No time to think and no time to figure out what had happened at Whispering Pines.

One day, while working in the hayfield, Henry decided that he must talk it out with Esther. He thought how he would come home early from the field and after supper he would suggest a walk to the point overlooking the valley, and there beneath the big pines he loved so well, he and Esther would tell each other the fears, dreams, hopes and needs of their hearts, just like the old days. The very thought of it made Henry's eyes misty with tears and like a homesick boy homeward bound, he whistled through the afternoon with a heart light as a feather.

When he arrived home, the children were on the floor before the TV watching as some cowboys thundered through Eagle Pass, and for a while he had a hard time making himself heard. Finally striding over to the TV, he snapped it off and asked, "Where's your mother?" Hilda looked up and said dryly, "Didn't you read the note on the table?" Henry went into the kitchen as the sound of gunshots again echoed throughout the house. Finding a note on the table, he unfolded it to read in Esther's fine hand. "Dear Henry, Mrs. Snider called from Chamberstown and asked me to help in a special drive for the funds for the National Committee for the Mentally Retarded, and I've gone to Chamberstown for the evening. I would have told you, but you were in the hay field and it was so hot and I didn't have time. There are some TV dinners in the freezer. Hilda knows how to warm them. Don't wait up, I'll be late. Love you, Esther."

Henry's eyes filled with tears and his heart with resentment as he remembered happier days when a walk to the hay field would have been a happy treat for Esther; and he could almost see through his tears her happy figure tripping across the fields with a jug of cool water and the greeting, "I just couldn't wait until evening to see you. Let the horses rest and sit in the shade with me for a few minutes." He recalled how they often sat beneath the old oak in the south 40 and reconfirmed their love as the breeze blew through Esther's hair, and how they dreamed and loved and lived.

In a moment he crumpled the note and dashed it into the paper basket by the door. He shouted, "I'm going to the barn to work. I don't want any supper!" He went out and no one heard him slam the door for it sounded just like the gun shots on TV. But Henry didn't go to the barn. He walked in the dark of the evening to the point called Shiloh that overlooked the valley, where the tall pines grew; and there he sat, chewing grass and thinking until the sun went down and moon came up. The more he thought the more confused he became and soon he grew weary, and trudging home he slipped into the house and into bed and no one know he had returned—in fact, no one knew he had been gone.

To be continued

THAD and CHARLIE

By Lewis B. Miller

Driving Home from the Limekiln

Continued from last month

"What's the good of a roof over it?"

"For fear of rain."

"So's the rain won't put the fire out?"

"No. Rain wouldn't be apt to put the fire out. Roof's to keep the water from slakin' the lime after it's burnt."

"But we want the limb slaked, don't we, pa? We couldn't daub the house with it unless it was first slaked."

"Of course not. But we want to slake it the right way. Right way and wrong way to slake lime, jest as the's a right way and a wrong way to do everything else. And then, of course, we want to git it out of the ashes before we slake it."

"What's the right way to slake lime, and what's the wrong way? What's the difference?"

"Why, a little water will slake it—a very little water. But if it's not slaked with plenty water, almost under water, it'll burn itself up. After that it'll be sort of dead-like. Then, instid of hardenin' when you dob a house with it—hardenin' in the cracks, it'll crumble and gradually wash out, jest like mud. That's the differ'nce between lime slaked the right way and lime slaked the wrong way."

"You can burn lime without any kiln, can't you?"

"Oh yes. You can make a log heap and pile lime rocks in among the logs,and then let the whole thing burn for days. But it takes two or three times as much wood, and maybe don't burn it as well, even with that."

Late in the day father and son drove back to the fort. But the next afternoon they returned, by way of their farm, and brought two or three hundred clapboards with them. By this time the contents of the kiln had settled down very much. But there was still fire in it, and some smoke issuing from it.

By means of forks and poles they constructed a framework, and on this they laid a roof of boards that more than covered the pit. The roof was elevated a foot or two above the ground, so that the smoke could escape all around. By this time there was not fire enough in the kiln to set the oak boards afire.

"The wood will burn out and the thing will cool down in a few days, and then we can come back and haul home a load of lime," Mr. Daybery remarked, as the two, in their wagon, were drivng away toward the fort.

A week passed before they went back. And then they drove their wagon up to that hole in the bank and took out some of the burnt rock through the hole. A few of the pieces of rock had cracked open from the heat or other causes. But most of them looked very much as they had looked before being burnt. On returning home, the two unloaded the lime rocks in their smokehouse.

Next afternoon Mr. Dayberry and Thad had the oxen yoked and put to the wagon, ready to start back for another load, when Charley Dick Sheegog saw them and came across the square.

"Where you startin' to, Thad?"

"Over to our lime kiln, for a load of lime. Come and go with us."

"Jest as soon as not. But wait till I run home and see what mammy says."

He went and returned, to report that he could go. But now Thad's father spoke up:

"Not worth while for three of us to make the trip. You boys can fetch the lime without my help. See that the roof over the kiln is all right, Thad. And don't overload the oxens. About as much as we put on yisterday will be all right."

"Yes, sir. I know what will make a load. And we two can haul the lime just as well as not—can't we, Charley Dick?"

"I'd say we can! Bet your boots we can!" was the enthusiastic reply.

So the two boys drove away, seated on the piece of plank across the fore end of their wagon bed. Their guns lay on the bottom of the wagon bed, further back. In due time they arrived at the kiln. There they drove up to that hole in the bank, which was just the right height for loading. Thad got down into the pit and pushed the pieces of burnt rock through the hole, while Charley Dick lifted them out and laid them in the wagon. Not till they had a thousand pounds or more did they cease their loading.

After that the two boys looked about the kiln a little, then drove away. Both walked till the wagon had climbed the bank of the branch and the hill close boy. Then they sat on their plak seat again. Now the wagon moved on toward the fort, at the oxen's easy gait.

The two boys had much to talk about; and so deep were they in some subject that they had forgotten everything else, when a crash of thunder startled them. Looking up quickly, they saw a small but very black cloud almost over their heads. A summer shower had gathered.

Now they heard a noise, and discovered that rain was falling two or three hundred yards behind the wagon. And a few backward glances showed that the shower was pursuing them. Thad sprang to his feet excitedly.

"What under the sun can we do? That rain will ruin all this lime if it overtakes us!"

"I'd say it will! And no tellin' what else!" Charley Dick ran his eye around the prairie. "Yander! Yander, Thad!" He was pointing to a big, lone live oak nearly half a mile away. "Hit's only a shower! If we can onct git there, that bushy top will keep most of the rain off till it's over!

"That's our only chance! Let's drive for that tree as fast as we can!"

Without stopping the wagon, Thad jumped to the ground. Charley Dick did the same, but on the off side.

Thad had a dogwood switch, and he began to lash the oxen with that. Having another else, Charley Dick jerked off his straw hat and slapped Jerry's side and back with it.

Thus encouraged, oxen and wagon were soon going at a trot. And a little later the oxen broke into a gallop. Not a very fast gallop; but the boys had all they could do to keep up.

But, fast as the wagon was going, the thundershower moved faster. Ere long it overtook the wagon. And scarcely had the big drops began to spatter on the burnt rock when a hissing stated up.

"Whip 'em! Whip 'em through!" yelled Thad. "Got to make it to that tree! Just got to! Our only hope!"

On the oxen galloped, and on the old wagon rattled and clattered across the prairie. Harder and harder fell the rain, drenching the two boys to the skin. Soon came a sharp crack, followed by a deafening roar! That whole load of lime seemed to be blowing up!

"Look out, Thad! She's a-bustin' loose! Who ever heared tell of sich lime? Hit's a-blowin' up! Let's get away from it!"'

"No, it's not blowing up! Keep going!"

"Then lightnin' struck it!"

"No, lightning didn't strike it! No danger now! Keep going, I'll tell you!"

On clatterd the wagon. For a minute or two longer the rain fell fast.Then it ceased suddenly and completely, as summer showers have a way of doing. More correctly, the galloping oxen had taken the wagon beyond the edge of it. As soon as the rain was left behind, Thad stopped the team. Now they were not far from the big live oak, but its shelter was no longer needed.

"Take Spot and Jerry loose from the tongue, Charley Dick!" Thad cried out, as he sprang upon the fore wheel.

By this time the whole wagonload of lime was hissing and smoking, as if full of fire. And it was almost afire: for the heat nearly blistered Thad's face. Reaching down into the smoke just behind the plank seat, he drew up his own rifle and Charley Dick's musket. Even the wooden stocks were so hot that he could scarcely hold them. And the barrels had been heated by the slacking lime till both weapons had already been discharged. It was those reports that had made the load of lime seem to be blowing up. Fortunately both guns had been pointing backwards, and their bullets had gone off harmlessly.

Springing to the ground, Thad dropped the blistering weapons in the grass a few yards away, then hurried back to see what could be done next. Charley Dick was having trouble with the team, and Thad ran to help him. As soon as the oxen were loose from the wagon tongue, the boys started them away and let them go. Now they turned to the wagon to see what could be done for that.

A Thunder-Shower That Rained Fire.

By this time the whole load of slaking lime was sending up great clouds of smoke; and the hind end of the wagon was actually blazing!

Here, Charley Dick! Grab hold quick and help me dump this wagon bed off! Whole wagon will burn up if we don't!"

The other boy came quickly, and both lifted at the fore end. But, though most of that thousand pounds of lime was in the hind end, the two boys together could not lift the fore end of the load out of standards.

"Too heavy for us, Thad? we cain't budge it, you and me! And the heat's scorchin' my face! We'll have to let it go!"

"But we can't—can't let the whole wagon burn up, Charley Dick! Bed's gone, I guess! No saving that! But let's try to save the running gear! Only wagon pa's got!"

"But how can we, Thad? We couldn't lift that load of lime off of there to save our necks!"

The other boy dropped down from the tongue and ran back out of the smoke and heat. For a few moments only he stood, trying to think. Soon he rushed to the fast-burning wagon and dived under it. A minute later he came out, with an iron pin in his hand, and gasping for breath.

"I've got it uncoupled!" he cried. "Now lets roll the hind wheels out from under! You take one wheel and I'll take the other!"

Promptly each ran to a wheel and began to climb the back part of it. At first the whole wagon rolled. But Thad hurried to the tongue and turned that,so as to lock the fore wheels. Now they tried climbing the hind wheels again.

A little at a time, a few inches at a time, the two boys worked the wheels and hind axle backwards, till the hind end of the wagone bed, which was now blazing fiercely, had dropped to the ground. After rolling the hind wheels to a safe distance from the fire, they ran back and seized hold of the tongue.

By much pulling and working, they finally got the fore part of the running gear out from under the blazing bed, and ran that fifty yards away. By this time not only the whole wagon bed was a ablaze, but the prairiegrass all around it. There had been no rain here, and the rather tall grass,dry from the heat of summer, burned freely. In the absence of wind, the fire was speading out in every direction. Now it was impossible to approach the burning wagon bed for the flaming grass. The two made haste to rescue their guns.

"We've got to thrash it out, Charley Dick! It'll sweep the whole country black it we don't!"

"That's right! We cain't let it go on burnin' But where's any bresh to fight it with?"

Thad ran his eye around. Not a bush could he see anywhere. Then his glance came back to the live oak, and he reached for his pocketknife. "That's the thing—a limb's the thing!" he cried, as he started toward the tree.

While Charley Dick leaped forward, grasped a branch and clung to it,thus holding it down and within reach, Thad cut off two small but bushy limbs. And with those limbs the boys promptly attacked the praire fire.

By now the whole wagon bed was blazing, and an ever-widening ring of fire surrounded it. But for the fact that there was little breeze—none at all most of the time—the young fire fighters would have found it impossible to whip the fire out. And even as it was they had to fight more than half an hour before the last blaze was extinguished. Now two or three acres of black,smoking prairie surrounded the flaming wagon bed.

When their hot task finished, the boys approached the blazing mass, Thad exclaimed:

"Too late! too late! No chance to save a plank of the thing now! It's all pine, and it burns like tinder!''

"Never was any chance, Thad! That is, out here on the prairie. If we'd had the wagon down by the creek, and a water bucket or suthin' to packwater in, we could ha' put it out, I reckon. But out here on this dry prairie we didn't have a shadder of a show!''

"If we could only have turned the wagon bed over and emptied out the hot lime—''

"But we couldn't turn it over, Thad! Don't you know we couldn't? Both of us together couldn't lift one end; and the light end at that. And how could we ha' lifted one side, with all that load of lime in it? Hit didn't lay in our breeches to do that.''

"Guess maybe you're right, Charley Dick. Anyhow, we've done the best we could. I'm glad we saved the running gear. But I hate like sixty to make a trip to the limekiln, and then drive home without even a wagon bed, let alone lime.''

"Slim load of lime we'll be haulin' home today, I'm thinkin'. Hit could ha' been lots worse, though. But let's make for the shade. That sun's hot enough to blister a body!''

The two now retreated to the big live oak, where they threw themselves down in its shadow. The shower had passed over and then rained out, and the sun was blazing down again.

Not very long did the boys rest in the shade. Their race with the thundershower and their half-hour of fire fighting had left them very warm, and thirstier than they were warm. As soon as they had cooled a little, they sprang up, rolled the two parts of the running gear together and coupled them. Then they brought back Spot and Jerry, who had grazed a few hundred yards away, and put them to the wagon tongue. Before long the wagon and team were moving toward the fort, with the two boys sitting back on the hind hounds. They did not return as they had gone, but followed down the ridge.

On coming to the creek, they left the oxen drinking, while they themselves hurried down to the spring and quenched their thirst. They also watched their hot, smutty faces in the cool water just below the spring. After that they drove on to the fort.

But instead of stopping the wagon out in the square, by the woodpile,they un yoked the oxen behind the house. That was partly to get the wagon in the shade, but partly also because the two boys felt a little sheepish over the outcome of their trip to the limekiln.

Hearing the wagon, Mr. Dayberry appeared in the back door. First he glanced at the wagon, then looked at it, and after that he stared at it.

"Why—why, I thought—thought you boys went to the kiln—to the lime kiln for a load of lime,'' he presently managed to say.

"That's right, pa. We went for a load of lime. And what's more, we got it."Purty good-sized load it was that we put on, too.''

"Purty good-sized load!'' The man stared harder at the running gear. "Then what—what under the sun went with it?''

"We left it up yander on the prairie,'' Charley Dick informed him.

"On the prairie! What in the round world made you unload it out there?''

"We didn't exactly unload it, pa. It got too hot to haul, and we had to leave it. Got so hot it even set the prairie afire.''

"And your wagon-bed—what's become of that?''

"We had to leave it under the lime. It's ashes by this time, pa.''

"Come a little thundershower and rained the whole load afire, and the wagon bed with it,'' Charley Dick explained.

"A thundershower!'' Then a light broke over the man's puzzled face."Oh, I see! Yes, I see what's the matter. A thundershower is bad for a load of lime. Well, it cain't be helped now. But if we'd thought of it in time, any of us, you could ha' taken the wagon sheet, or even the wagon sheet and bows. Not worth while to mention that this late, though.

"We've got plenty of lime left, pa. But I'm sorry about that wagon bed. Of course we'd have saved it if we could. But the dry grass caught fire all around it and pushed us away. Took us a long time to flail the grass fire out. And by then the wagon bed was half burnt up. If you'd been along to help us turn the wagon bed over; but it was too heavy for Charley Dick and me. We couldn't budge it.''

"I'd say we couldn't budge it, Mr. Dayberry! Jest like liftin' a wagon load of rock.''

"We had all we could do to save the running gear, pa. If we hadn't thought to uncouple it, the whole wagon would have burnt together—burnt to the ground.''

"Yes, you boys done mighty well to yank the runnin' gear out from under.I've never seed slakin' lime set fire to a wagon; but I've heared of two or three cases in my time. And in every single case but this the whole wagon burnt clean up. Hit didn't look the least bit like rain when you druv off,or I'd ha' thought to have you take the wagon cover along. But these summershowers comes up before you can say Jack Robi'son. Next time we drive over for a load of lime, we'll know what we need.''

"Before we go, we'll have to borrow somebody's wagon, pa. Or, anyhow, somebody's wagon bed.''

"Oh, we'll manage about a wagon-bed. That old one was a mighty ramshacklety affair, anyhow. For a good while I'd been thinkin' we ought to fall to, me and you, and make us a new bed. Now we've got to make a new one.But that's not sech a streak of bad luck, after all.''

By this time, Mr. Wilkins had come out, and various other members of the two families, Marzee among them. So the boys had to tell again the whole story of their exciting trip to the limekiln. And there's no knowing how many times they told it afterwards.

A day or two later Thad and his father rode over to where the wagon bed had burnt, for the few irons that had been on it, and especially for the lockchain. After that they bought some wide planks, hauled here from the pineries,from Parson Witt. With those they went to work and made a new wagonbed. After that they hauled more lime and pointed their house—filled the spaces between the logs to keep out the wind. They also made whitewash and whitened the inner walls of their big room, to gie it a cleanr, brighter, more cheerful appearance.

A few other of the people in the fort did the same. Still others made their walls wind proof with clay mortar. But most of the settlers, not knowing how soon they would want to tear their cabins down and haul them back to their farms, decided to go through the coming winter with clapboards nailed over the "cracks."

A few days after this, while his father was out scouting, Thad had to go up to the farm to do some work. It being lonely to work by one's self, he crossed the square to see if Charley Dick wouldn't go with him. The boy was willing enough. He had some work of his own to do, but it could wait. And Thad agreed to help with that later.

It was not long after noontime when the two boys set out on foot of the Dayberry place. Each had a tin dinner bucket on his arm and a gun on his shoulder. To save tramping back and forth, they were going to spend the night up there.

Arriving at the farm, they left their dinner buckets in the granary, on the wheat. Then, still carrying their guns, they went down into the field.There they began to hoe corn. While they were busy in that way, Thad suddenly exclaimed:

"Yonder goes a snake! B'lieve I'll kill the thing!" He started toward it, with his hoe raised high, ready to strike.

"Sh! Stop, Thad! Don't go nigh it! That may be a hoop snake!"

"A hoop snake! What's that?"

"Sh! Don't talk so loud! A hoop snake—a hoop snake's the most terriblest snake that ever was, I reckon!"

Thad stopped. "But what does it do? What makes it so terrible?"

"Do! Jest let one git after you onct, and you'll mighty soon see what it'll do!"

"But I'd like to be told before one gets after me. Then I'll know what to expect when I see one of the boogers."

"Only thing you can do is to up and run for dear life. And even that won't do a bit of good unless you can run faster'n a streak of lightnin'."

"But what is a hoop snake, anyhow? And where did you learn about it? I'd never even heard of such a thing."

"I recollect hearin' about 'em a long time ago; but I'd mostly forgot that.But only a few days back, while me and pap was at work on our place, a man come ridin' by and stopped at the fence to chat. And then he up and told us all about the hoop snake and the terrible things it does."

"What does it do? And why do they call it the hoop snake? That's a funny name for a snake."

"Funny! Did you say funny, Thad Dayberry? Jest let one of them terrible reptyles git after you onct, and it's mighty little fun you'll see in it!"Charley Dick's tones thrilled with indignation.

"But you haven't told me why the thing is called a hoop snake."

"Because—because it makes a hoop out of itself and then rolls—rolls faster'n a horse can run! That's why!"

"Huh! I've never happened onto any such snake as that! Don't believe there is any."

"Wait till one takes after you! Then you'll believe in it fast enough! Bet you a button you do!"

"I've seen pretty nearly every kind of snake that could be, it seems to me. But not one of 'em did any rolling. They just crawled along the ground—every snake of 'em did. I don't believe there is any hoop snake."

"Little you know about that, Thad Dayberry!" answered the hoop snake's defender, in tones that trembled with indignation. "If—if the' ain't no sich a thing, what makes folks say the' is fur? Folks that's seen 'em, and maybe been chased by 'em."

"Who's been chased by one?" demanded Thad, incredulously.

"I—I don't jest recollect his name. But that man was talking to me and pap, he told about a feller that was chased by one. As soon as he seed the booger comin', he put for a tree. That's the thing to do if one of them terrible creechers gits after you. So that man said. They cain't roll up trees, hoop snakes cain't. Or if you can git to a fence, that'll do as well. That feller seed the snake comin'—comin' a-rollin' it was—and he split for a tree—the nighest tree in sight. Reckon he purty near run a blue streak, he was so bad skeered. But shucks! That's all the good it done! Not a bit of use tryin' to outrun a hoop snake."

"Why not?" Thad wanted to know.

"Why not? Why not?" the other boy repeated, scornfully. "Because—because a hoop snake can roll faster'n a horse can run—faster'n the fastest race horse can run! That's why not!" Charley Dick's tones thrilled with pride as he recounted the hoop snakes' achievements.

"And what did the fellow do—the one that the snake was after?"

"Why, he made tracks for the nighest tree, jest like I told you. He had a good start, and he run like a mule year. But every time he looked over his shoulder that snake was comin' closter. At last he got to the tree, though,the feller did. Then he give a mighty jump, and up he went, as fast as he could climb. But jest as he got out of the snake's reach, he felt a jar. Hit had come rollin' along behind the man, that hoop snake had, and had struck the tree. When he got up a good piece, the feller stopped and looked down.And first thing he seed was the snake, wrigglin' around and tryin' to pull itself loose."

"How pull itself loose? What was holding it?"

"Why, the terrible creecher had struck its horn in the tree instid of in the man, like it wanted to."

"Its horn! What horn?"

"What horn! Why, don't you know? Every hoop snake's got a sharp p'inted horn on the end of its tail. Other snakes bites, but hoop snaks jest stick their horns into things. That's what makes the creechers roll after you' want to pop their horns into you."

"How long's that horn?"

"I hain't never mayzhered none of em!" the other boy remarked, scornfully.Thad's incredulous tones and questions were very trying to Charley Dick."I reckon, though, they must be three or four inches long. And if one of the ugly boogers ever sticks his horn into you, you're a goner! All the doctors in Texas couldn't save you!"

"Why not?"

"Because the horn's p'ison—deadly p'ison. That's why not."

"I see. But what did the fellow up the tree do? I mean when he saw the hoop snake rolling around under the tree?"

"Rollin' around! Who said anything about rollin' around? I didn't, I'm shore!"

"Then what did you say?"

"I said wrigglin' around—that's what! That snake had druv its horn into the tree so deep it couldn't pull the thing out. But of course the snake kep' wrigglin' and squirmin', tryin' to work itself loose."

"And did it get loose?"

"Not bad it didn't! He's too smart to wait for it to, that feller up the tree was. He crawled out on a limb and swung hisself down, then drapped to the ground. And while the creecher was still fast and couldn't help itself, he up and beat it to death. That's how to do if one takes after you. Let 'em pop their horns into suthin' or other, and then mash their ugly heads before they can pull 'em out—pull their horns out. And while that feller was standin' there, watchin' the hoop snake die, he looked up in the tree and seed the leaves s'riv'lin' up."

"Shriveling up! Why was that?"

"P'ison. Snakes' horn was so deadful p'ison it killed the tree plumb dead."

"Thad laughed gaily. "Charley Dick, that's the biggest snake yarn I ever heard!"

"Some folks is so dreadful smart, hit's a wonder their paps and mammies ever raised 'em!" the other boy remarked, with withering scorn. "Jest for that, now wouldn't s'prise me a bit if a hoop snake was to git after you and chase you all over the country!"

Strangely enough, Charley Dick's prediction was destined to come true.

When night was nigh, the two boys ate their supper from their tin buckets,while sitting on the well curb. After that they took their guns and buckets,and walked down to the straw stack, where they found a comfortable bed. Both were rather tired, and they soon fell asleep.

It was not a great while after this that Thad was destined to have his frightful experience with a hoop snake, the strangest and in some respects the most dreadful serpent that ever rolled over the face of the earth.

It was the next day, perhaps, and Thad and Charley Dick, having finished their hoeing, had shouldered their guns and started out for a hunt. At first they strolled about the valley above the field; but later they wandered out upon the high prairie. There they might be albe to kill a prairie chicken. While wandering hither and thither, they talked of that strange reptile concerning which Charley Dick had told such hair-raising tales the day before.

After a few minutes Thad caught sight of a snake that was crawling through the grass. A very long reptile it was, apparently eight or ten feet in length. The hunters paused in amazement and stood staring at the creature.

Many snakes of many kinds could be found here. And they were to be seen everywhere. But snakes like the one before them were by no means common. Indeed, till now neither of the boys had ever seen one much more than half as long.

While the two were still staring, the snake crawling along with the forepart of its body held high, happened to turn its heads and catch sight of them.At once the thing uttered an angry hiss and turned so as to face them. Now Thad could feel its evil eyes upon him.

Long the boy had heard that certain snakes had the power to charm, or hypnotize, birds. But now he was horrified to find that this particular snake had a similar power over him. For scarcely had the reptile fixed its gaze upon him when he found himself unable to stir. Try as he would, he could neither move hand nor foot. Nor could he withdraw his eyes from the snake. All the time the creature kept hissing and darting its black tongue at him.

Whether the other boy was also hypnotized by the snake, Thad could not tell, because he could not turn his head to see. But as Charley Dick was also standing motionless, it seemed probable that he, too, was helpless - paralyzed by those dreadful eyes.

While still standing there, unable to move from horror, Thad became aware that the reptile was in motion. Without once taking its gaze from its hypnotized victims, the snake slid its body around on the grass till its tail was pointing toward the two boys. To do this without shifting its gaze it had to be partly on its back.

Horrible Encounter with a Hoop Snake.

Before long Thad saw that the snake's tail was slowly rising, and that its long body was assuming the shape of a hoop. The snake before him was undoubtedly a hoop snake. Now Thad recalled how incredulous he had been when his friend assured him that there was such a reptile. Charley Dick had been right, after all; and had now realized that he had been foolish to talk as he had. What did he, an ignorant frontier boy, know of what was in this big world? This, the boy promised himself, should be a lesson to him. Never again would he doubt or question anything that was told of him, at least until after he had investigated. He had been talking of something he knew nothing about when he spoke lightly, half scoffingly, of that frightful serpent. Even while these thoughts were running through his mind, Thad was not so horrified to notice that the snake's tail was slowly approaching its head.

As the tail came near, the snake's mouth opened. Now the horrified boy saw the mouth close on the tail; not at the end, but perhaps six inches below the end, so as to leave the end free. And the end, he observed, was a horn, long and keen-pointed. The horrified watcher could even see the snakes' teeth, close on the tail. Now the reptile was a complete hoop ready to roll.

Then, suddenly, the hoop began to roll toward the two boys. Up to this time Thad had been too thoroughly hypnotized by the snake's gaze to turn his head, or even to move a finger. But the instant the snake's eyes were with drawn from his, he regained control of himself.

"Run Charley Dick! Run! Run for your life!" he shouted. "It's coming! The hoop snake's coming!"

Acting upon his own advice, Thad turned and fled in wild terror. For perhaps two hundred yards he ran without pausing. Then he turned his head long enough to see if the hoop snake was about to strike him. To his surprise, the snake was nowhere near.

But, happening to glance in another direction, he saw what had become of the reptile. It was pursuing Charley Dick. That boy, inspired by terror, had thrown down his gun and was fleeing for life. But that terrible live hoop was rolling after him, and it seemed doubtful if he could escape.

Thad watched the race with horror. Once he saw Charley Dick turn his head and look back. The poor boy's face was wild with terror. Seeing that he must quickly be overtaken, the fugitive turned and faced his reptile pursuer. Thad gazed at the scene in horror. Poor Charley Dick, despairing of saving himself, had turned to wait, doubtless for that death-dealing horn to strike him!

But as soon appeared, the boy was still trying to save himself. Just as the snake seemed to be upon him, he leaped to one side. Now the hoop rolled harmlessly by him. The next moment he was dashing away at the top of his speed, running in the opposite direction.

But that live hoop, after rolling a circuit, turned and was quickly in pursuit of the unfortunate boy again. Again there was a wild race for life. But before the boy could reach a tree or any other place or refuge, the swiftly moving live wheel was upon him.

But once more he leaped aside, just in time to save himself, and again the snake rolled harmlessly by.

Again and again that same thing happened. The snake could easily overtake the fugitive. But Charley Dick was a wiry, active little fellow, and it seemed that he had a good chance to escape with his life. That is, if he did not tire out and did not lose his head.

But at last something happened—something Thad had not foreseen. Just as Charley Dick was glancing backwards to see if it was time to dodge, his toe caught in some tangled grass and he fell sprawling. Before he could rise the snake was upon him!

Thad tried to utter a cry of horror as he saw the hoop roll over the prostrate boy, but his tongue was paralyzed.

One wild yell of terror Charley Dick uttered as that poisonous, deadly horn struck him. After that he neither moved nor spoke.

Having passed over him, the living hoop rolled a circuit, then came back and rolled over the fallen boy again. Time after time the vicious reptile rolled over the body as it lay motionless. And every time it passed over, Thad could see that sharp horn driven into the body. If there had been any hope that Charley Dick had escaped death the first time, none of it remained now. A poison deadly enough to cause a tree to wilt could not fail to kill a boy instantly. Thad had scoffed at that wilting-tree story when he heard it; but he was not scoffing now. With the terrible things that were happening before his very eyes, he could not doubt the truth of the story longer.

Poor Charley Dick! How very still he lay, with that fiendish snake rolling back and forth across him! Thad could not doubt that the snake's unfortunate victim was dead. And as he reflected upon how he and the dead boy had worked and hunted and swum and played together, and what inseparable friends they had been, hot anger burned in his heart toward the hoop snake.

And while growing every moment angrier, he became aware that his rifle was still in his hands. So excited had he been that till this moment he had forgotten having a gun. However, he had clung to it from force of habit. And now he began to think of using it.

Cocking the weapon, he went slipping along till within range of the snake. There he stopped and tried to take aim.

That serpentine wheel was still rolling back and forth across the lifeless body, and getting his sights lined on it was far from easy. But at last the boy got a fairly good aim and pulled the trigger.

Instead of the expected report from his rifle, there was only a dull click as the hammer fell against the steel pan cover. In his excitement, while running, he must have spilled the priming powder out of the pan.

Hastily, nervously, he opened the pan and filled it with powder from his horn. This time he dropped to one knee to take aim. Again it was very hard to line his sights up with that moving wheel. But when at last he was ready to fire, there was only a puff as he pressed the trigger. This time his gun had flashed in the pan.

Still bent on slaying the deadly hoop snake, Thad sprang to his feet and began to feel in his ammunition bag for a pin. He wanted to open the touchhole. But the puff must have been heard or the flash seen by that live wheel. For now Thad saw the wheel turn, and the next moment it was rolling straight toward him!

At once the boy, knowing that his gun would not fire, and that the terrible hoop was coming to roll him down and murder him as it had murdered Charley Dick, turned and fled for his life. He was in a state of terror, as well he might be.

Even as he ran, Thad recalled that poor Charley Dick, while still alive, had warned him that, if ever pursued by a hoop snake, he should make for the nearest tree and climb. Charley Dick himself had probably been trying to reach a tree when that unluckly stumble had cost him his life.

A few hundred yards away stood a long tree—a hackberry. And scarcely had Thad taken to flight when he changed his course and ran for the tree.

But that furious wheel was pursuing so fast that it would be upon him before he could possibly reach the hackberry. Recalling how Charley Dick had eluded the creature again and again by dodging, Thad quickly decided to use the same means. So, stopping hastily, he turned and waited till the rolling hoop was almost upon him, when he leaped to one side. At the last moment the hoop turned somewhat, but it missed the boy by a foot. And as it rolled by him he could distinctly hear it utter an angry hiss of disappointment.

The boy's first impulse now was to run in the opposite direction. But realizing almost as soon as he had started back that he was running away from the hackberry, he did not run very fast or very far. But he kept looking back to see what that wheel was doing.

Before this Thad had noticed that the snake could not stop suddenly or turn suddenly, but usually had to roll a circuit before changing its course. That was what the thing now did. Soon it was in pursuit of Thad again. And this time its very anger seemed to bring it on more furiously than before. But again the boy leaped to one side and allowed the hoop to roll hissing by him.

This time, without pausing to see what the snake did, he fled toward that

lone tree as fast as his terrified legs could carry him. Now he hoped to reach the hackberry before the snake could overtake him. But, while still fifty yards or more from the tree, he glanced back and saw that flying hoop not far behind and gaining fast. Realizing that it was now or never, he put forth a terrific spurt of speed. But too well he knew that he must either reach the tree in time or lose his life. Every moment he was expecting to feel that poisonous horn penetrating his back.

Reaching the tree at last, he made one despairing leap upward, at the same time clasping the rough trunk with both arms and legs. And at once he began to climb, gaspingly, as fast as he could pull himself up.

Scarcely had he begun to climb when he felt a jar, and then a shudder seemed to run through the whole tree. After climbing a few feet, he paused and glanced down.

Just what he had hoped for had happened. The snake had driven its sharp tail deep into the tree trunk, and was now unable to pull the horn out.

No longer a hoop, the snake was reaching first in one direction and then in another. It was trying to wrap itself around something, so as to make a stronger pull. There being nothing but grass that it could each, the reptile was now helpless—as helpless as Thad wanted it.

But the boy dared not drop to the ground near the snake. Doubtless the terrible creature could bite as well as use its horn. So he climbed higher, intending to crawl out on a limb and then swing himself down at a safe distance away. But, while still climbing, he heard a crackling all around him. Wondering what that meant, he looked about and saw the leaves of the tree shriveling up, as green leaves shrivel in intense heat.

Thad now recalled, sadly, how he had scoffed at poor Charley Dick for saying that such a thing had happened or could happen. And here it was happening right under Thad's own eyes. Plainly there were many things under the sun that a fourteen year old boy knew nothing about.

While the leaves, shriveled and blasted by the hoop snake's poison, werestill rustling, almost hissing, as they crinkled up, the excited boy crawled out on one of the longest limbs, from which he could let himself down and drop to the ground. Before dropping, however, he was careful to make sure that the snake was still fast, and beyond reaching him.

And scarcely were his feet on the ground when he was looking about for a stick or a stone to kill the wriggling creature with. The only thing he saw was his rifle. Knowing that it would not shoot, he had dropped it just before reaching the tree, because he could climb faster without it. Now he snatched the weapon up eagerly.

At first he was about to try to shoot the snake; but, recalling that is gun had twice missed fire, he held the weapon in his hands and struck at the reptile's head with the barrel. He missed the head, which kept darting about in every direction. After that he struck the wriggling body. Again and again he hammered it with all his might. But there was nothing to hammer it against, and he only jerked that horn out of the wood. And no sooner was the snake free than that spiked tail struck at the boy viciously.

Terrified, Thad ran backwards. And scarcely had he done so when the snake's tail darted into its mouth and the reptile was a hoop again, ready to roll on its errand of death!

Where the Hoop Snake Went.

The snake was close to the tree, so the boy dared not try to climb that again. Realizing his own helplessness in the presence of the cunning creature, Thad turned and fled for his life. Wildly, desperately he fled. His father's field fence was not a great distance away and, there being no other tree near, he ran toward the hill that sloped down to the fence.

But before running far he glanced over his shoulder. That live wheel was coming, not many yards behind. Now, for some reason, anger burned within the boy as he thought of all he had to endure because of that fiendish snake. Stopping suddenly, he swung round, then leaped to one side. As the wheel, which missed the boy narrowly, rolled hissing by, he struck it with his gun barrel—struck with a vengeance.

The effect was instantaneous. The hoop stopped rolling and began to spin round and round, like a top. And out of that spinning came an angry, blood-curdling hissing!

"Now I've got you where I want you, you poison booger! I'll show you how to kill poor Charley Dick Sheegog, and then chase me all over the country! I'll—I'll—''

The angry boy, realizing that he had the advantage at last, struck the snake again and again. He was trying hard to knock it down. But the hoop, being a little higher than his head, was so large that he could reach only one side of it. And the harder he struck the faster that hoop spun. And the faster it spun the louder, angrier was the hissing that came out of the spinning.

Many times, and harder and harder, the boy struck one side of the hoop, always with the same result. But at length the cunning reptile, seeing that the boy had the advantage now, suddenly took control of itself and began to roll, darting off to one side.

Not till fifty yards or more away did it start to circle back. And scarcely had it turned when it was rolling straight toward the boy. There was now something determined in its manner, too; which doubtless meant that it had started out to even up old scores, and to finish this boy as it had finished Charley Dick.

At once a great terror seized upon Thad, and he turned and fled again toward that stake-and-ridered fence.

Coming to the top of the hill, he dashed down its steep slope. As he neared the fence he could hear a furious hissing close behind. One glance over his shoulder showed that that flying hoop was but a few feet in the rear.

Dropping his rifle, he made a wild leap for the fence. And he landed upon it, with is feet on a high rail and his arms over the rider. And scarcely had his arms clasped the rail when he heard a loud click just below him. That horn had missed his feet, but had struck the oak rail on which his feet rested.

Hastily he climbed up till he was standing on the rider. Then he moved along cautiously till he could hold to a stake.

And it was well that he had climbed, and well that he had moved along. Finding its tail fastened by its horn, which had been driven deep into the oak rail, the snake tried to strike him with its head.

Hastily moving farther, till out of its reach, the boy jumped to the ground, on the far side of the fence, and got hold of a heavy stick. Now he approached the panel of fence to which the snake was fastened. But, finding himself unable to strike to advantage from that side, he climbed upon the fence and stood over the snake.

"Now stick your ugly head up if you dare, and see how quick I'll mash it for you!''

But the cunning serpent refused to put its head within reach of Thad's stick. The head was moving here and there over the ground, trying to coil itself around something solid, for leverage in pulling that horn out of the hard wood.

While wondering just how he could kill the snake without danger of knocking it loose, as he had done before, Thad moved along, walking the rider, to the middle of it. Happening to glance down, he discovered, in amazement, that the rail which the snake's horn had been driven into had turned a greenish color. He had often heard that a snake's poison was green, and had doubted it. But now he could see for himself that the statement was true.

Even as he stood gazing at he green rail, he discovered that the poison was spreading, and was communicating itself to the other rails. Soon he noticed that the rail under his bare feet was also turning green. In a minute or two it was as green as the rails below it. And now his feet began to tingle and smart, and, to his horror, he discovered that they also had a faintly greenish tinge. At once he started to move along the rider to another rail—one not yet poisoned.

The rider had been sound enough when he first climbed upon it. But that deadly poison, spreading through it, must have rotted it. For now, suddenly, the rail gave way, snapping in two under Thad's feet.

One wild yell the terrified boy uttered as he dropped crashing down. Then he and the broken rail and the hoop snake were all on the ground together! Masquerading in Borrowed Clothes.

"Wake up! Wake up here, Thad Dayberry! Wake up, I tell you! What you whoopin' and yellin' fur? A body cain't sleep for you! Was you dreamin' about redskins?''

Thad raised himself to one elbow, rubbing his eyes. Looking around, he saw the big straw stack close by and the stars overhead.

"No! I wasn't dreaming about red-skins—no such thing! I've been dreaming about that tarnation old hoop snake of yours!''

"I ain't a'claimin' no hoop snakes! Not bad I ain't. They don't belong to me, narry snake of 'em don't!'' protested Charley Dick, a little indignantly. "But I thought you said the' wasn't no sich a thing as a hoop snake! Thought you didn't believe in hoop snakes!''

"I don't—when I'm awake. But that didn't keep me from dreaming about the pesky things—one of the pesky things. The ugly booger was rolling right after me and—'' "From the yell you let out it must ha' ketched you!''

"I'd say it did catch me, Charley Dick! I don't know how many times It caught me—caught up with me. I—''

"I'm powereful glad it didn't ketch me—the skeery creecher!''

"But it did catch you, Charley Dick! I know it did because I saw it. It knocked you down and rolled over you, and then kept rolling over you. And every time it rolled it struck that long, keen-pointed horn right into you! I could see—''

"Thad Dayberry, I'll thank you to stop sich skeery talk as that to me! Right here in the dark, too! Hit just makes my very flesh creep!''

"Made my flesh creep when I was dreaming it. Don't now, though. But the whole thing did seem so real. Almost as real as if a sure-enough hoop snake had been after me—after you and me. I can recollect everything that happened." Now encouraged by the other boy's questions, Thad rehearsed the exciting and horrible experiences that he had just passed through in his sleep. When the story was ended, Charley Dick said:

"Thad, that's—that's what you git for sayin' the' ain't no hoop snakes when the' is—jest plenty uv 'em. Now let that be a lesson to you. When folks that knows lots more'n me and you does says the's is hoop snakes, dont you up and say plain out the' ain't. Tain't for sich as me and you to fly in the face of our betters."

The other boy laughed, half scornfully. "Oh, I don't believe in wheel snakes yet—any more than I did before."

Charley Dick could scarcely credit his ears. "Not even after you've went and drempt all them there dreadful things about 'em?" he demanded, in amazement.

"What's my dreaming got to do with it? Once, I recollect, I dreamed I could fly. All I had to do was to work my legs, and I'd rise right up. But I can't sure-enough fly—not if I kicked by poor legs off. And once, too, I dreamed I was about to shoot a wolf. But before I could shoot, the wolf turned to a man. You don't s'pose I believe wolves turn to men, just because I dreamed that one did! Neither does my dreaming about a hoop snake make me believe anybody ever saw a hoop snake."

"Jest for that, Thad, you'll be seein' some shore-'nough hoop snake before long; and apt as not it'll chase you. I told you what would happn to you before; and what I told you come to pass. And what I tell now will come to pass, too. You watch and see if it don't."

"Yes, I'll watch—as much as you want me to, Charley Dick. But not till I see one rolling along—see it with my own eyes, when I'm awake—not till I see the thing myself will anyboy get me to believe any snake makes a hoop of itself and rolls."

"You'll see it, Thad! Now mark my word!"

But, alas for Charley Dick's reputation as a prophet, neither Thad nor he ever saw anything of the kind. And it wasn't because they didn't look closely. Snakes were numerous here, and the boys never discovered one, and especially one of a new kind, without watching to see if it would thrust its tail into its mouth. But, though those marvelous stories of the hoop snake's doings continued to circulate, neither the two boys nor their neighbors ever saw a snake make a wheel of itself."

Author's Note! *Before allowing that Mysterious serpent to roll out of this narrative, I may as well confess that I don't feel very kindly of it. The reason is that he made one summerof my life miserable. I was at the credulous age of five. It was bad enough to not be able to venture a hundered yards from the house for fear of redskins, without suspecting every snake I saw of about to snap it's tail and come rolling at me.*

One day I recall the little McDaniel children came to visit us. By some chance they and I happened to look under the floor of our grainary, perhaps in quest of hens' nests. There we discovered a long black snake which to our excited imaginations, appeared to be trying to make a hoop of itself. We all fled in terror, and it was long before we dared to venture near the grainary again.

A women whose early life had been spent almost at the other edge of the continent once told me that, when a child, she had heard the same absurd stories of the rolling snake and it's deadly horn. Where I lived nearly everybody believed, or seemed to believe those wild stories. Indeed we simple, little-read frontier poeple took pleasure in hearing and telling marvelous things. Much as I looked for one, I never got to see a hoop snake. Doubtless they all rolled away before my time, to join spooks and witches in the land that never was.--The Aurtor.

One Sunday morning, a few days after Thad's nocturnal adventure with the rolling serpent, Charley Dick crossed the corner of the sqaure and stopped at the Dayberry's door.

"Thad, I'm startin' over to my Uncle Tom Berry's. Wouldn't you like to go with me."

"If pa'll let me."

"How do you expect to go?" Mr. Dayberry questioned, when the matter was referred to him.

"We're 'lowin to hoof it," Charley Dick told him. "Our horses are out on the range some'r's; and I'd ruther walk than be bothered with a horse anyhow. Hit's only six miles or seven miles over there."

"Six or seven miles is a pretty long, hot tramp for such sultry weather," spoke up Thad's mother. "Seem's to me you'd better stay in the shade."

"Oh no, ma; that's not a long tramp," answered Thad, who was eager for the visit.

"Your guns will weigh a lot by the time you foot it all that distance with 'em on your shoulders," Thad's father remarked.

"But we won't pack our guns, Mr. Dayberry. Ain't no redskins in the country jest now, I guess. Me and Thad will make it all hunky-dory without any shootin' irons. If we see a red booger, into the bresh we'll scoot."

At last the desired consent was given, and the two boys were soon on their way. The road they traveled was an unusually plain one for this country. It led from Fort Blocker to the settlement where Charley Dick's uncle lived.

The day proved oppressively warm, and both boys were glad they had left those heavy guns at home. Owing to frequent halts in the shade to rest and cool, the forenoon was well advanced when they came to a small stream which flowed by the back side of Mr. Berry's field.

"Thad, I'm fit to melt! Let's have a swim before we go on up to the house. Dinner won't be ready for a good while, nohow."

"That's what I say, Charley Dick. We can't hit the water too quick to please me.''

Thirty yards below the road they found a pool that looked deep enough to swim in. Here they threw off their hats and clothes, then rushed into the water. The stream was not clear, and this particular pool proved to be only about knee-deep.

"Oh shucks! No fun here!'' exclaimed Charley Dick. "We'll have to go fu'ther down.'

So they moved on down the stream a few yards and tried the next pool, only to find it about the same. Now they kept on, moving from pool to pool. At last, after numerous disappointments, they found a good swimming hole, half a mile below the road, and spent most of an hour there. And a delightful time they had. That they recalled afterwards. For they paid dearly for that swim.

"Close to mealtime,'' Charley Dick finally announced, squinting up at the sun. "Whatever we do, we mustn't be late. Aunt Em may have peach cobbler. She usually does on Sundays. And she's a bully good cook.''

After leaving the water, the two boys made their way up the branch, following along the wooded bank to escape the blazing sunshine. At length they came to where they left their clothes.

"Why, ain't—ain't this here the place?'' demanded Charley Dick, gazing around blankly.

"Must—it must be further up,'' answered his companion, also gazing around blankly.

"But there's the road, Thad. We stripped off only a little piece below the road—don't you recollect?''

"Yes, I do. I'll say I do. Well enough.''

At first they were of the opinion that somebody had played a joke on them. But, after a full half-hour spent in a frantic but vain search, they reluctantly accepted the truth. Some light-fingered person had passed by along the road and, noticing those unguarded clothes and hats, hnd bundled them all up and carried them off. And never again did the owners set eyes on them.

"Did you ever hear tell of the like?'' exclaimed Charley Dick, grinning a sheepish grin.

"I never did! It beats everything!'' answered Thad, with another sheepish grin.

"If anybody thinks it's funny to be seven miles from home and without a thread to your back, he'll know what a gump he is when he up and tries it!'' Charley Dick finally declared. "S'posin' we move on up t'wards the house, Thad, and then holler for Uncle Tom to fetch us sumpn to wear.''

The other boy had nothing better to propose, and the two proceeded to carry out Charley's Dick's suggestion. Instead of following the road, where they would be in danger of meeting somebody, they climbed over a rail fence into a field of corn. Here the stalks were high enough to conceal them; but the noonday sun blazed down hotly, and the sharp-edged corn blades seemd intent on cuttin their naked bodies. The cornfield ended perhaps two hundred yards from the house, the rest of the way being across the stubble land. The two halted at the edge of the corn and gazed toward the house. Finally Charley Dick said:

"Nobody in sight. Tell you what let's do, Thad. See that patch of high broomweeds in the corner of the yard, under the martin box? Let's make a dash up there, then bounce over the yard fence and hide in them weeds. Then we can holler to Uncle Tom to fetch us out some duds.''

"No. let's not, Charley Dick. Too many girls there. Seven didn't you say? Some of 'em likely to come out of doors any minute. Let's not risk it,'' protested Thad, bashfully.

"Not this time of day they won't come out. Don't you know what's keepin' 'em in doors jest now? They're at the dinner table—that's what. Gals is some to eat. Risk them not to leave the table as long as the's a bite left. We can make it all right—of course we can! And we'd better hurry, too. Dinner may be all et up. And I'm jest about starved to death, after all them miles of footin' it.''

So Charley Dick dashed out boldly from the corn, followed by the more bashful Thad. The latter kept his eyes on the house as he ran, but nobody appeared. Across the stubble land the naked boys scampered; then they sprang over the rail fence and dropped into a patch of weeds in the corner of the big yard. Here, when they had sqatted down, only their heads were visible above the broomweeds.

They Borrow Dresses.

Now Charley Dick began to call his uncle, softly at first, and then more loudly. None of the family appeared. But hoarse barking was heard on the other side of the house; and presently a big, savage-looking dog came round the corner. The brute looked so fierce that Thad sprang up and grasped the pole supporting the martin box.

"No danger,'' Charley Dick assured him, confidently. "Bull's a savage booger, but he knows me. Hello, Bull! Come along, old feller!''

And Bull did come along, so furiously that Thad's courage failed him. Almost before he knew it he was ten feet up that pole!

Charley Dick laughed. "Poor Bull'' Good doggy! Big-gawn, you old fool.''

The last exclammation was uttered as Charley Dick went shinning up the pole after Thad, just in time to save his foot.

When at a safe distance, the boy ceased climbing and looked below. "You low-down booger! You'd bite your own brother! Hain't you got sense enough to recollect your old friend, Charley Dick?'' The boy shook his fist at the dog.

Bull growled and barked, and then leaped up the pole as far as he could. Both boys climbed a little higher.

"Been a right smart while since I was here. And then, uv course, a feller don't look half-way natcherl without any duds on,'' Charley Dick explained.

Being safe from the dog for the present, Thad now recalled his nude condition and elevated position. "For mercy's sake, Charley Dick, tell the folks not to look till they scold this brute away!''

"All right! That's jest what I'll do.''

But after Charley Dick had called again and again, without any response except from Bull, the boys knew that all the family were away from home. Probably they had gone somewhere visiting.

"Well, now, I'm glad uv it,'' chuckled Charley Dick. "Uncle Tom might ha' busted a blood-vessel laffin' if he'd walked out and found two naked boys huggin' his martin pole. He's a great joker anyhow. With all the folks away from home, maybe we can keep this whole thing dark. If they'd jest ha' tuck their fool dawg with 'em, we'd ha' been all right.''

Bull stood eyeing the two out-of-reach boys in a grim, determined way. The martins kept flying around the box on the upper end of the pole, chirping noisily to scold the intruders away from their nests. Besides the other inconveniences of their position, both boys realized that they were in plain view of the road, and that somebody, or maybe a whole wagonload of somebodies, might come by at any minute. Among the settlers Sunday was a great day for visiting.

"What can we do, Charley Dick?'' demanded Thad, helplessly. "My arms are beginning to ache; and that sun will mighty soon have me blistered from my head to my heels.''

"If I ever ketch that thief, it'll be all over with him!'' burst out the other boy, resentfully. "And I do wisht folks would stay at home when a body tramps eight or ten miles to visit 'em, on a br'illin' day. Or, anyhow, they could ha' tied their crazy dawg up!''

"For mercy's sake, try to make friends with the ugly brute, Charley Dick. First thing we know somebody will come by and see us up here. Then we'll be the laughing-stock of the country for the rest of our lives. Harbolt's watermelons won't be a patching to this.''

"Maybe Uncle Tom and the folks will come drivin' home before long. Then they'll scold Bull away.''

"Charley Dick Sheegog, are you out of your head? Do you think I'm going to stick to this pole, stark naked like I am, and let Mrs. Berry and all that swarm of girls drive up here? Not while I keep my senses I won't! I'll slide down before they come home, if that brute eats me alive!''

"Oh, they'll stop before they git clost, I guess. Hit's the laughin' and teasin' and tormentin' after'd's that I'm thinkin' about. But maybe we can coax Uncle Tom and the folks not to tell on us.''

"Not to tell on us! Charley Dick, do you really think there's anybody on earth that would keep such a good joke as this to himself? Well, I rather guess not? Not while there's anybody left alive to tell it to! You wouldn't keep it if it was on anybody else, and neither would I.''

"Come to think of it, don't guess I would,'' admitted the other boy, with a grin. "Fact is, I'd like to have sech a joke as this to tell on some boys I know, speshly Buck Thompson.''

"Of course you would! Then the thing for us is to crawl out of the scrape before anybody discovers us. S'pose you slide down a little and try to make friends with that dog.''

Thus encouraged, Charley Dick began to talk to Bull, coaxingly. At first the fierce brute only growled. But soon his ugly face took on a doubtful look, as if he were thinking: "Well, now, maybe I have seen that queer-looking creaure before.'' At last he seemed to be convinced; for his bristles went down and his tail gave a friendly, apologetic wag. Straightway Charley Dick slid down the pole and patted him on the head, and there was no further trouble.

"Now for some dinner!'' cried Charley Dick, as the two boys started around the cabin to the door. The dog went with them.

"No! Let's get into some clothes first. Then we can eat.''

"Some of Uncle Tom's breeches will be the thing! And won't we cut a figger in 'em, big as he is! Both of us could git into one pair,'' Charley Dick chuckled as he pulled the latchstring and threw back the door.

There were two connected rooms to the house and than another, a back room, which was disconnected. In one of the front rooms, hanging on a peg, the boys found one pair of a man's pantaloons; and under a bed they discovered another pair. But when they had put them on, they realized how far they fell short of being men. For the pantaloons not only came up to their arms, but a foot or so of the legs had to be rolled up besides.

"We're worst than skeercrows!'' chuckled Charley Dick, looking over the waistband of his pair at Thad.

"That's just what we look like—scarecrows. When it comes to looks, I believe we're better off naked.

"One good thing about these here breeches. We don't need no shirts. Breeches and shirts both together, they air. And even then we rattle around in 'em.''

With some pieces of string the boys fixed each other's clothes. When the fixing was finished, each of them had two "gallus'' buttons, on the waistband, tied together over one shoulder.

"Now for sumpn to eat! I'm hungry as a wolf!'' cried Charley Dick.

"What would your aunt say to us helping ourselves? questioned Thad, doubtfully.

"A'nt Em? Why she'd say. "Go it, Charley Dick!' A'nt Em, she's great. She knows how to treat a boy. Says she wishes some of her girls had been boys. I jest know she's got sumpn good cooked; and we'll clean it up—every bite!''

The two boys passed back to the kitchen. But after searching high and low, all they could find to eat was some cold corndodger and sorghum molasses. And there were only a few scraps of the bread.

"To think that after trampin' all that seven miles, we've got to put up with sech a snack as this!'' groaned Charley Dick. "And in A'nt Em's house too! But it's all the girls' fault. Girls do have the awfulest appetites! Nothin' but starvation nowheres around where they've been!''

Thad grinned, but answered not a word. He recalled having heard Mrs. Sheegog say of Charley Dick: “That boy will eat us out of house and home yet!”

After finishing the last crumb of bread—the molasses could not be eaten alone—the two, still hungry, wandered about outside. But the peaches were late ones and all hard and green; and the watermelons they found thumped “green”.

“This is starvation hill!” moaned Charley Dick. “Let's put for home! Though it's a dreadful distance to walk on empty stomaches.”

“Pretty figures we'd cut in these big, forked bags! We'd scare every horse to death we met!”

“We air sights to behold!” admitted Charley Dick. “Let's mosey back to the house and see if we cain't rustle up sumpn better. If Uncle Tom and the folks has gone to his brother's, they may not start home till late, and may not git here till a good while after dark. And I promised mammy I'd be home by supper time—I mean milkin' time.”

There was nothing else to do, and the two boy's now returned to the cabins. In one room they found a number of home-spun dresses, all hanging in a row on pegs along the wall. The dresses were of various sizes; for the seven Berry girls ranged in age from eight to eighteen. Charley Dick planted himself in front of the dresses, with his arms akimbo.

“There's what we'll wear,” he announced. “They'll beat these breeches all holler.”

“What! Dresses! We'd never dare walk into Fort Blocker with girls' clothes on. What would everybody say, and especially the boys?”

“Narry word. Cause why, they won't know. We'll put on bonnets too, and everybody'll think we'er shore-'nough gals.”

“But if the boys saw us go into our houses, they'd soon smell a mouse. They'd know there isn't any girl in your house, and none in mine as big as I am.”

“That's so.” Charley Dick considered. “Tell you what, Thad. Them there dresses will do us to travel along the road in. When we come to the fort, we'll hide out in the bresh till after dark. By that time all our folks will be gone to the singin'. You recollect the's going to be singin' tonight at Cap'n Totty's. We'll slip in at the back door and git some of duds on. After that we'll bundle up the girl's things, and I'll hide 'em in our loom house loft. Then next time I'm comin' up here I'll fetch the dresses with me.”

“Guess maybe that's about the best we can do,” admitted Thad, a little doubtfully.

Now they selected two neat dresses, made with skirts and waist together; and, getting out of those big bags of pantaloons, they put the dresses on. There were numerous buttons, and also hooks and eyes. Thad buttoned and hooked Charley Dick up, and Charley Dick hooked and buttoned Thad up. Underclothes they ignored altogether. They were barefooted; but that was not unusual out here for girls of their size. They also tied on sunbonnets, so that only their faces could be seen.

“You're in Sally's clothes and I'm in Nanny's” Charley Dick remarked. “And A't em herself couldn't tell us from her own gals, I 'low.”

A little later, while walking about the room, he caught sight of himself and stopped before a looking-glass.

“Now we're charmers!” he snickered, perking his head first on one side and then on the other, like a chicken, as he had seen girls do.

After several minutes of promenading about the room, and practically girlish antics before the glass, the two boys closed and latched he door, said good-bye to Bull, and took the road for home.

And, as it happened, their going was destined to be far more eventful than their coming.

Before they had tramped far on their homeward way, Thad and Charley Dick met a few people in a wagon. And more people passed them, these latter on horseback. The horsemen were all young men. Several of them seemed not a little interested in the two supposed girls. Everybody spoke to them, and some of the young men took off their hats. One impressionable young fellow not only raised his hat, but cast unmistakable admiring glances at Thad.

“Oh, this pays us for losin' our clothes!” almost shrieked Charley Dick. The young man had ridden on, and the two boys had thrown themselves on the grass in the shade of a tree. “Thad, if we run onto a few more chaps like that'n, they'll be the death of me! I'll kill my fool self laffin'!”

The two were still lying on the grass, rolling about in their merriment, when the rattling of a wagon reminded them that they were demeaning themselves as ill became their adopted sex. Up they sprang. After brushing the grass from their dresses, and adjusting their bonnets, they went on their decorous way. It was well that they had laughed while they could, for trouble was nigh.

The afternoon sun blazed down, and the dust in the road was so hot that the boys had to walk out on the grass to keep from blistering their bare feet. Both were hungry, and their steps soon began to drag. The miles of tramping before them seemed to stretch out interminably.

At length the wagon they had heard overtook them. It was drawn by oxen. A little man and some children occupied a slab seat in front, while a large woman sat in a chair farther back. The supposed girls spoke to the people in the wagon, and then eyed the wagon longingly.

“Don't you want to ride, gyirls?” the woman called back, after the wagon had passed them.

“Yes'm, we do—that we do! The very worse kind! Charley Dick answered, eagerly.

Then bounce in! Stop the wagon, John!”

The man shouted “Whoa!” to his oxen, and the wagon presently came to a standstill. The make-believe girls were about to jump in from behind. But, by thinking themselves they climbed over a wheel. Dropping down on some cover in the bottom of the wagon bed, they modestly covered their bare feet and legs with their skirts. Now the wagon got in motion again.

"What's your names, gyirls?'' the woman presently inquired.

The two beskirted boys stared at each other in blank consternation. Neither had foreseen any such question. This resort to girls' clothes was Charley's Dick's idea, and Thad waited for Charley Dick to answer.

Whatever his faults, Charley Dick was truthful. Given a little time, he would doubtless have told the truth or nothing. But the question was promptly repeated, this time in rather severe tones.

"Mine's—mine's—Nanny Berry,'' he answered, triumphantly. Perhaps he was under the impression, for the moment, that he had on his cousin's name with her dress.

The woman turned to Thad. "Sally Berry,'' he answered.

"What! Air you two Tom Berry's gyirls?''

"Ye-ye-yes'm,'' stammered Charley Dick, evidently with a premonition of trouble to follow.

"Well, now, I didn't know you! What—what's got into you that you hold your heads down so? You're turnin' mighty bashful all of a suddent.''

As the two deceivers still did not look up, the woman leaned over and ? their sunbonnets, one after the other. Then she threw up her hands.

"Did anybody ever! You wicked creechers! What do you mean by tellin' me that awful lie? You're no more the Berry gyirls than I am. Now ain't you ashamed of yourselves?''

The culprits hung their sunbonneted heads in guilty silence. The man and the children on the front seat turned and were witnesses to their conclusion. But the woman was not through with them:

"John,'' she exclaimed to her husband, "did you ever hear tell of sech impydence? Tryin' to pass theirselves off for somebody they're not! Now I want you two to tell me your shore-'nough names! Out with 'em! And don't you dare story to me any more!''

Charley Dick leaned over and whispered to Thad: "No more lyin' for me.'' Then he said aloud, bashfully: "We don't like to tell.

"Why don't you like to tell your name, little gyirl? Where've you been?'

We won't tell where,'' replied Charley Dick, doggedly.

"John, did you ever?'' Her husband only mumbled some reply, and the woman went on:

"Where've you started to, gyirls?''

"We won't tell that neither,'' answered Charley Dick. He was steering between the Scylla of revealing their sex and identity, and the Charybdis of untruthfulness.

The woman leaned back and drew a long breath. "Well, help my soul and body!'' But she soon renewed the attack:

"Oh, you wicked creechers. But you might as well tell! I know what you're up to! Know it as well as I know I'm alive! I could see the' was somethin' wrong the minutes I clapped my eyes on you! You're runnin' away from home!''

"No'm, we're not—nothin' of the kind!'' protested Charley Dick, indignantly.

"Don't you dare dispute my word, you brazen hussy!'' The woman stamped her foot severely. "And don't you dare story to me ag'in neither! Hain't I ketched you in one story a'ready?''

Charley Dick remained silent. Before going a great distance farther the wagon left the road to Fort Blocker and turned off on a branch road. Now the make-believe girls started to get up, but the woman promptly pushed them down.

"That's our road!'' Charley Dick informed her, in resentful tones.

"Well, I reckon not, you bad gyirl! Not a step do you stir out of my sight till your folks come for you! It's a mercy I happened along and stopped you in your wicked career!''

The two boys stared at each other, consternation, amounting almost to alarm, written on their faces. For the woman had a very determined manner. Seeing no present way of escape, they could only sit still and wait developments.

After traveling a mile or two farther, all the way through the woods, the wagon arrived at a meeting ground, in the edge of a little prairie, and not far from a field. A "big meeting,'' or revival, was going on there, all the services being held under an arbor, or large brush shed. A little log schoolhouse stood a short distance from the arbor.

It was still too early for the afternoon preaching; but a hundred chatting, laughing people were already assembled under the big shed. Scattered through the nearby woods were numerous saddled horses, also horse wagons and ox wagons. Some of the wagons were covered with bows and sheets—a shelter in case of rain.

Charley Dick was not particularly bold, especially where crowds were concerned; and Thad was actually bashful. Usually, though, they were eager to attend any kind of a meeting. But just now this was, of all places, the last place they wanted to go to. One reason for that was that they recognized several persons there who lived in Fort Blocker.

"Let's jump out and run for it!'' Charley Dick whispered, as soon as he discovered their destination.

Thad was more than willing. But the woman must have suspected their purpose, for she kept fast hold of their dresses.

The wagon stopped under a big burr oak, and everybody got out. After the man had taken his oxen loose from the tongue and tied them to a tree, the whole party started for the arbor. Now their captress had each of the counterfeit girls by the arm.

Charley Dick pulled back stubbornly. "We don't want to go there!'"

"No, of course you don't, you bad gyirl! Runaway gyirls never want to go where they ought to! But you're goin', just the same!'' She swept them along irresistably.

"But we want to go home!'' protested Thad, also pulling back.

"That's right plumb where you shall go, and that as soon as I can find out where you belong! You're goin' with me now!"

Both boys kept hanging back, like two calves not yet broken to lead, till they saw that their resistance was attracting attention. Then they submitted sulkily, hoping that their disguises would not be penetrated, and that they would soon have an opportunity to slip away. But in that they woefully deceived themselves.

"Who's that you've brung with you, Mis' Hunt?" called out a woman, loudly, as the new arrivals stopped under the edge of the arbor.

"Two wicked gyirls, that I ketched runnin' away from home," answered their captress. "I've tried time and ag'in to make 'em tell who they air, but they're too mule-stubborn. Come up, all you folks, and take a good look at 'em. I want you to see if you've ever saw 'em before. Take off your bonnets, gyirls!"

To have it known that they had lost their own clothes, and been forced to masquerade across the country in girl's dresses would, they well knew, make them the laughing-stock of Fort Blocker and of the whole country. But to be dragged up here and exposed before a big crowd—that was little less than terrible. The two turned frightened faces toward each other. Why had they been foolish enough to climb into that unlucky wagon?

"I say take off your bonnets!" ordered their captress, in severe tones.

A Desperate Dash for Liberty.

Thad's bonnet was tied under his chin, and he only clutched the strings, determined to stave off the evil moment as long as possible. Now a number of people crowded around.

"Do you know what becomes of little girls that run away from their good, kind pa's and mas?" a woman demanded, as she stooped and pointed an accusing finger at them.

Both boys shook their heads vigorously, in disclaimer of any such knowledge.

"Then I'll tell you. They al'ays come to some bad end. Now you two go right back home, as straight as you can travel!"

"Yes'm, we will," answered Charley Dick, springing up and starting off eagerly.

But Mrs. Hunt, their captress, seized him and jerked at his bonnet.

"Let me alone!" the boy almost screamed, angrily.

"Oh, you wicked, wicked gyirl! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, talkin' that sassy way to me? And after all I've done for you, too!" she added, reproachfully.

The woman doubtless meant well. There was little in the boys' voices and nothing in their appearance, clothed and bonneted as they were, to indicate their true sex. And their refusal to answer questions concerning themselves had led her suspicions miles astray. But Charley Dick and Thad were far from appreciating her good intentions. Indeed, to them she seemed a veritable progress, from whose clutches there was no escape. "Now off with your bonnets!" she ordered, determinedly.

And she would doubtless have taken them off, but something happened. A horse tied to a tree near by got a hind foot over his rope and, after struggling in a frantic way, fell heavily to the ground. At once the whole crowd moved over in that direction, the men rushing to the animal's assistance.

"Now's our chance!" whispered Thad. "Let's streak it!"

"I'm right with you, you bet!"

Through the crowd the two boys darted, and away they sped, as fast as their beskirted legs could carry them. Beginning near the arbor lay a few hundred yards of prairie, or meadow land; and beyond that thick woods began. By instinct Charley Dick, who had taken the lead, headed for the woods. Thad was close behind. But scarcely had they got well started when they heard their captress screaming:

"Yander they go! Ketch 'em! Head 'em off, somebody! Don't let 'em git away!"

From the medley of excited cries which at once broke out, the fugitives knew they were being pursued. Ere long, without pausing for a moment, Thad glanced over his shoulder. By this time the whole congregation seemed to be in pursuit, with the tall Mrs. Hunt leading. At sight of her the boy ran faster.

Among the pursuers were women and girls and boys, all shouting and screaming and laughing. Plainly they were deriving much hilarious enjoyment from the unusual sport.

The two fugitives strained every nerve to reach the shelter of the woods. Those unaccustomed skirts were troublesome, but both boys ran well in spite of the skirts. Thad not only overtook his fellow-fugitive, but passed him. Unluckily, though, a vine concealed in the grass caught his foot, and he fell sprawling.

However, he was quickly up and running again. By this time some big boys, eager to display their speed, were leading the pursuit. Indeed, they were now but a few yards behind Thad. Even if the two fugitives could have reached the woods before being overtaken, they would have had no time to hide. Nevertheless they kept on. The noise of pursuit so close behind spurred them to greater exertions.

In spite of their hard running, they could scarcely have escaped capture if there had been nothing but their speed to save them. But between the woods and the prairie was something which these girl-boys did not suspect was there. Their persuers knew of it and were counting on that to help them. That something was a good-sized stream—Clear Creek. The near bank was topped with level prairie, and was upright, rising perhaps ten feet above the water. Hence the fact that the creek was there could not be discovered till one was almost upon it.

Charley Dick, running furiously and unsuspectingly, had hard work to check himself, on the very edge of the bank. Thad, seeing the other fugitive stop, discovered the creek sooner. Once glance he swept up and down the stream as he bounded toward it.

That glance showed him that between the two banks, at this particular place, was a deep pool of water; also that the pool extended as far up and down the creek as his eye could follow it. There was but one of two things to do: Be captured immediately or—

"Jump! Jump with all your might!'' he yelled to his fellow-fugitive.

Suiting the action to the word, Thad himself leaped from the high bank. Hurled forward by his momentum, he struck the water twelve or fifteen feet out.

One frightened glance Charley Dick cast at his pursuers, now almost reaching for him. Then, turning, he, too, leaped from the bank—leaped as far as he could!

Such a flying leap had Thad made that he struck the water not many feet from the far bank. Charley Dick, having halted, made a shorted jump. Of course both went completely under. But they came up quickly. One shake of his head to toss the water out of his eyes, and one glance around to get his bearings, and each began to swim toward the farther bank, lunging along frantically.

Though steep, that bank was not upright. Thad reached it first, grasped a bush to pull himself up by, and was quickly on top. Now he paused a few moments to breathe and look back.

Charley Dick was just emerging from the water, scrambling up the steep bank on all fours. On the bank they had leaped from, which was much higher, were already at least a dozen people; and others kept joining them. The big boys and young men, anxious though they were to recapture the runaways at Mrs. Hunt's urging, had not the courage to leap after them with their Sunday clothes on. So the whole party of pursuers was brought to a sudden halt.

"Gee whiz! How them two gals can swim!'' somebody in the crowd was heard to exclaim.

"And how they can climb, too! They went up that bank like two squir'ls!''somebody else cried out.

And a woman's voice was heard to say: "You'll never ketch 'em, Mis' Hunt, now that they've tuck to the bresh! Never in this world!''

By this time some of the big boys were running up the creek and others down the creek, all in quest of a place to cross.

Already, after a glance behind them from the top of the bank, the two fugitives had turned and plunged into the bushes. Quickly the noisy crowd was left behind; and ere long their voices began to die away

Now, as the pair fled at the top of their speed, their wet skirts clung to their legs, impeding their progress worse than ever. Also their sunbonnets, which, stiffened with pasteboard splits, had stood upright before, had becomes limp. But, ignoring inconveniences, the fugitives kept running. Once they came to where the bushes and greenbriers were so crowded together that there seemed to be no getting through them. But, by skirting along the edge of the thicket, they found a hog path and followed that till they were out of the thickety country. Afterwards they kept on for a mile or two farther. Not so fast were they going now, but again and again they changed their course, so as to elude pursuit. Finally, half exhausted, they stopped and threw themselves down on some grass in the shade, to rest.

"Well, we've dodged 'em at last,'' Thad remarked, after lying still long enough to regain his breath.

"Yes, reckon maybe we have, but it was a clost shave. That creek was all that saved us. And if them there big boys that was crowdin' us so tight —if they hadn't been afeard of sp'ilin' their Sunday breeches, they might ha' ketched us before we got hid.''

"But they didn't catch us. And we'll see to it that they never do.''

"That ought to be easy now. They're not even in hearin' I guess.''

After resting a while, and debating how they could keep their humilating experiences from becoming the talk of the settlements, they rose to their feet and tramped on. Though they had not been here before, they knew about where Fort Blocker lays, and they were heading in that direction.

Now they were carrying those wet sunbonnets in their hands. Sometimes they followed a cattle path or a hog path, but they shunned wagon raods. One experience with a wagon was all they cared for.

Soon those thin skirts, fanned by the breeze and warmed by the sun, were dry. The bonnets, being thicker, did not dry so easily. After crossing the divide between Clear Crek and Blocker, the boys stopped in a ravine not far from the fort. There they sat down in the shade to rest, while they laid their bonnets in the sun to dry. And not till after darkness had fallen did they move from there.

With a brief halt at the spring to quench their thirst, they went to Thad's home. Having assured themselves that the whole Dayberry family had gone to the singing at Captain Totty's, they entered the house. There Thad found some of his own clothes and put them on instead of Sall Berry's dress. After that, carrying the dress, they crossed over to Charley Dick's home. As it happened, Mrs. Sheegog and the children had gone to bed instead of to the singing. But there was no light, and they boy slipped into the dark room and took out some clothes. In the loom house he exchanged the borrowed clothes for his own. The dresses and sunbonnets were now concealed in the loom house loft. As the only way to reach the loft was by climbing the logs of the wall, there was little likelihood that anybody would discover what was up there.

That matter being off their minds, the two boys crossed over to the east side of the square, to the singing.

As they viewed the matter next morning, keeping their unpleasant experiences a secret appeared more difficult than they had forseen. Both had other hats—old hats—that they could wear instead of those stolen from them. As yet their mothers had not missed those stolen shirts and pantaloons. But mothers have a way of keeping track of such things. Undoubtedly they would miss them sooner or later, and ask troublesome questions. Just how to explain without telling everything was a puzzle. And then there were those dresses and bonnets, which would have to be returned to their owners. And how could that be done without an explanation?

But, rather oddly, after a few days Thad and his friend lost their anxiety to keep their amusing experiences a secret. In fact, they soon found themselves longing to tell. And the more they talked of the matter together, the stronger that longing became. Finally Thad could resist it no longer.

“Oh, Marzee, I’ve got something to tell you!”’ he called to the girl one day. She had started to the spring for water; and the boy, also carrying a bucket, was following her down the much-trampled, dusty path.

Marzee trned quickly, her face lighting up with eagerness.

“Have you, Thad? I’m so glad! What is it? Tell me just as quick as you can!”

The boy seemed to hesitate. “Come to think of it, now, maybe I’d better not tell, after all.”

“That, I call that mean—folling me like that! If you didn’t intend to tell me, why did yo say anything about it? Tell me quick, please—that’s a god boy!”’

“Not—not now, Marzee. Some other day maybe I will.”

“Some other day! I may die of curiosity before some other day comes! Then you’ll be sorry! Don’t worry me that way. Tell me quick, or I won’t like you.”

“Maybe I’ll tell you tomorrow.”

“Thad Dayberry, you’re the meanest thing that ever lived! I never teased you like that. When I’ve got anything to tell you, I just up and tell it, without any foolishness. Now tell me, please—tell me quick!”

After permitting himself to be begged and coaxed for a few minutes longer, Thad said:

“Well, if you’ll promise faithfuly never to breathe it to a living soul, guess maybe I can tell you.”

“Is it such a wonderful secret as that? Why, of course I promise.”

“But—I’m afraid—afraid you might break your promise.”

“Thad, I’d just like to pull your hair! Did I ever tell any secret of yours when you told me not to tell?”

“No-o. Can’t say that you ever did, so guess maybe I can tell you, after all.”

And tell her he did, from the first to the last. By this time, instead of being ashamed of the experience, he had got the correct point of view; and he tried to make the whole matter as funny as possible. The girl listened eagerly, full of scarcely suppressed merriment.

“Thad. I’m so glad you told me all that! I wouldn’t have missed knowing it for anything. You needn’t be afraid that I can’t keep it to myself. And whenever I know something you’d like to know, I’ll be sure to tell you.”

But only the next day Marzee, seeing Thad in his back yard, called him over and said, scarcely above a whisper:

“Oh, Thad, what you told me was so funny! Everytime I think about it I can’t keep from laughing. And of course I’ll never breathe it to a soul unless you say I can. But, do you know, that’s almost too good to keep? All the time I find myself wishing I could tell. Would it hurt if I told Tilda Totty?”

Thad, too, had almost decided that those experiences were too amusing to be kept secret. But he answered:

“I don’t know yet. Wait till I find out what Charley Dick thinks. If it’s all right with him it will be with me.”

Not very much later he crossed the square and mentioned the matter to his friend.

“Why, yes; of course it’ll be all right, Thad. Let Marzee tell Tildy, or anybody else she wants to tell. I knowed you’d be dead shore to tell Marzee, and I’ve up and told two or three a’ready. Had to tell my mammy. No other way out of it when she missed them runaway duds of mine. All them things that happened to us was too funny to keep anyhow.”

Thad agreed with him. Later he informed Marzee that she had permission to tell Tilda, or anybody else she cared to tell.

The boys themselves were soon telling everybody they talked with. And the fact that they themselves told it and laughed at it was the surest way to forestall the teasing they had at first so much dreaded. Everybody they told laughed with them, but nobody seemed disposed to laugh at them.

On the following Sunday morning, there being no preaching at the log school house just below the fort, Charley Dick and Thad set off to visit the Berrys, and to return those articles of feminine wearing apparel. On horseback they were this time. And though they stopped to swim again, they were very careful not to get out of sight of their clothes. On arriving at the Berry house, they found all the family at home.

When they returned those borrowed dresses and bonnets, they had to explain just how they had come to take them. It had been half understood between the two boys that they would tell only that they had worn the dresses home. But, once started, they related the whole story of what had befallen them on the way.

“For mercy’s sake, was that you boys that they brought there for girls?” exclaimed Mrs. Berry. “I didn’t happen to be there at the time—I mean at the arbor. We’d all gone to our wagon, and was sitting there in the shade, chatting with some people at another wagon, right close by. As soon as the noise started up, we hurried back to the arbor, only to find everybody running toward the creek bank. Of course we wanted to know what was the matter; and they told us that Mrs. Hunt had caught two girls that were running away from home, and had brought them to the meeting. But that the girls had picked their chance to break and run. And after that—”

“From the way you jumped into the creek, everybody thought you must be half-wild girls,” Nancy Berry spoke up.

“And everybody said you swum like ducks and clumb the far bank like squir'ls, and then went off through the brushy woods like wild cattle,'' Sally Berry declared, laughingly.

"The big boys hunted for you a long time, after they got across the creek, buy they never could find you,'' another of the girls said.

"You bet they didn't find us!'' Charley Dick was grinning broadly. "We wasn't layin' around restin' over there—not bad we wasn't!''

"But why didn't you let it be known who you were and where you lived?'' questioned Mrs. Berry. "Of course you didn't know we were there, but—'' "Yes, we did, An't Em. Or, anyhow I did. Jest as we's all marchin' up to the arbor, I seed Sally and Nanny and some more girls movin' off into the woods. But who wants to be drug up before a whole big crowd and exposed like that? Not me, I'm mighty shore! I'd ha' half died first!''

"They way you boy-girls scooted out of that crowd certainly did make lots of tall!'' Mr. Berry said, while shaking with laughter. "In fact, it caused so much excitement that the preacher couldn't begin till an hour after time.''

"But nobody suspected the truth,'' his wife remarked. "Till this minute everybody at the meeting believe that you two were girls, and that Mrs. Hunt was right when she called you runaways.''

While on their way home, late in the day, the two boys laughed as they passed different points. One was where they had climbed into the Hunts' wagon: and another the forks of the road where they had tried to get out but had been restrained. Up a Tree from a Wild Boar.

A day or two later Thad and Charley Dick, having little to do at home, decided to go fishing. So, after obtaining the desired permission, they molded some bullets, get their hooks and lines and poles, and made ready for the trip. They would go down Blocker, probably all the way to its mouth. It was understood at their homes that they would be absent from the fort at least two days, and perhaps longer.

Besides his fishing pole, each had his gun. They were also carrying Mrs. Dayberry's haversack—the one he used in scouting—with some cold biscuits and a little bag of salt in it. For meat they would depend upon their fishhooks and their guns; and for sleeping, the weather being warm, upon leaves and grass.

They followed down the valley of Blocker. Not till they had passed Doss's cattle ranch, a few miles below the fort, did they actually do any fishing. From the ranch down to the mouth of Blocker was unsettled country. It was to that wilderness that the two boys were going. Charley Dick had been there before, and he had told Thad of this good place for both fish and game. It was also an interesting country to explore.

Down here they found the valleys much wider. As elsewhere along this stream, the valleys were set down between two rows of high bluffs, the bluffs being higher and steeper than those near the fort. The creek flowed near the west bluff, most of the valley lying between the creek and the east bluff.

The house at Doss's Ranch stood over on the east bluff, and the big branding pen was not far away. In connection with the ranch was a little farm, down in the valley, with its back side against the creek. For some reason, the boys noticed, the farm had not been cultivated for a few years. The rail fences had fallen down, in places, and the land had grown up in high weeds. Indeed, the whole ranch had the appearance of being deserted. After passing the ranch the boys found themselves in more or less dense woods. Here were numerous deep pools in the creek; and here the two wanderers laid aside everything and began to fish. Several good-sized fish they caught, both perch and cat. Those they strung on a slim dogwood switch and kept in the water.

When at length the fish had ceased to bite at the place, the boys wound their lines around their poles, took up their guns and other things, and moved on down the creek. The farther they went the wider the country became. They saw both deer and turkeys, but did not care to kill any of them, at least until through fishing. Veen, a brindled bulldog belonging to Jess Holloway, one of the settlers in the fort, had followed them. They had expected her to turn back before coming far; but she liked the woods better than a fort.

A mile or so below the ranch the fisher-boys put down what they were carrying and began to fish again. So busy were they that they neglected to eat any dinner. But about the middle of the afternoon, being very hungry, they decided to look for something. Not caring to kindle any fire now, they left their hooks set out, and their guns, with all their other things, lying on the bank near by, while they strolled around to see what they could find. And they were not long in finding what they wanted. Before going far they came to a thicket of blackberry briers. Most of them were higher than the boys' heads; and there were many berries on them, some ripe, but more still green, or only red. The hungry fisher-boys fell to eating at once.

"Tell you what, Thad. These here black, juicy fellers tastes purty good, don't they?''

"I'd say they do! If we'd even guessed that so many ripe berries were here waiting for us, we'd have been here sooner.''

There was a big thicket of the blackberries, mingled in places with other briers. The thicket proved so dense tht it was not easy to get to any of the berries except the ones on the outer edge. But there was plenty of those. Here and there, the berry pickers noticed, were paths leading into the thicket, or rather under it. The paths, as the boys easily guessed, had been made by hogs. Veen had been hunting in the surrounding woods, but before long she came to the boys. Something in one of the paths interested her, and she followed it, quickly disappearing under the thicket.

The ripe berries were delicious, and the hungry pair were too busy eating to pay much attention to the dog and her hunting. But presently they were startled by a frightful uproar well back in the thicket. There was much fierce growling and barking by the dog; but most of the noise was made by an angry hog.

Just what had happened deep in the thicket cannot be told certainly, because nobody saw it. Probably Veen, following the hog path, came upon a wild boar asleep in his bed of grass. Startled by the dog's firt bark, the fierce hog sprang up with a fearful roar. And the roar so startled and provoked the bulldog that she may have sprung forward and sunk her teeth into the hog's ham.

But Veen had made a serious mistake. There is no fiercer beast than wild boar when fully aroused. And this boar was very angry. Even Veen realized her mistake; for she came out of the thicket much faster than she had gone in. And after her rushed the boar, uttering frightful roars of rage as he came.

Before the two astounded boys had time to think what was happening, the dog burst out of the thicket, fleeing for life, with the hog charging furiously at her heels. And a frightful-looking hog he was. Neither of the boys had ever beheld such a feierce brute before.

His weight could scarcely have been less than three hundred pounds. He was not fat, but gaunt, long-legged and rawboned. And his height and length gave hime a huge appearance. To make him look bigger than he really was, his neck, shoulders and whole back to his tail were covered with stiff, wiry bristles. And just now every bristle was standing erect from rage. On his neck and shoulders, where the bristles were longest, they appeared to be fully six inches long. That of itself gave the enraged brute a fierce aspect; but no fiercer than he really was.

Well aware that even a bulldog was no match for the big game she had stirred up, Veen fled to the two boys. Doubtless she understood that only a gun could stop the furious hog.

But the boys had left their guns on the bank of the creek, near their fishhooks. So all they could do, when they saw the hog rushed toward them, was to turn and flee for their lives. And as they fled they looked for a tree to climb.

But here in the creek bottom the trees were all too big for climbing, at least in haste. Once the fugitives came to a good-sized log, and by scrambling over it gained somewhat on their pursuer. But he ran round the log—doubtless he could have leaped over it—and was quickly charging after them again. On the boys fled, at their utmost speed. Veen stopped now and then to bark at the hog, which only increased his rage. Once he turned aside to pursue the dog, furiously bent upon ripping her open with those great tushes of his. Veen first fled to one side and then toward the boys. So they had to run faster than ever. This time they seemed likely to be overtaken. But just as the boar was almost upon them, they caught sight of a big, leaning tree.

Charley Dick was leading the flight. And no sooner had he discovered that place of refuge than he headed for it. The tree was leaning from him, fortunately, and was not very steep. Leaping upon the big trunk, he ran up, closely followed by his fellow-fugitive. For a good distance there were no limbs to hold to. But the bark was rough enough to keep their bare feet from slipping.

The great boar rushed up to the tree and put his fore feet upon its trunk. When the climbing boys glanced over their shoulders, he seemed to be following them. Now they climbed faster.

The boar actually started up. And it would have been possible for him to keep on climbing, the trunk being not too steep for that. But the hog is not a climbing animal. And when the big fellow found himself a yard or two above the ground, he must have decided that he was getting too far from his native earth. At any rate, he backed cautiously down the tree-trunk till his hind feet were on the ground.

But while he was backing down, the dog, seeing a chance to get revenge, rushed up behind him and buried her teeth in his ham.

With a fearful roar of rage, the furious hog turned and charged fiercely after her. Veen fled from his first rush, then leaped lightly to one side and began to bark at him. Again and again the boar charged. And it was astonished how fast that long-legged brute could run. Had he been as swift at turning and dodging as Veen was, he might have been able to use his tushes upon her. Back and forth, and first in one direction and then in another, the two animals moved, one charging and the other retreating. At last Veen, finding herself at the foot of the leaning tree, leaped upon it, and then ran up after the boys.

Agan the great hog, eager to overtake the dog, began to climb the treetrunk. But he soon changed his mind and backed down. At once the dog turned quickly. Running down a few yards, she began to bark at him. The baor did not try to climb again; but he charged till under the dog, then stood there, savagely, popping his tushes together.

By this time the boys had climbed to where they had a limb to hold to. Panting, almost gasping for breath after their flight for life, they stood gazing down at their fierce enemy, without a word. Charley Dick was the first to break the silence:

"Well, he's got us all treed, that ugly old varmint has!"

"That's what! Veen with the rest of us! Lucky for you and me that this tree happened to grow leaning, and to stand right here. No telling what that big booger would have done to us if he'd overhauled us. Ripped us wide open, I'd guess. He's the biggest, ugliest, meanest-looking hog I ever laid eyes on!"

"Ain't he a fierce-lookin' varmint, though? And jest notice them bristles! Don't they stand up straight and make 'im look wolly? That shows how made he is."

"It does. And just smell 'im. You can always tell when a boar's mad by the way he stinks. And listen how he pop his jaws!"

"Wouldn't he like to pop them tushes into me and you, if he could git to us?"

"Of course he would! And he could rip a fellow wide open with one swing of his head! I'm mighty glad he didn't overtake us."

Veen was still barking at the hog, and the hog was still sullenly mouthing his rage.

"What we goin' to do now, Thad?''

Waiting, Waiting in a Tree Top.

The boy addressed, holding to a limb with one hand, scratched his head with the other. "More than I know, that is,'' he admitted. "Looks like we might have to roost up here till that hog gets tired of hanging around.''

"That may not be till dark.''

"Yes; or till a good while after dark.''

"And when it gits dark in these woods, we couldn't tell whether the booger was clost around or not.''

"Wouldn't be easy. But we'd know when we got down. Even if we couldn't see the boar, he could see us. And the moment we touched the earth he'd come tearing at us. Oh, he'll let us know quick enough!''

"Huh! I'd rather find out some other way. Better to roost up here all night than run afoul of that creecher.''

"If—if we didn't go to sleep and tumble out.''

Charley Dick grinned as he thought of something. "If me and you was to take a nap, and tumble kerplump down on top of that old hawg, wouldn't it wake us up.''

"Be mighty apt to. Think I'll tie myself to a limb before I take any naps.''

Several minutes of silence followed, broken now and then by the barking of Veen, and by the popping together of those fierce tushes.

"Thad, them there blackberries was mighty good and sweet.''

"I never ate any that tasted better.''

"And I didn't git half enough.''

"Half enough! I got just enough to whet my appetite. Makes me hungry every time I think of 'em.''

"But even if this old booger-hawg went away, we dassant go back to that thicket.''

"Why not.''

"Because—because he's got his bed in there. That's why not. He might be in it.''

"But next time we'll go back with our guns. And the instant he shows his ugly head, we'll let 'im have it.''

"You don't ketch me tryin' to kill that booger on the ground, Thad. A boar-hawg is a terrible hard creecher to kill. If yoiu missed 'im, or didn'tplug 'im in jest the right spot, he'd be on top of you before you could say scat. And he'd be so whizzin' mad he wouldn't leave a greasy spot uv you.''

"Boars are hard to kill. And if that fellow was running—running at you—it wouldn't be easy to take aim. And—''

"And if Veen was clost by, you dassent shoot, maybe, for fear of killin' her.''

"Would be some risk of that. If I just had my rifle up here now, how easy it would be to knock 'im cold. But don't guess I would.''

"I can mighty nigh taste some other berries, I'm thinking. This old he hog has got that patch pre-empted. Not safe [illegible] to be fooling around there any more unless we want [illegible]ll 'em. And of course we oughtn't to kill anybody else' hog unless we have to.''

"But is this somebody else's hawg?''

"Must be. He's not ours. Every hog belongs to somebody.''

"Not by a long shot, Thad! I've al'ays heared the' was wild hawgs down here in this Blocker Creek bottom, and wild cattle, too.''

"But even wild hogs belong to somebody. Any hog will go wild in a few months if he gets off in the woods where he can't see people.''

"Of course. But hawgs that goes wild like that has got marks in their years. All them somebody claims. But theres' hawgs a plenty here that's never been marked. And that old booger down there is one of 'em. Just look at them big years of his'n. Hain't no knife ever come nigh them.''

Thad looked. "Why, that's right. Do you s'pose that means he's been wild all his life?''

"Couldn't mean anything else, I 'low. He was a little pig down here, and he's been here ever sence. Maybe his mammy before 'im was marke, and maybe she wasn't. And the same with his gran'mammy.''

"Wonder where the rest of his bunch are. Where there's one wild hog there's more.''

"Shore to be. A big bunch. Others is off rootin' some'r's, I'm guessin'. Reckon they al'ays make back to that bed to sleep.''

"In cold weather, but not this season of the year.''

A little later Veen, tired of being kept up a tree, decided to venture down. But the moment she touched the earth the boar charged her so furiously that she had to leap back upon the tree-trunk. There she stopped, with her nose not far above the hog's nose, growling and barking in a savage way. The hog stood facing her, still popping his tushes loudly, sullenly.

After a good while, when the dog had tired of her barking, the boys began to hear the grunting and squealing of other hogs. Those were out of sight; but the boar, too, must have heard them. For when Veen began to bark at him again, he immediately started up a peculiarly harsh noise, somewhat like growling. As soon appeared, that was the rallying cry for wild hogs. Here they came, two or three from one direction, three or four from another, and half a dozen from another, till more than thirty were under the leaning tree. And every one was pouring out that growling sound.

"Thad, did you ever hear the like?'' To make himelf understood, Charley Dick had to put his mouth close to the other boys' ear and shout the words. And so deafening was the uproar that Thad only grinned and shook his head.

It was somewhat as if thirty or forty men, all crowded together, should be using wood-rasps against hard wood at the same time. But te rasping would lack the fierceness of these wild hogs' growling. The roar poured forth seemed to be their battle-cry, with which they aroused themselves to fury and sent terror to the hearts of their enemies. It was this rallying together that made them dangerous to anything, whether man or beast. And if was their standing together that enabled them to survive in spite of many beasts of prey.

The more noise the hogs made, the more fiercely Veen barked at them. But now she could scarcely make herself heard. The hogs must have heard her, however; for the more she barked the louder became the uproar. And it was certainly an ear-torturing din. Indeed, as the two boys afterwards told each other, the horrible noise seemed both to torture the ear and to rasp the nerves.

"Let's try yellin' at 'em!'' Charley Dick finally shouted.

Thad nodded, and both yelled and kept yelling. But instead of being frightened away, the wild brutes below seemed to be stirred to new and fiercer rage. Soon the boys ceased yelling; and they even stuck their fingers into their ears. There they stood, grinning at each other and making wry faces at the same time.

Ere long both began to feel anxious. Night was coming on, and the hogs gave not the slightest sign of going away. Unless they did go away, and that soon, the two treed boys might be kept where they were all night. The prospect was far from pleasant.

Seeing that their own yelling and Veen's barking served only to irritate the hogs and make them more noisy, the boys looped a string around the dog's neck and led her far up the tree-trunk. Being at least twenty feet above the ground, they were careful to hold to limbs. Here they sat down.

Now that there was nothing to irritate the wild swine at the foot of the tree, they gradually became quiet. After that they stood in a sullen way. Even their silence seemed threatening.

"But don't it feel good to be able to hear one time more?'' Thad remarked.

"Hit shorely does. Hope the noisy boogers won't break out ag'in.''

"And let's hope they'll take it into their ugly heads to scatter away before dark. Not a very good place to sleep up here.''

"Hardly. That is, unless you was a wild turkey or a turkey-buzzard. But it would be a bully good place to tumble out and crack your neck if you went to sleep.''

"And after you cracked your neck, the wild hogs would make a meal of you.''

"Jest about what they would. Look at their years, Thad. Some of 'em's marked. Who went to the trouble to ketch wild hawgs and mark 'em?''

"Nobody, I'd guess. Chances are they were not wild when they were marked.''

"But the's been wild hawgs down here ever sence I can recollect.''

"That may be. But the marked hogs were not with the wild ones at first. They may have been gentle when they were pigs. Don't take a hog long to run wild, if he don't see anybody. That's so, even if he don't get with wild hogs. But wild hogs will make 'em wild just so much quicker. It's with hogs just as it is with horses. Let the gentlest old plow-horse run with a wild drove, and right away he turns as wild as any of 'em.''

"I know. That's how comes it that when settlers move into a new country, they either kill the wild horses off or chase 'em away—them'n's they cain't capcher, or don't want to capcher.''

"Yes. Tame hogs are not quite as bad to take up with wild hogs as tame horses are with wild horses. But some of 'em do that. And when they do once go wild they stay wild—as wild as the wildest.''

"Guess that's about so, Thad. Same way with cattle, to, I 'low. The's wild cattle runnin' in this botom, and branded cattle with 'em. And the branded cattle's jest as wild as any of 'em. So them that knows says.''

Not long after this the sun disappeared and the woods began to grow glommy with approaching night. Now the two boys, perched far up in the top of the leaning sycamore, found themselves becoming very uneasy. They were hungry and thirsty, both of them; and they wanted to get down from their perch and hurry back to camp before night came on.

"I'll jest bet a button my hook's got a whoppin'-big catfish on it by this time!" Charley Dick finally exclaimed, so loudly that it set the hogs below to rasping again. But the uproar soon subsided. When he could make himself heard, Thad answred:

"No telling. Could be. Both of our hooks may have whoppers on 'em. That is, if the fish haven't worked themselves loose. Pretty tough, the sitting up hear, like two chickens gone to roost, when we ought to be making camp and getting ready for night.''

"Tough's no name for it, Thad! Hit's next-door neighboor to dreadful! Cain't we do sumpn else, me and you, but jest set up here, and set up here.''

"If I could have thought of anything else to do, I'd have done it before now. But I don't see any way to get shut of our company—our unwelcome company—but just to wait till they grow tired and straggle off. They're bound to do that sometime or other.''

"Dreadful pore way, that is, seems to me like. This is sech a—sech a awkward place to wait. If we was on the ground and the hawgs was up here, wouldn't mind it so much. Wonder if we couldn't climb through the treetops till we got a good piece away. Then we could slip down where the hawgs couldn't see us, and sneak back to our hooks and guns.''

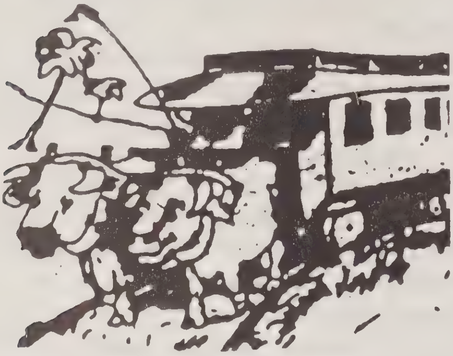
For a time they considered that plan. The limbs of the tree they were perched in touched the limbs of other trees, so that it would be possible for them to pass from tree to tree. Of course Veen could not follow them; but she could remain in the sycamore. However, all the trees were large, and passing from one to another would be dangerous, perhaps impossible. So they reluctantly gave up the idea.

A little later night came; a very gloomy night here in the thick-leaved forest. And that drove of sullen, vengeful swine were still on guard at the foot of the leaning sycamore.

To be continued

Selected Gems

A Novel Street Railway



There is a street railway in the Philippines which is operated by bulls. The little railroad runs from the village of Daet to the coast. The cars are of small street railway type, formerly used in one of the American western cities, and the bulls make the four-mile trip up hill from the fort to Daet in 23 minutes. The bulls are attached to each car and they are driven by a little native perohed on the front end of the roof. He uses nothing but a queer mixture of English and Filipino profanity, and a wooden goad about four feet long, with which he prods the animals into action from time to time, descending from his perch and running alongside, whenever necessary.

Smell of Woodsmoke

I like the smell of woodsmoke
on winter's day,
Should I but tramp the hills of home
or half a world away.
For in the smell of woodsmoke
One can recall the past,
Of boyhood days and pleasant ways,
For only memories last.
So with the smell of woodsmoke
I seem to feel once more
The friendly fire, the high desire
That youthful hearts adore.
For some the sparks of longing,
Are seldom flashing bright,
But then the scent of woodsmoke
Is still a rare delight.
And be it back in sugar bush
Or in the heart of town,
The rare perfume of woodsmoke
Is still a scent renown.

Submitted by a reader

THE PERFECT GATHERING

I am thinking of gatherings of people
Who gather together while here-
Of reunions of families and kinsfolk,
And of spiritual gatherings dear.

These spiritual gatherings ''commanded,''
Where assemble the young and the old,
Where singing and praying and preaching,
And stories of Jesus are told.

And God is in heaven beholding
The ones who now gather in prayer;
From their number I think he is choosing
Those He'll gather together up there.

Will the place we now fill in these gatherings
Ere be empty? Nay, others will fill;
The children will gather together,
To the Master's blest will.

These gatherings on earth, we enjoy them,
But a sadness is always found there
When comes the time for departing,
And it mars these gatherings fair.

No, these earthly gatherings aren't perfect,
But there comes to my mind one that is,
Where our loved ones are gathered and waiting,
With the chosen of old who are His!

For we read of a gathering of eagles,
Wherever the carcase is-
By the carcase, I think it means Jesus,
And the eagles are those who are His!

To be at this wonderful gathering,
Where the saints of all ages shall be,
With Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob-
'Tis there 'twill be Heaven for me.

'Tis a gathering not tainted by sadness
In parting with those whom we love,
And the only place that ever will be
Is that wonderful gathering above.

''WE MUST GIVE ACCOUNT''

With mounting disappointment and shame,
I stood (in my thoughts) at the Great White Throne
While Almighty God reviewed my past life,
And deeds done in darkness were all made known.

Brought to my mind were sins long forgotten,
Things I had thought nobody could see;
Little things that were done without thinking
What the final consequences would be.

And I thought, as I quickly looked over the record,

Of warnings that came to me time and again,
Telling me to turn from my present condition,
To turn away from the darkness of sin.

Oh! for the chance to relive my life!
The chance to earnestly work for the Lord!
To be able to live so the God of salvation
Less evil in His Book could record.

But gone was my chance, it had vanished forever;
It disappeared into eons of time;
Eternity in hell, I justly deserved it,
Instead of a place in that city sublime.

And then, with a heart full of thanks I returned
From my contemplation and sobering thought;
I'm thankful to God that I still have the chance
To live yet awhile, and do as I ought.

THE MAGIC OF MOTHER

There's "magic" in a mother's touch,
And sunshine in her smile;
There's love in everything she does
To make our lives worthwhile.
We can find both hope and courage
Just by looking in her eyes;
Her laughter is a source of joy,
Her words are warm and wise.
There is kindness and compassion
To be found in her embrace,
And we see the light of Heaven
Shining from a mother's face.

LIFE'S PURPOSE

Life without purpose is barren indeed,
There can't be a harvest unless you plant a seed;
There can't be attainment unless there's a goal-
And man's but a robot unless there's a soul.
If we send no ship out, no ships will come in-
And unless there's a contest, nobody can win,
For games can't be won unless they are played,
And prayers can't be answered unless they are prayed.

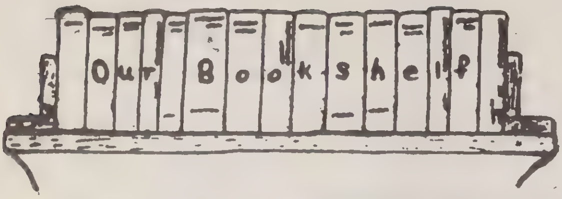
So whatever is wrong with your life today,
You'll find the solution if you kneel down and pray,
Not for just pleasure, enjoyment, and health,
Not just for honors and prestige and wealth-
But pray for a purpose to make life worth living,
And pray for the joy of unselfish giving;
For great is your gladness and rich your reward
When you make your life's purpose the choice of the Lord.

HOLD FAST

If you seem to be low with the burdens of life,
And you're tired of the long, dreary way,
You had better remember adversities come,
So continue to constantly pray.

Be it sickness or sorrow or saddness grief
That has broken your heart right in two,
Remember, your Maker has felt the same pain
And experienced the aches that you do.

So hold fast to your faith with a grip that is strong,
As you lean on your Master's right arm,
Then regardless what comes, if you're steadfast and true,
You'll be safe from all danger and harm.



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There is no profit which accrues
From evil deeds we only lose
Our self-respect we never gain
On planning misery and pain
For others in their broken pride
We too, must suffer and abide.

There is profit which accrues
From honest deeds we cannot lose
When acts of kindness rule our hearts
And all unhappiness departs
In smiles we leave along life's way
As we approach the end of day.

The DIARY

VOLUME NINETEEN NO. 9

September 1987

A Church Newsletter serving the Old Order Society

$1.25 per copy **Monthly by Pequea Publishers Gordonville Pa. 17529** *$10.00 per year*

A CHRONICLE

Of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, crop and community notes, historical events, geneology and articles of general interest.

The Diary was organized in 1969, by a group of Amish brethren in Lancaster County, Penna. Dedicated to the preservation of fundamental movements of our church in America as well as Old Order religious literature and its virtues.

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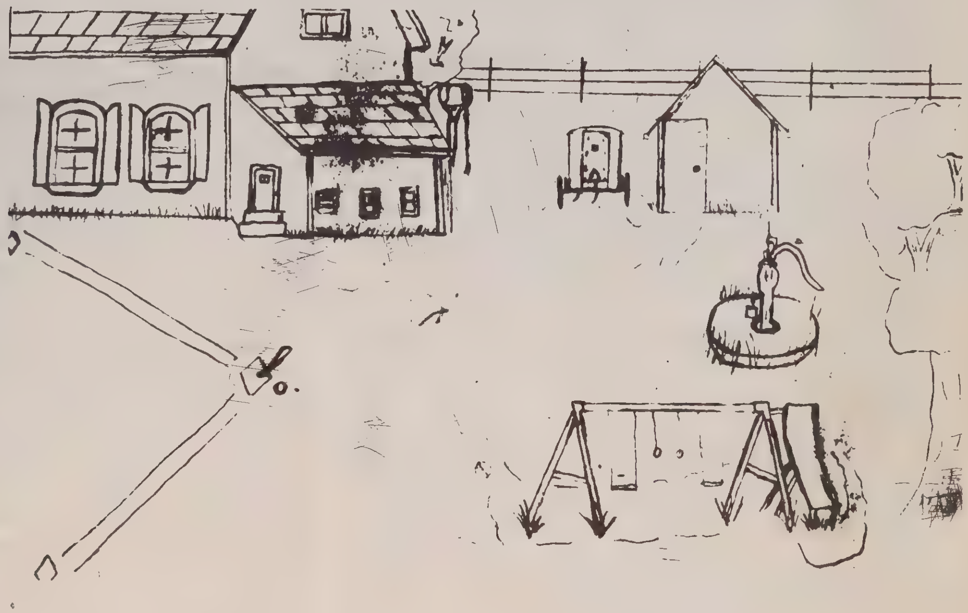


This Month

2 Births
5 Baptisms
7 Marriages
8 Obituaries
13 Migrations
17 Community Notes
25 Henry's Great Society
29 Hidden Treasure
33 Thad and Charlie Dick

ETERNAL HARVESTERS

Must thou complain, thou fretting soul?
Thou canst not know, nor comprehend,
Nor measure near the wisdom whole
Of Him who knows the season's end.

When fields are soaked, still thunder rolls,
And storm-clouds hide the springtime sun;
Forget thou not that God controls
The seasons as when time begun.

When blasting winds o'er thirsty fields
Dash hopes of overflowing bins,
And gone the hope of bounteous yields
'Tis then our trial of faith begins.

As Heaven over earth is high,
So are God's ways above our own;
Thus when He doth our wants deny;
No less His power nor dim His throne.

He can withhold these harvest gifts,
Yet store for us eternal yields,
As now he prunes and weeds and sifts
For that great harvest of His fields.

"How great," this God unto whom is
A thousand years as but a day;
On every hill the cattle ""His"—
He speaks, and heavens melt away.

Continued on page (48)

Reports Of....

1987 **AUGUST** 1987

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	-	-	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29

Calender Schedule

A Monthly Schedule for Annual Reports

October....................................Baptisms
November..............................Ordinations
December.............Widow and Widower List

Months apply to the month as dated on front cover. Ordinations, baptisms and migrations will be entered any month they are sent in. Other Items will be held to these months. We will not accept or save senior lists,
Widow lists, or telephone numbers on off months (except
when such numbers expire.)

Diary Reporters Notice! The address of Diary Reports have changed now to **The Diary, PO Box 456, Lancaster PA 17603.** This includes all Births, Baptisms, Marriages, Obits, Community Notes etc. but **Diary Reports Only.** All other mail to The Diary or to Pequea Publishers keep the old address.

Announcing

Old Order Shop and service directory will be published in 1988. It shall cover all Amish and Old Order Mennonite communities in America, who participate. Anyone who can supply a fair complete list of shops in his community will get a free subscription of the Diary.

Write to: Shop & Service Dictory, Box 328, Lancaster PA 17603.

Lancaster County and Descending Districts NOTE! Please help us to collect all family increases during August, September and October in order to get them all on the new directory. It is impossible to have the forms all filled out in 1 or 2 Months. Some have been filled out in August and it will be a few months till the work is finished. Please remind your friends and relatives to send new ones in. We must copy off of The Diary to complete some family records. It makes a rather scattered mess if individuals send notes that they want a name or date added to their form. We will cooperate the best we can however.

BIRTHS

Conewango Valley, New York

Hershberger; Neil J. (Verna Miller) 8-29 a daughter **Carolina**
Miller; Andy J. (Miriam Shwartzentruber) 8-26 a son **Elam**
Miller; Dan E.E. (Dora Raber) 8-27 a son **Abe**
Miller; Levi E. (Sara Detwieler) 8-24 a daughter **Amanda**
Raber; John E. (Barbara Yoder) 8-25 a son **Emanuel**
Shetler; Andy M. (Amanda Miller) 8-18 a daughter **Lizzie**

Newport, New York

Peachey; Jacob (Rebecca Renno) 8-30 a daughter
Renno; Crist (Salome Byler) a son **Jonathan David**
Swarey; Jacob (Elizabeth Peachey) a daughter **Mary Martha**

LeRaysville, Penna.

Girod; Ernest (Anna Mary Byler) Stevensville, 8-14 a son **Amos**
Yoder; Chester (Barbara Girod) LeRaysville, 8-19 a son **Ernest**

Watsontown, Penna.

Detweiler; Jake (Anna Stutzman) 8-25 a daughter **Nettie Marie**

Steam Valley, PA.

Esh; David (Susie Zook), Trout Run, 8-19 a son **Melvin**

White Deer, Penna,

King; Isaac Z. (Fannie Smucker) R2 Montgomery, 8-12 a son **Isaac**

Nittany Valley, Pennsylvania

Glick, Daniel (Emma Bawell) Howard, 8-3 a son **David**

Brush Valley, Pennsylvania

Beiler; Samuel (Lina Stoltzfus) Jersey Shore, 8-26 a son **Melvin**
Stoltzfus; Timothy (Levina Esh) Loganton, 8-23 a son **Bennie**
Stoltzfus, David F. (Rachel King) Rebersburg, 8-27, a son **Melvin**
Yoder, Jonas J. (Lydia Swarey) Rebersburg, 8-13, a son **Amos**

Dauphin County, Pennsylvania

King, Jacob and Naomi (Zook) #2 Millersburg, 8-3, a son **Elmer**
King, Jonathan and Rachel (Riehl) Spring Glen, 8-14, a son **Michael**

Lancaster County, Pennsylvania

Allgyer, Samuel L. (Anna Mae Beiler) Gap, 8-8 a dau **Elizabeth**
Beiler, David S. (Priscilla Stoltzfus) Paradise, 8-22, a son **David Lee**
Beiler, Eli B. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Gap, 8-6, a dau **Susie**
Beiler, Elmer J. (Elizabeth Glick) Quarryville, 8-5 a dau **Mary**
Beiler, Jacob P. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Kirkwood, 8-25, a dau **Katie S.**
Beiler, Wilmer J. (Lydia Ann Esh) New Holland, 8-8 a dau **Rose Ann**
Ebersol, Eli K. (Fannie King) Gordonville, 8-14, a son
Ebersol, Henry (Mary Stoltzfus) Peach Bottom 8-18 a son **Eli**
Esh, John F. (Susie Esh) Ronks, 8-10, a son
Esh, Jonathan K. (Rebecca Riehl) Coatesville, 8-7, a dau **Sarah**
Esh, Joseph B. (Barbara Stoltzfus) Atglen 8-21, a dau
Esh, Stephen L. (Ada B. King) Quarryville 7-28, a dau **Nancy K.**
Fisher, Aaron S. (Barbara Beiler) Paradise, 8-11, a son **Daniel Ray**
Fisher, Aaron S. Jr. (Sarah Stoltzfus) Paradise, 8-13, a son
Fisher, Amos S. (Naomi Fisher) Ronks, 8-13, a son **David E.**
Fisher, Christ K. (Naomi Dienner) Gordonville, 8-22, a dau **Rebecca**
Fisher, David B. (Barbara Stoltzfus) Christiana, 8-29, a son
Fisher, Elam L. (Sadie Kauffman) Honey Brook, 8-28, a dau
Fisher, Isaac L. (Barbara Esh) Gordonville, 8-15, a dau **Martha**
Fisher, Jacob L. (Mary Stoltzfus) Quarryville, 8-29, a dau**Lena**
Fisher, Levi K. (Annie King) Cochranville, 8-14, a dau
Flaud, Aaron (Barbara Stoltzfus) Gap, 8-23, a dau **Martha**
Glick, Aaron F. (Salome Lapp) Paradise, 8-21, a dau **Fannie**
Glick, David Z. (Lydia Beiler) Leola, 8-4, a son **Henry**
Glick, Emanuel S. (Sadie King) Lancaster, 8-7, a dau **Miriam**
King, Aaron S. Jr. (Rebecca Riehl) Lancaster, 8-23 a son **Ben**
King, Amos G. (Lavina Esch) Gap, 8-29, **Malinda**
King, Amos K. (Arie King) Drumore, 8-26 a dau
King, Amos K. (Naomi Blank) Lancaster, 8-29, a son
King, Benjamin B. (Malinda Stoltzfus) Honey Brook, 8-22, a dau **Mamie**
King, Henry S. (Bena Fisher) Quarryville, 8-7, a son **Joseph**
King, Jacob (Katie King) Narvon 8-6, a son **Elmer J.**
King, Jacob E. (Susan King) Gordonville, 8-12, a dau
King, John E. (Anna Beiler) Honey Brook, 8-7, a dau **Elsie**
King, Samuel J. (Susie Stoltzfus) Gordonville, 8-11, a son
Lantz, David S. (Sarah Stoltzfus) Bird-in-Hand, 8-11, a dau

Lapp, Aaron (Lizzie Blank) New Holland, 8-14, a son **Alvin**
Lapp, Amos S. (Annie Beiler) Paradise, 8-24, a dau
Lapp, David S. (Leah Lapp) Ephrata, 8-1, a son **Christ**
Lapp, Emanuel K. (Rachel ZooK) Narvon, 8-14, a dau **Verna**
Miller, Emanuel (Fannie Ebersol) Bird-in-Hand, 8-25, a dau **Lydia**
Petersheim, John S. (Sarah Lapp) Christiana, 8-14, a son **Emery**
Petersheim, Melvin (Annie Stoltzfus) Ronks 6-30, a son **Stevie**
Riehl, Benuel S. (Anna Lapp) Gordonville, 8-9, a dau
Smoker, John L. (Annie King) Kirkwood, 8-28, a dau
Smucker, Jacob (Barbara Stoltzfus) 6-24, a son **J. Jacob**
Smoker, Lester D. (Rachel Stoltzfus) Ronks, 8-20, a son **Wilmer**
Smucker, John S. (Anna Stoltzfus) Gap, 8-18, a son **Elmer S.**
Stoltzfoos, Aaron R. (Rachel Stoltzfus) Gap, 8-21, a son **Vernon Daniel**
Stotlzfus, David L. Jr. (Malinda Stotlzfus) Honey Brook, 7-15, a son **Elam**
Stoltzfus, David (Elizabeth Stoltzfus) 8-16 a son **Ervin Lee**
Stoltzfus, David L. C. (Lizzie Stoltzfus) Gap, 7-31, a dau **Katie**
Stotlzfus, Ervin K. (Annie King) Gordonville, 8-25, a son
Stotlzfus, Eli S. (Barbara Lantz) New Holland 8-4, a dau **Anna Ruth**
Stoltzfus, John B. (Emma Zook) Quarryville, 8-16, a son **Stevie**
Stoltzfus, Jonas S. Jr. (Elizabeth Stoltzfus) Honey Brook, 7-25 a son **Amos**
Stotlzfus, Levi F. (Barbara Ann Esh) Paradise, 8-8, a dau **Lena**
Stotlzfus, Levi S. (Sadie Fisher) Ronks, 8-24, a dau **Emma Lynn**
Stotlzfus, Reuben J. (Rachel King) Leola, 8-20, a dau
Stotlzfus, Samuel S. (Katie Lapp) Gordonville, 8-23, a son **Amos**
Stotlzfus, Stephen B. (Sarah Esh) Gap, 8-10, a dau
Zook, Levi B. (Sarah Miller) Kinzers, 8-15, a dau

Dover, Delaware

Miller, Harry Jr. (Alma Coblentz) R.1 Wyoming, 7-16, a dau **Lizzie Mae**
Miller, John E. (Lisa Byler) R.2, Dover, 8-26, a dau **Kathryn Lorene**
Nisley, Chester E. (Sarah Miller) R.1 Wyoming, 7-20, a dau **Saranna**
Schlabach, Emanuel D. (Linda Beachey) R.1 Wyoming, 7-26, a dau **Ella**
Swartzentruber, Norman E. (Sylvia Yoder) Dover, 7-12, a son **James Lee**
Yoder, Crist A., (Clara Kurtz) R.2, Dover, 7-4, a dau **Dorothy**
Yoder, Herman E. (Sarah Mast) R.2, Wyoming, 7-13, a son **Tobias**
Yoder, John E. (Rosie Miller) Clayton, 8-7, a dau **Susan**
Yoder, Simon H. (Lena Yoder) R.5 Dover, 8-8, a dau **Lillian**

St. Marys County, Maryland

King, Samuel Z. (Elizabeth Yoder) Mech. 7-16, a dau **Lydia**
Zook, Benjamin (Naomi Hostetler) Mech. 8-24, a dau **Rachel**

Park City, Kentucky

Gingerich; Ezra M. (Lydia Yoder) 8-27 a daughter **Barbara**

Nunnelly, Tennessee

Borntrager, Rudy, (Sadie Hochstetler) 7-20, a dau **Barbara**

Ethridge, Tennessee

Byler, Dan N. (Katie Hershberger) 7-3, a dau **Dena**
Gingerich, John P. (Lydia Gingerich) 7-20, a dau **Mary**
Yoder, Jacob M. (Delilia Hostetler) 7-1, a dau **Mattie**

Juniata County, Pennsylvania

Petersheim, Abner T. and Annie (Swarey) of Mc Alisterville, 8-31 a dau **Fronie.**

McClure, Pennsylvania

Speicher, John A. and Barbara A. (Hostetler) Speicher, 8-9, a dau **Joas Moah**
Yoder, Solomon Y. and Katie A. (Speicher) Yoder , 8-26, a dau **Mary Susan**

Franklin County, Pennsylvania

Fisher, Raymond A. (Katie B. Esh) Newburg 8-20, a dau **Maryann E.**
King, David F. (Florence Fisher) Newburg 8-12, a son **Abner**

Mifflin County, Pennsylvania

Peachey, Gideon (Linda Kanagy) Belleville, 7 , a dau **Judith**
Swarey, Pre. Samuel (Sylvia Peachey) Bell le, 8-23, a dau **Anna**
Wengerd, Samuel (Hettie Peachey) Bellevi , 8-26, a son **Mahlon**

Adams County, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

Stoltzfus, Daniel J. and Suzanna K. (Lantz) Aug. 23, a dau **Miriam Amelia**

Smicksburg, Pennsylvania

Byler, Melvin J. (Mattie D. Kurtz) 8-24, a son **Joe**
Byler, Loren M. (Sara E. Miller) 8-10, a son **Ruby**
Coblentz; Andy Jr. (Mary C. Kuhns) 7-31 a son **Mahlon**
Kuhns, Levi J. (Amanda N. Miller) 8-15, a son **Levi Jr.**
Kuhns, Mahlon C. (Esther J, Miller) 8-25 a dau **Lizzie**
Miller; Joe W. (Saloma J. Byler) 7-7 a daughter **Lizzie**
Miller, John Henry (Susie D. Kurtz) 8-22, a son **Melvin**
Miller, Melvin E. (Susan A. Byler) 8-19, a dau **Clara**
Miller, Mose J. (Clara J. Kuhns) 8-17, a dau **Emma**
Schlabach, Melvin J. (Ella M. Byler) 8-12, a dau **Martha**
Schmucker, Andy J. (Emma C. Kuhns) 8-12, a dau **Esther**
Troyer; Noah M. (Martha J. Byler) 7-24 a son **Melvin**
Troyer; Dave C. (Berry J. Kuhns) ? a daughter **Emma**
Yoder, John M. (Mattie E. Miller) 8-7, a son **Allen**

Somerset, County, Pennsyvlania

Mast, J. Henry and Anna R. 1., Salisbury, 7-17, a son **John**

Southern Mercer County, Mercer, Pennsylvania

Byler, John J. (Susie C. Byler) Volant, R.3, 7-29, a son **Jonathan**
Hostetler, Eli E. (Mary J. Byler) Mercer, R.1, 8-6, a son **John**
Miller, John M. (Mattie B. Shetler) New Wilmington, R.2, 8-26, a son **Jonas**

Troutville, Pennsyvlania

Miller, Joe E. (Susan Farmwald) 8-25 a dau **Mary**

Holmes & Wayne County Ohio

Barkman, Ammon (Ada Mast) Baltic, a son **James Aden**
Burkholder; Jonas (Effie) 6-20 a daughter **Esta**
Mast, Willis (Rebecca Schlabach) Apple Creek 8-1 triplets, **Marvin, Mervin, Mary Ann**
Miller; Reuben (Elizabeth) ? daughter **Mary**
Miller; Eli D. (Betty Beachy) 8-20 a son **Marvin**
Miller; Abe J. D. (Ida Troyer) 8-25 a daughter **Alma**
Miller, Owen A. (Mary Raber) Fresno, a son **Junior**
Miller, David E. (Rosa Miller) Dundee, R.1, 8-15, a son **David**
Miller, Edwin E. (Susan Yoder) Dundee, R.1, Aug. 15, a son **Aden**
Raber, Jonathan (Elsie Kuhns) Lakeville, 8-13, a son **Aden**
Schlabach, David (Annie Yoder) Baltic, a son **Roman**
Stutzman, John J. (Fannie P. Gingerich) Apple Creek, 8-26, a dau **Lizzie**
Wengerd, David (Nettie Hershberger) Apple Creek, 7-29, a dau **Amanda**
Yoder, Reuben (Elsie Raber) Sugarcreek, a son **Allen**
Yoder; Andy E. (Ada Yoder) 6-14 a son **Dennis**
Yoder; Henry (Mary) 7-26 a daughter **Emma**
Yoder; Raymond (Naomi Yoder) 8-8 a son **Kevin**
Yoder; Dan C. (Ella Keim) Rl Dundee, 8-18 a son **Steven**
Yoder; Eli (Mary Yoder), Lakeville, a son **David**
Yoder; Melvin Jr. (Ada Barkman), Lakeville, a son **Levi**
Yoder; Joseph M. (Alma Bowman) 8-10 a daughter **Anna**
Yoder; Alvin (Ruth Troyer) Apple Creek, Aug. a son **Andrew**
Yoder; Alvin (Ruth Troyer) Apple Creek, Aug. a son **Andrew**
Yoder, Alvin (Ruth Troyer) Fredericksburg, 7-31, a son **Andrew**
Yoder, Uriah M. (Sovilla Miller) R.1 Dundee, 8-1, twin sons, **Lev & Eli**

Ashland, Ohio

Keim; John A.W. (Dena E. Weaver) Ashland County, 8-7 a son **David**
Raber; Pre. Noah H. (Anna U. Garber) 8-9 a son **Jonas**
Troyer; Ammon A. (Lovina F. Miller) 8-22 a son **Ferdinand**

Fredricktown, Ohio

Schrock; William (Sarah Miller), 8-13 a daughter **Emma**

Butler, Ohio

Hostetler, Lewis (Sarah Yoder) 6-26 a son **Mose**
Miller, Daniel (Lydia Miller) 6-21 a dau **Anna**
Yoder, Johnny M. (Verna Miller) 8-22, a son **Eli**
Yoder, Eli M. (Katie Hostetler) 8-24, a son **Johnny**

Allen County, Indiana

Graber; Amos Jr. (Rosann Zehr) 6-27 a daughter **Rosann**
Graber; Enos (Ada Wickey) 8-9 a son **Leroy**

Lengacher; Jesse (Marie Graber) 8-22 a daughter **Priscilla**
Lengacher; Joseph (Arlene Eicher) 8-22 a daughter **Mary**
Wickey; Elmer (Ruby Graber) 7-27 a son **Joseph**
Zehr; Edwin (Margaret Schmucker) 8-17 a son **Dennis**
Zehr; Henry (Rose Semucker) 8-23 a daughter **Deborah**

Adams County, Indiana

Byler, Jacob (Mary M. Eicher) 7-30, a son **Reuben**
Coblentz, Albert (Sarah Irene Hilty) 8-22, a dau **Elizabeth**
Eicher, Joe A. J. (Tina Fehr) 7-19, a son Jonas
Eicher, Manuel B. (Verna L. Eicher) 7-28, a dau **Lovina**
Graber, Jonie M. (Marie V. Shetler) 7-13, a son, **Christ**
Girod. Reuben J. (Emma U. Schwartz 8-20 a son **Reuben**
Girod, Samuel E. (Salome V. Schwartz) 8-20, a dau **Salome**
Hilty, Amos E. S. (Esther J. Graber) a son 7? **Elmer**
Hilty, Jonas E. (Lovina Neuenschwander) 8-6 a son **Elmer**
Schwartz, Amos F. (Gertie A. L. Schwartz) 6? a son **Amos**
Schwartz, Benjamin C. (Joanna Z. Schwartz) 7-4, a dau **Diana**
Schwartz, Samuel U. (Ruth K. Schwartz) a son **Ervin**
Schwartz, Amos T. (Mary Ann R. Girod) 7-11, a dau **Becky**
Schwartz, Jacob A. (Mary Ann W. Schwartz) 7-28, a dau
Schwartz, Elmer B. (Leah Swartzentruber) 8-10, a son **Elmer**
Schwartz, Amos H. B. (Maggie J. Graber) 8-11, a son **Jonas**
Schwartz, Paul H. (Amanda M. Shetler) 8-12, a dau **Anna**
Schwartz, Joe E. S. (Elizabeth L. D. Schwartz) 8-18, a dau **Mandy**
Shetler, Dan V. (Anna J. M. Schwartz) 6-25, a dau **Martha**
Troyer, David E. (Lizzie U. Schwartz) 8-8, a dau **Elizabeth**
Weaver, Eli A. (Katie E. Schwartz) 8-3, a son **Joseph**
Wengerd, David D. (Lydia M. Schwartz) 7-28, a son **William**
Wickey, Marc (Susan K. Shetler) 7-27, a dau **Dorothy**
Wickey, Amos B. (Esther J. M. Schwartz) 8-4, a son **Amos**
Wickey, Jacob E. (Sylvia E. Schwartz) 8-10, a dau **Edna**

LaGrange County, Indiana

Bontrager, Marvin and Beth Ann (Yoder) R.3, Shipshewana, a son.
Bontrager, David R. and Mary K. (Yoder) R. 1 Rome City, 7-31, a dau **Joanna Sue**
Bontrager, Manas and Wilma (Bontrager) ,7-27, a dau **Gwenda Fay**
Herschberger, Daniel and Leanna (Schlabach) R.1, LaGrange, 8-6, a dau **Sharon**
Hostetler, Marvin and Ella (Beechy) 7-24, a dau **Velda Kay**
Kauffman, Harvey and Edna (Smucker) 8-9 a dau
Lambright, Richard and Carolyn (Miller) 8-9, a son **Milan**
Miller, Urias U. and Barbara E. (Miller) R.2 Topkea, 7-30, a son **Mervin U.**
Miller, LaVern Ray and Irene (Borkholder) R.1, Topeka, 8-7, a dau **Edna Sue**
Miller, Daryl and Freda (Wingard) 7-26, a son **Nathan**
Miller, Carl and Edna (Miller) 8-10, a son **John**
Miller, Eli E. and Ruby A. (Bontrager) R.1 LaGrange,8-18 a son **Daniel**
Miller, Levi and Millie (Schrock) 7-17, a son **Mervin**
Mishler, Freeman and Edna Ellen (Lehman) 7-15, a son **Mark**. The baby spent 11 days in Ft. Wayne Hospital. Is at home and gaining.
Whetstone, David Lee and Mary Lou (Bontrager) 8-8, a son **Daniel**
Wingard, Elmer Jr. and (Eva Miller) R.2, Shipshewana, 8-18 a dau **Michella Marie**
Yoder, Ora and Wilma (Bontrager) 8-14, a dau **Rebecca**
Yoder, Freeman J. and Norma (Fry) Bontrager R.2, Shipshewana, 8-1, a dau **Rosina F.**
Yoder, Ben and Dorothy (Yoder) 8-6, a dau **Marie Diane**

Enta Green, Indiana

Borkholder, Raymond and Wilma (Hochstetler) 7-21, a dau **Lisa Diane**
Chupp, Howard and Nara 7-29, a dau **Mari Kay**
(Baby is still in the South Bend Hospital)
Miller, Paul and Katherine (Stutzman) 6- 24, a son **Keith LaMar**
Miller, Gary and Sandra (Hochstetler) 7-3, a dau **Marlene**
Miller, Mark and Velma (Chupp) 7-20, twin dau. **Glenda and Brenda**

Daviess County, Indiana

Eicher, Norman (Wilma Jean Yoder) 7-23, a dau **Venita**
Graber, Glen E. (Martha Miller) 7-24, a dau **Marietta**
Graber, Vernon (Susie Wagler) 8-3, a son **Vernon Jr.**
Graber, Omer (Joan Wagler) 8-9, a son **Royden Lee**
Graber, Simon (Alma Lengacher) 8-21, a son **Marlin**
Knepp, Danny Ray (Barbara Lengacher) 8-3, a dau **Anita Kay**
Knepp, Amos Jr. (Wilma Jean Wagler) 8-5, a dau **Amanda Kay**
Marner, Daniel (Louella Weaver) 8-12, twin sons; **Daniel Ray and Delmar Jay**
Raber, Mark (Viola Wagler) 8-11, a son **Darvin Eugene**
Wagler, Ora (Esther Graber) 8-12, a dau **Viola**
Weaver, Lloyd (Magdalena Graber) 8-9, a son **Joseph**

Lovington, Illinois

Gingerich, Marcu and Mattie Marie (Schrock) 8-23, a son **Philip Lamar**
Herschberger, Kenneth and Ruby (Miller) 7-21 a son **Steven Eli**
Hochstetler, Robert and Linda (Gingerich) 8-16, a son **Gary Eugene**
Hochstetler, Lavern and Lorene (Jess) 8-20, a dau **Ruby Fern**
Hochstetler, Kenneth and Marian (Hochstetler) 8-21, a son **Joseph Eli**
Otto, Eli Wm. and Marjorie Kay (Otto) 7-18 a son **Wilber Lee**
Stutzman, Richard and Vern Kay (Schrock) 8-12 a dau **RoseMary**
Schlabach, Clyde and Treva (Herschberger) 8-10, a son **Matthew Duane**
Schrock, Marvin and Lou Ann (Herschberger) 8-21, a son **Clifford**

Jamesport, Missouri

Gingerich, Toby A. (Marie Kurtz) 8-1, a dau **Rebecca**
Hostetler, Andy H. (Marjorie Graber) 7-30, a dau **Rosetta Ann**
Kurtz, Alvin J. (Martha Troyer) 8-13, a dau **Susan**
Kurtz, Levi J. (Martha Detweiler) 8-5, a son **Ruby**

Seymour, Missouri

Schwartz, Sam J. (Priscilla Schwartz) 7-31 a dau **Mandy**
Schwartz, Jacob J. K. (Josephine E. Schwartz) 8-2 a son **Jake H.**
Schwartz, Jacob C.P. (Mattie E. Schwarzt) 8-4 a son **Sammy O.**

Chouteau, Oklahoma

Detweiler, Eli (Ina Faye Miller) 8-16, a dau **Amanda Louise**
Miller, John (Barbara Karen Yoder) 7-11, a son **Joshua Duane**
Gingerich, Ray and (Nettie Sue Yoder) 8-28, a son **Lyle Ray**

Haven, Kansas

Petersheim; Joseph (Edna Kramer) 8-24 twins, a son **David Lavon** and a daughter **Donna Marie**

Partridge, Kansas

Headings; Harley J. (Katie Yoder), Partridge,Kan.. 7-29 a daughter **Julia Dawn**

Bloomfield, Iowa

Gingerich, Herman (Bertha Herschberger) 7-29 twin daughters; **Velda and Verda**
Kauffman, David (Sarah Troyer) 7-24, a son **Andrew**
Mast, Levi (Rosemary Yoder) 8-25, a dau **Marilyn**
Yoder, William (Linda Helmuth) 8-11, a son **Gerald Lee**

Wilton, Wisconsin

Bontrager, Neal and Mary 8-10 a dau **Ida**
Schrock, Eli (Martha Borntrager) 8-14 a son **Christy**
Yoder, Harley, (Barbara Borntrager) 8-20 a son **Chris**

Harmony, Minnesota

Hershberger, Harvey and Mary (Swartzentruber) 8-14, a son **Samuel**
Hershberger, Crist and Barbara (Swartzentruber) 8-22, a dau **Verna**
Stutzman, Reuben and Lydia (Hershberger) 8-15, a son **Jacob**
Yoder, Eli and Anna (Yoder) Yoder, 8-11, a son **Reuben**

Augusta, Wisconsn

Borntreger, Emanuel (Sarah Petersheim) 8-20, a dau **Elizabeth**
Miller, Simon J. (Ellen Plank) 8-17, a son **Reuben**
Plank, Floyd (Rhoda Miller) 8-16, a son **Allen**

Cashton, Wisconsin

Kempf; Lester (Esther Coblentz) 7-31 a daughter **Anna**
Nisly; John (Lucy Lambright) 8-16 a son **Marvin**

Medford, Wisconsin

Miller; Marvin (Edna Yoder)Medford, Wis., 7-19 a daughter **Wilma**

Blair, Wisconsin
Schrock; Alvin (Esther Lambright) 8-6 a daughter **Millie**
Wengerd; Allen (Joan Hostetler) 8-23 a son **Le Roy**
Pardeeville, Wisconsin
Kuhns; Floyd and (Ella Lehman 7-11 a son **Jonathan**
Shrock; William (Loretta Miller) 7-1 a son **William jr.**
Yoder; Le Roy (Sara Otto) 8-17 a daughter **Marietta**
Amherst, Wisconsin
Schrock, David and Mary (Schmucker) 8-15 a dau **Barbara**
Yoder, Jesse and Marlyn (Yoder) 8-6 a dau **Irene**
Chetek, Wisconsin
Mast; Joseph (Clara Lehman) 8-14 a son **Jacob**
Wilton, Monroe County, Wisconsin
Yoder, Benjamin J. (Catherine Yoder) 7-16, a dau **Mary**
Quincy, Michigan
Graber, Manuel (Ada Mae Schmucker) 8-2, a son **James Devon**
Correction from last month, from Marshfield to "Windsor, MO."
Troyer, Rudy A. (Betty Yoder) 8-27, a son **Abraham**

Unmarked, Note! You Must stamp or label or mark every Birth, Marriage, Baptism and Ordination sheet or paragraph seperatly or they will go unmarked or since they are practically worthless then, they may not be saved. Some sheets come in with a single birth or sometimes 2 or 3 at the very bottom of the page written so fine that it goes unnoticed till the rest of the sheet is typed. Then it must be cut off so it don't get mixed in with other news. Then they are apt to be laid aside and shuffled in with other small clippings and no one knows were they belong. Sometimes we spend time to try to match them with the parent sheet, through the waste can, but now we've had enough of that because it is not nessecary. This is the last call!

Paper is not so scarce that you cannot use a sheet for every item. 85% of our reporters do. It is only using common sense.

Troyer; John (Lydia) 8-26 a daughter **Ester**
Miller; Daniel (Lydia Miller), 6-21 a daughter **Anna**
Hostetler; Lewis (Sarah Yoder) 6-26 a son **Mose**

GOD HAS A PLAN FOR EACH LIFE

Sometimes here on earth we experience
Trials that are not to our liking,
We want our joys to continue,
But it's tears we find ourselves wiping.

God has a plan for each of our lives,
And we must accept it daily,
He knows the beginning to the end,
He wants His will done gladly.

He sends us suffering and heartache
To teach us with others to share
Compassion for those less favored
To serve some who need more care.

There are so many blessings to count,
If each day we'd kep a tally,
It would help us forget our problems
And around our benifits rally.

We may always enjoy His love,
His mercy is boundless and free,
His promises are sure and true,
He gives them for you and me.

Son of God and sun of my soul,
May we ever trust in Thy power
To lead us safely up higher,
And triumph in that great hour.

BAPTISMS

Mifflin County, Pennsylvania
Daniel M. Peachey District, Aug. 30, by Daniel M. Peachey
at the Dan N. Peachey Home
Eli, son of Eli and Mary Wengerd
David, son of Daniel N. and Susie Peachey
Roman, son of John R. and Katie Peachey
Joseph, son of Dea. Kore and Fannie Peachey
Benuel, son of Samuel and Susie Yoder
Barbara, daughter of John R. and Katie Peachey
Katie, daughter of the late Crist and Rachel Swarey
Arie, daughter of Daniel N. and Susie Peachey
Esther, daughter of Lowie and Mary Peachey
Aug. 30, Lower District, by Bishop Josiah Peachey
at the David B. Kanagy home
Jonathan, son of Jonathan and Susie Swarey
David, son of Stephen and Annie Kanagy
Kore, son of Noah B. and Katie Yoder
Troutville, Penna.
Joe, son of John and Emma Yoder
Dan, son of John and Emma Yoder
John, son of John and Susan Kurtz
Rudy, son of Roman and Emma Byler
Miriam, dau of Mervin and Ester Miller
Ella, dau of Jonas and Susan Kurtz
Smicksburg, Pennsylvania
Trade City, East District, Aug. 23, by Ervin M. Troyer
Billy Jr. , son of William J. J. and Fannie T. (Byler) Miller
Lizzie, daughter of Dan A. and Mary H. (Miller) Byler
South District, Aug. 23, by Andy A. Byler
Susie, daughter of Allen M. and Maryann (Schlabach) Miller
Verna, daughter of Bill M. and Mary A. (Byler) Byler
Trade City West District, Aug. 30, by Dan E. Miller
Ella, daughter of Dave E. and Mary A. (Weaver) Miller
Middle District, Aug. 30, by Ervin M. Troyer
Abe, son of Andy D. and Katie Coblentz
Allen, son of Allen E. and Emma A. (Weaver) Miller
West District, Aug. 30,. by Mose B. Byler
Jonas, son of Abe W. and Tillie N. (Hershberger) Miller
Meyersdale, Pennsylvania
Summit Mills District, Aug. 30, by Albert E. Brenneman
Elvin, son of Herman and Mary (Kinsinger) Yoder
Barbara, daughter of Ben J. and Emma (Beachy) Kinsinger
Middle District, Aug. 23, by Noah J. Yoder
Earnest, son of Pre. Wilmer and Elizabeth (Slabaugh) Yoder
Henry, son of Korie P. and Annie E. (Brenneman) Yoder
Laura, daughter of Pre. Wilmer and Elizabeth (Slabaugh) Yoder
Niverton and Springs District, Aug. 30, by Bennie A. Yoder

Raymond, son of Alvin and Susie (Schrock) Peachey
Bennie, son of Pre. Alvin and Anna (Beiler) Fisher
Earnest, son of John and Sarah (Yoder) Fisher
Floyd, son of Simon C. and Ruth (Brenneman) Yoder
David, son of Pre. Noah B. and Fannie (Brenneman) Yoder
Edwin, son of Pre. Daniel H. and Elizabeth (Brenneman) Kinsinger
Lewis, son of Albert and Martha (Troyer) Hertzler
Ruth, daughter of Enos G. and Olive (Brenneman) Bender
Martha, daughter of Jakie M. and Annie (Kinsinger) Yoder
Naomi, daughter of Simon C. and Ruth (Brenneman) Yoder
Emma, daughter of John Y. and Sadie (Kinsinger) Yoder

Marion, Kentucky
By John Detweiler
Elmer, son of Jonas J. Yoder
Eli, son of Abe Shetler
Joe, son of Andy A. Byler
Toby, son of Anees A. Mast
Irene, daughter of John Detweiler
Sylvia, daughter of Will Beachey
Susan, daughter of Raymond Mast
Malinda, daughter of Felty Yoder
Laviva, daughter of Simon D. Beachey

Conneautville, Pennsylvania
By Bishop Dan Gingerich, Aug. 30
David, son of Jake and Ada Nisley
Magdalena, daughter of Andrew and Sarah Miller
Katie, daughter of Joe and Anna Troyer
Marie, daughter of Leroy and Liz Chupp

Holmes County, Ohio
William Troyer District, Aug. 30 by Bishop William Troyer
Ivan, son of Eli J. and Anna Burkholder
Clara, daughter of Daniel E. and Dena Miller
Rebecca, daughter of Monroe J. and Anna Miller
Rosanna, daughter of William J. and Anna Troyer
Sugarcreek By Jonas N. Borntrager
Robert, son of Noah E. and Clara (Schlabach) Miller
Miriam, daughter of Pre. Daniel I. and MaryAnn (Yoder) MIller
In Mt. Eaton South-west District, Aug. 30, by Bishop Isaac I. Miller
Ray Jr., son of Roy A.S. Millers
Wayne, son of Levi J. Millers
Linda & Laura, twin dau., of Levi J. Millers
Esther & Marie, daughters of Paul Hershbergers
Nettie, daughter of Calvin Schlabachs
Mae, daughter of Henry Troyers
Freida, daughter of Paul Masts

Danville, Ohio
West District, Aug. 30, by Bishop Nelson Kauffman
Aaron , son of Andy C. and Susie Miller
Edward , son of Norman and Ada Miller
Ruth, daughter of Andy N. and Mary Miller
Martha, daughter of Min. Mose and Ada Nisley

Partridge, Kansas
Regina, daughter of Glenn and Anna Miller by John Mast. Aug. 22

Cashton, Wisconsin
North District, Aug. 23, by Atlee Miller
Rufus, son of Ben Hostetler
Daniel, son of Vernon Yoder
Henry, son of Ray Hershberger
Sara, daughter of Andrew E. Shrock
East District, Aug. 16.
Joe, son of Chester Kauffman
Dora, daughter of Simon Borntreger
Ann, daughter of Rufus Hostetler
Mattie, daughter of Levi W. Miller
West District, Aug. 23, by Bishop John Schmucker
Monroe, son of Harvey Miller
Luke, son of John Herschberger
Jonas, son of Menno Schmucker
Roman, son of Chris Schmucker
South District, Aug. 31, by Menno Hershberger
Chrissie Jr, son of Chrissie Miller
Levi, son of Menno Hochstetler
Erma, daughter of Andy Miller

Blair, Wisconsin
By Bishop Edward Stutzman , Aug. 16
John Jr., son of John and Dora Lambright
Andy, son of Dave and Susie Miller
By Bishop Raymond Schrock , Aug. 23
John Henry, son of Mose and Clara Miller
Allen, son of Willie and Katie Ann Hochstetler
Ida, daughter of Wm. and Edna Schrock

Quincy, Michigan
Aug. 2, by Enos Steury
Victor, son of Michael and Barbara Graber
Marie, daughter of Wilbur and Sarahann Schmucker
Barbara, daughter of Lavern and Irene Steury
Aug. 23, by Enos Steury
Irene, daughter of David and Amanda Graber
Ruthann, daughter of Chris and Annabelle Schmucker
Anna Mae, daughter of Christ and Edith Eicher

Medford, Wisconsin
Aug. 16
Abraham H. Miller
Sarah U. Schrock
Lizzie A. Borntrager
Mattie H. Otto

Augusta, Wisconsin
West District, Aug. 23, by Bishop Chris Borntreger
Henry, son of Harvey and Mary Borntreger
Moses, son of William and Fannie Schrock
Anna, daughter of Widow Susan Yoder
Elizabeth, daughter of Sam and Lydia Yoder
North District, Aug. 30, by Bishop Chris Borntreger
Clara, daughter of Willie and Katie Mae Plank

Lena, daughter of Jacob J. B. and Mary Ann Miller
South District, Aug. 30, by Bishop John Mast
Sammie, son of Levi and Lena Mast
Dannie, son of Felty C. and Katie Borntreger
Chris, son of William and Anna Yoder
Katie, daughter of David and Rosa Miller
Emma, daughter of LaVern and Esther Wagler
Alma, daughter of Eli J. and Lizzie Bontreger
Mary, daughter of Daniel C. and Sylvia Borntreger
Chouteau, Oklahoma
July, 19, by Melvin N. Yoder
Dean Knepp, son of David Knepps
Norman Jay Miller, son of Norman Millers

MARRIAGES

Smicksburg, Pennsylvania

Shetler, Schlabach - Bennie, son of Ben and Fannie Shetler to Barbara, daughter of Roman E. and Clara W. (Detweiler) Schlabach on July 23, by Edward Troyer of Crawford Co.

Spartansburg, Pennsylvania

Byler, Miller, - Allen, son of Allen W. and Emma Byler to Ada, daughter of John W. and Mary Miller on Aug. 20, by Bishop Eli Troyer of Atlantic, Pa.

Nunnelly, Tennessee

Girod, Bontrager - Samuel, son of Enos Girod of Bowling Green, Missouri and Edna, daughter of Amos J. and Ella Bontrager of Route 1, Lyles on June 25, by Samuel Mast.

Sugarcreek, Ohio

Miller, Beachy - Jonas, son of Pre. Daniel I. and Mary Ann (Yoder) Miller and Esther, daughter of Vernon H. and Freda (Troyer) Beachy, August 20, by Bishop Monroe M. Yoder.

Allen County, Indiana

Schwartz, Graber - Samuel Jr., son of Samuel and Marie (Steury) Schwartz, to Ruth, daughter of Joseph R. and Rosa (Schwartz) Graber, by Reuben Schwartz of Adams County, Aug. 13.

LaGrange County, Indiana

Miller, Lambright - Herman, son of Andrew and Barbara Miller, and Rosa, daughter of Felty (dec) and Mary Lambright were married July 30, by Eli S. Lehman.

Adams County, Indiana

Hilty, Schwartz - Victor M., son of Joe L. Hilty R.1 Monroe and Susan E., daughter of Amos G. Schwartz R.1 Monroe on July 2.

Daviess County, Indiana

Stoll, Wagler - Darrell Ray, son of David and Fannie (Graber) Stoll; to Leah Ruth, daughter of Noah and Pauline (Graber) Wagler, on Aug. 9, by Levi E. Graber.

Shetler, Wickey - Mose, R.1, Monroe and widow Mrs. Elizabeth N. (Schwartz) Wickey R.1 Monroe on Aug. 9.

Schwartz, Wengerd - Marvin D., son of Ernest D. Schwartz R.1 Monroe and Mary D., daughter of David N. Wengerds R.1 Geneva on Aug. 13.

Schwartz, Schwartz - Daniel E., son of Amos G. Schwartz R.1 Monroe and Josephine F., daughter of Amos M. Schwartz R.1 Geneva on Aug. 16.

Schwartz, Schwartz - Sammy K., son of Sam Y. Schwartz of Seymour, Mo., and Mary J., daughter of John E. Schwartz R.2 Geneva on Aug. 20.

Schwartz, Girod - Marvin N. S., son of Noah F. Schwartz R.1 Monroe and Lydia L., daughter of Emanuel S. Girod R.2 Berne on Aug. 23.

Haven, Kansas

Yoder, Miller - Toby Dean, son of David T. and Sylvia (Miller) Yoder to Wilma Sue, daughter of Enos W. and Vera (Knepp) Miller Aug. 27, by Bishop Jonas P. Borntrager.

Bloomfield, Iowa

Mast, Yoder - Levi, son of Edward L. and Elizabeth (Eash) Mast; to Rosemary, daughter of John and Elmina Yoder, on Aug. 6, by David E. Mast of Napp., Indiana.

Blair, Wisconsin

Mullet, Schrock - Melvin, son of Ora and Fannie Mullet to Edna, daughter of Wm. and Edna Schrock, Aug. 13, by Enos P. Borntreger.

Yoder, Miller - Raymond, son of David and Mary Yoder to Mattie, daughter of Mose J. and Clara Miller, Aug. 27, by Bishop Fred Yoder.

Cashton, Wisconsin

Miller, Keim - Joe C. and Barbara Keim by Bishop Atlee Miller, on Aug. 20.

Hershberger, Schrock - Monroe C. and Mary Shrock by Bishop Menno Hershberger, on Aug. 27.

Wilton, Wisconsin

Yoder, Miller - Jacob, son of Daniel I. and (Anna Borntreger) Yoder to Clara Miller, daughter of Jonathan and Mattie (Borntrager) Miller, by Jonas B. Borntrager, Granton, Wisconsin on Sept. 1.

WHEN I MUST LEAVE YOU

When I must leave you for a little while—
Please do not grieve and shed wild tears
And hug your sorrow to you through the years,
But start out bravely with a gallant smile;
And for my sake and in my name
Live on and do all things the same,
Feed not you lonelines on empty days,
But fill each waking hour in useful ways,
Reach out your hand in comfort and cheer
And I in turn will comfort you and hold you near;
And never, never be afraid to die,
For I am waiting for you in the sky!

A BRIGHTER HOPE BEYOND

Today as I sit alone with my thoughts,
And think of days gone by,
It was spring, them summer, now winter,
And another year, gone by.

I cannot keep up with the pace today,
I care not to join the throng;
I'd much rather walk the narrow way,
Though it may seem tiresome and long.

At the farthest end of the winding path
There shines a becknoning light,
Where a family is waithing there for me.
And it makes my hopes grow bright.

The home is lonely without them here;
We see their vacant chairs;
And as we gather around the table,
We bow our heads in prayers.

But through the clouds shines a sunbeam
That reminds us of someone *who cares;*
If we put our faith and trust in Him,
He will unite us again up there!

REUNION

A mental vision came to me
One night within my prayer;
I visualised my ralatives
Who gathered over there,
Beyond in ivory palaces,
Their love was magnified;
Within this vision I saw all
My dear ones who have died.

This mental picture did not leave;
I thought about times here
When we get together for
Reunions of the year.
Within my heart I realized
That something should be said
About our great reunion in
The life that is ahead.

We cannot wait, for time runs out
When none of us will know
That day or hour God calls our name.
Are we prepared to go?
When it is our reunion time
To live with God on high,
I pray that no one will be missed

OBITUARIES

BONTRAGER, Abraham D., 6 weeks old, of R.R. 1, LaGrange,

died Monday, Aug. 3 in his home. He had been ill since birth.He was born in Angola June 19, 1987, the son of Dennis A. and Clara A. (Shrock) Bontrager. Surviving with his parents are two sisters, Lydian D. and Emma, both at home; the grandparents, Andy J. Schrock of LaGrange and Mr. and Mrs. Abe Bontrager of Shipshewana, and great-grandparents, Mrs. Mattie Bontrager and Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Graber, both of Shipshewana.

Funeral services will be held Thursday at 9:30 a.m. in the family home with Bishop Sam J.R. Miller officating.

Calling hours were held in the family home.

Burial will be in Mast Cemetery. Frurip-Mast Funeral Home of LaGrange is in charge of arrangements.

BYLER, Jerry M. Jr. 6 weeks of 16825A Nauvoo Rd., Middlefield

died Wednesday Aug. 5th following a sudden illness. The son of Jerry M. and Erma (Weaver) Byler. He was born June 25th at St. Joseph's Hospital in Warren. Survivors include his parents. Sister Marianne at home, paternal grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon J. E. Byler, maternal grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Jim P. Weaver. Paternal great-grandmother Mrs. Jerry E. Byler - Maternal great - grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Pete H. Weaver and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob M. Miller all of Middlefield, O. Many Uncles and Aunts.

Services were held at 11a.m., Friday, Aug. 7th at the family residence with Bishop John. U. Miller of the Old Order Amish Church officiating. Burial in the Nauvoo Road Amish Cemetery.

GINERICH, Mrs. Andy (Anna), 74, of 16287 Burton - Windsor Rd. Middlefield

died Sat. Aug. 15th, in her residence following a lengthy illness of cancer. The daughter of Benjamin and Susan (Miller) Shrock. She was born Sept. 1, 1912, in Middlefield, Oh. A lifelong resident of Middlefield and a member of the Old Order Amish Church. The former Anna B. Shrock,,she married Andy A. Gingerich on Dec. 18, 1930. Survivors include her husband, Andy, sons, Lester, Christ, Joe and William all of Middlefield, Monroe of Jamesport, Mo. and Andy Jr. of Cochranton, Pa. Her daughters, Mrs. Emma Miller, Mrs. Martha Hostetler and Mrs. Laura Miller all of Middlefield, Oh; sisters Mrs. John Kaufman and Mrs. Jonathan E. Miller, both of Middlefield. Seventy-six grandchildren and 49 great-grand-children.

Services were held at 9:30 a.m. on Tues. at the family residence by Bishop Eli J. Mast. Burial in the Miller cemetery, Huntsburg Township.

GINGERICH, Melvin J., 75, of R.R. 2, Wolcottville, died Thurs., Aug. 27th,

in the Goshen Hospital where he was a patient one week. He was born in Dodge City, Kan., June 24, 1912,,, the son of Jonas and Ida

(Miller) Gingerich.

Gingerich, a farmer, operated a woodworking shop near Topeka. He lived in that area most of his life.

He was married Dec. 14, 1933, to Fannie Miller, who survives.

Also surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Truman (Edna) Schrock of Topeka, Mrs. Harley M. (Lizzie) Miller of Nappanee and Mrs. William (Ida) Hilty of Berne; three sons, Albert M. of Topeka, Ezra of Wolcottville and Jonas of Ligonier; three sisters, Mrs. Allen J. (Polly) Miller of Millersburg, Mrs. Amos (Edna) Lambright of Topeka and Mrs. Raymond (Clara) Slabaugh of Fort Worth, Tex.; four brothers, Ben and Noah, both of Topeka, Joe of Shipshewana and Albert of Apollo Beach, Fla.; 16 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

A brother, a sister, two grandchildren and two great-grandchildren preceded him in death.

Funeral services will be held Saturday at 9:30 a.m. in the Lester Hochstetler home with Bishop David Nisley and the Rev. Daniel Lambright offciating.

Calling hours will be held after 2 p.m. Thursday in the family home.

Burial will be in Miller Cemetery.

Miller Funeral Home of Middlebury is in charge of arrangements.

HILTY, Chris H., 81, of Rl Berne, Ind. died at his home on Aug. 5th due to complications. He had been ill for one and half years. A retired farmer he was born April 12th, 1906 in Adams County to Joseph and Anna Schwartz-Hilty. He married Lydia Schwartz, Jan. 3rd, 1929 in Adams County. They had been married fifty-eight and a half years. She survives: also surviving are six sons, Alvin L., Roman L. Samuel L. and Marvin L. all of Berne, Ind. Joe L. of Monroe and Edward L. of Jessup, Ga. Five daughters: Mrs. Henry (Marie) Shetler, Mrs. Elmer L. (Laura) Miller, Mrs. Lavern (Carol) Troyer, all of Berne, Ind., Mrs. James (Anna Mae) Lengacher of New Haven, Ind. and Lydia Ann Yoder of Washington, Ind. Two sisters, Barbara (Bib) Schwartz of Geneva and Margaret Schwartz of Seymore, Mo. Seventy grandchildren; and thirty-seven great- grandchildren. Five brothers and three sisters preceded in death.

Funeral services were held Aug. 8th at the Marvin L. and Alvin L. Hilty residence. Pallbearers were David A. Shetlu, John K. Schuntz, Jerome A. Hilty and Lavern L. Hilty. Burial was in the Schwartz cemetery.

KING, John E., 15, of R.D.l Shippensburg, Pa drowned on Aug. 9th. Born in Lancaster County, Pa Aug. 1, 1972 he was the son of Amos and Malinda (King) King. He is also survived by six brothers and five sisters: Benuel, Amos Jr., Isaac, Reuben, Omar, Ephraim, Emma, Sarah, Susie, Malinda and Fannie. His paternal grandparents John and Emma King of Paradise, Pa and his maternal grandmother, Sarah P. King of Gordonville, Pa.

Services were held in the house by Ben Kurtz and John Petersheim. In the shed by Bishop Christ Esh and Pre. Henry Esh. He was buried in Mountain View Amish Cemetery.

KURTZ, John H., 34 of 15451 Nash Rd., Parkman township, Oh died Tues. evening, Aug. 11th when the walls of a ditch he was digging collapsed and crushed him causing severe head injuries. The walls were estimated to be about 10-ft. tall, said Parkman Fire Chief Wayne Komandt. There appeared to be no stones of large rocks in the walls, he said. Kurtz a self-employed carpenter was working on the ditch on his property when it collapsed at about 5:15 p.m. He was pronounced dead at the scene. Born Aug. 20th, 1952 in Geauga County he was the son of Gideon and Elmina (Miller) Kurtz of Parkman. Married on Dec. 13th, 1973 to Sara (Gingerich) who survives him. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church - being a Deacon for 3 years. Survivors besides his parents and wife are 5 sons, Clarence, Steven, Freeman, John Henry and Nathaniel. One daughter, Ruth. Six brothers, Daniel, Eli, Robert, Gideon and Delbert of Parkman Oh. and William of Burton, 2 sisters Esther Miller and Mary Byler of Parkman.

Services were held at 10 a.m. Fri. Aug. 14 at the Family residence, by Bishop Crist E. Fisher. A very large funeral. Burial was in Yoder Cemetery, Parkman, Oh.

LAPP, John K., 89, of 258 Amish Town Rd., New Holland #1, Pa. died unexpectedly Sun. Aug. 9th at home in bed. Probably around 7 o'clock.

He was under the care of a physician, as he had heart trouble but he had seemed real well and intended to go away to visit in P. M.

He was the husband of the late Lizzie (Smoker) Lapp, who died in January of 1986. He was the son of the late John and Betsy (Fisher) Lapp. And had been a minister in the Old Order Amish church since 1942.

He is survived by three sons, Emanuel S. Lapp and John J. Lapp both of New Holland and Melvin Lapp of Ephrata. Five daughters, Bena, widow of David Beiler, Barbara Lapp, Elizabeth, wife of Amos F. Stoltzfus and Mary, wife of Benuel Fisher all of New Holland. Miriam, wife of Christ Stoltzfus, of Quarryville, Pa. Forty-five grandchildren. One hundred and fifty-two great grandchildren. A son, Omar, preceded him in death. Also surviving are 3 sisters, widow Lizzie Fisher, Katie, wife of Samuel Beiler, all of Gap. Susie, wife of Stephen Stoltzfus of Kinzers. John will be greatly missed in church and at home, also as a good neighbor.

Funeral services at the house by Amos Lapp lied by Amos Beiler. In the barn by Monro Miller and Harry Stutsman had main part. lied by John S. Lapp.

At the grave site lied by Jacob L. Stoltzfus. Pall bearers were Christ Beiler, Dan King and David and Paul Zook. Burial in Stoltzfus cemetery on the farm.

MAST, Alvin D., 77 of Jamesport, Missouri died Aug. 14 at his home. He was not well after suffering a stroke several months ago, but attended church again Aug. 9th. He was an ordained minister in 1951. He was born Dec. 19, 1909 at Kokomo, Ind., a son of David J. and Sarah (Yoder) Mast. He was married to Salina Detweiler at Dover, Del. Surviving are his wife, Salina, nine sons, John of Wautoma, Wis, Valentine of Cantrell, La., Amos of Marion, Ky., Freeman of Phoenix, Az., Alvin Jr. of Crafton, Ky, David of Mt. Hope, O., Joe, Jonas and Samuel all of Jamesport, Mo., 5 daughters, Mrs. Milo (Lydia) Byler of Wautoma, Wis., Mrs. Mahlon (Anna) Miller, Mrs. Ervin (Emma) Miller, Mrs. Eli (Salina) Yoder all of Dover, Del. and Sarah of the home. Two brothers, Noah of Dover, Del. and Sam of Kalona, Iowa., 3 sisters, Mrs. Amos U. (Esther) Mast of Jamesport, Mo., Mrs. Edward (Miriam) Nissley and Mrs. Jonas (Sarah) Otto both of Author, Ill., 93 grandchildren and 29 great grandchildren.

MAST, John L., 81, of Rte. 1, Box 200 Etna Green, In. died at the Michiana Community Hospital at 12:23 Aug.3. Born on May 9, 1906 in LaGrange, In. He was married Dec. 10, 1929 in Elkhart, Co to Mary Ann Burkholder who survives.

Also surviving are 4 daughters; Katie and Mary of the home. Mrs. Walter (Emma) Lehman of Millersburg, Ind. and Mrs. Dennis (Barbara) Miller of Shipshewana, Ind.; four sons, LeRoy of Lawrence, Ind, Emanuel of Nappanee, Ind., Marvin of Etna Green and Willis of Woodbridge, Va. Twenty-five grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren. One sister, Mrs. Alva (Barbara) Lapp of Hartville, Oh. and four brothers, Mose of Goshen, Ind., Levi of Hartville, Oh, Amos of Shipshewana, Ind. and Abe of Nappannee, Ind.

He was preceded in death by a son, Eli and daughter, Gertie, 6 grandchildren, a sister and two brothers.

Funeral services were held at the Ammon Hochstetler home by Walter Schwartz, Pete Graber and Amos U. Miller.

Pall bearers were Edward E. Miller, Eli Kuhus, Eldon Stutzman, Wayne Miller, Dennis Yoder and Lee Helmuth.

John was the son of Levi and Anna (Yoder) Mast. Buried in the Graber Cemetary.

MILLER, Ada C., 34 of 17245 Madison Rd., Middlefield, Oh died Tues. Aug. 11th in Geauga Community Hospital following a lengthy illness of Cancer. The daughter of Chris C. and Ada (Shrock) Miller, was born Sept. 20th, 1952 in Parkman Township Miss Miller was a lifelong resident of the Parkman - Middlefield area. She was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. Survivors include 7 sisters, Sarah Miller of Spartansburg, Pa., Alta Weaver of Phoenix. Az., Esther Miller, Fannie Baumgartner, Ilene Miller and Mary Hostetler all of Middlefield, Oh., and Irene Davies of Warren. Miss Miller was preceded in death by her parents.

Services were held at 9:30 a.m. Fri. Aug. 14th at the Freeman Kuhns residence in Middlefield, by Dav. J.P. Miller. Burial in the Hershberger cemetery, Troy township.

MILLER, Andy, 25, of R1 Conewango Valley, NY. died at home, on Sat. Aug. 1st. He was the Special Child of Eli and Sarah (Yoder) Miller. Born on Feb. 25th, 1962. Surviving are his parents, three brothers and 3 sisters. Henry married to (Mary M. Miller), Mrs. David J. Miller (Rebecca), Mrs. Mose Miller Jr. (Mary), John married to (Sarah J. Miller), Mrs. Neil J. Miller (Katie) and Mose at home. One step grandmother survives.

MILLER, Glenn J., 63, of Nappanee, Inc. 30645 U.S. 6 West died at 1:15 p.m. Aug. 13, 1987.

He was only sick 2 months. with cancer.

The son of John M. and Anne (Miller) Miller, he was born July 1, 1924 and has been a lifetime resident of that area. On Feb. 17, 1949 he was married to Lydia Leota Troyer, who survives. He was a minister of the Old Order Amish Church and also a farmer.

In addition to his wife Lydia, other suriviors include his Mother, Anna Miller; 4 daughters, Mrs. Roman (Barbara Diane) Miller Jr. and Mrs. Calvin (Jane Marie) Bontrager of Nappanee, Mrs. Merle (Nara Jean) Helmuth of Bremen and Mrs. Levi (Laretta Faye) Bontrager Jr. of Topeka, Ind.; 3 sons, Wayne Lee, Gary Allen and Glenn Jay Miller of Nappanee. Also 22 grandchildren, 4 sisters; Mrs. Dan (Esther) Miller of Middlebury, Mrs. Joe (Mary) Helmuth of Goshen, Mrs. Neal (Emma) Miller of Ligonier and Mrs. Albert (Lovina) Miller of Warren, Oh. and 3 brothers; Earl Miller of Nappanee, Noah and John of Topeka. Preceeding him, in death was a daughter, Vonda and his father, John M. Miller.

His funeral was largely attended at the home place and the Pete Barkholder place. Bishop Leon Miller and Lee Miller for the family .

Pall bearers werre Isaac Burkholder, Andrew, Lisle, and LaMar Hochstetler, Chris Slabough, and Andrew Helmuth.

Burial in the Weldy Cemetary.

MILLER, Joe, 60 of Almond, Wisconsin. In the Amherst community. died at his home on Aug. 11 from what the Doctor thinks could have been a blood clot in his heart. He had an accident a few weeks before when he was kicked in the head. He was born May 26th, 1927 to Harvey and Millie (Miller) Miller both deceased. He was married to Lydia daughter of Clemens and Polly (Schrack), Borntrager on Nov. 25th, 1948. Lydia died Apr. 18, 1984. They lived in matrimony 35 years. Joe married again to Anna Stutzman, daughter of Joe and Mattie (Borntrager), Stutzman on Aug. 29th 1985. He is survived by his 2nd wife and 8 sons and 4 daughters. Henry of Amherst, Clemens of Pine Ciry, Minn., Harvey and Calvin of Almond, Wis., Marvin of Stetsonville, Wis., Levi of Shipshawana, Ind. and John and Perry at home. Mrs. John (Elizabeth) Hochstetler of Blair. Mrs. Henry (Lovina) Troyer of Stetsonville, Wis. Mrs. Felty (Millie) Borntrager of Harwood, Tex. Mrs. Freddie (Clara) Borntrager of Blair. And 3 brothers and 5 sisters.

Funeral services were held at the Glen Yoder residence on Aug. 14th in the shed by Levi Borntrager of Ind. and Bish Christ Miller of Orla., Ind. the barn by Perry Schrock of the home church and Bish Enos Borntrager of Pine City, Minn. In the house by Alvin Borntrager of Granton and Bishop Roy Borntrager of Medford. Pall bearers were Mose Mast, Sam R. Borntrager, Glen Yoder, and David Borntrager.

MILLER, John J.C. 56 of Farmington Rd., West Farmington, Oh. died suddenly Sun. evening, Aug. 9th, at his home of a heart attack. Born June 2nd, 1931 in Parkman, he was the son of John C and Sarah (Yoder) Miller. A lifelong resident of the Parkman area. Mr. Miller was employed of 32 years as a mill operater at Johnson Rubber in Middlefield. He married Lizzie Weaver on Oct. 5th, 1950 a member of the Old Order Amish Church.

Survivors include his wife, 3 sons, Joe J.L. and John O. both of West Farmington and Dan J.L. of Parkman. One brother, Sam of Middlefield, 2 sisters, Mrs. John (Susan) Miller of Middlefield, Oh and Mrs. D[illegible] (Lydia) Byler of Spartanburg, Pa. and eleven grandchildren. Sevices were held at 10 a.m., Wed. Aug.12th, at the Joe J.L. Miller residence by Melvin Yoder. Burial in the Weaver Cemetery in Parkman.

MILLER, Menno J., 74, of R.R. 4, LaGrange, died Sunday, Aug. 2, in his home following an illness of seven months.

He was born Sept. 1, 1912, the son of Joseph and Katie (Yoder) Miller.

Miller, a farmer, had resided in the area all his life.

He was married Jan. 10, 1935, to Ida Yoder, who survives.

Also surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Wilbur (Mattie) Miller and Mrs. Melvin (Elsie) Yoder of LaGrange; a son, Ervin M. of Topeka; two sisters, Mrs. Tobias (Lizzie) Miller and Mrs. Samuel (Mattie) Mast of LaGrange; two half-sisters, Saloma Eash of Topeka and Mrs. Levi (Katie) Miller of Shipshewana; a stepsister, Mrs. Ida Bond of Tempe Ariz.; four half brothers, Amos M. Eash of Burr Oak, Mich., John M. Eash of South English, Iowa, Chris M. Eash of Howe and Levi M. of Topeka; 25 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren.

Two grandchildren preceded him in death.

funeral services will be held Wednesday at 9:30 a.m. in the family home with Bishop Sam J. R. Miller and the Rev. Alvin T. Yoder offciating.

Burial will be in Miller Cemetery.

Miller Funeral Home of Middlebury is in charge of arrangements.

PEACHEY, Infant daughter of Jacob and Rebecca (Renno) Peachey, born and died Aug 30th, 1987. Surviving are parents and grandparents, Joseph N. Peachey, Belleville, Pa., and Mrs. Leah Renno, Newport, Ny., also four sisters, Sylvia, Anna, Molly, and Lomie. A sister, Lavina, preceded her in death, in June of this year, who died at 10 months and 10 days old.

STOLTZFUS, Mary S., 78, of 1467 Georgetown Rd., Christiana, Pa died Aug. 19 at 9:00 p.m. at her home after a lingering ailment of congested heart failure. She was the wife of Daniel M. Stoltzfus and a member of Old Order Amish church. Born in Salisbury Township, she was the daughter of the late Joshua and Hannah (Stolzfus) Lapp. Surviving besides her husband are three daughters; Mrs. John S. (Emma L.) Kauffman of Paradise, Pa, Hannah at home, Mrs. Christ K. (Anna Mary) Lapp of Gordonville, Pa.; two sons, Joshua L Kinzers, and Amos J. Ronks. 32 grandchildren, 24 great-grandchildren. Two step-grand daughters, a sister, Mrs. Christ S. (Sarah) Beiler and a brother, Amos

M. Lapp Kinzers.

Furneral services were held Fri., Aug. 21 at 10 a.m. home residence by Amos M. Kauffman. Lied by Sam S. Stoltzfus. Preaching by Sam F. Stoltzfus, a nephew and Christ L. Stoltzfus, a cousin. Lied by nephew Jacob E. Lapp.

Pall bearers were Dan and Bennie Kauffmann, Ivan S. Stoltzfus, and Daniel S. Lapp.

Burial at Gordonville Cemetery.

TROYER, David H., 18, of Fresno Rt. 3 died in a traffic accident while on his way to work when the driver apparently fell asleep, overturning their vehicle 3 times before it came to rest.

Born in Holmes Co. to Henry A. and Lizzie (Miller) Troyer. Survived by his parents, 4 brothers and 5 sisters. Abe, Henry Jr., Mervin, Owen, Elsie, Sara, Mary Ann, and Susan of the home. Mrs. Eli (Edna) Yoder of Rt. 1 Baltic.

His grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Adam Miller of Dundee, Stepgrandmother, Mrs. Abe A. (Fannie) Troyer of Fresno. Preceeding him in death were 2 infant sisters and 1 infant brother.

Services were held Fri., Aug. 14. Bishop Dan R. Erb officiating.

WICKEY, John D., 74, of R2 Berne, Ind. died at his home on July 9th following a short illness. Born in Adams County on Oct. 30th, 1912, he was the son of David A. and Mary P. Schwartz-Wickey. Was married to Elma E. Troyer on Mar. 24th, 1935. She survives. Also surviving are 3 sons, David E. of Grabill, Ind., Emanuel E. of Geneva, Ind., Samuel E. of Berne, Ind., Five daughters: Mrs. Carl N. (Emma) Schwartz, Mrs. Elmer N. (Elizabeth) Schwartz of Monroe. Mrs. Jake X. (Mary) Schwartz, Mrs. Ruben M. (Ada) Schwartz, Mrs. Joe E.J. (Caroline) Schwartz of Berne, Ind. Two brothers - August D. of Monroe, Ind. and Noah D. of Berne. Three sisters, Mrs. Noah (Christine) Wengerd of Berne, Mrs. Henry H. (Katherine) Schwartz and Mrs. Cletus (Rebecca) Christner of Geneva, Ind. Sixty-nine grandchildern and 24 great grandchildren. Two daughters, one son, three brothers, and three sisters are deceased.

Funeral Services were held July 12th at the Wickey residence. Burial was in the Schwartz cemetery.

YODER, Elmer N., 76, of St. Marys, Ontario died eary Mon. morning Aug. 17, after a lengthy illness of the heart.

He was born Oct. 15, 1910 at Grantsville Maryland, his parents were Noah M. and Amanda (Tice) Yoder who preceded him in death. He was married to Anna (Mast) on Nov. 30, 1933, at Dover Delaware. He was ordained deacon in Oct. 1941, and moved to St. Mary's Ont., Canada in 1959 where he lived till he peacefully went to rest at his home.

Surviving him is his wife, Anna (Mast), Mrs. Jacob (Mabel) Beachy, Noah, Mrs. Jonas (Rachel) Hochstetler all of Virg.; Henry of Del.,; Mrs. Jonas (Matilda) Hertzler, and Alvin both of Lakeside, Ont.; Amanda, Mrs. Aden (Elizabeth) Hochstetter, Rufus, Yost, and Enos all of St. Mary's Ont.; Mrs. Eli (Sadie) Mast of Summerset, Pa.; Walter of Path Valley Pa.; Elmer Jr. of Okla.; Mrs. Mart (Anna Mary) Hochstetter of Mich.; One sister, Mrs. Adam (Tillie) Byler of Liberty KY.; 65 grandchildren; 20 great-grandchildren. Preceding Mr. Yoder, as well as his parents were one brother and one sister.

The sermon was held in the house by Andy B. Byler and John Henry Coblentz in the barn by David S. Graber and Wallie L. Byler.

Burial was in the Amich Cemetery.

Pallbearers were Noah Troyer, John Stutzman, Levi Jr. Troyer,and Timothy Stoll.

YODER, Jonas A., 83, of Rt. 1 Baltic died July 29, following a brief illness. Born in Tuscarawas, Co a son of the late Andy L. and Amanda (Troyer) Yoder. His wife Katie Troyer preceeded him in death on Feb. 25, 1972.

Surviving are 1 daughter, Mrs. David A. (Amanda) Miller of Rt. 2 Sugarcreek; and 1 son, Andy J.K. of the home. Three sisters, Mrs. John H. (Emma) Mullett of Sugarcreek, Mrs. Dan N. (Katie Ann) Yoder of Orrville and Mrs. Roman J. (Amanda) Mullet of Va.; four brothers, Abe A., Roman A. of Sugarcreek; Levi A. of Sarasota, Fla., and Noah A. of Ark.; four stepbrothers Jonas E., Abe W. and Mose Schlabach all of Sugarcreek and Andy Schlabach of Hartville; 1 stepsister Mrs. Joe R. (Emma) Yoder of Sugarcreek.

Four brothers, 1 stepsister and 1 grandson are deceased.

Services were held Aug. 1, Andy E Yoder officiating.

Zook, Daniel L., 76, of 5091 Old Philadelphia Pike, Kinzers, died Sunday at 10:45 P.M. at his home. Zook had been under the care of of physician. He was the husband of Susie M. (Byler) Zook. He was a retired farmer. Born in Leacock Township he was the son of the late Jacob and Susie (Lapp) Zook.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by five sons; Henry B. and Daniel S., both of Gordonville; David B. and Levi B. both of Kinzers; and Jacob M., Paradise; two daughters, Lydia B., wife of Jacob K. Stoltzfus, Bloomsburg, and Susie B. at home; 31 grandchildren; 11 greatgrandchildren, four brothers; Joshua L., Quarryville; and Levi S., Jacob B., and John L., all of Gordonville; and a sister, Mary, wife of Menno Zook, Allensville.

MIGRATIONS

The Robert E. Miller family from Spartansburg, Pa. moved to Clintonville, Pa., Aug. 18th.

The Levi N. Byler family moved from Spartansburg, Pa, to Clintonville Pa. on Aug. 29.

Bishop Henry Hertzlers and 10 children moved from Windsor MO to Bondual, Wisc. on Aug. 17.

The John C. Coblentz family moved Smicksburg, Pa. to Mercer Pa.

The Martin A. Yoder family moved from Hewitt, Minn. to Pine City, Minn. Aug 26.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Amherst, Wisc. - 2nd Minister dies in 8 wks.

Joe Miller seemed to gain slowly, and was released from the hospital on Aug. 7. His mind was still not normal. But seemed to gain some after he was at home. On the 11th two of his dau. and families (one from Texas and the other from Blair) were planning to leave for Blair. But didn't leave as early as had planned as the men were helping to thrash yet. Preparations were made to leave around 5:00. But something came over Joe that he passed away just before they left. Dr. thinks a bloodclot passed over his heart. So plans were changed and the 2 families stayed. It was a shock to most everyone as reports were he is gaining.

Funeral was held the 14th at Glen Yoders in the shed, barn and the house. This is the second minister to pass away in our community this summer. Joe died exactly 8 weeks after Bishop Reuben Bontrager died. Their loss is keenly felt.

Geauga Co., O. - Deacon DiesWhile Ditching

John H.Kurtz, 34 of 15451 Nash Rd., Parkman township, Oh

died Tues. evening, Aug. 11th when the walls of a ditch he was digging collapsed and crushed him causing severe head injuries. The walls were estimated to be about 10-ft. tall, said Parkman Fire Chief Wayne Komandt. There appeared to be no stones of large rocks in the walls, he said. Kurtz a self-employed carpenter was working on the ditch on his property when it collapsed at about 5:15 p.m. He was pronounced dead at the scene. Born Aug. 20th, 1952 in Geauga County he was the son of Gideon and Elmina (Miller) Kurtz of Parkman. Married on Dec. 13th, 1973 to Sara (Gingerich) who survives him. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church - being a Deacon for 3 years.

Franklin County, Penna. - Youth Drowns

John E.King, 15, of R.D.1 Shippensburg, Pa drowned on Aug. 9th. Born in Lancaster County, Pa Aug. 1, 1972 he was the son of Amos and Malinda (King) King.

Fresno, OH - Youth Killed in Traffic Accident

David H.Troyer, 18, of Fresno Rt. 3 died in a traffic accident while on his way to work when the driver apparently fell asleep, overturning their vehicle 3 times before it came to rest.

New. Holland, Pa. - Senior Minister Expires

John K.Lapp, 89, of 258 Amish Town Rd., New Holland #1, Pa. died unexpectedly Sun. Aug. 9th at home in bed. Probably around 7 o'clock. He was under the care of a physician, as he had heart trouble but he had seemed real well and intended to go away to visit in P. M. He was the husband of the late Lizzie (Smoker) Lapp, who died in January of 1986. He was the son of the late John and Betsy (Fisher) Lapp. And had been a minister in the Old Order Amish church since 1942.

Jamesport, MO - Minister Succumbs of Stroke

Alvin D.Mast, 77 of Jamesport, Missouri died Aug. 14 at his home. He was not well after suffering a stroke several months ago, but attended church again Aug. 9th. He was an ordained minister in 1951. He was born Dec. 19, 1909 at Kokomo, Ind., a son of David J. and Sarah (Yoder) Mast. He was married to Salina Detweiler at Dover, Del.

Nappanee, IN - Minister Succumbs of Cancer

Glenn J.Miller, 63, of Nappanee, Inc. 30645 U.S. 6 West died at 1:15 p.m. Aug. 13, 1987. He was only sick 2 months. with cancer. The son of John M. and Anne (Miller) Miller, he was born July 1, 1924 and has been a lifetime resident of that area. On Feb. 17, 1949 he was married to Lydia Leota Troyer, who survives. He was a minister, ordained in 1966, and also a farmer.

St. Mary's, Ont., Canada,- Deacon Expires

Elmer N.Yoder, 76, of St. Marys, Ontario died cary Mon. morning Aug. 17, after a lengthy illness of the heart. He was born Oct. 15, 1910 at Grantsville Maryland, his parents were Noah M. and Amanda (Tice) Yoder who preceded him in death. He was married to Anna (Mast) on Nov. 30, 1933, at Dover Delaware. He was ordained deacon in Oct. 1941, assisted in establishing the Lakeside, Ont. chrch and moved to St. Mary's Ont., Canada in 1959 where he lived till he peacfully went to rest at his home.

Lanvaster Co. PA - Aug 9 A Day to be Remered

Sunday Aug.9 will be a day to remember by many Lancaster Countians. The passing on of Min. John Lapp 87 years, of Groffdale. also Dan Zook, east of Intercourse, both died unexpectedly—Plus the drowning of 15 year old Amos King of Franklin County. The same day brought high winds and hail damage to areas around Stumptown, Centerville, and Spots around. Intercourse having lost total tobacco fields. Stumptown School roof was ripped off.

Mifflintown, Penna. - Young girl Injured

Rachel, 2 year old daughter of Harvey Petersheim was seriously injured when she got caught and pushed a ways by a fork lift that was carrying lumber in her fathers wood working shop.Her skin and flesh was very badly torn up. She was taken by Life Flight to Danville hospital and was there a month, but is now home and improving slowly. Some of the family was with her in the hopspital at all times, as she was so afraid of the nurses and their needles. She had a lot of skin grafting done.

Conewango Valley, NY - Noah N. Wengerd

We had a cool, but nice August, some rain and thunder on the 2nd and 4th. Some showers throughout the month with a total rainfall of 5.5 inches. We also had some very foggy mornings and sometimes in the forenoon yet.

Silo filling is being done, some rings are almost done. Calves are up to $1.35 lb., beef $.58, hogs $.54.250. It sure was dry before we got these last rains. The coldest we had was 40 degrees on the morning of the 25th.

Clymer, New york - Lydiann J, Bricker

June was a month of beautiful summer days. We had very good growing weather. Corn that was planted early, was knee high before the 4th. We had a cold wind on the 9th, 35 degrees the 10th. The mixed up and strange looking clouds on the 28th scared a lot of people. In the evening there was a rainbow.

We had unusual warm and humid weather, for this area, most of July. The first week was wet. A cool breeze was welcome on those warm days. Corn is standing very tall, oats are being cut and second cutting hay is ready to cut. A hard rainstorm on the 25th put a lot of it down. The 27th was a perfect summer day, cool and clear. Too nice to be cleaning house where I could see out over Lake Chautauqua. In the institution, where rich people from all over come for summer vacation, are 800 acres of houses, from small to mansions and condominuims. Five to seven hundred dollars rent a week. Also a place to get education for almost anything.

The bridge I wrote about last time, should have read the highest in America and not in the world.

Allen Byler Jr. is now getting around on crutches. A non-Amish D.W.I. boy ran into a tree on the evening of July 3rd, is still in a coma but starting to respond a little. His eyes are open with a stare. He swallows and shakes hands with people.

Clyde, New York - Mrs. Noah S. Byler

August started in nice and on the 1st, also it was cooler. The 2nd was dreab and rainy.

We had changeable weather all through the month, though not much rain to measure. It was slightly on the dry side until last week we had dreab and drizzles which sure soaks in well. Temperatures from high 82 degrees to a low of 50 on the 26th. Gardens and corn crops are doing good this year.

Rensselaer Falls, NY - M.E. Shetler

It was fairly dry towards the end of the month, then a few welcome showers. Lumber prices through this area: pine $2.50; beech & maple $280; structural ash & oak $400; furniture grade oak & cherry $600 or slightly less for cherry. Red cedar, not available, black walnut, What's that! A few years age we had built a small house on skids so as to be moveable, but now we moved and left the house there. The under part also served the neighborhood cats and dogs with numerous disputes being settled there. It also yielded one fox and other varmit such as skunks and porcupines.

Newport, New York - Sarah Renno

The last part of August has been on the cool side, in the low 40s and not much rain for the month, though we had enough to keep things refreshed. Farmers could thresh and combine their oats without problems this year. Sweet corn and tomatoes are plentiful and the melons are a fair crop, but lima beans aren't producing well, as this isn't a good climate for them.

Our community had 3 new arrivals in August. The first for the year were Jake & Lizzie Swarey, a dau Mary, Aug. 10th & Christ & salome Renno, 1st child named Yonie, Aug. 28, Jacob and Beckie Peachey and a dau. Aug. 30, who died of at birth of complications.

School started Aug. 31st with Salina Peachey as teacher. Sylvia Peachey is teaching at Ft. Plains NY this year, & sister Annie Renno of Belleville, PA is to teach a few months till someone else takes over.

Fort Plains, New York - Mrs. Levi B. Hostetler

August was cool the first week with rain,turned warmer till by mid of the month it was very marm with temperatures above 90 degrees a few times.This morning, the 26th, was again a cool 50 degrees. Heat from Kitchen stove feels comfortable.Oats were all thrashed the last week with a fair yeild, not so heavy as some times. Corn feilds look to be making a good growth. We've had ample moisture all season, and pastures look nice and green. Emmanuel M. Hostetler had a misfortune to fall out of a tree, breaking a bone at his wrist of the left arm, typical boy activity, climbing trees.

LeRaysville, Penna. - Mrs. Jacob Yoder

August has been a very cool and dry month. Although we got about 2 inches of rain towards the end of the month. Wells were getting low.

Women are busy canning peaches, sweet cord and tomatoes are on the menu. The summer is almost gone & scholars are back in school. South Hill started Aug. 31st with Kathy Gingerich as teacher, Valley View is having their first day today with Roy J. Stutzman teaching.

Mrs. Ira D. Yoder and 2 of her daus, Katie and Sarah had quite a bit of exitment on Aug. 19th. One of the lines fell out and they couldn't reach it. When Christina stepped out of the buggy she was knocked down and the buggy went over her. The horse started to go at a high speed till he turned the buggy upside down at the bottom of the hill. Sarah had to have stitches in her arm. The rest had bruises and bumps, but just thankful it wasn't worse. The buggy was demolished.!

Brush Valley - David B. Stoltzfus

We had good growing weather through June. The first half of July was quite warm and often cloudy with rain as needed for the crops. Sunny weather was welcomed for 2nd crop hay making, but farmers were soon wishing for rain again.

Rain showers were welcomed in the beginning of August as the fields were a bit dry with 3rd cutting alfalfa shorter than in recent years. Mid-August was somewhat dry again, although the corn ears were filling out nicely. From the 22nd to 29th we were blessed with 5 inches of rain.

White Deer Valley, Penna. - John K. Fisher

August was a nice summer month. We had some rain on the 2nd,5th and 9th, then had some nice days till the 22nd we had 6 inches. The last week or so had fairly cool mornings. More rain on the 26th, 27th, and 28th gave us 3 1/4 inches. Then we had a few fall-like days and another .4 inch rain gave us a total of 7 inches.Are having nice growing weather again after the couple dry spells we had this summer.Silo filling is just starting and plenty of other jobs waiting to be done. Some are having the flu with Min. John Lapp and Sam Miller's wife, Katie Mae both having Pneumonia but are better again.

Nittany Valley, Pa. - Benjamin B. Stoltzfus

Real warm and humid was the weather for July with 2 inches of rain for weeks all in showers and hard to make hay with . The last shower on the 13th. The rest of the month was real warm and dry with 3 tenths rain the 26th. Some corn was in tassle by July 4th. and had good height. First weeks of August were mostly warm and humid and not much rain. A couple times we had a few tenths. The last weeks were more mild and cool nights, also more rain with a total of over 5 inches . For August ,Third crop hay was made nice and was a good crop for the amount of rain it had . Corn matured fast over the dry spell but is a good crop and silo filling has started.

Dauphin Co. PA - Benuel B. Fisher

The begining of August was dry, 3.5 inches the total rainfall in the last week really helped to green the things up. Not much if any 3rd cutting hay was made, but looks more promising for another cutting since the rains. Corn is short. Takes more acres to fill the silos. Produce growers are kept busy irrigating and they are getting a good yield.

LANCASTER COUNTY REPORTS

Mascot Area - Bertha Miller

Sunday Aug.9 will be a day to remember by many Lancaster Countians. The passing on of Min. John Lapp 87 years, of Groffdale. also Dan Zook, east of Intercourse, both died unexpectedly— Plus the drowning of 15 year old Amos King of Franklin County. The same day brought high winds and hail damage to areas around Stumptown, Centerville, and Spots around. Intercourse having lost total tobacco fields. Stumptown School roof was ripped off—so it got a new face - lifting from top to bottom with a tan coat of Stucco covering that pretty look of brick. Warmer interior, but feel sorry to see the bricks tucked inside!!! Right, Cattailers!? Sunday August 16th was a rare occasionat church with John and Annie Lapp who have a 4 year old daughter with impaired hearing. Bish. Aaron Esh, as guest minister, at the age of 98 gave us a nice opening. Another point of interst to have deaf folks attending, with a Team Mennonite father as an interpreter. So touching. Malinda, wife of Henry Esh spent most of 6 days in the hospital with bleeding ulcer problem. she's feeling better after receiving 6 pts. of blood. Men are enjoying team work of filling silo along with the 4th crop of hay harvest. Schoolbells were rung by many teachers as an opening day on Aug. 31st. Happy days to all!

Bird-in-Hand - David B. King

The farmers have the tobacco about all cut. Some are ready to fill silo but the corn isn't in a hurry except early plantings. Weather-wise it was warm and humid but mostly a good air going. On august, 9th we had 2.7 inches of rain with some hail but not enough to cause much damage. We had more wind damage which broke the ribs of the leaves. We had a total of 4 inches of rain.

Paradise Area - Fannie Beiler

Hannah S. Beiler was admitted to the General Hospital on Aug. 25th. She has staff infection in her leg. She was operated on, on Aug. 27th to put a tube in so it can drain. At last reports she is still in the hospital. Her address is 51 S. Belmont Rd. Paradise PA 17562.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

In the begining of Aug. we still had warm and dry weather. Aug. 9, we had a nice shower of 3 tenths of an inch. Some places they had 3 inches and hail damage.We also had showers off and on these last few weeks Our son Aaron (age 30) got kicked by a horse on Aug. 30th. It hit him in the stomach, and was taken to the (General) Hospital. He had such bad pain that they operated and found out he had ruptured bowels. He is still on I.V, Hasn't eaten or drank anything since he's in. He is coming along good though,but will probably be in the hospital a week. Home address: Box 35,Rd#1 Paradise,Pa 17562

Bartville, Area - Rebecca Beiler

Widower, Christian Stoltzfus and Children Moved to Katie Blank's tenant house, near Spring Garden on Saturday, Aug. 9th. They had sale for his stock and farm equipmenton the 27th. Christian Huyards' have plans to move on the vacated farm in September.

Nine Points Area - Mrs Ben S. Beiler

Aug. brought more warm weather dry weather the first few weeks, Then cooling off and rains the later part of the month. Enough rains to satisfy late corn crops and hay fields. Cool fall weather coming. as the month draws to a close . Had 1 inch rain during the night of the 31st.

Mary, wife of Daniel M. Stoltzfus, 78, 1467 Georgetown Rd., Christiana died on Aug. 19, at her home of heart failure after a lingering ailment. She was the oldest member of E. Nine Points District. See Obit.

Peach Botton Area - Christ Zook

August was fair weather with a few inches of rain, enough to keep crops growing, but could stand more rain for garden things. Again we have plenty to eat and much to be thankful for.

Jacob Ebersol's Elsie had an ear operation with one day in the hospital and coming along good.

Chester County, Penna. - J. Elmer Lapp

The month of August brought us more rain fall than July. On the 6th it rained 1.9 inches, on the 9th 1.1 inches on the 17th 9 inches, on the 22nd .5 inches . Also a few light showers with a total of 5 inches. 3rd cutting alfalfa was a fairly good crop. 4th cutting is about ready, which looks as if it might make as much , if not more. Corn in our immedate area is not ready for silo yet. It also looks like a good crop.

Delta, York Co., Penna. - Andrew H. Beiler

Our weather through Aug and since the middle of July has been on the dry side causing the corn to dry early. Silo filling has been earlier then most years. Our corn is a lot taller than last year, but the late corn doesn't have as big ears. Early planted corn looks like it will make a good crop. We have been having showers the last 2 weeks, in the amount of 3 and 4 inches, enough to settle the dust for silo fillers.

Mt PLeasant Mills Pa- Sam M. Troyer

August was a dry month so that corn will be short. Cantaloups were also short but most other crops have done well . We may have to lower our living standards just alittle, which could serve as a spiritual blessing, I'm afraid we are slipping out on the wide and pleasant road which lead to the wrong places. It's a very dangerous situation! The master could make a call at any time.

Folks are getting ready to fill Silo at and build fence, saw lumber, make wood, do carpentering work. Mose had a big pond made for irrigation.

McClure, Penna. - John Y. Speicher

Sunshine this morning, partly cloudy. We had rain last night which was very much needed. Also some rain last week after a long dry spell. The heavy storms passed by our area during July and August. Very warm the past two months, but the heat wave seems to be broken now. We had 90 and over day after day. Some corn will make a good crop while others is just fair. Silo filling has started. Our well was low, but had enough for our use. Late corn is nice and green, will make silage. Yonie Speichers had Public auction for their property, sawmill and other items. They moved to Reedsville,Rd1.

Beaver Springs, Pa. - Mrs. Emery A. Weaver

We had quite dry weather in for part of Aug. but the rain gauge shows 3 inches of lately. Was very warm and humid through the summer, but seems nobody is lacking food and things to can, peaches 10 dollars a bushel. Our school stated August 24 with Sarann Miller of Guy's Mill teaching. John A. Weaver was put on school board in John A. Troyer's place.

Juniati County, Penna. - David Y. Renno

August was on the dry side with a few light showers very spotty. Some areas had good rains and others 1/2 mile away got very little.Temperature was about normal. Corn is tall but lacking in areas. About a two thirds of normal crops.

Mifflin County, Penna. - Catherine Swarey

August started cool and showery with alittle over an inch till Aug. 5, then warm and dry. Highest temperature slightly over a 100 degrees during the middle of Aug. Warm day and night about 2 weeks. About Aug. 20 the heat wave changed, much cooler at night. Temperature low 40 degree temp. a few mornings.The last week, rain again. Aug. 26,27,28 making a total of 3.5 in rain for the month. Amish schools opened for a new term Aug. 26. Mrs Samuel Detweiler, (Lizzie) is laid up in with a sore hip since her accident when the carriage upset, results of the horse backing too fast while unhitching and turning to start home while making a call at the neighbors.

Franklin County, Penna. - Jacob E. Flaud

We had dry weather during the month of August. We had several nice rains during the last part of the month. Lawns and meadows are turning nice and green again. Farmers are busy filling silo and getting the seed ground ready.

Sally, wife of Jacob Flaud was injured on Saturday morning, Aug. 22nd when she slipped and fell and broke the small bone above the ankle. She was going to help with a benefit sale for the school and fell on the porch. She is wearing a cast.

Ruth, small daughter of Ben and Barbie (Glick) Esh, spent about a week at the Hershey Medical Center. She had two different operations. She had kidney trouble problems. She is home again and improving as good as can be expected. Her address is: Benjamin F. Esh, Otterbein Church Rd., Newburg PA 17240

Gettysburg, Penna. - Elizabeth A. Stoltzfus

The month of August was very warm and dry. Had many days with temperatures in the upper 80's or in the 90's. We had 2.4 inches of rain, with .6 in. falling on the 5th, .9 in. on the 22nd, .2 in. on the 28th and the late afternoon and night of the 31st, we had .7 inches. My report sounds very dry , about 5 or 6 miles south or southeast of us where our son-in-law, Jonas M. Beiler lives, they had more rain the first half of July, then what we had. Their corn and hay kept right on growing. They have had a very good crop year. Farmers are filling silo, some have picked corn. Some made their 3rd cutting of alfalfa hay, others have sowed small grain, which came up nice. Womenfolks have been busy canning peaches, tomatoes, applesauce etc.Public schools have opened their doors for another term (Aug. 31.) Our parochial schools opened yesterday morning. Lydia F. Byler wants to try her luck at teaching again after not teaching for 6 years. Lydia is 74 years old.

Path Valley, Penna - Daniel Z. Beiler

August started in warm and dry. It rained a few good showers on the 3rd week and temperatures dropped to 42 degrees one night. We have cool nights since, and warm during the day when the sun shines. Farmers are filling silo, some have started to plow.

Enos, 11, son of Daniel Z. Beiler fell off the horse which he was riding. He had a light head injury and also broke his left arm. He has to have it in a light cast for a month, he's getting along fine. Sarah Zook, 103, is about as she had been for awhile. She has a sore on her nose which they call something like skin cancer. It is big and puffed and quite bothersome for her. She is braiding rugs whenever she needs something to do.

Smicksburg, Penna. - Mrs. David E. Schlabach

Very little rain throughout the settlement for the last two weeks of July. On Sunday eve., July 2nd we had thunder-showers and recieved 1.1 inch of rain.

The thrashing ring is making it's round. The women folks are filling the cellar shelves with canned goods. Now mostly pickles and sweet corn.

Mrs. Dave E. Miller (Mary) was taken to Punxsy Hospital on the 3rd of Aug. When a blood vein busted and started bleeding. She was released the next day with an appointment to go back and remove the vein on the 18th, then Monday the 24, it started to bleed again. So she went in to get it checked. She has to stay off her feet as much as possible. Address is: RD 1 Box 37 Smicksburg, Pa 16256. Emery, 8 year old son of Loren Byler's got kicked by a horse on Aug. 3rd and was taken to Punxsy Hospital. the next day to get his spleen removed. He was a very sick boy for awhile. Came home Sat. the 8th, and is back to normal now. David E. Schlabach was hit in the mouth by a limb while cutting trees, cutting his upper lip which required stitches , broke his upper false teeth to pieces and pushed his lower (natural) teeth in.This happened on the 24th. He is nursing a sore mouth and doesn't expect to get false teeth for at least a month.Total rainfall for Aug. was 4 1/12 inches. Some farmers are starting to fill silo. Gardens are nearly empty. Most of the schools started Mon.31st.

Salisbury, Penna - J. Henry Mast

August has brought us some more much appreciated moisture, and also some cooler weather which is a welcome change from the warm and humid weather during July. Silo filling is in full swing. Corn is plenty dry in places. School started in the new school house on Monday, August 31st, with Hannah Kisinger in charge. There are still a few finishing touches to be done on the schoolhouse. Church Services were held at Joe Peachey's on Aug. 23rd. Baptismal services to be held at Bennie Summy's on Sept. 6 .

Meyersdale, Penna - Mary A. Kinsinger

Our weather for Aug. was warm and dry till the past week we've had more rain, some over 11/2 inch but more could be used,as the wells and ponds are still low. Also the creeks. But, the late gardens should benefit from it. It was also cooler in the 30's in the low spots. Silo filling has been started, but is plenty dry to plow for fall sowing. Schools are being started also. So fall seems to be around the corner.

Dover, Delaware, - Neil N. Hershberger

July was a warm, dry month. Only a few light showers making a total of 1.3 inches of rainand none to speak of the last two weeks. With our very warm weather and some days of very warm winds it has become very dry again. Corn is suffering much and hardly any growth in lawns, pastures and hay fields. High temperatures for the month was 104 degrees, on the 25th with many days of near 100.

Grain threshing is complete with fair to very good yields in oats. This year the winter oats outyielded spring oats.

Barn Fired by Lightning

The large dairy barn on the Allen A. Miller (formerly Adam H. Byler farm) burned down from lightning in early morning of the 28th.

August was a warm dry month except for the last 10 days it cooled off, but the ground remained very dry. Most silos are filled but it took more acres and with less grain. Hardly any other field work can be done until we get more moisture. Total rainfall for the month was 2.4 inches, with high temperatures of 103 degrees on the 9th and a low of 46 on the 24th.

The Eastern Teacher's Metting was held here at the Emanuel Yoder home with a good attendance. A total of 145 teachers with 55 beginning teachers were present.

The first on the news line is the forth coming marriage of widdower Harry A. Miller and widow Clara Byler of Lawrence Co., PA. The wedding is to be at the home of Harry's son Henry on Sept. 10.

St. Marys Co., Md., Amos R. Stoltzfus

July was warm and mostly warm and dry. Aug. contiued much the same till the middle of the month it was cooler. mornings were gorgeous, but we had so little rain it was quite dry and dusty. Silo filling started earlier than usual. Corn seems longer and especially early corn better than the last two years it was so dry in the spring. Hay crops are again pretty short It may mean much hay buying again. the furniture shop at Solly Kurtz burned down 2:30 Sat. morning, Aug. 22.They don't know how it started, except linseed oil rags which they'd been using the night before, which can ignite by themsleves if the condition is right.The new shop was up by Tues eve. Schools opened Aug. 31st with approx. 165 scholars. A new school house opened this year near Budds Creek. There are 3 new teachers. Former teacher

Sally Swarry is in bed with rheumatic fever c/o Levi Swarry, Mechanicsville,Md 20659

Sarasota FL - Noah Stutzman

Greetings to The Diary! Another warm 90 degree day, so it feels good in the shade. We are looking for Henry Millers' and Menno Swartzentrubers' back by Sunday. Some left again for Indiana. Dan Marners', Abraham Knepps' went to Southern Indiana to visit friends. We miss people more when gone in summer than in winter time for a good reason. We have at least a few more here in winter. Joni Weavers' are not back yet and Eli Burkholders' also went north again, I don't know if they are back yet or not.

The County is still working on Baha Vista Street and will yet for a while. To us it looks like they dig a hole and cover it up again the next day so they have something to do. On the other hand we know they have water pipes, electric wires and so on to content with.

Neighbor, Mrs. Noah miller is laid up with a sore foot right now but he is improving. Mrs. Raber is also gaining which she had not been for awhile as I was informed. As for us, we are doing pretty good. For awhile the heat did effect me but am doing OK. We are looking for our northern friends now in a month or two.

Marion KY - Samuel Hertzler

August continued warm above normal for the month, but it has cooled off the past week. We had below 60 degrees one morning. It is quite dry at present, for the first time this summer.

Some corn is being combined. Sorghum cooking is at the point of starting. There seems to be an increase in acreage every year.

Joseph, 12 year old son of Amos A. Masts' was kicked by a pony, in the face on Aug. 25th, breaking both jaws on the right side of his face and also knocked out some teeth. He is home from the hospital, but still has his jaws wired.

Park City KY - Enos A. Yoder

The forepart of August had a few days up to 100 degrees and some days in the nineties. After the dog days it got cooler but on Aug. 26st it was up to 100 again. On Aug. 17th we got 1.3 inches of rain & on the 27th .7. Otherwise we had a few light showers. I heard of storm and hail at places.

Work among men folks is cutting tobacco for the english folks and cutting corn. I think some corn should be about ready for the crib. Women are sewing and quilting. According to what I heard Knapp shoes sales are dropping as a member of our group is buying his shoes at Wal-Mart instead of Knapp.

Dunnville KY - Marie Schlabach

July was rather dry. The first part was not so warm but the last part was real warm and some days quite humid, but cooled off mostly at night. We had over 7 inches of rain for the month. But with the warm weather it drys off fast. We often have a nice breeze with morning temperatures varying from 58 degrees to 70,and daytime readings up to 95.

Tobacco is being topped and sprayed for suckers. Are also still picking peppers and tomatoes. Field corn is denting and ears starting to hang down. Some has dry husks already. Seems to be a good crop despite the dry. We had very foggy mornings which seems to help.

Ethridge TN. - Daniel M. Gingerich

Uncle Ura J. Gingerich has been sick and laid up with a heart condition the last while. Several weeks ago he had some kind of an attack and was in the hospital over night. The doctor gave him some kind of medication and strict orders to stay inside unless the temperatures dropped below 85. He has been resting and taking it easy ever since, although he seems to be feeling better and has been out of the house off and on lately. He thinks and hopes it will not take more medicine to get himself better and of course help from above. Ura was ordained deacon last fall. Grandma Lizzie Gingerich has moved to her daughter and son -in - laws, Levi and Barbara Hershberger now. She seems to feel better than at times. They are building a room onto their house for her. Schools started on August 17th, our oldest child started this term. Time seems to fly. Only 8 1/2 years ago we were married. Recently an acquaintance reminded me that I'll prbably have a son-in-law before I realize it. Hopefully it will be awhile yet. Weather wise it has been really dry this past month, also fairly hot. We did have 2 or 3 light showers but they didn't seem to do much good. Late corn is not much good. It has turned brown before maturing fully. Peppers are ripening fast on account of dry weahter they are also small. The first pickings turned out pretty good. Some fields would still do good if they had rain.The temperature has been up and down some. We had a couple ofnights now that were down in the 60's also some around 80. A couple of days have been up to 100 and above.

Nunnely, Tenn. - Lester F. graber

June 21st we had services in the afternoon at the David S. Borntrager home for Eddie D. Borntrager of Hazelton Ia. Eddie arrived here on Friday afternoon and left for home on Monday with David Borntragers' who were on their way to Michigan.

Visitors in church on June 28th at Truman Borbtragers' were Jacob J. and Elizabeth Gingerich and Andy S. and Sarah Yoder of Ethridge, TN. they arrived here with horse and buggy on Friday afternoon and left again on Monday.

The Freeman and Floyd Schmucker families of Howe, IN arrived here on the 29th and spent a few days with their brother and family, the LaVerne Schmuckers'. Work progressed on a barn for the Schmuckers here while the brothers were here.

Many visitors were here in the area for a few days over the 25th, which was the wedding day of Samuel Girod and Edna Bontrager. Everybody left again by Friday although we would enjoyed it if some stayed over the weekend.

Samuel and Edna Girod live in the basement of her parents home near Lyles.

The first half of July month we had showers almost daily. It turned more dry during the rest of the month and we had lots of warm weather, with daytime readings in the 90s.

Produce is appearing at local farmer's stands and a lot is raised around here, such as tomatoes, sweet corn, watermelons, cantalopes, green beans and other items. Rudy D. Borntrager and son went after a load of peaches in South Missouri recently.

Visitors in church at Truman D. Borntragers for Harold Smith on the 26st was Eli Shetler of Clark MO. He arrived here Saturday and left for home and Marion KY first of the week.

Truman R. Borbtrager had a few misfortunes last week, but maybe things are going better now. Tue. eve, July 28th he cut his one finger on a table saw while building bird houses. The next day when there was a frolic at the writer's place, to build a barn, Truman went to the spring with his rig to get fresh water. Coming back, a truck scared his horse which took off down over a bank, ending with one buggy wheel was smashed, but no injuries. Sometime earlier his sister accidently spilled some hot water over herself.

Amos J. Borntrager was also using crutches, as he apparently twisted his knee in such a way as to stretch or tear a ligament. At last report he was better again.

Samuel and Edna Girod are busy working on the J.A. Howell produce farm.

Harold Smith has his sawmill in operation for a month already. He was set up at Rudy D. Borntragers` and cut quite a bit for him which they plan to use in expanding their house and also hog operations. Building from scratch, he has built a successful band mill. Although there are still some modifiations and bugs to work out, he is doing a good job of cutting lumber.

The lumber for our barn was cut by J. Yoder of Marion KY. When he had his wood-mizer here a year ago Harold's Mill is patterned somewhat after the wood-mizer, but there are vital differences.

Since I didn't have enough lumber left over from last year for the barn, I used an Alaskan Mark lll lumber mill with my chain saw to cut what I still needed right where the tree fell. With practise, this mill is turning out lumber, far better than I could carry logs to the sawmill for, and about the same time. However, I got a few complaints on the day of our barn raising concerning the hardness of the oak sheating I had cut, instead of the easier handling pine left over from the house construction!

Southern Mercer Co., Penna. - Eli H. Kurtz

The first 2 days of August were a little wet, then we had sunshine from the 4th to the 8th , followed by 2 days of rain. Had mostly sunshine from the 11th to the 21st, then several wet days. the 28th was cloudy all day with a little rain. Daytime temperature averaged from 60 to 86, morning temperature from 44 to 70, the coolest being on the 25th. Silo filling has started , and women are still busy with canning vegetables. Peaches are being hauled in by truckers, also Bartlett pears.The 8 month old baby of Moses C. and Racheal Byler was having a slight touch of Pneumonia. School doors will open Mon. August 31st.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. David J. Byler

We had dry on the first part of August. High temperatures from 80 to 90 degrees. The last part of the month we had rain.

Allen Fisher is now at home and doing good, he now weighs 12 lb.6 oz. He was home now for almost 3 weeks.

Conneautville, PA - Menno E. Fisher

We again had some very warm and humid days in August, but not for such long periods of time as in July . We had several wet spells , with several inches of rain at a time .Otherwise we had nice weather and lots of sunshine. Nights are begining to get cool, and the days seem more autumn like. Here and there a tree or two is even begining to change colors. Rainfall reached a total of 7.72 inches . Greatest temp. was 90 degrees. Lowest was 39 degrees on the morning of the 25th.

Spartansburg, Penna. - Thomas B. Miller

Aug. Started in hot and humid for a few days, then we had a thunder shower on the 7th and then we had very pleasant days. Oats were cut and thrashed. Second cutting hay was made and silo filling has begun . Corn is standing thick and tall this year. We had nice days most of the month with a rainy day about once a week. On the week of the 24th we had almost every day. Women folk are busy canning sweet corn, tomatoes, peaches pickles etc.

Union City, Penna. - Levi D. Stutzman

We had seasonal weather in August. The south end of the settlement toward Brown Hill got several storms on the 2nd which uprooted trees and flattened grain still in the fields. (the Amish had the oats all cut), and dumped 3.5 inches of rain . We at the north end got only 1.6 inches without that much wind. We had several sprinkles the next week then .7 on the 9th .Then it was in the dry side with only a little sprinkle on the 17th and 7.5 incheson the 22nd. The 27th and 28th were rainy again, clearing on the 29th. Fair on the 30th, more than on the 31st. Total rain in my glass registered 6.8 inches. Early corn is dented and people may start filling silo this week.

Geauga County, Ohio - Eli E. Miller Jr.

We had some nice rains in the first part of August, but it was quite dry through the middle of the month until the 21st &22nd we had 2 inches. Some places reported over 3 inches. So the ground was quite soaked. We had about another inch this last week again. It cooled off so nice.

The farmer's are done thrashing oats with yields up to 80 bushel per acre. But some real light oats too. Farmers are filling silo as the corn is earlier this year. Field corn is about all ripe and looks like a good crop. Some fall plowing is being done for winter grain. Dairy cows are bringing a better price at sales.

Navarre, Stark Co.O - Mrs. Sam J. Hershberger

We had a month of very warm, dry weather from the middle of July until mid-August. Showers of less than 1 inch were welcomed in the middle of August and by the 22nd the good soaking rains began. Although we have a rain gauge I can't give the Amount of rain. Everything looks green and growing once more. Indications are for an early fall, however. Grapes are ripe a few weeks earlier than usual as most crops have been this year. Silos have been filled mostly, and some have started husking corn for the crib. I believe those early fields are not too numerous tho.

WAYNE and HOLMES CO, OH - REPORTS

Apple Creek, Kidron Area - John L. Stutzman

August has brought some good rains, in the last half of the month. The first half was warm and humid. Silo filling is about over with. Corn is turning fast, the ears are hanging down, the husk is opening up. It looks like corn husking is just around the corner. Some are trying to make 3rd cutting hay between showers. The cider presses have opened up with plenty of apples around.

Baltic, Area - John L. Yoder

Crop and weather report. Our month of August ended our dry spell bringing along quite a few showers, grass fields are nice and green. Farmers are trying to fill silo between showers. Temperatures also dropped some making it more comfortable for people and horses to work. The corn crop looks good and is turning color. Hog, pig and cattle prices are good yet.

Boy Recievs 3rd Degree Burns

Tragedy struck the Robert L. Miller family Monday eve. about dark when Robe's son Danny went upstairs with a lanter. When he entered the upstairs, an explosion took place due to a leak in gas lines. Danny jumped 20 feet and from their went to their pond a short distance from their house. He recieved 3rd degree burns. About 60 percent of his body. He is in The Burn Center, Akron, Ohio. Rob also entered the Dover hospital the same eve. due to a heart condition, but is at home again. Firemen saved the house from a total loss, but the upstairs had to be rebuilt, which is now under roof again. Mail will reach the family at Baltic Ohio R.1 43804

Fredricksburg Area- Eli E. Hostetler

August was late summer month with mostly cool nights and warm in the afternoon, with enough moisture to finish the bumper corn crop, although we had a few rainless weeks, which ripened the early corn and started silo filling. Heavy rains the last weeks caused some wet silo filling. There is still some late alfalfa hay to make. Fall apples and pears are plentiful although some were damaged by hail.

Pastures are greening since the heavy rain. Fall plowing is well along. Sept. 1st temperature 44 degrees.

Barrs Mills Area - Jonas N. Bontrager

Third cutting hay is being made which was a short crop. Silos are being filled. The early corn is a good crop. Lawns did not need mowing for a few weeks. Pastures are fair. Gardens are about done. Potatoes are mostly dug. Apples are ready to pick. We had 4 inches of rain in August, mostly in the latter part. It has really cooled off since it started to rain.

Holmesville Area - Monroe A. Weaver

The first week in August averaged 90 degree temperature. We had about weekly rains that amounted to 5 inches. Third cutting cutting hay was fair, corn looks good and farmers are filling silo. It cooled off the last 10 days. Everything is early this year.

The schools started today, a few had started last week.

Ashland Ohio - Ammon A. Troyer

We had lots of rain in August, which makes it hard to get the silos filled. Some have filled tho. The schools have started on the 31st. We have 7 schools, all full.

Fredricktown Ohio - Sarah Miller

August started in very dry. We got a shower on the 9th of 1.5 inches. Had very nice weather after the rain, cooler. The week of the 23rd till the the last of August was very damp and rainy, with temperatures in the lower 50s in the morning.

Canning is about at the end for this summer. Fruit was plenty this year, vegetables a little scarce, but much to be thankful for.

Eli S. Wengerd was in the hospital a few days with gangerine in his leg. He is still in bed Their address is TR 82 RR# 2 Belleville OH 44813.

Barn Burned while Thrashing

Jacob Schlabachs barn burned to the ground. They were thrashing and they think something went through the machine that made sparks. They got everything out except the grain and all the hay and straw burned, it is a big loss. They are having the raising tomarrow (Sept.2nd) for the barn. Their address is RR# 2 Belleville OH 44813.

Schools doors open on Monday for another term, with teachers Barbara R. Yoder, Anna D. Miller, Sarah A. Fisher, Frieda D. Hershberger and Anna Mary Byler.

Butler Ohio - Alvin Yoder

July was very dry. We didn't have any rain to speak of all month. Thrashing is in full swing with oats doing good. The Oats were lodged badly due to the heavy rains in June. Sweet corn and tomatoes are on the menu. Cantaloupes are just starting. Produce prices are down, especially sweet corn. Lots of good second cutting hay was put up because of no rain. It's so dry that the buzzards are screaming for water. Lots of 100 degree temperatures.

Mrs. Joni Nisley is laid up with a sore leg. They believe it to be an ulcer.

Our area has been rather dry again through August, till the last week. Silo filling is in full swing. Everything seems to be preparing for an early frost. Grapes are ripening, also pears

Stockport Ohio - Warren L. Fussner

August through the 17th was warm and dry. On the evening of the 17th we had a shower of .8 inch, which was welcome. It was somewhat cooler until the 22nd when we again had .4 inch of rain. Again nice with a few sprinkles on the 25th and 26st. On the 28th we had a few light showers. The remainder of the month was somewhat cooler.

Farmers are cutting corn and filling silo. Some late cutting hay being made. Corn is drying down fast due to the dry weather we had. Some is ready to crib in some areas.

Vernon E. Stutzmans' have their new house well underway. They had several frolics in the past 3 weeks.

Johnny E. Stutzman somehow fell off of the rake and spent one night in Parkesburg. W. Va. Hospital. He had some punctures from the rake teeth.

Milk prices seem to be holding at $10.85 for grade B can, 3.5%. Fat hogs remain in the upper 50s to low 60s. We sold 3 fat sows which brought $49.95 cwt. last week. Ear corn is selling at $1.70 to $1.90 per bushel. Shelled corn is around $1.50 at the elevators. Sorgum cooking is starting.

Schools have opened as of today. Goshen Run with 27 scholars, Dena U. Gingerich as teacher. Fairview with 17 scholars, Esther Gingerich as teacher.

Hicksville Ohio - David Raber

Martha Shetler had surgery on Aug. 25th to remove one large tumor and 5 small ones. Mrs. John Schmucker had surgery to remove a cyst.

Marcus Steury had his 8th operation. He is 3 years old.

August was very dry until the last week we got over 4 inches of rain. Corn and beans are finishing because of dry weather. Gardens are finishing too but we reap bountiful.

School doors are opening again'

New Haven IN - Mrs. John Schmucker

We had a few very hot and humid days with temperatures up in the 90s in the beginning of the month and had very little rain until the last week we got 4 inches. Some folks are starting on their corn. School started again for this term, Aug. 15th.

Bishop Sam J. Graber, 79, had a 3 by-pass heart surgery and also a pacemaker put in as they found that 40% of his heart was damaged from a heart attack the week before. He is getting along good for his age.

Andy Eicher Jr. came home from a Cleveland, OH Hospital after being there almost 6 weeks. They couldn't get his breathing back to where it was before he got worse this last time.

Mrs. Jonas (Emma) Graber is to have gall stones surgery this week. They had to get the infection cleared up before they could operate.

Monroe IN - Mary Ann Hilty

August has been humid, sultry, warm, and dry. On the 26th ,27th,and 28th we had dreab cloudy and rainy days. We had rain each day until it totaled 4 inches. A good rain to fill up those big cracks in the ground. Silo filling is over. Corn field are golden brown and some farmers have started to husk. Crops and gardens have been so full of abundance. Canning days are slowing down, as the gardens have that "I've had it" look. Never has a summer passed as quickly as this one—and I think I know why. Crochet orders kept me "panting" all summer, with now Christmas orders piling up. So it keeps me busy the rest of the year. Those big yellow school busses are on the road again— school doors opened Aug. 25th.

Four year old, Joseph, son of Joe U. Schwartz, RR# 1 Monroe IN 46772, broke his arm when he fell off the barn door while watching the family doing the evening milking on Aug. 10th. Baby, Lucinda F. Shetler is now a patient in Riley Childrens Hospital in Indianapolis since Aug. 14th. The Dr. now says she has lung ailment. She is 6 month old, weighs only 6 pounds. She spent most of her life in hospitals. Hospital bills are over $70,000. Her parents are Jake M. and Freida Shetler, RR# 1 Monroe IN 46772. They need encouragement.

Shipshewana IN - Anna Eash

We had a hot and dry August, much like other areas. Corn and soy beans were hurt by the dry weather, but still are a good crop. Corn is matured and some have filled silo which is early. Some Later planted soy beans may be helped some by the 2 inch rain we had on the 25th & 26th. It was the first rain since July 29th except 1/3 inch on Aug 1st and Aug. 17th. We had much high humidity and things look fall-like. An abundant crop of tomatoes and cucumbers. Peaches and pears are brought in and selling reasonable. Melons were a good crop. We have so much to be grateful for.

Kokomo IN - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

We had a fair amount of moisture in the beginning of August, with .6 inch on the 2nd and 9th, but with temperature range in the 90s it was soon taken up again. The last of the month was cooler, with temperatures dropping to 40 degrees one morning. We a 5 day rain period from the 24th to 29th bringing us a total of 4.5 inches of rain, so the lawns are once a lush green and late gardens are revived again. The crops all seem to be producing well, another blessing from our God above.

Two of our senior members are reaching 95 in September. Joe E. Hersgberger the 1st, who is still quite active and Andy (Clara) Swartzentruber the 21st who is nearly blind and gets around with a walker at times.

Montgomery IN - Elizabeth Mae Raber

August was a warm and dry month, we had 19 days of 90 degrees or more and it was 100 degrees on the 3rd and 22nd and 101 0n the 2nd which was high for the month. We also had 5 days of 98 degrees . We had .7 inch of rain on the 17th and a few little showers after that so the total rainfall was 1 inch for the month. Pasture fields are rather brown except for the weeds, but hay fields are green yet. Early corn will soon be ready to harvest. Grapes have been very plentiful.

David, 15 year old son of Lester Marners' is at home and doing quite well after his accident a little over 4 weeks ago when the first 3 fingers on his right hand were seriously injured while working at the Raber's Buggy Wheel Shop. He was in the hospital in Louisville KY Hospital and in surgery 11 hours the first night.

Larry Wagler received a badly broken leg when his horse was scared of a dog and somehow got his foot in the buggy wheel and was thrown out. He is in the hospital in Jasper. He had the same leg broken in Jan. of '86, but not at the same place. He then, had a runaway with his team.

Lovington Illonois - Henry R. Yoder

The month of August was typical for the season very warm at first, but soon had lower temperature the first 1/2 and hot and the latter cooler with warm a day or two at a time. Plenty of moisture through out the month. Weeds sprung up as fast in July and Aug. as I can remember, the lawns are green and hardly we need to mow regular to keep trim. Soybeans and corn are ripening fast. Some beans have been harvested, all things point toward an early harvest.Perhaps the earliest we've experienced even many of the trees have leaves that look like fall. Would it be because they came out earlier than usual? Schools are starting, which seems hardly possible. Hard to realize that the summer is gone even though say more hot days than any year on record ,which will soon be forgotten especially when the north wind blows and snow flurries in the air. Soybeans are 4.94 at present corn and soybeansboth took a drop when the last Gov't report came out.Corn is down from previous month to 1.49 per bushel of 56# wt.We had a light storm through parts of the area, a roof was partly taken from a chicken house and trees toppled.

Revere MO - Jacob A. Mast

Our dry weather came to an end on the night of Aug.12, a nice rain bringing the total of around 3 1/2 inches in the next few days, this was our first good soaking rain since April 12, also had some rain since.Taking down silos and rebuilding them is the main work among the menfolks, also cementing basements etc. Plans are to rebuild 3 houses and several barns yet this fall or early winter in community . Schools are starting today, Aug 31, with Sarah and Anna Mast as teachers, we have 2 schools and 44 scholars.

Seymour MO - Menno D. Schwartz

Wtih August getting in to past, Silo filling is in full swing , and our dry, hot, humid weather was broken by the fall rains.

Lightning Strikes Hog Barn

And by a storm, lightening, thundering, heavy rain, we were struck- in the hog plat form from lightening, killing 28 fat hogs. But that was nothing only animals were hit. We had good rains though, helping the grass. We have not got our potatoes dug yet, but I think it's a pretty good crop.Young ducks still being born, anybody want some? ha! We have pulled in some nice big fish lately, but are hard to catch in the right mood. Live stock still about same price. Are a good price.

Windsor MO - Mrs. Monroe Hershberger

August had rains again as we needed them, throughout the month.

The Oldest Old Order Member

To Monroe Weaver of Holmesville Ohio—the oldest old order church member is Mrs Delila Bontrager of Goshen Indiana. She was 105 years old on August 16th. Her health still seems good, but her mind is gone, not remembering her own children of late.Two years ago when we visited her, she talked about happenings of 60- 80 years ago. She is my Step-Grandmother. She also has a sister-in-law living at Garnet Kansas whose husband was the late bishop John A. Yoder, 102 1/2 years old. Her mind is good and still reads and writes. (my mother Aunt).

A van load from here, attended the annual Western School meeting at Bloomfield Iowa, Aug. 13 and 14. Our surplus - auction was well attended on Aug. 8th. Henry (Bish.) Hertzlers sold their items here, also, then moved to Bonduel, Wi. On Aug. 17. They have 10 children ranging from 2-20. Plans are to have Baptismal services Sunday ,also a wedding Sept.3rd,. Both schools started Aug. 26th.Teachers are Clara H.Yoder and Alta Herschberger.

Pickton, Texas - Andrew Beiler

RR# 1 Box 141, Pickton TX 75471

No rain to speak of through August. Only a few dust settlers. It's Dry! If it wouldn't be for the earlier wet summer we'd have dyer.

Most days through the month have been the same, Warm! Temperatures in the upper 90s and into the 3 digit mark with night temperatures in the 80s. the last few nights cooled to 70 degrees. We even got coats out for early mornings. We can expect cooler weather not far off. Native people here say as soon as we get a good rain we'll see cooler weather.

Dairy cows and springing heifers are still high. A load came in to the dairy here yesterday. The average price was around $1000. Earlier he bought 44 first calf heifers for $1000. apeice. Young calves are high, going to veal barns.

More presssure is on illegal Mexican boys. There are more jobs open for our families. The threats to fine anybody that hires illegal is taking some effect on the dairymen. They are not so quick to hire them.

There are 4 Amish families here all within 4 miles. Our closest church is Clarita, OK or Stephensville, TX 200 miles away. We are located halfway between Winnsboro and Sulfur Springs on Highway 11.

Chouteau OK - Mrs. John M. Bontrager

July was very warm and humid. On July 23, Menno S. and Susie Bontrager of LaGrange In. with their 5 children, Sarah ,Menno Jr, Samuel, Ora, And David plus their Grandson William Miller ,Son of Joe D. and Mary Miller of Centerville Mi. They left again on July 31st. On July 31st our son Henry Jay 6, started complaining about a stomach ache which we thought was the flu and treated it for the flu, but by Sunday morning, we took him to the emergency room where they soon were operating on him to remove his burst appendix. Luckily no gangerine had set in yet, but he had been very sick and had to stay a week before coming home but is fully recovered now. Published to be married are: Lorene Miller daughter of Norman & Fannie Miller to Glendon Ropp son of Lloyd Ropp of Kolona Io.to be married on Oct. 1 . Erma Faye Miller daughter of Norman and Fannie & Miller to Dean Knepp son of David and Anna Mae Knepp of here to marry on Oct.8. On Oct. 6 Lydia Graver, 81 had a stroke which paralized her left side. She was in the hospital around a week than moved into a nursing home . She has improved some,but has to be fed through a tube and can't talk. They've been having her sit on a chair part time . Now at the last of Aug. We've been having very nice cool weather with some rain and thunder storms.

Immigration

Alfred Yoder Moved to this area recently from Gonzales TX. There address is : RR# 1, Inola Ok.

Clarita OK - Kathyrn Miller

July was warm & dry with very little rain.

Emanuel Millers Visited with their sons and families, the Vernon and Norman miller for about a week.

August started in very warm & dry. On the 17th we had 3 inches of rain, then on the 26st we had a wind and rainstorm and got 5.5 inches.

On the 12th Dan Mast and dau. Wilma, Edward Yoders and Andy Millers and Amos, John, and Malinda left for the School meeting at Bloomfield, Iowa. Andys' with their children went to the Milton area to visit friends there. On the 17th Elmer Yoder Jr. recieved word that his dad died so Elmers and Noah Coblentzes left for Canada. They picked up Andy Millers in Jamesport, MO. They all returned on the 25th.

A Big Bull on the Highway Causes an Accident

The rest of the load that had gone to Iowa, met with a little accident before got home. They met a big bull out on the highway. The driver couldn't see him very well in the dark and hit the bull on the right side, toppling the pickup Nobody was seriously hurt. They took Mrs. Edward Yoder and the driver's wife to the emergency room to remove glass and splinters.

Malinda, 7, Andys daughter, stepped on a rusty nail out in the chicken yard. We tried to take care of it at home, but couldn't do anything to relieve the pain. So dad took her to a Doctor, he said blood poison had set in, so they took her to the hospital. She is hoping to be discharged today the 31st. She now broke out with a rash from the penicillin they gave her.

Elm Creek School is starting this morning with Edward Yoder as teacher.

Partridge Kansas - Edward A. Mast

The first two weeks were more average warm and dry. But the last two weeks we had plenty of rain, about 3.75 inches the last week and cooler.

Row crops are looking real good. Like there might be an extra cutting of alfalfa too. Hay and cattle prices are high.

Haven Kansas - Mrs. Enos Schrock

Crops look good, silos being filled. It is mostly wet and cool the last of month. The first of the month we had some 100 degree weather. Now the weather very fall-like already. We had 54 degrees one morning.

Mrs. Tobe Petersheim is laid up being in bed for 3 weeks with open sores in the leg. Our oldest member, D. K. Bontrager, 96, wasn't able to be in church yesterday, Aug. 30, at the Glen Helmuth residence. He is up and keeps going as much as possible. His mind is good.

A chartered bus had gone to Topeka, IN for a Eli S. Schrock reunion on Aug. 15, 1987, with a good turnout. Over 200 people were present. They were from Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Minnesota, Michigan and Ohio.

Bloomfield Iowa - Daniel D. Yoder

Laster Detweiler and Wilbur Helmuths spent several days visiting Mose Millers of Baltic, Ohio, and also attended a school consignment sale. Carol, dau. of Adin Millers' went to the school meeting at Aylmer, Ont. with a load from Spencer. Amos Borntragers of Piketon, Ohio visited with her folks, Dan Schwartzes, last week.

Was very dry through here in July and first week in Aug.Then the rains started to come, greening up pastures and lawns. Also it really gave fall gardens a boost. Suppose we've had around 5"-6" of rain in various showers throughout the rest of Aug. In general, corn looks very promising, although late planted, and the thick planted seems to be affected some. Gardens produced abundantly, but the heat of over 100 degree days in a row scorched tomatoes, cucumbers, melons badly, killing the vines bringing them soon to an end. A few tomatoes can be found now and then. A few surplus auctions among our people and some moving on farms through the summer. The annual Western school meeting was held in our community the 13th and the 14th of Aug. with around 450-500 people each day. Was interesting and worth while.

Independence Iowa - Clara Nisley

August wasn't as hot as July was, although we had some warm days. It cooled off in the later part of the month. It was dry the first part but we had plenty of rain since.

Mrs. Rudy Helmuth had an appendix operation the first part of the month. It had burst already so she was in the hospital about a week but is at home again and improving. Neal Kurtz also hurt his arm someway in his saw shop . I don't how bad it was , but think he missed church because of it.

Some of Andy Raber's boys had an accident when they were on of a load of bales and the horses ran away. They all tumbled off, Daniel cracked a bone in his wrist and Abe broke both ankles. Daniel has or had a splint on his wrist and Abe has both legs in cast. He was on a wheelchair the last I heard, so he could get around. Their addresses are RR# Hazelton, Iowa 50641 % Andy Raber.

The leaves are starting to change color and garden things are being emptied which is a sure sign of fall.

Pine City Minn. - Phineas Borntrager

The month of August wasn't quite so warm. We had a few nice showers in Aug. The corn made quite progress since our July rains. Silo filling has started and some are also putting corn on shocks. We had quite a few hail on Saturday evening, some about the size of gulf balls and smaller. Farther south they had more. 2nd cutting hay is also being put up. It is a good crop.

Harmony Minn. - Mrs. Chriss Stutzman

The first few days in Aug were very warm in the 90's. Had some rain and cooled off a bit. A few cloudy and foggy mornings till about noon. Enough scattered showers that it was more of a time to get second cutting of hay in. Had around 5 inches rain during the month Silo filling is staring. Some flu going around with stomach disorders, while some had severe abdominal pain. Mrs. Jacob Byler had it pretty hard, couldn't keep down food and had started to dehydrate. Was a little better by last reports. Mrs Eli J. Hershberger was in the hospital over the weekend with severe pains. Doctors were little puzzled with her condition.

Pardeesville Wis. - Mrs. Joe E. Bontrager

Weather very warm and damp. Corn is several weeks ahead of usual .Oats were light. Hay is fair. Gardens were beautiful. Had plenty of rain most of the summer. Weddings are coming up in the comunity, Kennth Schwartz and Marilyn Mast for Sept. 10, also Ernest Otto and Sarah Bontrager Sept. 17.

Amherst Wis. - Ben C. Borntreger

Our weather in August was still warm and humid-like the first part of the month. Had some rain too, but last part its more cooler and we could use rain. Feels like fall is coming. Oats were thrashed but yields were not too high on account of dry weather earlier. Corn will soon be ready to cut. Tomatoes are a good crop, as well as watermelons and most other garden vegetables. Blackberries produced very good this year also.

On Sat. a donation sale was held in our community. The proceeds will go to the above mentioned hospital bills. We had a fair turnout. Many non-Amish donated items also.

Mrs. Ike Borntrager had a minor accident at the sale, when she and some other women were sitting on some beds and mattresses which were to be sold. Mrs. Borntrager was sitting on the end of the bed which broke down and the bed spring cut a gash in the back of her foot, which bled quite a bit. Have not hear since how she is getting along.

Augusta, Wis. - Joseph Schrock

August is past! Thrashing is done and silo filling is well under way and some silos to put up yet. The warmest we had was 92 degrees and the lowest on the 24th was 37. There is still some 2nd crop hay to make but it takes extra time to dry the hay with so cool nights but it is a lot nicer to work. Rainfall 3 inches.

Wilton, Wis. - Ben E. Borntreger

July was a rather warm, above average temperature month, quite sultry and humid at times. Good growing weather with a lot of corn being waist high by the 4th. Corn is mostly tasseled out. We had around 6 inches of rain through July. Oats were cut early but wasn't very good thrashing weather as we had rain every day the last 6 days in July. It was hard to dry 2nd cutting hay which looks like a good crop.

August has brought us a little cooler weather and about 2 inches of rain. It was fairly good haying weather. A lot of 2nd and 3rd cutting was put up without being rained on, which was a heavy crop. There are still some not finished. Corn is denting and silo filling has started. We had a few mornings of in the 40s.

Evansville, Wis. - Mrs. Ivan Bontrager

I'm having a hard time to remember that the end of each month means a letter to The Diary.

Here in southern Wisconsin we've had a very warm and somewhat dry summer until Aug. Since then we've had plenty of moisture, and mostly beautiful summer weather between showers.

Everything is early, with some silos filled. The feel of October is in the air.

As usual there was quite a bit of traveling this summer. Wallace Millers and their married children here, also Wm. J. Millers of Kansas who have been here for the past week, have all left for Arthur, Ill. to attend the wedding of Beth Ann Miller. She is the first of Wallaces' grandchildren to marry.

Last week our family attended the wedding of Ivan's niece, Esther, daughter of Daniel A. Millers of Topeka, Ind. to Dan, son of Raymond Millers' of Ohio. We were also at the surprise homecoming on Sunday for Ivan's Parents, Harry and Polly Bontrager of Topeka.

Five couples from here, also teacher Susan Miller (Wallaces') and Loretta Otto (LeRoys') attended the school meeting at John J. Jutzys'

Chetek, Wis. - Mrs. Henry Lehman

We've had plenty dry till about about the middle of July. We had some wind and heavy thunder and very heavy rains, which really boosted everything. But the heat and high humidity hangs on. Most days are up in the 90s and also not so good sleeping nights. We had close to 8 inches of rain in the last week.

Oats cutting is quite a hassel in some fields as the heavy rains and wind laid it down. Corn looks very good. Gardens are producing good too in spite of the dry we had earlier. Blackberries are plentiful this year. We are indeed blessed with an abundance of everything. The good Lord provideth for us.

The first part of August was still warm and humid part time. But the rest of the month had quite a bit of rain—enough the thrashing being done. There is still some left to do. It is also hard to finish the last of 2nd cutting of hay.

The school house has now been moved to it's new location on the Joe W. Schrock property. School are to open on Sept. 7th. Rosa J. Lehman will teach again this term.

Cashton Wis. - Joe C. Bontrager

The weather through August was from warm to a little dry. We had plenty of moisture and cool weather the last 2 weeks. Hay and oats were a fair crop. The corn looks good and promising so far.

Greenwood Wis. - Jonas P. Bontrager

Temperatures for Aug ranged from 36, on the 24th to 93 on the 1st. light frost was seen on the 24th, the total rainfall for Aug. was 4 1/10 with the biggest rain fall being 2 inches on the 9th. Silo filling is in full swing .This is the first time since we live here "11 years" that we started thrashing oats in July and also the first time we started filling silo in Aug., everything is a little earlier, due to the hot weather we had this summer. Ervin D. Gingerich got his hand in the motor fan and hurt it bad enough that he was in the hospital over night I really don't know how bad it was.Our schools are opening their doors again today, Aug.31st.for another season.

Blair Wis. - Mrs Moses B. Miller

August was so pleasant, mostly sunny. We had a few rainy days, about the right amount of moisture to make pastures and fields nice and green. It has been cooler than in July. Very nice 3rd cutting hay is being made. Silos are being filled. Corn will soon be ready to pick.

Fannie, 11, dau. of Ira A. and Susie Bontrager broke her left arm on an outdoor trempaline. It was a bad break . The Doctor put in plates and screws.

Medford Wis. - Clarence Miller

July was still dry and we had some very warm days. July 20th we had several showers and had thunder and rain in the evening till midnight or later. Also on the 23rd we had rain in the afternoon and during the night which amounted to 3-4 inches. Oats is cut and shocked and threshing will start if it doesn't rain. Sweet corn is starting, field corn is very good with some over 8 feet high.

We had more moisture the first part of August and it was not so warm. It turned quite cool, on the 23rd and nearly freezing on the 24th a little frost was seen but no damage is reported. It warmed up again since and we had a nice drizzle on the 28th.

Two bus loads of friends and relatives attended the funeral of Joe H. Miller at Amherst, Wis.

Chill, Wisc. - Ed D. Stutzman

June and July have been extra warm!

It rained about as needed till the last couple weeks it's more wet, fields are soft. Oats aren't all cut yet. We hope to start thrashing the first cut oats now anytime. Blackberries are ripe and are a good crop. Everything is early this year so far.

Mrs. Sam A Gingerich broke her ankle in June. It's healing nicely, but she will be laid up for a while yet. Their Adress is: RR#1 Granton WI 54436

Bronson Mich. - Ora Graber

The first 3 weeks we had very warm with high humidity. Some places quite dry but other places in the same area, heavy rains. The crops in general so far were fair, but no exciting yeilds, and rather poor quality. Corn and beans look promising from the road, but by close examination in the fields, I feel the above report also holds true in these crops. The crops don't compare to yield and quality of the year of 1986. Our last in August now it's quite cool! In lower forties through the nights. We are having rain most every day now, steady and cool like those late October rains we got at times, giving way to some November snowfalls. Joe E. Bontrager was kicked by a horse in the lower abdomen, and since he didn't think it was anything serious, he went on working some, until in a few days he got serious pain, that he decided to go to the hospital. There they took x-rays, and found cancer in the area near where he was kicked, and also scatted over other places in his body. Joe had some what thought of this before he got kicked, and was taking some Jason Winters tea. Joe was a hard woker, and we all well knew if he slows down their must be something seriosly wrong. We have heard good reports of a good medication he is taking now for cancer, and seems much better, and he is without any pain, but weak. He was in the hospital only one day. He refused further testing and treatments they had to offer. He was annointed on Wed. Aug. 26. Joe is 55 years of age, and would be 56 in November.

Quincy MI - Cathyrn Schmucker

August was a nice cool month. It was dry till the last week it rained for 3 days in a row. We had about 5 inches in all. It really cooled off then. The coldest we had was 40 degrees. Some have started to use their stoves. Farmers have started to fill silo and 3rd cutting hay is being cut. It's really nice hay again. Canning is almost over with, for another year.

Clare MI - Abe M. Hochstetler

Severe storms in this area on June 30th, with hail and some rain. 3 barns were blown down in a 3 mile area. One was Mose D. Yoders' barn which was rebuilt with pine 2 inch planking, sawed at a local mill, Joe and Reuben Stutzman. The raising was held on July 22nd, with Joe Miller and Eld D. Troyer as carpenter foremen. It was completed till evening. Very little in this immediate area during July, but many warm days. Oats thrashing and 2nd cutting hay is being put up.

August is coming to a close with growing weather, compared to our July. Silos are being filled with mostly good corn. No-till was not successful this year due to dry conditions earlier.

We are starting 2 new schools which makes busy work coming up with one portable to be moved in the coming week.

Stanwood MI - John Y. Schwartz

Our weather has been very dry through July, with only several tenth inches of rain. We had exceptional warm, humid weather so far. On the 20th we had very high winds at Treverse City, MI, it blew 30 ft. boats out of the lake and across the road.

Oats is all thrashed and was a light crop due to weather conditions. Corn on sandy ground looks poor and the rest isn't too good either. We had from 1 to 2 inches of rain now, the 1st of Aug.

We recieved our much needed rain In August. We had around 9 inches and not much ran off the fields. Silo filling has started and more acres will be needed to fill the silos, due to poorer from the dry weather. Apple picking has started and seems to be a bumper crop.

St. Mary's Ont. - David S. Graber

July has been a warm, humid month., except the last week the humidity broke up. Some days it was up in the 90s in the shade (which likely wouldn't be warm to the southerners.) It is nice now, cools down to 50 degrees during the night which makes nice sleeping. Total rainfall for the month was 2.75 inches, although it varied in areas, was so all summer. Grain is cut, threshing ready to start any day, don't know how it will run, but stand looks fairly good. Second cut hay being put in, which is fair, maybe a bit short. Hog prices are down some. Ben a 12 year old son of Jonas and Matilda Hertzler, is not well, with what Doctors believe is rheumatic fever. Alot of the time he is in bed, as his feet swell up, and at times has pain. I believe mail and Get Well cards and words of cheer would be appreciated and help pass his time. Ben Hetzlers address is R.R. 1 Lakeside, Ontario NOM2GO.

August wasn't as warm as July on the average, the high of about 92 and low of 44, total rainfall up till now, the 26 th was 3 1/4 inches. Oats yielded well and silo filling will likely start first of nxt week, things seem earlier all along this summer. Veal Prices are down some now, usually does in Aug. of each year.

Deacon Elmer N. Yoder passed away early Monday Morning, Aug. 17, after a lenghtly illness of the heart. The funeral was held on Wed. Aug. 9th. He was our oldest member in the church and will be missed in the commu-

Henry and the Great Society

By H.L. Roush Sr.

Continued from last month

Chapter13--

The Complications of the Good Things

The months sped by—Jeff made the football team the following year, Brent was in Boy Scouts and Hilda in the Campfire Girls. These meetings seemed to keep the whole family going in different directions, for Esther had to do most of the driving. Henry confined himself more and more to his work, for it was a losing battle to keep up with the payments and make ends meet. His gasoline bill was astronomical, and he felt that the slightest financial crisis would all but bankrupt him.

Then it came—not a major catastrophe, but a series of minor things that added up to a major crisis in Henry's life. It all began when he awoke in the middle of the night and, as was his cutom since the new plumbing had been installed, lay there for a moment to listen to the sounds of the house. The house no longer sounded like the home he had known as a boy, nor like the happy home he had know as a man. The familiar creak of the old house; the squeaking of the proch swing (long since removed) upon its rusty hook; the branches of the big pine scraping across the screen of his bedroom window; the soft, lonesome call of the whippoorwill; and the multitude of night noises that had once acted as a tranquilizer upon the tired mind and body of Henry . . . they were all gone. He couldn't even hear the stately sounds of the 80 year old clock in the living room that had so faithfully told the hour for so many years. In their place was a new sound—the sound of a well oiled, expensive machine and he had become the engineer. No, that was not quite the way it was. Henry thought about it and concluded that he was not master of all he heard, but servant to it!

While this enlightening thought was yet upon his mind, he heard it—the steady whirr of the pump. He got up, noted that it was 3:00 a.m. and pulled his pants on reluctantly. Picking up a flashlight in the kitchen, he trudged out to the old spring house and opened the door the discover the pump was running full speed. It was hot and there was no pressure showing on the gauge that told you how much water pressure was being delivered to the marvelous plumbing system in Henry's house. He panicked at the very thought of added expense.

As he made his way out of the spring house, his light fell momentarily upon the jagged end of pipe that had once delivered the free, cold spring water into the old pitcher pump, now in the junk pile in the old wash over the hill. It was Henry who had sawed it in two as the final act of liberation from the old-fashioned way of life from which he had been delivered into the good things of life. He went back to his bed and, as a tear trickled down his cheek, he wished he had never heard of progress.

The next morning bright and early Esther called him to tell him that the commode wouldn't flush; the lavatory wouldn't provide water for the children to wash; the coffee couldn't be made; and the washer wouldn't work. Henry told her he had discovered it before she had and he would do something about it. He thought of that field that had to be mowed today; for rain was due in three days and there was only enough time to get that good hay in the barn before the weather broke. Frustration and then resentment filled his heart as he went to the phone and called the plumber. They were sure they could get to him by Friday; but this was only Tuesday and what did they expect him to do for water in the meantime? They were sure they didn't know. Henry was sure he didn't know either. In desperation, he asked to speak to the man who sold him the plumbing. After some stalling, he came to the phone and Henry once more told his problem, to which the man indifferently replied, "Look, all of our customers are in desperate situations. We'll get to you as soon as we can—O.K.? After all, you're not the only person we sold plumbing to.'' In anger, Henry told Esther she would have to make out the best she could, he had a field to mow and it wouldn't keep. She retorted, "Well, your precious field can wait. I have a washing to do before the Canasta meeting today, a bath to take and—'' "Oh, curse your Canasta Club and your bath and your everlasting running around and your lousy house!!'' Henry found himself shouting to his own surprise. He flew out the door, slamming it behind him and ran to the barn as his eyes filled with tears. It was the first time he could remember ever having raised his voice to Esther. What was wrong with him? Why was he so irritable and short tempered? Why was he constantly frustrated within and angry with everything and everybody?

Ashamed, he came home late that evening and Esther was especially cool to him, as he expected her to be, and for which he could not blame her. The children were busy with TV; and his supper, what there was of it, was cold. He ate in silence and then retired to his room to read so that he would not interrupt the children in the living room. They never saw him go upstairs and later Hilda asked, "Did Daddy ever come in?'' Jeff said, "Seems like I haven't seen him for weeks. Where does he keep himself?'' Henry tried to read but the words blurred before his eyes. He tried to think but thoughts wouldn't come. He turned out the lights, but trying to sleep without Esther was like trying to breathe without air. So he just lay there in the darkness—afraid, confused and not certain about anything or anyone.

While Esther was still in bed the next morning, Henry had a cup of instant coffee by himself and hurried to the barn. The horses had gotten out during the night and had eaten or trampled down most of the small sweet corn patch next to the barn; and so the day didn't start off too well. He harnessed them to the mowing machine, determined that he would get his good hay laid down today—no matter what. Just as he was ready to leave the barn lot, Hilda came running to the barn to tell him that he was wanted on the phone. When he got there, out of breath, he was greeted by a man wanting the Mr. Morgan that sells chickens; and since Henry didn't sell chickens, he was sure he had the wrong number. Henry went slowly back to the barn wondering whose idea it was to put him in instant touch with three billion human beings.

Going to the field, he made great progress. The sky was clear, the breeze was warm and the sun bright. The mowing machine clicked beautifully. As he decided to make one more round before lunch, he felt a sudden snap. He stopped to examine the mower and found he had snagged a small stump that he knew was there, but somehow had forgotten in his preoccupation. The stump had done its work, and the drag bar had broken neatly in two, and Henry felt like crying. The field of good hay half down, with bad weather on the way according to the last TV weather bulletin, and a broken mower! Finding a piece of baling wire large enough to hold it together, he started for the barn, trying to work out some emergency plan. There was but one thing to do and that was to get to town as quickly as possible and buy a part for the mower.

He unhitched the horses, put them in the barn and almost ran to the house. When he arrived the first thing he noticed was that the car was gone. A note on the round table told him the bad news: "Henry, I've gone to Chamberstown to visit friends. Since you were going to be in the hay field all day. and since you never did anything about the plumbing, I can't stay here without water. There are plenty of TV dinners in the freezer. Will be back when school is out. Esther." This was all he needed. His mind working like clockwork, he tried to think who she might be visiting. Making three calls to the most likely places and getting no results, he sat down on the kitchen chair and stared out into space. With a burst of inspriration he ran to the phone and called the only tractor dealer in Chamberstown who carried parts for his mower. The man told him that the part wasn't in stock, but that it was in stock in Dexter City (27 miles for Chamberstown). The best he could do was to call and have them put it on the evening bus and Henry could pick it up tomorrow. Agreeing reluctantly, he hung up, wondering what could happen next . . . he didn't have to wait long to find out.

Going to the freezer, he discovered that the TV dinner he had chosen for his lunch was soft and flabby, which even to Henry didn't seem right. Returning swiftly to the freezer and raising the lid, he saw what he was afraid he would see—*everything* in the freezer was soft and flabby. It was still plugged in; the electricity was still on; and beyond that Henry couldn't know what was wrong. He raced to the phone and dialed the power company only to be told he had the wrong number, that he really wanted to call the appliance division. He called the right number and got the wrong people; for this time, he was told that he wanted appliance repair department. He hung up and dialed the repair department to find the line busy. Five more attempts in the next half hour produced the same results. Finally in desperation he called the operator and asked her to check the line. She did and found that it was temporarily out of order. Like a cornered animal Henry decided he wasn't whipped yet. He called the power company and told them his problem, and they agreed to send someone to the repair division with the message. They would get in touch and said for Henry to stay close to the phone. He did this, and, after eating his soggy TV dinner and drinking two cups of instant coffee, there wasn't much to do but pace the floor and think about the good things in life that had come to him.

He remembered how the old cellar house had never quit running and the cool, free spring water had always flowed into the house without fail, and he wondered if the time and labor saving devices had really saved him time, labor, money or anything. Henry felt angry, frustrated and unhappy. If only Esther were here and he could hear her say, "Don't worry, Henry. Nothing will change as long as we don't change." "Then we must be changing," Henry concluded out loud, "for our life has surely changed . . ." He wondered how it could be when he had been so determined not to change. Henry had never discovered that there was an outside influence at work changing him and Esther—an influence neither could fight.

His thoughts were interrupted by the demanding ring of the phone, and Henry answered to hear an efficient man from the power company on the other end—"Did you call for the repair division, Mr. Morgan?" Henry said he surely had, and that his deep freeze was not working . . . . no, he didn't know how long it hadn't been working . . . yes, he had looked at the plug . . . no, he had not checked the fuse because everything else was working . . . yes, he was sure the electricity was on because he had just warmed water for instant coffee. The man said it was now past three o'clock and there would be no chance of coming today, but he would get to him sometime tomorrow. When Henry pressed him to come sooner, explaining that he had a whole beef plus many other food items in that freezer, the man sympathetically told him that there was a widow with seven children in Laurel Fork whose deep freeze had been out for three days and they were still trying to get to her. But, he assured Henry, though they were snowed under—what with two men on vacation and all . . . . . Henry silently wished he were literally snowed under and then the freezer would be no problem. Since there was nothing else to be said, Henry said to come as soon as possible, and the man said by noon tomorrow at the latest.

While Henry was unharnessing the horses at the barn, Esther came in driving very slowly and he met her just as she was getting some things out of the back seat. "Oh, hi, Henry," she said. "Would you mind helping me out with these things?" He said he would help and filled his arms with things and wanted to ask what they were, but thought he didn't dare. She put his mind at ease. "Lois and I went to Seers to look around this afternoon, and you know those curtains I have been wanting for the living room? Well, they were on sale. They weren't the color I wanted but they'll do. And, Henry, wait till you see the darling dresses for Hilda that were on sale too!'' Henry thought she had plenty of dresses; and Esther reminded him that she was hard to fit, and she had to buy them when she could find them. Henry also wondered why the new sewing machine was in the stair closet all packed away, but then Esther was plenty busy most of the time. He carried the things into the house and as he started out again, Esther dropped the bomb—"Henry, I want to tell you. There's something funny wrong with the car. I thought it wasn't going to start when I came out of Seers. It just made a funny groaning noise, and I noticed that all day the little red light has been on. He said he would see about it and he did. The battery was dead; and so he went in and after a phone call to the garage in Willoughby, he discovered that the generator was probably not operating. Henry did not know to much about generators; but, after a little information from the garage man, Henry got his tools and tried to take it off. It was a hard job with only a pipe wrench and some open-end wrenches; but after only two busted knuckles, Henry got it off. Even he could smell the burnt wire and knew he had found the trouble.

He called the man at the garage, but in the meantime it had closed; though Henry succeeded in getting Fred Danner on the line, and Fred said he could ride to town tomorrrow with him if he wanted to take the generator. Henry said he would have to go whether he wanted to or not, for he had to get to Chamberstown tomorrow for the part for the mower.

Agreeing on 8:30 in the morning, Henry sat down to his cold supper alone. After supper, he drifted into the living room and took a seat in the corner. He hoped maybe they could talk a little on the porch, like they used to, but then the porch wasn't too good a place to sit. The noise of the traffic was bad for one thing and Esther said she didn't like to sit out there where everyone could stare at you when they went by; and futhermore, if you sat out there very long, somebody would take it as an invitation to visit the rest of the evening and nobody felt up to that.

He noticed that the program they were watching was just about over and he was determined that he would suggest a family night as soon as the commercial started. In a few minutes he blurted out, "Anybody for dominoes?''—no answer. "How about a good checker game?'' The children began to say to each other, "Why don't you play Daddy a game?'' and were answering with "Why don't you?'' Finally Esther said in an aplogetic voice, "I think they're wanting to watch "The Virginian'', Henry.'' "Boy, Dad, you would really love it,'' said Jeff. "It's about the outdoors.'' Henry decided that maybe he really would enjoy it, so he settled back in his chair, but during the first gun battle he fell asleep.

Esther roused him to tell him the eleven o'clock news was just coming on and he had better get to bed if he was going to go with Fred Danner the next day. As he sat on the edge of the bed he said, without turning around, "Esther, I'm sorry about yesterday and the things I said. I don't know why I lost my temper, but I've been nervous and irritable lately. I can't sleep like I used to, and there have been so many things on my mind.'' She sat down and put her arms around him and said, "I understand, Henry. Part of it was my fault, and I'm sorry too. I love you, and I want you to feel like your old self again. I've noticed that you've been tired and run down lately, and, while I was in town, I stopped to see Dr. Manson. He said you should come in for a check up right away, and I promised him I would speak to you about it.''

Now, Henry couldn't remember when he had ever been to a doctor. He had his tonsils out when he was a boy, and that seemed to be the only time he could recall; but he was 40 now, and a man's health does change. With Esther's concern so obvious, Henry soon agreed to see Dr. Manson for that check-up; and kissing Esther good night, he was soon asleep.

GOD HAS BLESSED AMERICA

Our contry God has richly blessed
With foods and eats, so many,
So that it might be referred to as,
"The land of milk and honey.''

But did we ever stop to think,
Not all lands have such wealth?
Some may be quite hungry,
Not food enough for health.

While for our meals we serve so much
Rich foods we like to taste,
Then for our health it is not good,
And perhaps some goes to waste.

Might we not displease our Lord,
Serving more than for our good?
Or would we show our thankfulness
By decorating food?

God has given; God could take!
It's all within His power;
We know not at all what might befall
Within a coming hour.

Someday, sometime, we might be made
To think back to our past,
If all the foods we wasted,
We then could only grasp!

Yes, God has blessed America,
So let us try with prayer,
To use the blessings rightfully,
And with the needy share

Mr. Edward's Hidden Treasure

Submitted by Mrs. Tobie Schmucker

Continued from last month

CHAPTER TWO

"Now I wonder where Bessy's at again." Dad frowned eying the empty stanchion. "I guess she wants me to chase her up again."

"Bessy?" Jerry looked up from his work. "I saw her with one of the other cows back of the straw stack just before you let them in."

"Oh? Well I'll go see, but it would be just like her to go back to the field as soon as she saw me putting in the cows."

Jerry chuckled to himself as Dad went in search of Bessy. What Dad had said had always been true of her the summer before. Now that Spring was here and the grass green Dad had let out the cows to pasture again. Jerry wondered if Bessy still remembered.

"I guess she just wants attention." Jerry spoke to himself. "She always comes as soon as we go get her but..."

"Jerry!" Dad's excited voice at the door startled him at first, then as his eyes beheld the scene before him his face broke out into a smile.

"Bessy! Bessy!" Was all he could say. For there she stood as calm and ready for attention she had ever been, with a new born calf on each side of her!

"Twins," Dad said eyes twinkling "And here we were blaming her for being naughty!"

Jerry stroked the calves necks gently. The one calf had a white face with a black spot on the forehead. The other, just the opposite had a black face with a white spot. "They're not just runts either are they?" He looked up at Dad with eyes gleaming. "They're both quite big."

"You like them then?"

Jerry nodded.

The ting-a-ling sound of Dad's milking awakened Jerry with a start. Bessy was already in her stanchion eating with the black faced calf at her side. The white faced one stood nudging him hungrily. Slowly he guided it in on the other side of it's mother and pushed the little mouth in toward the udder. "What's wrong White Face, don't you know enough to open up your mouth?"

After a bit of struggling White Face kept hold of her nipple and sucked in great big gulps of the warm milk.

"Now Black Face what about you." Jerry straightened up slowly and took a careful step away. It was hard to bend or stoop down. But he wouldn't tell Dad. He could care for calves as well as any boy his age!

Dad was silently milking seemingly paying no attention to the boy struggling behind him. His thoughts seemed far away in another time and place.

It was usual for Dad to be quiet. He thought and studied and worked silently. He was kind to his son. He was gentle and patient with the handicap but he seldom mentioned it, nor babied it. At the oddest times Jerry would look up to find Dad silently watching him struggle, and there seemed to be a slight pain in his eyes. But then he'd only smile, praise him, or lend a hand at jobs too heavy, but always encouragingly, as if to say 'You can do it-try again.'

The day was dawning into a sunny Spring day. Jerry quickly got together his books as Dad prepared breakfast and in another hour he was on his way to school.

The school house was only 1/2 mile down the road and when Dad had looked up at breakfast and offered to take him with the buggy Jerry had been surprised.

"No, it's a nice day Dad. I like to walk."

"Well-ll-ll- O.K. then." But Jerry had avoided the troubled eyes. Likely, Dad wondered what made his usual cheerful boy so moody this morning. But Dad was not one to ask questions so the matter had been dropped.

"Jerry did your Dad wonder where your pigeons were?" Henry wondered at recess.

"Yes"Jerry's lips curved slightly but it was hard to really smile, knowing how this would hurt Dad if he knew. "What did you tell your folks?"

"That a mad dog chased us away, of course!" Henry laughed. "Really we'd never have gotten any pigeons any how. Not with that dog! his voice lowered slightly. "What are you so quiet about all day Jerry, I saw you staring out the window during school time."

"Was I?" Jerry blushed. "I'm glad teacher Mary didn't notice then! She doesn't like that!"

"I think she did notice though." Henry spoke, eyeing Jerry questionly "I think she was wondering what you were thinking, just as I was." Jerry just shrugged his shoulder turning towards the swing set a bit away from the school house.

"Jerry I'm sorry if I made you lie to your Dad. I - I guess I feel pretty bad about that too."

Was that what lay so bitter on his heart just now? Guilt? Was that why he had been afraid to look at Dad all morning?

"You know though" Henry spoke up suddenly. "It wasn't really lying. We were planning on catching a pigeon or so. We just did say it all. If it had been something wrong to do it would have been different but..." There Henry broke off uncertain.

Jerry's heart felt suddenly lightened. "Do you really think? I guess we didn't really lie, we just didn't say it all."

Henry's eyes lighted again and he nodded understandingly. "And you know if we'd have told them what we really had gone for to learn about they'd only have laughed about it."

The bell rang just then and recess was over. The boys on the ball field came racing past. They had given up trying to include Jerry in their games. And so it was usual for Jerry to go unnoticed. A certain boy looked up just then and smiled but that was all. Henry was really his only good friend.

"Hey Henry!"

"Yep?"

"Cm'ere."

And with a streak Henry was gone too. Jerry couldn't help but feel very much alone and deserted again. Slowly he made his way toward the school. He'd have to wait until everyone else was inside and go in last or he might be pushed in the crowd . The playground looked forlorn and deserted. One stray bat lay just beside home plate and as Jerry watched, the owner suddenly remembering, emerged from the crowd, ran for the bat and returned to the crowd again. Jerry's eyes lifted to the South Eastern skies and noticed grey clouds forming there. The sun still shone brightly, high above, but Jerry wondered if it still would be there by noon.

"Coming?" Henry's gleaming face slowed down beside him again.

"I guess-slowly", Jerry chuckled. "Wonder if it'll rain by noon?"

"It might." Henry eyed the oncoming greyish clouds. "Well, they say April showers bring May flowers."

Jerry nodded silently. Suddenly, from the silence of the big woods that stood just across from them rang out a loud clear bark.

Both boys stopped in their tracks startled. Jerry looked up questioningly and Henry nodded. "That big black dog of Mr. Edwards seems to roam about wherever he wishes too. I'd say he'd better be tied before he attacks someone.

Henry spoke in a surly grown up voice, as if a danger lurked just beside them. And Jerry couldn't help but shudder just a bit.

Jerry entered the kitchen that afternoon to find a note on the table.

"I've gone to the Mast's to help on their barn. Could you do the chores and then walk over? Mrs. Mast wants us to stay for supper."

-Dad-

An excited feeling suddenly filled Jerry's heart. It had been a long time since they'd been over at Henry's place. Of course he saw him at school everyday but these evenings were special. Henry had a family. Brothers, sisters and even a Grandpa who lived with them. Henry always talked kindly of Grandpa, and Jerry knew that the two of them were quite special to one another. Jerry's heart beat excitedly at the thought of Grandpa and his stories of long ago. It was so different then...when Grandpa was a boy. He told of such exciting happenings that really the boys couldn't hope to have happen to them. Jerry couldn't help but hope Grandpa would tell them more stories tonight.

Grandpa was old but he was still quite spry. He was swift and bright eyed and full of youthful thinking, and whenever Grandpa told of his young boyhood Jerry could not help but feel Grandpa had been just as fuull of ambition, excitement and imagination as his grandson Henry was today. His worn, tired features told of bygone activities but his eyes still gleemed with the same light of almost 70 years ago telling more of the stories from the light then the words could tell themselves.

"It must be wonderful to have a Grandpa." Jerry spoke aloud as he walked out toward the barn. "I have only Dad and me and that's not a family!" A frown puckered his brow, but for only one moment. For the moment he appeared at the barn two mischieveous looking calves met him in the doorway, mooing for their supper.

"Why you little babies!" Jerry gasped wide-eyed. "Why arent' you in your pen sleeping as little babies should? I'm sure you look more like a week old than a day! Tut! Tut! Now in with you Black Face! And now you too." He shoved White Face in after her sister and shut the door. "Now how'd you manage to get out? Why!!" For an instant surprise took over but a moment later laughter came instead. There in the far corner of the calf pen lay their mother chewing her cud. And right behind her a gap in the board fence told of her entrance. The way it looked she'd made her way in through the horse stable doors somehow and worked her way in with her babies.

"So that's who opened this door for you. Your own Mother!" Jerry couldn't help but feel proud of such a smart cow and her calves. "And someday maybe you'll be my cows." He beamed studying their tiny features. "Maybe Dad's right after all to give you to me. You may be more exciting than even Grandpa's stories!"

"Woof! Woof!" Jerry started. The Big Black Dog! Was he even roaming in these fields? The sound had come from the pasture field just across from the barn.

Quietly Jerry opened the cowstable door, imagining all kinds of things, when all of a sudden right beside him stood the Dog! Jerry cried out frightened and with a jerk bolted the barn door securely. His heart beat a furious tattoo against his ribcage and a thousand jumbled thoughts raced pell mell through his mind. Was the dog smart enough to know by smell the trespasser. Was he suspecting robbery of his treasures? Fear struck his heart anew when he remembered that he was alone. Dad wasn't even here. And if he were, how could he, Jerry, explain his fear without spilling the whole truth? That he, Jerry Miller, was sought after as a thief, a trespasser-and- a boy who lied to his Day.

CHAPTER 3

"Is anyone home?!" The voice startled Jerry back to his senses. But he was still too frightened to answer.

A knock of the door broke his speechless spell. Shakily he removed the bolt. "Hello." He spoke tremblingly open the door.

The man chuckled. "I'm sorry my dog frightened you lad, I'm Mr. Edwards and I'd like to see your Dad. Is he around?"

A silver chain was tied to the dog and held tightly by his master. "I was just taking a walk through the woods, and happened to be close to your farm so I stopped. Chippy here," Mr. Edwards chuckled, he's got certain paths he takes and he likes the one that goes through your woods. Hope you don't mind." The man's eyes stared at the ground almost as if he didn't want to meet Jerry's. It seemed he knew something he was trying to hide. Or so Jerry decided .

"Is your Dad here?" The man repeated.

"N—no." Jerry finally managed to say "H-He's over at the Mast's helping build onto their barn.

"Oh. Well, that's O.K. Just wanted to talk to him a bit. Maybe another time then. Good-bye. Home, Chippy, let's go home!"

With an easy, and slow walk Chippy turned towards the woodland that passed not over 50 feet close to the barn and the house who stood just beside it. Holding on tightly to the chain Mr. Edwards lifted his hand in a farewell and followed close behind.

Jerry stared after them wide-eyed. It seemed to him that Mr. Edwards acted a bit queerly. Maybe he did have a treasure hidden somewhere. If he had to have such a big dog to keep watch over him always. Maybe Henry was right afterall.

It wasn't until he was milking his second cow that Jerry suddenly remembered what Mr. Edwards had really wanted. Had he may be recognised who Jerry was the other night and wanted to talk to his Dad about it?

It took a bit longer to chore without Dad but Jerry was used to the silence about him. Dad's own quietness must have rubbed off on his only son and taught him to be that way too. But tonight Jerry wasn't as calm inside as he looked to be on the outside.

Dad had put down the hay and had readied a lot of the chores too heavy for his crippled boy. Jerry's back ached by the time he was finished but a feeling of accomplishment filled his heart. Maybe his back was crooked and maybe he was lame but he could still do a man's chores! He lifted up his face to the skies as he headed for the house to get washed up and ready to go. A sudden urge to run over whelmed him. Lifting one foot he tried - and failed falling head on onto the rough gravel.

Tears filled his eyes as he felt the pride within him crush painfully. It had been the first time he'd noticed that he couldn't run any more. It was a new sign that he was getting worse as he got older. How soon before his legs would completely forsake him so that he'd have to be put in a wheelchair?

There was so much noise at the Mast farm that Jerry stopped by the yard gate confused. Inside of the house there was such a clatter of laughter, talking, crying and singing all at once, that it startled him. But just then Henry came skipping around the house to meet him and his shy face turned to him warmly. He had so much he wanted to tell Henry and it made him feel good to know Henry would understand him.

"Supper's ready," Henry beamed at him.

"Were you waiting on me?"

"Oh, a little. Mary was getting so figity and worried about you she was ready to come out to get you!" Jerry blushed . He was glad she didn't know his reason for having been a bit late. To have her find out that he had lied, even once, would shame him deeply.

Henry's sister, Mary, was really 'Teacher Mary', to Jerry. She had been his teacher since his first year of school and he had grown to like her respectfully.

Dad was sitting at the far end of the table when he walked in staring out of the window worriedly. But when he saw Jerry a look of pure relief filled his face. He smiled a silent welcome then turned to listen to Mr. Mast's conversation.

Mary welcomed him with a press of his arm and taking his hat. "You can sit beside Henry, Jerry," she said, smiling.

Grandpa's eyes glistened with laughter as Jerry sat down across from him. "I didn't figure you'd stay home and miss my stories," he chucked.

It was a big table to Jerry's eyes. And it was full from one end to the other. As every one bowed their heads the sudden silence seemed overwhelming compared to the murmer of just a moment before.

Jerry was hungry. The supper tasted better than any food he could remember ever had.

Granpa chuckled and teased him about it, remarking how hard he must have had to work to work up such an appetite.

"But Grandpa," Henry reminded him, "he chored all alone today, that's why he's so hungry."

"I guess it is. I guess it is," Grandpa smiled.

"Let's go back to the tree house before it get's dark." Henry suggested after supper. "I think I'll take the hammer along and give it a few touch up jobs while we're there."

"It would be fun if some of your sisters were brothers instead, wouldn't it?" Jerry yawned lazily. "Then we'd be more." He was thinking of the boys at school and wishing there would be more 'Henry's' to want to be with him.

"Yea, I guess but this way I can do a lot of things however I wish see?" He laughed "But my younger brothers will soon be old enough to help work too. It'll be fun I guess." Henry turned and taking a few steps toward the house opened the door. "Dad!" He called.

"Yes."

"May we go back to the tree house?"

"Be back before dark."

"O.K., we will!"

"Say, Jerry." Henry suddenly got an idea. They were only 40 rods to the side of where the tree house stood. "Lets walk a bit further and peep into the back yard of Mr. Edwards place. Maybe will see something."

Jerry shook his head. "Nope!", he said. "I'm afraid that dog'll smell us. Anyhow you wouldn't even consider that if you'd know what I know."

"What?"

"I think Mr. Edwards suspects thieves. Who wouldn't if he'd have a treasure he's afraid will be stolen."

"Awe, I'm not afraid."

Jerry shook his head as he told his friend of the evening's experience. "I don't know what he wanted for sure but I think his dog smelled us and remembered the smell. I think it's a blood hound like the police have."

Henry's eyes grew wide at the thought. "Really?"

"Well, I'm not certain, but he seemed queer or something. Both of them did." Jerry couldn't help but feel looked up and for his speech of wisdom. Why he could figure things out about me as well as Henry could!

But, Henry was busy thinking too. "You know I'd never steal the money, Jerry."

"Of course we wouldn't. But how does he know that, or the dog?"

"You know that makes me want to know for sure." Henry spoke with a wise lift of his face. "We could at least see if there's a mond of dirt behind his house or somewhere. The wind is blowing in the opposite direction, so he, the dog I mean, can't smell us there." Turning determined to work out the mystery, Henry started in the direction of Mr. Edwards home. "Come on, let's go."

And Jerry had nothing to do but follow. Or so he decided.

"It looks like he's tight the way his buildings look. "Jerry whispered as he slunk behing a tree just behind of Mr. Edward's house." You'd think he 'd use it instead of hide it."

Henry nodded.

:Are you sure he was burying money or were you just imagining it?" Jerry looked rather doubtful. "I don't think people really bury money. That's just in fairy tales." But then when he remembered how queerly the man with the dog acted, he was convinced that it could be so.

Henry was nodding his head vigorously. "I wouldn't be so sure if I hadn't heard him singing that song just as he came around the house carrying that spade, with his dog walking around him, just as if he wanted to protect his master's money or somehing." "What did he sing?"

Henry was too excited to even hear Jerry. "Wouldn't it be something to have all the money we'd want?! I'd go and buy some... say, look there comes Mr. Edwards!" Henry's voice lowered quickly, "He's got his dog with him too. Looks like he's going to sit on the swing."

The boy slunk away further but kept within hearing and seeing distance. They were glad for the wind that blew the dog's scent to them and not theirs to him.

"Do you think he's so rich he doesn't have to work anymore?" Jerry asked.

"Oh, we couldn't really go by that, because he's much too old to work." Henry spoke wisely. "now be quiet because you'd never be able to move fast enough to out run that dog if he should hear us."

Jerry's face reddened. "Me? You couldn't either."

"Well, you know what I mean."

A new thought suddenly came to Jerry's mind and he spoke it aloud. "If I had so much money, maybe the Doctors would be able to fix my back. They can fix everything else. I - ", he stopped embarrased. He hadn't meant to talk about his handicap.

But Henry was going on for him. "Yes, maybe you wouldn't be so crippled all your life if you'd have all the money."

Then suddenly, out the calm quiet of the woodlands there floated a soft singing on the air. The voice seemed to blend çontentedly with the singing of the birds that filled the trees overhead.

I have a treasure, hidden deep,
though it you can not see,
It is my happiness and joy,
but hidden very deep!

"That's it! That's it!" Henry whispered loudly. "That's the song he was singing before! Now-"

But, Henry's words were interupted by more singing:

A treasure more than all the wealth,
any man has ever known.
I have a treasure hidden deep,
no one can steal it's worth!

"Just maybe!!!!" Henry's eyes wondered away dreamily as the singing stopped.

"Maybe, what?"

"Oh, nothing, I was just wondering what kind of treasure he's singing about." He pause. "You know it seems to me he is queer. He acts strangly doesn't he?" Both boys watched as the man rose and calling his dog to him began to follow him in circles about the house. He stopped in one place, stooped and patted the ground. He touched the leaves of a willow treee and smiled nodding his head. "It is Spring, Chippy, it is," he said. "I can feel it every where and hear it every where. Yes I can even smell it." He continued to talk about this and that as if the dog could really understand.

Henry and Jerry looked at each other guiltily. "Do you think we should go?: Jerry wondered.

Just then something happened that made them decide fast. Dusk was beginning to grow dimmer and dimmer. And suddenly they saw the man head for the front gate and open it. The boys were both shocked and frightened to realize that this dog and his master were leaving for an evening walk. And as the watched they noticed they were heading straight down the path that they'd have to travel home.

Jerry felt a sudden urging press on his arm. Henry led him as swiftly as possible, trying to get far ahead of the man and his dog some. Both hearts were beating rapidly as they headed staight homeward as fast as Jerry's handicapped back would let him.

The large are not the sweetest flowers
The long are not the happiest hours
Much talk does not much friendships tell
Few words are best, the wise know well.

THAD and CHARLIE

By Lewis B. Miller

Continuation of Chapter 11 from last month

"I feel like a tree frawg, perched away up here in the nighttime,'' Charley Dick remarked, when daylight had so nearly faded out that the boys could scarcely distinguish the hogs on the ground below. Already the tree frogs, and many other frogs not in trees, were croaking noisily everywhere. The boy spoke in a low tone, little more than a whisper. For the two had agreed that the way to make the hogs forget was to keep as still as possible.

"We won't have to roost up here very much longer, I'm thinking,'' was Thad's answer. "A hog's a hog. They can't go any great while without eating and drinking.''

"That's so; that all so. But they've jest come from eatin' and drinkin', most of 'em. And now they may want to nap it a few hours before they go to rootin' ag'in.''

"They may,'' admitted Thad. "And right under this leaning sycamore if as good a place to sleep as a hog wants this time of year.''

The two fisher boys shifted about restlessly on their hard seat, and grew impatient at the hogs' slowness to go away. Even Veen whined uneasily; and later she sprang up and tied to get by Thad, so as to run down ad bark at the hogs. But the boys, knowing that her barking would only irritate the wild swine, kept her where she was. She lay down lengthwise of the tree trunk, with her head on her paws. Perhaps she was asleep. Possibly she was only watching the hogs below.

"Sh! Now we must keep as still as mice,'' whispered Thad. "Let's see if they won't forget we're up here and wander off.''

A few of the hogs did seem to relax their vigilance. Now and then one of them could be heard to utter a mild grunt. But most of the drove appeared to be keeping close guard at the foot of the tree.

"Thad, I'm mighty tired and sleepy. Wish to my soul I could git down from here.''

"Huh! That's easy! You can walk right down the tree trunk, like we came up.''

"Yes, I know all about what I can do!'' the sleepy boy answered, irritably. "But I ain't a-goin' to walk down—no sich a thing! Not while them woods varmints is down there!''

"Well, then, if you're foolish enough to go to sleep up here, you won't have to walk down. You'll soon find yourself down there without walking. And if you hit a hog—a fat hot, it won't hurt as bad as if you hit the ground.'' "I ain't a-goin' to hit no hawg, fat one nor lean one; nor no ground neither! I'll stick to my roost a week first!'' Another hour dragged slowly, painfully by. Most of the hogs had probably lain down. But not one had been seen or heard to go away. To keep themselves awake, the two prisoners talked over various plans of eluding their four-footed guards. But the only plan that promised to succeed was that of keeping still and wearing the hogs out by patient waiting.

Each boy now sat with his arms and legs around a good-sized limb. Being safe from the hogs, and having been accustomed to going to bed early, both soon found themselves growing drowsy. Now and then one or the other would start up, to find that he had been nodding. Perhaps he had been unconsious for a few moments only. But after that fright at what might have happened kept him wide awake for a time.

At last, far along in the night as it seemed to the weary, drowsy watchers, they were aroused by a faint noise. From a distance it came. It was the squealing of a young hog—a pig or a shote. Doubtless some animal of prey has seized it—a wolf or a wildcat, or even a cougar. And the two boys were not the only ones that heard the squealing. At once the hogs below began to utter fierce grunts or growls of rage. Then they became silent again. They were listening. The squealing could suddenly set off to the rescue, uttering fierce growls of rage as she ran. And after her went several others. One after another dashed away in the same direction, til not a hog remained under or near the leaning tree.

"Goody! Goody! They've sloped at last—the whole caboodle uv 'em!'' exclaimed Charley Dick, in wonderful relief.

Promptly the two boys rose up and got ready to descend from their lofty perch. Very slowly and carefully they made their way down. It would be easy to miss their footing in the dark. To make sure that none of the hogs was still lingering near by, Veen was allowed to jump to the ground first. Here and there she ran for a few minutes, without finding any of the fierce brutes. The whole drove had gone to rescue the attacked pig. Knowing now that it was safe, the boys sprang to the ground, then hurried away toward where they had left their guns and other things. "I don't think overly well of varmints. But the varmint that popped its teeth into that pig and set the thing to squealin' done me and you a bully good turn, Thad.''

"Such a good turn, I'm thinking, that he kept us from having to roost in that tree top all night long.''

Dark as the night now was, here in the shadow of the forest, the boys had some trouble returning to the exact spot where they had left their guns. But after groping around for a while, with both hands and feet, they found them.

"At last! At last! You don't git me out of reach of this old powderburner ag'in! Now while I'm in this wild country!''Charley Dick exclaimed, as he clutched his musket. "Now let old Mr. Wild Hawg come botherin' around if he wants to be made bacon uv!''

After getting hold of their guns, the next thing was to locate their hooks. Thad was the first to discover his pole, where he had left it sticking in the bank. And scarcely was the pole in his hands when he uttered an exclamation. Then the water rippled, and something heavy struck the ground behind him.

"There! You're safe, I guess!"

"Got sumpn on your hook, Thad?"

"That's what! Biggest Fish we've landed on this trip, from the way it feels! Must be a big cat. If it is—"

Here the other boy uttered an exclamation, and another good-sized fish was jerked out of the water.

Leaving their poles and hooks and the flopping fish lying on the ground, the boys made ready to kindle a fire. Thad's flintolock was useful for that. After emptying the priming onto a piece of lint cotton, he snapped sparks against it till the powder had flashed and the cotton was afire. Blowing the lint till it began to blaze, he quickly set a pile of dry leaves to blazing. By that light they found twigs and larger sticks to throw on, till they had a good camp fire burning.

Now they took time to examine what their hooks had caught. Thad's fish was a cat, as he had surmised and Charley Dick had a perch. Both fish were of good size and promised good eating. Each boy had string of fish —not a very long string—somewhere up the creek. But they would not be able to find those in the dark.

"Now wasn't that lucky, Thad? Us ketchin' these two big fellows jest when we're half starved for 'em?"

Carrying a Jug of Molasses.

When the young fishers had satisfied their hunger, they found some grass, raked some dry leaves together on it, and lay down near their camp fire to sleep. Veen, who had shared their supper of fish and cold biscuits, was lying near them. She would give warning if the wild hogs came, or any other dangerous wild animal.

There were a few mosquitoes; but the boys tired as they were, managed to sleep pretty well in spite of them. They had set out their hooks again, and when morning came Charley Dick had another good-sized fish. Thad's bait was gone, but he had caught nothing. Perhaps a turtle had taken the bait.

After rebaiting his hook, Thad shouldered his gun, and he and Veen wandered off through the woods. Soon the dog began to bark up a tree. Walking round and round, Thad finally discovered a gray squirrel and shot it. On that and fish and cold bread the boys and Veen made a hearty breakfast. After eating, they left their hooks set out and strolled away through the woods, in quest of more blackberries.

Having their guns now, and feeling in a rather defiant mood, they approached the thicket from which the angry boar had chased them, and at the same place. Again Veen followed the hog path into the thicket. But she soon came out quietly this time. From her manner they knew that neither the wild boar nor any of his followers were at home. So the boys ate all the berries they wanted, and ate them in peace. After that they returned to their fishing.

At length they began to move up the creek, trying every deep place as they went. By noon they were in sight of Doss's Ranch. Having as many fish as they cared to carry, they now threw away their poles, and with their strings of fish and other things set out up the creek. It was after dark when they entered Fort Blocker.

The Dayberrys and the Sheegogs had fish for breakfast next morning; and so had the Wilkinses. Thad carried some of his fish over and gave them to Marzee's mother.

After breakfast, when Thad strolled out into the sqaure, the first discovery he made was a new boy in the fort. And very little like the Fort Blocker boys did the newcomer appear. His face and hands were not sunburnt like theirs; and his clothes and shoes were different. It was easy to see that he was from town.

On making inquiry, Thad lerned that the new boy's name was Green—Tom Green. He and his mother, in company with some other people, had arrived at the fort the day Charley Dick and Thad had started fishing. The Greens were visiting at Captain Graham's, being related to the captain, or perhaps to his wife.

During the two days he had been there, Tom had become pretty well acquainted with all the boys and girls in the fort. And he had impressed most of them with the belief that he was a very superior personage. This was especially true of the girls, and of none more than of Marzee Wilkins. So taken was Marzee with Tom, and her head had been so turned by his admiration, that she would not scarcely notice an ordinary boy like Thad.

Thad's acquaintance with the new boy began when he approached a group of boys with Tom in their midst. Tom was talking, telling these country boys how people lived in town. Thad listened eagerly.

Born on the frontier, Thad had never lived anywhere else. The great world lying beyond his narrow horizon was a mystery to him. And anybody who could claim to be famliar with that world was a superior person in Thad's eyes. As it happened, when Thad appraoched the group Tom was telling of what he had studied in school the winter before. Of all subjects, none was better calculated to impress a boy of Thad's mental make-up. The man whom most of these frontier boys admired most was one who could shoot well and ride well and wasn't afraid to fight. Thad had a fair share of respect for those accomplishments, but nothing more. All his life he had been accustomed to such things, and to him they were commonplace. The man who could realy command Thad's homage must know things. Encouraged by his mother, who had more education than most of these frontier people, he hoped some day to leave the frontier and attend an academy somewhere. Perhaps he might even be able, in some remote, wonderful time, to enter college College! He spoke the word almost with bated breath.

And now that there was a boy in their midst who knew something of that strange, rich, mysterious world which lay beyond this rude frontier, Thad was ready to be impressed. And Tom, seeing a boy in the group who was hanging eargerly on his every word, proceeded to impress him.

When at last the group broke up, Charley Dick, who also had been a part of it, did not hesitate to utter his comtempt for "them town big-bugs, that wears their Sunday breeches every day, and thinks theirselves so dreadful smart.'' But Thad, though he said little, was far from echoing those sentiments. Indeed, so great was his admiration for the learned boy among them that he scarcely dared to speak to him till spoken to. And when Tom did speak to him, Thad felt himself actually glowing with pride.

This went on for a week or more. One day, while returning from the spring with a bucket of water, Tom met the new boy passing out of the fort. Tom was riding one of Captain Graham's horses.

"Hello there, Thad! Do you want to go with me?''

The other boy blushed at the honor conferred upon him, and could have answered truthfully that he did, very much. But first he inquired:

"Where to, Tom?''

"Over to Chunky Joe Wilson's, to get this jug full of molasses.''

"Have you ever been there?''

"No. But little difference that makes to me. I can find my way anywheres. Wouldn't mind to have you go 'long for company, though. You can ride behind me.''

Thad had been thinking that he would go and saddle his own horse. But at the prospect of actually riding on the same horse with the boy from town, he at once forgot all about Ped.

"Wait till I ask my ma. I'll go if she says I can.''

"All right. Be in a hurry, though. I can't wait long for anybody.''

Thad almost ran home with his bucket. In a minute or two he was back, his face shining with eagerness. Tom took his foot out of the stirrup, and the other boy climbed up behind him.

As the two rode away together, Thad, flushed with pride, turned his head and gazed back. And it gratified him wonderfully to see several of the boys and girls watching him. Marzee was not in sight; but he hoped she would soon hear of the honor that had come to him.

As the two rode along together, the boy behind sat very carefully. He was afraid of soiling those wonderful town clothes. The big boy, whose age was about sixteen, did most of the talking. But at length Thad started to say something:

"Tom, don't you suppose—''

But the boy interrupted him: "Thad, it doesn't look well for a little boy like you to be calling a young gentleman like me by his first name. Its—it's bad manners. You ought to say Mr. Green to me.''

Thad, who always felt himself humiliatingly, shockingly ignorant in the presence of this boy from town, was almost overwhelmed with confusion at this rebuke. He actually felt his face grow hot with shame. Only since they had been riding togther had he felt bold enough to call this young gentleman by his first name, or by any name. And now that his attention had been called to his mistake, he felt very much humiliated that he should have been ignorant enough to do such a rude thing.

"Why, ye-es, of course I—I didn't think,'' he apologized, humbly, in no little embarrassment. "Of course I'll call you Mr. Green if you say so, Tom—I mean Mr. Green.''

"All right then. See that you do. And mind you don't forget. It's bad manners for little boys to be too familiar with grown-up folks. Your pa and ma ought to be ashamed of themselves for not learning you better manners. They ought to have raised you better.''

Thad had blushed before for his own ignorance. Now he found himself blushing for his father and mother. Though he did not say so, he felt that they, like himself, were woefully ignorant of the requirements of polite society, such as this well-dressed young gentleman from town had been accustomed to.

Crossing the creek near the fort, the two boys followed a dim road up the hill beyond till they were on the high prairie. Then they headed toward the northwest, in the direction of Chunky's Joe's place. Tom talked incessantly, while Thad listened with rapt attention, in the hope of reducing amount of his frontier ignorance. One incident that happened on the way was destined to have much to do with events that followed.

As the two were riding up a steep hill, "Mr. Green'' dropped the jug he was carrying. At once it began to roll down the gravelly hillside; nor did it stop till it had rolled all the way to the bottom, where it lodged against a boulder.

Glad to be of some service, Thad slipped off the horse and ran back. While climbing the hill with the jug, he examine it.

"It's got a crack in it, Mr. Green,'' he said, while handing the jug up to its owner. With his finger he was indicating a barely discernible hair line running up and down one side of the rather rudely made piece of earthenware. Mr. Green loftily refused even to glance at the crack. "What's a little thing like that?'' he demanded, almost scornfully. "When you've sold as many jugs as I've sold, you'll know that a little crack don't amount to shucks. Why, I'll just bet that crack's been in this jug for years.''

Thad had supposed that the jug had cracked itself by rolling against the boulder. But now that Mr. Green had assured him to the contrary, he knew that he must have been mistaken.

When the two arrived at Wilson's, Tom hitched their horse to a post oak, and both went in. Chunky Joe himself met them at the door; and so did a very sweet smell.

"Yes, I've got some soggum molasses to sell,'' the man answered, when Tom explained what he had come for. ''They'll soon be ready for you. Got 'em on the fire now.'' He made a motion with his hand toward a fire pot simmering at one side of the wide fireplae.

Thad looked at the pot. "What are you doing with molasses on the fire now, Mr. Wilson?'' he ventured to inquire. "Well, you see, they wasn't made quite thick enough in the first place; and when hot wheather come, they got to kind of workin' and foamin'. So I've put 'em on the fire to cook some more. As soon as they're cooked enough, I'll let you have a jugful right out of the pot.''

So the boys sat down to wait. While they were still watching, raindrops began to patter on the clapboard roof.

"Just a little shower come up,'' Wilson remarked, after a glance out at the door. "Only a sprinkle, I reckon.''

But the sprinkle increased to a downpour, and then hail began to rattle on the roof. Thad ran to the door and looked out. They had hitched their horse under a thick-topped tree, which would shelter him from the falling ice. Harder and thicker the hailstorm grew, till the cabin door had to be closed to keep the rain and hail from blowing in. Now the noise on the cabin roof became deafening. That lasted for several minutes.

When at length the storm had passed and the door was opened again, the ground was seen to be almost white washed with hailstones.

Now Chunky Joe filled the jug with molasses from the pot. When full, the jug was so hot that Tom and Thad could not handle it.

"It's ruther thin while it's hot,'' the man told them. "But by the time it gits cold it'll be plenty thick enough.''

While Tom was paying for the molasses, Thad went out at the rear door and soon came back with a slim stick more than a yard long. This he thrust through the jug handle. Then, with a boy at each end of the stick, the two passed out. The hail was melting fast, they noticed; but there was still much of it on the ground. Whether from the hail or some other reason, a chilly wind was blowing.

"How are we going to carry this jug when we get it on the horse, Tom—I mean Mr. Green?'' They were climbing over the fence. "Of course you can set the bottom on your saddle-horn; but the jug will burn your hands when you try to hold it.''

"Not if I hold to the handle it won't,'' was the confident answer. "Risk a man that's sold as many jugs as I have, and as many molasses as I have, to know how to hold a jug. Why, I'll just bet-''

He stopped suddenly, and both boys stood staring at the tree to which they had hitched their horse.

"Why he's gone!'' exclaimed Thad.

On coming to the tree, they found the bridle hanging from a limb. While the hailstorm was raging, the horse had slipped his head out of the bridle and run away.

"He's gone home. Not much doubt of that,'' Thad soon remarked.

"We ought to heard 'im when he galloped off. He must be—''

"Not while that hail was thundering on the roof, Mr. Green. It made too much racket. Well, we've got to foot it home. And a jug of molasses gets heavy before you carry it far.''

"It may be for a little boy like you,'' Tom admitted. "But not for a man—not for me. I could pack that jug all the way back to Fort Blocker and never feel it. Still, as we've got a stick in the handle, I'll let you help me. You can pack the bridle, too, if you want to.''

Thad put the bridle over one shoulder. Then the two, one carrying each end of the stick, took up their jug and tramped away toward home with it. That wind was very chilly, and they had to walk fast to keep warm.

When the two were not more than half a mile from the fort, Thad remarked:

"Mr. Green, you'd have had a hard time with this jug if I hadn't been with you to hold one end of the stick.''

"Huh!'' snorted Tom, contemtuously. "I just let you help me carry the jug to please you. It's a little help a man like me needs with a little jug like this.''

It would have been mighty heavy to carry by the handle. It would almost have pulled your fingers off,'' Thad insisted.

"Might your fingers, but not mine—not a man's fingers. Let me show you .''

Setting the jug down, Tom jerked the stick out and tossed it aside. Then he hooked two of his fingers into the small handle and started on. But before going fifty yards he set the jug down again.

"You see, it does hurt your fingers, Mr. Green. If you'd had to carry it like that all the way, it would have pulled your fingers almost off.''

Tom grunted contemptuously. "Think I don't know how to fix that? Plenty of other ways to carry things besides in your hands. Let me show you how I'd packed this jug if I'd been by myself.''

After taking off his hat, which he handed to Thad to carry, he lifted the jug up and set if on his head. "Learnt this trick from the niggers down at home,'' he remarked.

"I know. I've seen negroes carry things that way, time again. But you couldn't carry if far like that, Mr. Green. Your neck would get tired.''

"My neck would get tired! Who ever herd tell of such a fool thing? Why I could pack this jug miles and miles like this, and harldy know I had it. Just to show you, I'm going to carry the molasses all the way to the fort. You watch me now, and you'll mighty soon see whether I could ha' got this jug home without such a little shaver as you to help me!''

So away tramped the town boy, still carrying the jug on his head. Thad followed close behind, but did it a little regretfully. He had hoped to be seen entering the fort, he holding one end of the molasses stick and Mr. Green the other. That was not to be. But Thad was carrying the town boy's hat, and that was something to be thankful for.

The two were now approaching a ravine. The wagon-road bent upward, to cross at a better place. But there was a cow path leading straight across, and Tom followed the path.

Had he gone down the sloping place worn by the cattle, nothing might have happened. But he kept on level ground till he came to the ravin's upright bank. The bank was only four or five feet high; and, without taking the jug from his head, Tom jumped. And the consequences of that jump must have been very surprising to the jumper. Certainly they were to Thad. The cracked jug split from bottom to top, one piece sliding down one side of Tom's head and the other piece down the other side. The molasses, though no longer hot, was still warm enough to flow freely. The sweet, sticky stuff had already covered the boy's head and face, and was running down over his clothes!

"Stop it, Thad! Stop it somehow!'' howled the molasses-covered Tom. The stuff had completely covered the boy head and face, and also his eyes. He could see nothing.

Eager to be of some assitance, Thad jumped from the bank. Then, in his excitement and agitation, he ran round and round the big boy.

"I—I don't see anything I can do, Mr. Green,'' he finally announced, helplessly.

"Don't see anything you can do! What're you standin' there like a big gump for? Why don't you stop it, like I told you to? You going to let this sticky, gaumy stuff run all over me?''

"It's all over you now, Mr. Green! All except your legs below the knees; and it's covering them as fast as it can.'' That answer only exasperated Tom. "Then why don't you do something? What are you standing' there like a fool for? I thought you did have a little sense!''

Thus rebuked, Tom ran round the big boy again. "But what can I do, Mr. Green?'' he asked, in distressed tones. "If you'll tell me I'll do it, just as quick as ever I can!''

"How can I see what to do, with my eyes stuck tight shut like they are? What have you got eyes in your head for?''

Againt eh excited Thad ran round the sticky figure, this time in the opposite direction. "Only one thing I can see to do, Mr. Green. Only one thing will stop the molasses from covering the rest of your clothes. If you could stand on your head, and stick your feet straight up in the air, then the molasses would run—''

"Stand on my fiddlesticks!'' stormed the exasperated Tom. "I can't stand on my head when I can see, let alone when my eyes are gaumed up till I'm blind as a bat! Why don't you grab up some grass and leaves and wipe the nasty stuff off of me? Seems to me anybody but a natcherl-born fool ought to thought of that!''

Acting upon this suggestion, the other boy looked around. Seeing nothing in the ravine, he ran up the cow path, and began to pull grass from the ground and strip leaves from the bushes. With both hands full, he hurried back.

Again he ran round the big boy. By this time the molasses, continuing its downward course, had covered all the rest of Tom's clothes, and even his shoes. Scarcely an unsweetened spot of him could be found.

"I've got the leaves and grass. Where must I begin, Mr. Green?'' Thad finally inquired.

"Why, begin at my head, of course, and wipe down! I never did see such a big gump!''

Moving around, Thad tried to to wipe the molasses from the back of Tom's head. But, alas, with little success. While still warm, the molasses had run freely; but after the stuff and spread out the cool air had quickly chilled it.Its recent boiling had continued too long. When cold, it was as thick as molasses candy, and it would not run any more. Also it was as sticky as glue, and it could not be wiped off. Soon Thad, who in his zeal kept trying spot after spot, had patches of green leaves and green grass sticking out all over Tom. His last and most determined attack was on the top of Tom's head.

"Ouch!'' almost screamed the big boy, clutching at the spot with molasses-covered fingers. "Stop that! Stop it, I tell you! You're pulling all my hair out by the roots! I don't believe you're doing a bit of good, anyhow!'' The last statement was only too true. Though he had not wiped off any molasses, Thad had wiped on much grass and many leaves.

"I've tried and tired, and I can't do any good at wiping, Mr. Green. The more I wipe, the worse it don't come off!'' The boy spoke in distressed tones.

"Chunky Joe was right when he said this molasses would be thick after it got cold. It's worse than thick. He boiled it too long for molasses. You're coated with candy from your head to your heals. Anything else you'd like for me to do, Mr. Green?''

"How can I tell, with my eyes glued so tight shut I can't see a wink? Looks like you could see what to do, without asking me!''

"But I can't,'' admitted Thad, in worried tones.

"Then take me home, as straight as ever you can. My ma will know how to get this nasty, gaumy stuff off. Lead me home before it gets any harder. The more it dries the tighter it'll stick.''

What Happened to Mr. Green.

Obediently Thad grasped a molasses-covered hand. He was greatly worried. To him it seemed that somehow he himself must be at least partly to blame for his companion's sorry plight.

"All right, Mr. Green. I'll take you home. You keep your eyes tight shut, so's the molasses won't get in 'em. I'll lead you.''

"Keep my eyes tight shut! You blockhead! Don't you know I couldn't open 'em to save my neck? What's the use of saying such big fool things?''

"I just wanted you to keep the sticky stuff out of your eyes, Mr. Green,'' the younger boy explained, patiently. He understood how exasperating it must be to find one's self in Tom's plight.

Thad now led his unseeing charge as fast as was prudent; for Tom showed an inclinaton to stumble. In a little while they came to the wagon road, and after that there was less trouble.

As blind Tom and his guide were entering the fort, Thad noticed Marzee at her own door. She had a broom made by tying broomweeds together, and was sweeping the hard ground under the brush shed that shaded the front door of her father's cabin. There had been only a sprinkle of rain here. The moment she caught sight of the molasses-covered figure, she ceased to sweep and stood staring.

By this time the sun had come out, and in spite of the chilly air countless flies were swarming around Tom. Some of them were still flying, while others were sticking to him, buzzing noisily.

"Thad, what in the round world have you got there?'' demanded the girl, still staring at the ridiculous, unrecognizeable figure.

"Why, don't you know, Marzee? This is Mr. Green.

Mr. Green! What Mr. Green? I don't know of any Mr. Green! That's about the size of Tom Green, but he does'nt look like or anybody else to me."

"Yes that's who I mean Marzee. Mr. Green—Mr. Tom Green! He's got sorghum molasses on 'im. That's why you don't know 'im.''

"Got sorghum molasses on 'im! Well, I'd say he has! Looks like he's turned to sorghum molasses—and leaves and grass and—and flies! Of all the funny sights!'' The girl began to laugh.

"Thad, don't stand here gabbin' all day!'' exclaimed Tom, in exasperated tones. "Take me to my ma!''

Eager to get away from the laughing girl, Tom jerked his hand out of Thad's and went stumbling along.

"What! Is he blind?'' exclaimed the girl, her amusement turning instantly to alarm.

"No, no! He's just got his eyelids stuck shut with molasses,'' Thad answered, as he hurried on to overtake his stumbling charge. When the two arrived at the Graham cabins, they found the head of the house sitting in his front door.

"Captain, I've fetched home your—your Mr. Green. He bursted a jug of molasses on his head and got himself all gaumed up.''

The captain of the scouts stared at the unrecognizeable figure, brown with molasses, spotted with green leaves and grass, and buzzing with flies.

"My—my Mr. Green? I don't own any Mr. Green! What under the sun are you talking about, Thad? And who in the blazes is that, anyhow?''

"I mean—I mean—Oh, you know well enough who it is I mean, captain! He's your—I mean you're his uncle.''

"I am, eh? Do you mean to tell me I'm the uncle of that thing?''

"Yes, sir. Of course I do. Don't you know 'im?''

"Is it—Tom?''

"Yes, sir. It's—it's Mr. Green.''

"If it's Tom, why in the thunder don't you say so, Thad, without so much tomfoolery? Mr. Green indeed! Mr. Fiddlesticks!''

"Well, that's what he told me to call 'im!'' expostulated Thad, indignant at this unmerited rebuke.

"Told you to call 'em Mr. Green, eh?'' The bearded captain grinned broadly, then burst out laughing.

"I—I just told Thad he could call me Mr. Green if he wanted to, because—because I'm so much bigger than he is,'' Tom here hastened to explain. "No—no, you didn't, Mr. Green!'' Thad protested, earnestly. Then, feeling sure that the object of his admiration must have forgotten, he added: "Don't you recollect? You said it wasn't proper for a little boy like me to be calling a young gentleman like you by his first name. You said it was bad manners and ought to be ashamed for not teaching me better manners. And then you said—''

aThad was running on rapidly, but his further explanations were cut short by Captain Graham's boisterous merriment. Standing with his hands on his hips, the chief of the scouts was shaking himself with laughter.

"Told you to call 'im Mr. Green, eh? A purty-looking Mr. Green he makes! Looks like the flies are about to blow 'im! Thad, you'd better take Mr. Green down and push 'im into the creek! Let 'im soak there for a day or two. It'll soak some of the molasses off of 'im, and maybe some of the tomfoolery out of is fool head! ''Plainly the blunt old Indian-fighter did not share in Thad's admiration for this learned nehpew of his. "Take 'em right along and—''

"I want my ma! She'll wash me,'' now spoke up Tom, out of his sorghum coating.

"Your ma's not here. And even if she was, there's not water enough on the place to wash a fourth of you. Creek's the place—the only place for such a washing as you need. Take 'im right along, Thad! You're in command of him.'' "But I want my ma!'' protested the angry Mr. Green. "Why don't you send for my ma? If she was here, she'd know how to get this gaumy stuff off. She'd—''

"You don't need your ma to get that gaumy stuff off. All you need is plenty of water. Put for the creek with Thad. And when you get there, plunge right in, clothes and all.''

So Thad started back across the square, leading the queer-looking figure toward the spring. By this time more than a dozen small children had gathered to stare at the molasses-coated Tom.

"He's the town boy! He's all gaumed up!'' said Jimmy Hendricks, solemnly. "Yes, he's all gaumed up!'' repeated Billy Reel, just as solemnly.

"Who is it that's all gaumed up?'' inquired Bailey Cogburn, who had just joined the group.

"Thad, who is it that's all gaumed up that a way?'' little Molly McDaniel called out.

"Why, it's—it's Mr. Green,'' Thad answered, without stopping.

Now the procession met Molly Welburn and Sally Cogburn, coming across the square together. Both of these girls were nearly grown. And both stopped and stared at the strange-looking figure.

"Why, Thad, what under the sun have you got there?'' demanded Molly. She lived next door to the Dayberrys, on the south.

"Don't you know 'im? It's Mr. Green. He and his ma are visiting at Captain Graham's.''

"He means that town boy, Tom Green! That's who he means!'' called out Alvretty Hendricks.

"But what—what's the matter with 'im?'' Sally wanted to know.

"Oh, nothing much. He just cracked a molasses jug on his skull. He'll be all right as soon as the stuff's washed off. I'm taking 'im to the creek to soak 'im. That's what Captain Graham ordered me to do."

"That town boy cracked a m'lasses jug on his skull!" one of the larger small girls was heard to say to another girl. "Yes, that town boy busted a 'lasses jug right on top of his skull!" little Florence Wilkins said wonderingly, to Etta Hendricks.

"Well, now, isn't he just too sweet for anything?" Molly remarked, laughingly to Sally as they stood watching the procession move on.

Perhaps Molly Welborn's remark concerning Tom's sweetness called the children's attention to what they were missing. For now little Belle McDaniel ran up to Tom, wiped her forefinger down one of his legs, where the flies were fewest. and then licked it. That was the beginning. But presently all that swarm of little ones were doing the same thing. They even pushed and crowded one another to get to the sweetness-coated boy. A few used their tongues instead of their fingers.

"What's that swarm of brats doin' to me, Thad?"

The boy in the lead glanced back. "They're not hurting you, Mr. Green.You needn't mind 'em. They're only licking the molasses off of you. The more they lick off the less you'll have to wash off."

As the procession neared the corner of the square, Thad noticed Marzee, who was still under the brush shed. And her mother was standing in the door behind her.

"And where are you headed for now, Thad?" inquired the woman, evidently much amused at the spectacle.

"To the creek, ma'am. I'm taking Mr. Green to the creek to wash the molasses and—and other things off of 'im," the boy paused to explain. "You'd better hurry up, Thad, or the flies will be so thick on 'im—" Marzee was beginning to say, laughingly. But at the sound of the girl's voice Tom burst out, in angry tones:

"Why don't you go on with me, Thad, like Uncle Jim told you to? What you standin' here jawin' and gabbin' all day for?"

At once Thad moved on, leading his blinded charge. And after Tom swarmed the flies and the children, all hungry for somehing sweet, and all eager to save as much of the sweet stuff as they could before it was washed off and wasted. Down the well-worn water path, by the ox mill, the solemn procession moved through the woods.

"Will it come off when he washes it?" Dow Hart wanted to know. Tim Hart, Dow's father, was the owner of the mill.

"And will it take the hide off?" questioned Theodore Reel.

Nobody answered those questions; but various opinions were uttered in reply. When at length the procession had marched down the creek bank, Thad stopped is charge on the gravel, at the edge of the pool below the spring.

"Here's the water. You'd better plunge right in, Mr. Green."

"You wash me, Thad."

"Why, Mr. Green, your uncle said—"

"You needn't mister me so much! All right where everybody can hear you, too!" snapped the irritable figure in molasses.

"Oh, all right, then. But, hadn't you better plunge right in, clothes and all, like captain said? The wind's chilly, but the water's not. And you're just molasses all over anyhow, from your head to your heels."

Tom advanced into the pool, rather timidly, till it was above his knees; then he squatted down. Thad rolled his pantaloons high and waded in to assit Tom. The curious children stood at the water's edge and watched the washing. Even with Thad's help it took Tom most of an hour to get himself clean of his sticky covering. Some molasses had run down his neck, inside of his clothes, where washing was not easy. But all of it finally dissolved in the water. That was a bedraggled, sorry-looking boy who tramped back up the water path and across the sqaure to Captain Graham's cabins.

When the Settlers Made Molasses.

Many a day would pass before Tom Green heard the last of that unlucky jug and its contents. The big boys, who heartily disliked the town boy for his high and mighty airs, were quick to take up the joke. This meant that they would give it no rest till they had worn it to frazzles. They also learned that Tom had ordered Thad to call him Mr. Green. It's safe to say Tom rued the day when he had claimed that title. For from this time forth he was never called anything else but Mr. Green—except when he was called Sorghum Green, or Molasses Green.

Tom faced the teasing and tormenting as long as he could; then he and his mother went away. And it was understood that their going was hastened by the jokes and gibes which pelted the boy mercilessly wherever he went. Thad's admiration for the supposed-to-be-learned town boy soon died—was laughed to death. And while Thad never teased the boy about that jug of molasses, as the other fort people did, he soon came to realize that Tom was far from knowing as much as he had given him credit for knowing.

Before leaving the fort, the town boy tried hard to reinstate himsef in Marzee's favor. But the girl, after once seeing Tom dressed in sorghum molasses and flies, could never be induced to take him seriously again. The sight of him always started her to laughing; and her laughter never failed to provoke Tom to anger. She always addressed him as Mr. Green.

It was long after the Green's departure that Thad's father announced his intention of doing something which he had several times before spoken of doing. And that was to construct a molasses mill; a mill to grind or crush sorghum cane so as to get the juice out of it for making molasses. He himself was expecting to have a few acres of cane to make up; and others of the fort people had cane which they would want to haul to somebody's mill. After speaking to these men about the matter, and being assured that he would have plenty of grinding, he and Thad proceeded to get materials together to build the mill.

Putting Spot and Jerry to the wagon, the two armed themselves, as usual, and drove over to the Cross Timbers. There they chopped down a goodsized oak tree. With a crosscut saw borrowed for the purpose, they sawed off the wedge-shaped butt of the log, and then three sections. Two of the sections were three feet and a half long, the other considerably longer. Those sections, together with various other timbers that would be needed, they hauled to their farm. For it was at the farm that they proposed to set up their cane mill.

The three sections of the tree trunk were used by Mr. Dayberry to make rollers—the rollers that would crush the cane. Being the most important part of the mill, the rollers were made first, and very carefully.

After taking off the bark, the man kept chopping and hewing at the timbers till he had removed all the soft outer wood and made them perfectly round. Then every one was cut down at each end to make necks—necks about six inches in diameter. The longest roller, when finished, had a neck at one end more than two feet long.

Now each of the rollers had many holes morised around its upper end, which was cut down two inches or so for the purpose. And many wooden cogs were made, all alike, and driven into the holes, till there was a complete circle of them. All the rollers were thus geared together with cogs. While the rollers would all turn without the gearing, it was supposed that they would turn better with it, and that the feeding would be easier. Finally four big posts were set in the ground, not far apart, and in the proper positions; and with those and other timbers a frame was constructed to hold the rollers. When the mill was completed, the rollers, now set on end together, were just high enough for a man to stand erect and feed stalks of sorghum into them. The neck of the longest roller passed up through a timber and had a long lever set on its upper end. It was by this lever that the mill would be turned. The bottom of the frame was a sort of shallow trough, so shaped that the juice would run out at one end, into a tub.

As the mill was constructed, the cane, while being ground, would pass twice between rollers, the second pair set closer together than the first. When the juice had been crushed out, it would, of course, have to be boiled and boiled before it turned to molasses. For the boiling a furnace had to be made.

First a long, narrow trench was dug, perhaps a foot deep. On both edges of the trench rough stone walls, laid in clay mortar, were built up nearly a foot more, with cross stones laid at regular intervals to connect them. Then about a dozen big, cast-iron wash-pots—two the Dayberry's own, the others borrowed from their neighbors—were set on the walls and over the trench. Every pot was so plastered about with mud that the smoke and fire could not come up around it.

The ditch sloped upward at one end, leaving an opening through which to put in fuel. The other end was topped with a low stone-and-mud chimney. A loosely-laid roof of boards over the furnace, and supported by forks and poles, completed the molasses-making outfit.

When the cane mill and its furnace were finished, Mr. Dayberry and the boy went to work and hauled numerous wagonloads of wood, which they piled up near the furnace's mouth. That wood they obtained, as their neighbors obtained theirs, from "speckilators" land over in the Cross Timbers. If the nonresident owners wouldn't do anything to redeem the country from savagery, they could at least furnish fuel for those who did. So the settlers reasoned about the matter.

Mr. Dayberry's own cane, being the first planted, was also the earliest to ripen; and that would be the first to be ground. The man and Thad stripped the blades from the stalks, and cut the tops off—the seed heads. Then they cut the stalks down and laid them in piles. After that they hauled the stalks out and piled them in a big pile near the mill. Next morning the real molasses making began.

Mr. Wilkins would help to run the mill; and both his family and the Dayberry family had driven up to the farm in the ox wagon.

Mr. Wilkins and Thad would run the mill itself, while Mr. Dayberry, aided by the women and Marzee, would carry the juice to the furnace and look after the boiling.

When everything was ready, Thad brought in Spot and Jerry and fastened their big chain to the end of the lever with a piece of rawhide. Then a rawhide rope was put on the near steer's horn and tied to the leading pole in front of them. This pole was pegged to the lever, at right angles, and would move as it moved.

"Ready, Mr. Wilkins?" the boy now sang out.

"Yep! Let her go, Thad, as soon as you feel like!"

Now the driver started the oxen. Walking close behind the lever, he drove them round and round. Not till the team had made several rounds, and become accustomed to the circular motion, did Mr. Wilkins begin to push stalks of cane into the big rollers. And scarcely had the actual grinding begun when the rollers set up a noisy squeaking, and juice began to stream into the tub.

While this was going on, Mr. Dayberry, who had already fired the furnace, was carrying water from the well, and the women were washing out the boiling pots. As soon as one pot was clean, Marzee, waiting till the lever was out of the way, slipped in with a water bucket and a gourd and brought out as much juice as she could carry. This her mother emptied into the clean pot. then the girl went back for more juice.

"Keeps you hustling, don't it, Thad?" Marzee said once, as she ran in behind the lever to get to the tub.

"Hustling! I'd say it does! Before I get one thing done there's something else that needs doing. First I have to carry in cane for your pa to feed the mill with. Then I dodge round to the other side and carry away and armful of two of ground stalks. After that I follow the oxen a few rounds, so they won't walk too slow."

"Don't you wish you had Charley Dick to help you?"

"That's what! And I'm going to have 'im here, too, just as soon as he gets through with his own work. He's helping his pa strip down their cane and top it, so's to have it ready to cut and haul when we're ready to grind it."

Early and late the molasses making went on. Before daylight it began, and till long after dark it continued. When one pot had been boiled and skimmed and skimmed and boiled till its contents were thick enough, the hot molasses was dipped out and poured into a barrel. Then that pot was filled with fresh juice, and the boilng and skimming began again. Thus the work went on constantly.

Usually the women and children returned to the fort at night, to milk their cows and look after things there. At such times either Mr. Wilkins or Thad went with them, to drive the oxen and unyoke them, and to yoke them again next morning. But there was always a pot or two of molasses to stir off late, and Mr. Dayberry, who was an expert molasses maker, had to stay and attend to that. One of the others, either Thad or Mr. Wilkins, always remained to assist him. The two who staid slept at the straw stack.

After all of the Dayberry's sorghum had been ground, Mr. Wilkins hauled his over and they made molasses of that. When Saturday came, they kept the mill going for less than half the day. After that they boiled down the juice, put the molasses into a barrel, and let the fire go out. The whole party returned to the fort while the sun was still high. They were glad of this opportunity to get a full night's sleep. The week just ending had been a hard, busy one for all of them.

Sunday morning came, and Parson Witt, a Baptist preacher who lived a few hundred yards above the fort, preached at the log schoolhouse, which stood not quite so far below the fort. But after dinner, there being nothing else to do, Charley Dick and Thad got together and strolled down to the spring. From there they rambled slowly up the creek. Once they stopped and spent half an hour or so swimming. After putting on their clothes they wandered on, in the same direction.

On coming to the McDaniel place, Thad suggested that they turn back, but Charley Dick said:

"I hain't never been where all you folks is makin' molasses. Let's mosey on up that way while we're so close." "Oh, all right, if you say so. I've been up there so much these last few days that I'm none too fond of the place." "I know. But it's only a little piece, and I'd like to scrape the pots. Just about starved for sumpn sweet, I am."

So the strollers took the road and moved on. When they found themselves at the cane mill, Charley Dick whittled out a little wooden paddle, with a sharp edge, and went to scraping those pots that had not been washed. And he ate the thick, candied molasses greedily, as fast as he could scrape it up. Thad was not very hungry for sweet stuff; but he, too, whittled out a paddle and proceeded to do some scraping, though rather listlessly.

Charley Dick went on scraping and eating. But Thad, after getting as much black candy as his paddle would hold, sauntered round to the shady side of the stalk pile. There the threw himself down, with his back against the mound of crushed stalks. He kept nibbling at his paddle. But after a hard week he was enjoying far more this chance to rest. For several minutes longer Charley Dick went on scraping pots and eating candy. But at length, having almost enough, he, too, scraped up all of the dark, sticky stuff that his paddle would hold, then strolled round and joined his friend in the shade of the stalk pile. By this time Thad, who had lost much sleep the week before, had fallen into a doze. The other boy, busy sucking his paddle, did not wake him.

While the two were still lying there lazily, with their backs against the stalk pile, voices and the tramping of hoofed feet began to be heard. Horsemen were approaching.

Charley Dick started up, intending to step round the mound of stalks to see who were coming. But Thad, startled from his nap by noise, first touched the other boy's leg, and then held up his hand in warning.

"Sh! Don't go round there!" he whispered. And when Charley dick had stopped, suddenly, Thad added, still in a whisper: "Those voices sound strange to me!"

Charley Dick crouched down, in alarm. The mounted men were coming closer. After listening for half a minute or more, without understanding a word that the riders uttered, Thad crept round till he could peep beyond the stalk pile. And it was well that he had peeped instead of walking round to look. For a band of Indian warriors had just halted the fence!

Some of the Indians were in the act of hitching their horses to rails while others were already climbing over the fence. Probably they had never seen a molasses-making outfit before, and curiosity was prompting them to examine this one.

On making his startling discovery, Thad, without waiting for a second look, dodged behind the mound of stalks, then came crawling back. The expression on his face told the other boy what the matter was, even before Thad had whispered the one word which send a shudder through every person on the Texas frontier—Comanches!

At once the two frightened white boys began to dart their eyes every where in quest of a hiding place. Having no thought of coming up here where they started from the fort, both had left their guns at home. Nor, had they been ever so well armed, would they have dared to use weapons against so many red men.

If the sorghum patch had alredy been cut, the two boys might have plunged into that and concealed themselves. That sorghum was gone, however, and the cornfield was too far away. But a hiding place was near—nearer than either of those.

At the time when the cane mill was constructed, two logs for the frame had been hauled here, but not proved unusable. Those had been rolled to one side to get them out of the way, and left lying there. When the grinding had begun, the crushed stalks had been piled up top of the logs, and all of them but their ends was now covered. An end of each log was sticking out from under the stalk pile, but a few feet from where the two badly frightened boys were now crouching. The logs lay side by side, and far enough apart for a boy to crawl between them easily. They were also close enough together to hold the stalks up, more than a foot above the ground. Charley Dick was the first to discover that hiding place. At once he pointed to it. Thad nodded eagerly. A few moments later the frightened pair had disappeared under the mound of stalks.

After wriggling along on their stomaches between the logs, till both boys were safely hid, they lay very still. Now they were listening for the redskins to go their way. It did not seem probable that this war party would linger long, here so close to the fort.

Minute after minute dragged by. The Comanches could still be heard jabbering noisily in their own tongue. From their exclamatoins and laughter it seemed evident that they were well pleased over something. Thad now discovered a point of light in front of him. It was where the stalks dropped down over the other ends of the logs. Being curious to learn what the savages were doing so long, he crawled forward till he could peep out.

What he saw surprised him greatly. All the band of red raiders, of whom he counted fourteen, were gathered around the barrel of molasses. The barrel was standing on end, and was full to its very top. The Comanches had pulled out the corncob stopper, and were sticking their fingers first into the bung hole and then into their mouths. They must have been very fond of the sweet stuff; for as they sucked their own fingers their war-painted faces wore a decidely happy expression. All were laughing and jabbering, and two or three kept dancing about playfully.

Except for a breechclout of buckskin and moccasins, every redskin of them was naked. One or two were armed with guns, the others with bow and arrow-filled quivers; and most of them carried long lances besides. Several had shields of dried buffalo hide on their arms, and every one wore a scalping knife and a tomahawk in his belt.

The spectacle of fourteen swarthy fellows, all busily engaged in sucking their own fingers, appeared so ludicrous to Thad that, forgetting his recent fears, he shook with silent laughter. By crowding against a log, he made room enough for Charley Dick to crowl up beside him.

Now the two took turns at peeping out. Later Charley Dick detected another small opening between the stalks and applied his eye to it. With that both could peep out at the same time. Feeling safe from discovery here, they gave themselves up to watching the Indians.

Charley Dick was as much amused at the finger-sucking spectacle as Thad had been. And he was also just as careful not to express his amusement so that it could be heard.

The redskin who attracted most of the white boys' attention was a big, but short and rather fat fellow. From the deference show him by his companions, they understood that he was chief of this war party. Something in the shape of his big head and the expression on his big face suggested a vicious old bull.

Comanche Warriors at Play.

Not much dignity could the chief lay claim to. He would advance to the barrel, stick his fingers one after another into the bunghole, and then come away, with the molasses string down, and proceed to suck them, with a look of silly, boyish delight on his villainous face. Sometimes he stood still, slipping a finger into and out of his mouth, and sometimes he hoped about.

"Watch the old muley bull cut capers!" whispered Charley Dick, nudging the boy by him. "Ain't he a beauty, though?"

"As beautiful as a mud fence stake-and-ridered with bullfrogs!"

When the red men had satisfied their hunger for sweets, they began to play, dabbing the thick molasses on one another's naked bodies and hair. Sometimes one Indian would chase another round and round the barrel, while the other warriors shouted with delight. The big, stocky chief was as playful as any of them.

While most of the Comanches were playing pranks by the molasses barrel, one of their number had left the others and was examining the cane mill, curiously. After stalking all the way round it, he went in and felt of the rollers. Later he got hold of the lever and began to move that.

Anybody who was seen and heard one of those old wooden cane mills at work can never forget the ear-torturing creaks and squeaks and shrieks which were ground out of it. No sooner had the warrior begun to push the lever than the revolving rollers set up their usual complaint, loudly, harshly. The noises, hideous though they were, seemed to please the redskins. At once they left the molasses barrel and gathered around the mill. Perhaps the squeaking bore some resemblance to the music which they themselves were accustomed to make in their war dances.

Two more Indians soon joined the warrior behind the lever and helped him to push it round and round. Now the mill was turning faster. Faster and faster the three warriors pushed, till they were going at a run. And the faster the mill turned the thicker and louder and sharper were the noises squeezed out of it.

While the three warriors were chasing the flying lever, the others were hopping and capering about in a ridiculous way. Knowing that nobody lived very near, they had laid aside their weapons and were giving themselves up to having a good time.

At length one of the Indians at the lever became dizzy from running in a circle and, though he kept on laughing foolishly, staggered away as if drunk. Anothe warrior promptly ran in to help the pushers, and the complaining, protesting cane mill was kept going at a speed never dreamed of before. All the time the playful savages were laughing and calling to one another in delighted tones, and with happy expressions.

At last the chief ventured in close and, stopping so that the lever would pass over his head, stood with his hands on his knees, watching the rollers turn. Presently he caught up some crushed cane stalks, which littered the ground everywhere, and tried to feed them into the mill. But he was on the wrong side, and the harder he pushed the stalks in the more the rollers pushed them out.

Moving round, he tried again, and was delighted at the greediness with which the mill now took the stalks in. He caught up others and fed them to the rollers, till the mill complained ever more loudly than before.

At last it must have occured to the big redskin that the whiteskins did not employ this mill merely to make a noise. Seeing half a wagonload of unground cane lying near, he ran out and brought in an armful of that. Throwing the cane down by the mill, he took two stalks in his hands and began to feed the rollers with them. Those plump stalks made harder turning, and raised the mill's squeaking to shrieking. The warriors at the lever kept it moving, though very slowly now. Ere long two other ran in to help them.

After starting three or four fat stalks into the mill, the chief ran round to see what the rollers were doing to them. He met them coming through, very slowly, and all crushed flat. Grasping them, he tried to pull them out; but the mill held them fast. Bracing himself, he pulled and kept pulling, till the rollers let go suddenly—so suddenly that the fat chief tumbled over backwards.

Shouts and laughter greeted the big redskin as he fell sprawling. Up he sprang, laughing boyishly. While laughing he forgot to stoop, and the lever struck his head as it passed over him. Instantly his big, savage face became furious. But, on seeing what had struck him, he gained foolishly and rubbed his skull.

Scarcely had the first fat sorghum stalks started through the mill when juice began to stream from the lower end of the trough into the tub. Soon a warrior went in to watch the stream. A gourd was hanging near the tub, and he took it and held it under the streaming juice. After catching a gourdful, he first sniffed at it and then tasted it.

He must have liked the taste, for he at once drank more. The chief, still rubbing his bruised head ruefully, now squatted down by the tub, to taste the juice. Another warrior had gone to pushing stalks into the mill, and it was kept turning and grinding.

After drinking all the juice he wanted, the chief left the tub. Pushing the other feeder aside, he himself went to feeding cane into the rollers again. Several warriors were now squatting by the tub, awaiting their turns to use the gourd. The mill was not turning very fast, but still fast enough to keep juice streaming into the tub.

A little later the two watchers under the stalk pile noticed a young warrior coming away from the tub, with his hand on his stomach and a gloomy look on his face. He had drunk too greedily.

"Hit's makin' the red booger sick!"' whispered Charley Dick.

Both boys laughed noiselessly. Well each of them remembered how he himself had once drunk to much of that sweet, green stuff.

But the young redskins' sickness soon proved to be anything be amusing to the white boys. First he disappeared round the stalk pile. Then they heard him on the other side of it, grunting miserably. Looking back, they were horrified to see his moccasined feet. He was standing at the entrance to their hiding place!''

Now they dared not so much as whisper, and each almost held his breath. But they kept looking behind them, their eyes on those moccasined feet. Presently the redskin seemed to seat himself on the end of one of the logs. A few moments later the terrified watchers saw a dark hand reach down and pick up something. It was a candy paddle. Charley Dick had stopped it there as he started under the stalk pile.

The horror of the two concealed boys could scarcely have been greater. every moment they fully expected to see the redskin's face at the hole, and his dark, savage eyes peering under at them.

It is very probable that, if he had remained there much longer, the sick Indian might have taken a peep under the stalk pile. But suddenly, above the laughter of the Comanches and the creaking and squeaking of the mill, was heard a terrific outburst—a half yell, half roar of rage and pain!

Instantly those moccasined feet disappeared as the young warrior dashed round the stalk pile to learn what was the matter. Now the two in hiding dared to breathe once more. Peeping out at the other side again, they discovered at a glance what the outburst meant.

While feeding sorghum stalks into the mill, the chief of the Comanche war party had allowed the rollers to catch his fingers. And before the mill could be stopped his whole hand had been pulled in!

Many a white person has lost a hand in those cane mills, others both hands, still others an arm, or even both arms. And it is not surprising that an Indian, who had never seen such a mill in motion before, should have suffered his hand to get caught. It was afterwrds found that the big wooden wedges holding the rollers tightly together had worked loose while the mill was being turned with nothing in it. Otherwise the Indian's whole hand would have been mashed as flat as a pancake. But the rollers were still close enough together to give that big hand a very painful crushing—one from which it would be a long time recovering. In fact, the poor fellow might never be able to use his scalping knife or his tomahawk with that hand again.

Indians have a reputataion for stoicism; but little of it did the chief of this war party display. He pulled, he hopped from one foot to the other, he kicked, he roared with rage and howled with pain by turns. But the impertubable rollers held him fast.

After stopping the mill, the other savages crowded round the chief, all greatly excited. At first they seemed not to understand what was the matter. Soon they got hold of the lever again. But in their excitement or inexperience they pushed it the wrong way. The chief squalled at them, and stormed and danced and raved. Finally they began to turn the mill backwards, and the oak rollers slowly, reluctantly relinquished their grasp.

By the time his hand had been released, the big savage was in a terrible rage. His ugly face was several shades black with anger than nature had made it. He stormed at his followers, doubtless abusing them for their slowness and stupidity. They kept out of his way and remained solemnly silent.

Suddenly the chief ran to the furnace. Tearing a stone from the top of the low chimney with his uninjured hand, he came running back. The white boys watched eagerly, fully expecting to see him assault some of the other Indians. But he hurled the stone at the cane mill, striking the big oak rollers a resounding whack. Back and forth he ran, and half a dozen times he assaulted the offending mill with stones.

"Watch the old codger pelt it!'' whispered Charley Dick, nudging the other boy gleefully. "He'll show it how to mash heap big injun's paw!''

After appeasing his wrath against the rollers, the chief became quiet enough to examine his crushed fingers and hand. The whole band now crowded around him, and there was much noisy jabbering together. Finally the chief emerged from the group with a grumpy, injured look on his big face, and made straight for the fence. His warriors took up their bows and lances and shields and followed him. One of them, before reaching over the fence, ran back and pushed over the molasses barrel. Climbing over the fence, they all mounted their horses and rode away.

Scarcely had the savage war party disappered over the hill to the west, when the two boys crept out of their hiding place. The barrel they found on its side, with the thick molasses oozing lazily from its bunghole. By hard lifting they were able to set it upright. Then, after restoring the corncob stopper to its place, they fled for home.

Having no weapons, they understood the neccesity of caution. Instead of following the wagon road, the ran straight to the creek, then made their way along the creek bank, where the brush concealed them, till they were opposite the fort.

The sun had set when, following the water path up from the spring, the two panting, perspiring boys entered the square. And by the time word had been passed around that red raiders were in the country, night had come on. Not till next morning could anything be done toward pursuing the war party.

Bright and early armed and mounted men marched away up the creek. At the Dayberry place they took the redskin's trail and followed it. Miles and miles they followed, always westward. But the Comanches, having a whole night's start, were not overtaken.

As all such bands did, these Indians had come to the settlements on a horse-hunting and scalp-hunting raid. But after leaving the cane mill they had back tracked themselves toward the sunset. Undoubtedly they had none

A Candy Pull at the Cane Mill.

Both Mr. Dayberry and Mr. Wilkins were of the pursuing party from the fort; and, of course, the molasses making had to rest till their return. But finally, almost a week after doing their last grinding, the two families climbed into the Dayberry's wagon and drove up to the farm again.

The pieces of rock which the enraged chief had torn from the furnace chimney were lying by the mill; and the molasses that had run out of the overturned barrel was still on the stalks near by.

"Who knows but what this squeaky old soggum mill saved several white scalps and a whole drove of horses when it ground up that red booger's hand?'' Mr. Wilkins remarked, while assisting Thad to put Spot and Jerry to the lever. Now various settlers who had cane went to hauling it to the mill; and the grinding and boiling and skimming went on as before.

The first to come with a load of cane were Mr. Sheegog and Charley Dick. Load after load they brought, piling it up just outside the ring tramped by Spot and Jerry. For two days and more Charley Dick was busy helping his father. But when all their cane had been stripped and out and hauled to the mill, the boy remained to help the molasses makers. Now Thad, who had been kept on the jump, did not have to work so hard.

As before the Comanches' visit, most of the molasses makers returned home every night. But two always remained here to stir off. The furnace made a good place for cooking—what little cooking they had to do. Most of the cooking was done at the fort. And the board shed over the kettles would afford shelter in case of rain. But the weather continued dry, and the pot boilers slept at the straw stack.

One afternoon, when the second spell of molasses making had lasted more than a week, two young men rode up to the fence. Dismounting, they threw their bridles reins over fence stakes, then climbed over and approached the furnace. They were Turner Evans and Bill Grundy.

Though they had just come from Fort Blocker, neither of the visitors lived there. Grundy's home was not many miles away, but Evans' in a distant part of the state. Both were members of Captain Totty's company of state troops. This company had its headquarters at Fort Blocker, but was usually out scouting, sometimes a hundred or two hundred miles away. Only recently the men had returned to headquarters for a few days' stay.

After exchanging greetings and news with the molasses makers, the visitors explained why they had come. They wanted Mr. Dayberry's permission to have a candy pull here at the molasses mill. The desired consent was cheerfully given. Then the young scouts, after scraping some candy from the pots with their pocket knives, remounted their horses and rode away.

But about sunset they returned, and with them a numerous party. All were on horseback, and half of them were girls. All the girls lived at the fort. The party dismounted at the nearest fence, and the girls took off their riding skirts, hanging them some on the fence and some on the horns of their sidesaddles. They did not climb over, but walked down forty or fifty yards to the barn, where the wagon loaded with cane drove in.

Soon the whole party had surrounded the cane mill and the furace, chatting and joking and laughing. There were no chairs to sit on, or even benches. But the ground for many yards around was deeply littered with crushed cane stalks. When any of the visitors grew tired of standing they could drop down on those.

The mill was still grinding when the merrymakers arrived. Spot and Jerry were tramping round and round, and Charley Dick was driving them.. Mr. Wilkins was feeding the cane into the mill, while Thad kept him supplied with cane, and also carried away the flat-crushed, juiceless stalks. Marzee, armed with her water bucket and gourd, was carrying the juice from the tub to the pots.

Not till dusk did the grinding cease. Now Spot and Jerry were taken out and tied, and most of the molasses makers gathered at the furnace's mouth to eat their supper. But those who had come to the candy pull sat or stood around the stalk pile.

All knew of the Comanche war party's recent visit to this mill; and, now that they were on the ground, all, and especialy the girls, were eager to hear again the story of that exciting visit.

When supper was over, Mr. Dayberry started up the fire under the pot nearest the mouth of the furnace. Two or three gallons of molasses had been left in that pot, and he was going to cook it more—till it became candy.

Not till nearly an hour later did the man in charge of the boiling announce that the candy was ready. By this time every young man and every girl was armed with a small paddle, whittled out of a piece of clapboard, or out of a stick or a splinter from the fence. Promptly all surrounded the candy pot. Each young man filled his own paddle, turning it over and over till all the candy it would hold was on it. Then he passed his full paddle to the girl he had come with, while he took her empty paddle and loaded it for himself.

When all had a supply of the thick, dark, sticky stuff, they returned to the stalk pile. Soon each roll of candy had been stripped from its paddle and was in the owner's hands. Now it was stretched and pulled and pulled and stretched till it became more or less white.

While this was going on the moon came up. Mingled with the candy pulling was, of course, much chatting and laughing and eating, as well as some playing of pranks. After all had pulled their candy as much as they cared to, and most of them had eaten it, there were calls for singing. And singing they soon had. Sometimes all sang together; but oftener one of two of the girls sang at a time, while the others listened.

A few of the selections were religious songs—hymns. But most of them were ballads. Ballads handed down from mother to daughter for nobody knew how many generations. More than one of those ballads showed by its wording, as well as by its quaint old tune, that it had been first sung in England or Scotland, probably centuries ago.

Because of the candy pull all of the molasses makers had remained here and would spend the night here. Being very weary after a long, trying day, they took little part in the merry making. But Charley Dick and Thad, with Marzee, filled their paddles with candy, as did the others. Afterwards they, too, sat on the stalks and pulled their candy or ate it, while they listened to the singing.

When the time came for the visitors to go, they first went up to the well, where they washed their hands and drank. "Now what if a bunch of redskins pounce onto us while we're on our way home?'' Molly Welburn inquired, as the whole party were starting toward their horses. Her gay tones did not indicate that she had any serious fears of such a happening.

"Why, what are all these boys lugging guns and six-shooters around for, if they can't fight for us?'' demanded Sarah Jane Totty, Captain Totty's daughter.

Ere long the dozen and more couples passed through the bars and were at their horses again. Now there was much gay chatter and some laughter while the girls were putting on their riding skirts and mounting. Finally the whole party rode away toward the fort, two by two. But their chatter and gay laughter, as well as some singing, came back through the still summer night till the riders were far on their way.

And scarcely had the visitors departed when the weary molasses makers sought their beds, around the straw stack.

Early next morning the whole party were up and at work. And a busy day they had of it. Next night most of them returned to the fort to sleep. But Mr. Dayberry and Thad, with Charey Dick, would spend the night in the molasses camp.

A full pot of molasses had to be stirred off after nightfall, and then emptied into a barrel. So it was rather late when the three walked over to the straw stack and went to bed. All slept very soundly; but not long after midnight Thad awoke.

How he happened to awake he could not tell. But even while still asleep he became conscious of two birds chirping to each other. Seemingly it was those birds that had awakened him.

The moon was already well up in the sky, and the night seemed very still. When he was wide awake, the chirping of the birds was borne to his ears with startling distinctness. One bird was on top of the hill to the west. The other seemed to be over on the high prairie east of the creek. The one to the west was much closer, and its notes sounded louder, more distinct. But scarcely had the nearer bird chirped when the other one would answer, from across the valley.

"Now what kind of birds are those, I wonder,'' he said to himself. "I've listened to all sort of birds, I guess, but never to any that sounded like that before. Must be some strange night birds passing through the country.''

It was a fact that strange birds did sometimes pass through this country, both in the fall and in the spring; birds whose summer home was farther north and whose winter home was farther south. The boy had noticed those. But it was too early for the fall migration.

While still lingering to those notes, and wondering, Thad became aware that the nearer bird was moving, its progress being toward the north. And soon he discovered that the bird on the far ridge was also moving, and in the same direction. Then the truth flashed upon him, and he promptly sat up in his bed of straw.

With one hand he now reached for his rifle, and with the other he began to shake the still sleeping man.''

"Pa, pa, wake up! Wake up quick! Don't you hear the turkey bones playing?''

Having lived long on the frontier, Mr. Dayberry was not hard to arouse - And even as he sat up he, too, reached his gun - his double-barreled shot gun.

“"Oh What's - What's the matter?" he grunted.

“"Matter enough! Don't you hear them?"

"Hear what?"

"Why, the turkey bones! Don't you hear the turkey bones playing?"

Now the man listened. "Guess you're right, Thad. That must be what it is.'' "Of course that's what it is! I can make those sounds myself.''

Not many weeks before, while Captain Totty's company had been away scouting, one of his men had killed a Comanche. The slayer had preserved the redskin's weapons, and also some other things. One of those other things was a whistle, which produced marvelous birdlike sounds. When next he returned to Fort Blocker, the man had spent a few days in Thad's home; and he had given the whistle to Thad, who was talking good care of it. The whistle was made of a hollow-bone—the bone of wild turkey's leg. There was a hole through one end, with a buckskin string in it. The whistle had hung around its former owner's neck.

Now the man and the boy understood what was taking place. A raiding band of redskins had divided, part of them moving up one ridge and part up the other. Doubtless they were scouring the country for horses to drive off; and two parties could find more horses than one. But, to keep in touch with each other as they moved, each party was sounding those bird-like signals.

"Yes, that's the turkey bones. I've heared 'em a good many times. They sound natcherl.''

"What had we better do, pa?''

"Well, for one thing, we might move out of the moonlight. Too easy for the red boogers to see us here if they happen along.''

"Where'd we better got to? The cornfield? We could go to the cornfield, but—well guess maybe movin' around to the shady side of the straw stack will be enough. They won't be apt to see us there, even if they pass by.''

Now the two listened again. "They're coming closer,

To be continued next month

If Jesus came to yuor house to spend a day or two—
If He came unexpectedly, I wonder what you'd do.
Oh, I know you'd give your nicest room to such an honered guest,
And all the food you'd serve to him would be the very best,
And you would keep assuring Him you're glad to have Him there—
That serving Him in in your own home is just beyond compare.

But—when you saw Him coming, would you meet Him at the door
With arms outstreched in welcome to your heavenly visitor?
Or would you have to change your clothes before you let Him in?
Or hide some magizines and put the Bible where they'd been?
Would you turn off the radio and hope He hadn"t heard?
And wished you hadn't uttered that last, loud, hasty word.

Would you hide your worldly music and put some hymn books out?
Could you let Jesus walk in, or would you rush about?
And I wonder— if the Saviour spent a day or two with you,
Would you go right on doing the things you always do?
Would you go right on saying the things you always say?
Woukd life continue as it does from day to day?

Would your family conversation keep up it's usual pace?
And would you find it hard each meal to say a table grace?
Would you sing the songs you always sing, and read the books you read,
And let Him know the things on which your mind and spirit feed?
Would you take Jesus with you every where you'd planned to go?
Or would you maybe change your plans for just a day or so?

Would you be glad to have Him meet your very closest friends?
Or would you hope they stay away until his visit ends?
Would you be glad to have Him stay forever on and on?
Or would you sigh with great relief when He at last is gone?
It might be interesting to know the things that you would do
If Jesus Christ in person came to spend some time with you.

Selected

GOD KNOWS BEST

Our Father knows what's best for us,
So why should we complain-
We always want the sunshine,
But He knows there must be rain-
We love the sound of laughter
And the merriment of cheer,
But our hearts would lose their tenderness
If we never shed a tear . . .
Our Father tests us often
With suffering and with sorrow,
He tests us, not to punish us,
But to help us meet tomorrow . . .
For growing trees are strengthened
When they withstand the storm,
And the sharp cut of the chisel
Gives the marble grace and form.....
God never hurts us needlessly,
And He never wastes our pain,
For every loss He sends to us
Is followed by rich gain . . .
And when we count the blessings
That God has so freely sent,
We will find no cause for murmuring
And no time to lament...
For our Father loves His children,
And to Him all things are plain,
So He never sends us pleasure
When the soul's deep need is pain . . .
So whenever we are troubled,
And when everything goes wrong,
It is just God working in us
To make our spirit strong.

"NOT AS I WILL"

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepends at I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more duly as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still.
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain to late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road,
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long"

WHY ME LORD

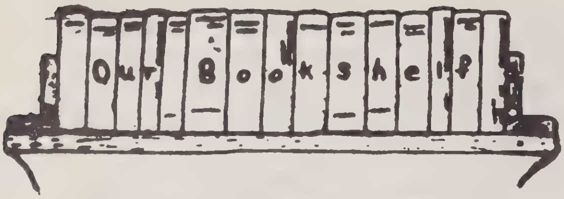
Whenever painwaves throb and ache,
And one more day's "too much to take,"
When love's rebuffed by someone dear,
And angry words are all you hear,
When someone else is given praise,
For work you've labored on for days,
Or you have done your very best,
But still complainers won't give rest,
Or earthquakes, floods, and fires can
In minutes end some dream or plan,
Or hunger pains or parching thirst
Can make a body feel its cursed,
Or death, in seconds, leads away,
A loved one's soul, while people pray,
God quickly hears a woeful chord,
"A cross like this? But—why me, Lord?"

But then, when health is at its prime,
And pleasures come from leisure time,
When love's experiences impart
Their blessings to a happy heart,
When silently some helping hand
Assists, when you can't understand,
Or people take the time to say
You've more than earned your given pay.
When home and family are safe and sound
From all disaters to be found,
Or stomachs can be filled each night.
So each "tomorrow" can seem bright,
When births of infants and new friends,
All multiply like dividends,
Should not God hear a happy chord:
"How blessed I am! But—why me, Lord?"

* * * * * * * * *

Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like a whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill,
"Not as we will."



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AMISH AND AMISH-MENNONITE GENEALOGIES
by Dr. Hugh F. Gingerich, PhD. and Rachel W. Kreider, Ma, 1986. 858 p. $50 plus $4 postage and handling. Pennsylvania rresidents, $3 sales tax. Order from Levi L. Stoltzfus, 98 Groffdale Rd., Leola, Pa 17540.

The book Amish genealogists have needed for years has now been published and is certainly the most definitive, comprehensive, and scholarly work on Amish genealogy ever attempted and a work any genealogist would do well to emulate.

The Mennonite Family History announced a new book in print: "The Amish—Mennonites of Waldeck and Wittgenstein." It has long been known that many of our forebearers emigrated from there (especially the later immigrants,) but only surface and singular studies have been compiled until now.

The book coveres family names as: Allgayer, Behr, Bender, Brenneman, Eckardt, Ehrisman, Eigenbrodt, Galli, Guengerich, Gurtner, Heinemann, Holly, Hondrich, Joder, Jost, Jutzi, Kann, Kempf, Kinzinger, Kniep, Koenig, Lanz, Nafziger, Oesch, Ohrendorf, Oswald, Otto, Pfiel, Reber Roth, Rudolph, Schantz, Scheffer, Schlabach, Schoenbeck, Schoettler, Schwartzentruber, Sommer, Unsicker, Vetter, Vormwald, Wagler, and Weyrey.

Orders for this reference volume can be mailed to Mennonite Family History, P O Box 171, Elverson PA 19520-0171, along with a check (US funds) for $7.50 plus $1.00 shipping charges and $.45 tax for PA residents.

The Petersheim family has likely been overlooked but a complete history of this and the Nissley, as well as a handful other families of Waldeck regions exist in the Georg Petersheim Family History, aviable from David Petersheim, W. Eby Rd., Bird-in-Hand PA 17505.

Ken J. Heeter, 711 Betetta Way, Bel Air, MD 21014-4858 wishes to inform our readers that he has indexed two of Paul Hostetler's works: "The Three Zug Brothers" and "Bishop Jacob Hertzler." This work would be a valuable asset to Amish and Mennonite Libraries, as well as to scholarly homes. They can be purchased from the above address for $3.00 each, including postage.

Unfathomed is His love, who said,
"Thrust here thy hand, believing be;
How weak thy faith! I am not dead!"
Then glorious harvests could they see!

Now laboring in our Master's fields,
We to this blessed promise cleave;
"Eternal harvests," bounteous yields
To those who "seeing not, believe!"

The DIARY

VOLUME NINETEEN NO. 10
October 1987

A Church Newsletter serving the Old Order Society

$1.25 per copy **Monthly by Pequea Publishers Gordonville Pa. 17529** *$10.00 per year*

A Chronicle

of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, community notes, historical events, genealogy and articles of general interest.
The Diary was organised in 1969, dedicated to the interest of the Amish Church.

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Reporters address is The Diary, P O Box No. 456, Lancaster PA 17603
The publication no. is 043430.

This Month

5 Baptisms
2 Births
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45 Thad and Charlie Dick

SOWING AND REAPING

Oh, beware, young man, 'tis the sowing time,
In your bright young days and manhood prime;
So be sure to sow in life's bright morn,
What you'd wish to reap when you're older grown.

Are you sowing wild oats in your tender youth?
Far better to be sowing the seeds of truth,
For the reaping time will come too soon,
What you sow at morn you may reap at noon.

If you sow wild oats, you will reap the same,
In a blighted life and a tarnished name,
For the seed will grow to a hardy tree,
And how bitter at last the fruit will be.

If you sow to the wind, you'll the whirlwind reap,
For conscience, now dormant, can't always sleep,
And the time may come, with sighing tears
You'll reap what you've sown throughout life's years.

Reports Of....

1987 **SEPTEMBER** 1987

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	-	-	-

Calender Schedule

A Monthly Schedule for Annual Reports

November..............................Ordinations
December.............Widow and Widower List

Months apply to the month as dated on front cover. Ordinations, baptisms and migrations will be entered any month they are sent in. Other Items will be held to these months. We will not accept or save senior lists, Widow lists, or telephone numbers on off months (except when such numbers expire.)

Diary Reporters Notice! The address of Diary Reports have changed now to **The Diary, PO Box 456, Lancaster PA 17603.** This includes all Births, Baptisms, Marriages, Obits, Community Notes etc. but **Diary Reports Only.** All other mail to The Diary or to Pequea Publishers keep the old address.

Announcing

Old Order Shop and service directory will be published in 1988. It shall cover all Amish and Old Order Mennonite communities in America, who participate. Anyone who can supply a fair complete list of shops in his community will get a free subscription of the Diary.

Write to: Shop & Service Dictory, Box 328, Lancaster PA 17603.

Lancaster County and Descending Districts NOTE! Please help us to collect all family increases during August, September and October in order to get them all on the new directory. It is impossible to have the forms all filled out in 1 or 2 Months. Some have been filled out in August and it will be a few months till the work is finished. Please remind your friends and relatives to send new ones in. We must copy off of The Diary to complete some family records. It makes a rather scattered mess if individuals send notes that they want a name or date added to their form. We will cooperate the best we can however.

BIRTHS

Conewango Valley, New York
Hostetler, David J.(Elizabeth Miller) 9-18 a son **Joe**
Miller, Andy P.(Ada Wengerd) 9-27 a dau. **Elizabeth**
Miller, Enos I.(Rebecca Hochstetler) 9-23 a son **Eli**
Norfolk, New York
Eicher, Joseph C. (Miriam Wengerd) 9-5 a dau **Barbara**
Bradford Countr̈y. Penna.
Nissley, David C. (Emma Girod) LeRaysville, 9-8 twins, a dau **Edith** and a son **Ervin**
Montour County, Penna.
Stoltzfus, Israel M. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) 9-17 a dau. **Mary**
Nittany Valley, Penna.
King, Joel (Elsie Peachey) 8-28 a son **Howard** and a dau. **Susie**
Byler, Henry (Priscilla King) Mill Hall, 9-14 a son **Enos**
Sugar Valley, Penna.
Fisher, David L. (Linda King) Loganton RI 9-10 a son **David**
Kauffman, Levi P. (Fannie Stoltzfus) Loganton RI 9-26 a dau. **Sadie**
Dauphin County, Penna.
Beiler, Henry (Naomi Zook) Dauphin County 9-2 a son **Aaron**
Lebanon County, Penna.
Stoltzfus, Alvin L. (Miriam Stoltzfus) Myerstown 8-23 a dau., **Martha**
Lancaster County, Penna.
Beiler, David (Verna Stoltzfoos) Bird-In-Hand 9-12 a son, **Elam**
Beiler, Ephraim (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Quarryville, 9-26 a son, **Ephraim Jr.**
Beiler, Mervin (Verna Reihl) Kinzers, 9-3, a son, **Mahlon Dwayn**
Beiler, Simeon B. (Malinda Blank) Paradise 9-18 a dau **Fannie**
Blank, Elam G. (Mima Stolzfus) Cochranville, Sept. 29, a son
Esh, Aaron (Anna Mary Lee) Sept. 18, a son **Stephen**
Esh, Emanuel (Mary Ann Rehl) Kinzers, Sept. 9, a son
Esh, Henry S. (Ruth Hayward) Lancaster, Sept. 17, a son, **Jesse**
Esh, Jonas E. (Fannie Zook) Lancaster, Sept. 3, a son, **Jonas**
Esh, Levi A. Jr. (Sadie King) Ronks, Sept. 12, a dau.
Fisher, Daniel K. (Annie Stoltzfus) Quarryville, Sept. 7, a dau., **Lizzie**
Fisher, Isaac (Mary Lou Nisley) Kinzers, Sept. 5, a son
Fisher, Jacob S (Mary Beiler) Bart, Sept., a son
Kauffman, Benuel (Emma King), Christiana, Sept. 15, a Dau. **Mattie**
Kauffman, Samuel (Ada Mae Lapp) Honey Brook, Sept. 9, a son
King, Aaron K. (Sadie Lapp) Gordonville, Sept. 2, a son **Mervin**
King, Christ K. (Anna King) Honey Brook, Sept. 8, a dau., **Ruth Ann**
King, David M. (Lydia Petersheim) Ronks, Sept. 10, a dau. **Sarah**
King, Enos K. Jr. (Lena Fisher) Ronks, Sept. 5, a dau.
King, Henry K. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Kirkwood, Sept. 26, a dau., Mary
King, John (Susie Esh) Christiana, Sept. 30, a dau. **Hannah**
King, Jonas S. (Fannie Smucker) Bird in Hand, Sept. 12, a son, **Benuel**
King, Jonas S. (Sadie Beiler) Strasburg, Sept. 13, a dau.
Lantz, Aquilla S. (Sylvia King) Litiz, Sept. 27, a son
Lapp, Alvin (Ruth King) Coatesville, 9-8 a dau
Lapp, Daniel K. (Arie King) Kirkwood, Sept. 4, a dau. **Katie Ann**
Lapp, Gideon (Barbara Stoltzfus) New Holland, 9-14 a dau **Katie Ann**
Miller, John B. (Katie Stolztfus) Bird in Hand, Sept. 14, a dau., **Barbie**
Petersheim, Melvin R. Jr. (Sylvia Stolztfus) Paradise, Sept. 3, a dau., **Catherine**
Petersheim, Melvin R. Jr. (Sylvia Stoltzfus) Sept. 3, a dau. **Catherine**
Petersheim, Samuel S. (Barbara King) Christiana, Sept. 11, a dau.
Riehl, Leroy (Fannie Fisher) Gap, Sept. 29, a son
Riehl, Amos G. (Anna Ruth Esh) Gordonville, August 15, a son **Amos Jr.**
Smoker, John M. (Lillian Smoker) Bird in Hand, Sept. 17, a son
Smucker, Amos (Marian Stoltzfus) Leola, Sept. 12, a son
Smucker, Aquilla (Rachel Kauffman) Bird in Hand, Sept. 4, a dau.
Smucker Daniel (Anna Beiler) Quarryville, Sept. 10, a son
Smucker, David L. (Ruth Ann Stoltzfus) Narvon, Sept. 2, a son
Stoltzfus, Abram P. (Bertha Miller) Sept. 11, a dau., **Bertha**
Stoltzfus, Allen L. (Martha Blank) Gap, Sept. 21, a son
Stoltzfus, Amos (Barbara King) Gap, Sept. 10, a son
Stoltzfus, David E. (Sara Lapp) Gordonville, Sept. 20, a son, **David E.**

Jr.
Stoltzfus, David L. (Lizzie Lapp) Gap July 31, a dau., Katie
Stoltzfus. Henry (Lydia Fisher) Kirkwood, Sept. 17, a dau.
Stoltzfus, David S. (Sadie Beiler) Gordonville, Sept. 29, a son, **Omar**
Stoltzfus, Isaac (Malinda Fisher) Nottingham, Sept. 24, a dau.
Stoltzfus, Jacob (Bena Glick) Oxford, Sept. 26, a dau., **Katie**
Stoltzfus, Levi (Mary Miller) Oxford, Sept. 26, a son **Jacob**
Stoltzfus, John E. (Ada Miller) Kirkwood, Sept. 19, a dau., **Fannie**
Stoltzfus, Samuel L. (Naomi Stoltzfus) Nottingham, Sept. 21, a dau.
Stoltzfus, Samuel L. Jr. (Naomi King) Lititz, Sept. 3, a dau.
Zook, Elam (Barbara Stoltzfus) Quarryville, Sept. 12, a dau., **Elizabeth**
Zook, John (Mary Ann King) Gap, Sept. 17, a son, **Benuel S.**
Mast, Leroy L. (Lovina I. Yoder) Warren Center 9-20 a dau **Susan Marie**
McClure, Penna.
Speicher, Yost J. (Franey Zook), Sept. 23, a dau., **Barbara**
Juniata County, Penna.
Petersheim, Abner T. (Annie Swaruy) McAlisterville, Sept. 1, a dau., **Fronie**
Troyer, Andy A. (Druscilla Kanagy) of Mifflintown, Sept. 13, a son, **Moses**
Wengard, Urie (Esther Troyer) of Mifflintown, Sept. 26, a dau., **MaryAnn**
Mifflin County, Penna.
Kanagy, John (Salina Peachey) Belleville, Sept. 1, a son, **Daniel**
Kanagy, Henry (Nancy Yoder) Belleville, Sept. 5, a dau., **Tena**
Peight, Abie (Malinda Kanagy) Belleville, Sept. 15, a dau., **Marion**
Peachy, Rudy (Ruth Detweiler) Belleville, Sept. 21 a dau., **Anna Mary**
Path Valley, Penna.
Byler, Jacob (Amanda Byler) Spring Run, Sept. 22, a son, **Rudy**
Perry County, Penna.
King, John (Emma King) Green Park, 9-11, a son **Eli**
Adams County, Penna.
Stoltzfus, Levi M. (Martha J. Stoltzfus) Gettysburg, 9-30, a dau **Barbara**
Somerset County, Penna.
Brenneman, Jacob A. (Elva A. Sumny), Meyersdale, Sept. 24, a son, **Robert**
Brenneman, Joseph S. (Katie D. Beachy), Meyersdale, R.3, Aug. 31, a son, **Clarence**
Yoder, Daniel J. (Savilla Fisher), Salisbury, Sept. 1, a stillborn son
Zook, Bennie A. (Nancy D. Lee), Meyersdale, Sept. 13, a stillborn son, **Daniel**
Zook, David A. (Ruth N. Peachey) Meyersdale, Sept. 3, a dau., **Rebecca**
Oakland, Maryland
Kauffman Jr., (Sarah Bender), Aug. 14, a dau., **Loretta Lynn**
Dover, Deleware
Byler, Ray S. (Barbara Troyer) R.I Wyoming, Aug. 22, a dau., **Ida Mae**
Hershberger, Menno J. (Mattie Miller) R. 5, Aug. 3 a dau., **Laura**
Hershberger, Raymond W. (Sadie Byler) RoseValley Rd., Sept. 11, a son, **Tobias**
Mast, Alvin A. (Malinda Yoder) RoseValley Rd., Sept. 10 a son, **Melvin**
Miller, Adam Jr. (Emma Byler) R.1 Hartley Sept. 1 a dau., **Velma**
Miller, Dan J. (Gertie Yoder) R.1 Hartly, Sept. 16 a son, **Jacob**
Troyer, Melvin A. (Sadie Mast) R.2, Aug. 31, a dau., **Matilda**
Yoder, Alvin H. (Sylvia Byler) R.1 Hartly, Sept. 19, **Joseph**
St. Marys Co. Maryland
Hertzler, Ira J. (Susie Yoder) Mech., 9-10, a dau **Malinda**
Swarey, Christian L. (Rebecca Byler) Mech., 9-18, a son **Amos**
Yoder, Jacob L. (Gertrude Swarey) Mech., 9-19, a son **Levi**
Glasgow, Kentucky
Yoder, Melvin (Mary Mast), Aug., 18, a son **Vernon**
Yoder, Chris (Elizabeth Bontrager), Aug. 27, a dau., **Rosie**
Yoder, Joe (Rosie Hochstetler) Aug. 27. a son, **Chris**
Guthrie, Kentucky
Beachy, Marvin (Emma Hochstetler), Sept. 3, a son, **Jonathan Lee**
Byler, Vernon (Betty Miller), Sept. 3, a dau., **Dorthy Mae**
Coblentz, Mose (Rhonda Yoder), Aug. 17, a son, **Kevin Lynn**
Mast, James (Delores Yoder), Sept. 12, a dau., **Waneta Mae**
Schlabach, Abe (Betty Hochstetler), Sept. 3, a dau., **Deborah**
Park City, Kentucky
Gingerich, Enos E. (Esther Yoder) 9-3 a dau **Delila**
Yoder, Andy E. (Emma Yoder) 9-9 a dau **Emma**
Southern Mercer County, Penna
Byler, David, A. (Katie Wengerd), New Wilmington, R.1. Sept. 24, a son, **Joe**
Byler, Urie J. (Emma Byler) New Wilmington, R2, Sept. 13, a son, **Jacob**
Hostetler, Levi M. (Susie R. Byler), New Castle, Aug. 11, a son, **Menno**
Miller, Dan N. (Lydia B. Shetler), New Wilmingotn, R2, Aug. 31, a dau., **Lydia Ann**
Union City, Penna.
Gingerich, Edward (Katie Shetler), Sept. 20, a son, **Dannie**
Stutzman, Ben J. (Blanche Stutzman) Aug. 27, a son, **Jacob**
Troutville, Penna.
Miller, Davie E. (Mary Byler) Punxy, Sept. 28, a son **John**
Conneautville, Penna.
Raber, Ben (Barbara Troyer), Sept. 21 a dau., **Lois**
Raber, Reuben (Hannah Mae Miller), Sept. 3, a dau., **Elizabeth Ann**
Sugar Grove, Penna.
Byler, Andy J.A. (Mary R. Hershberger), Aug. 31, a dau., **Ada A.**
Detweiler, Sam E. (Nancy D. Miller), July 16, a dau., **Lydia S.**
HOLMES & WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO
Beachy, Alvin E. (Erma Miller) 9-28 a son Eli
Hershberger, Ray M. (Ida Yoder) Baltic, Ohio, a son **Mark**
Hochstetler, Ivan R. (Anne Miller) Sept. 15, a dau. **Ade Mae**
Gingerich, Gideon E. (Mattie Byler) Sept. 23, a dau., **Lovina**
Kein, Andy E. (Anne Miller) Aub. 31, a son, **Eli**
Mast, Ivan S. (Erma Schlabach), a son
Miller, Aden J. (Katie Weaver) a son, **David**
Miller, Andy J. (Katie Hershberger) Aug., a dau., **Lizzie**
Miller, Eli A. (Martha Miller) Sept. 2, a dau., **Leanna**
Miller, Jonas D. (Edna Yoder) Sept. 9, a son, **Ben**
Raber, Henry V. (Erma Yoder) Baltic, Oh, a son **Andy**
Schlabach, Alvin (Lucinda Yoder) Baltic, Oh, a dau., **Viola**
Swartzentruber, Jonas E. (Fannie Troyer) Sept. 26, a son **Andy**
Troyer, Bishop John D. (Esther Yoder), a son **Marlin**
Weaver, Emanuel J. (Martha Troyer) twin sons, **Abe & Adam**
Yoder, Abe E. (Katie Miller) a son **Merlin**
Yoder, Noah N. L. (Clara Yoder), Baltic, Oh, a son, **Jacob**
Yoder, Joe J. (Lovina Zook) Aug. 13, a dau., **Anna**
Zook, Joe E. (Sarah Shetler) Aug. 2, a son, **Enos**
Butler, Ohio
Miller, David (Fannie Hostetler), Sept. 16, a son, **Norman**
Fredricktown, Ohio
Troyer, Henry (Mattie) a son, **John**
Yoder, Abe (Fannie) a son, **Joni**
Ashland County, Ohio
Keim, Joe A. (Anna H. Raber) 9-26 a son **Albert**
Mast. David A (Anna a Keim) 9-24 a dau. **Sarah**
Raber, Aden H. (Barbara Schlabach) 9-27 a son **Eli**
Troyer, Andy M (Fanny A Raber) 9-25 a son **Lester**
Allen County, Indiana
Eicher, Victor (Clara Schmucker) 8-30 a son **Nathan**
Eicher, Paul Jr. (Marjorie Steury) 9-13 a a dau **Linda**
Graber, Steven (Laura Brandenberger) 9-14 a son **John Robert**
Schmucker, Louis (Miriam Wickey) 9-10 a son **Loren**
Adams County, Indiana
Coblentz, Amos B. (Nancy Jean Hilly), Sept. 6, a dau., **Mary Jane**
Eicher, Ernest L. (Verna Gingerich) Sept. 9, a son, **Ernest**
Girod, Ernest L. (Mary Ann Christner) Sept. 12, a son, **Emanuel**
Graber, Eli D. (Anna J.R. Schwartz) Aug 28, a son, **John**
Schwartz, Daniel R. (Esther S. Wiekey) Aug. 16, a son, **Solomon**
Schwartz, Alvin J.L. (Lovina L. Girod), Aug., a son, **Benjamin**
Schwartz, Sam E. (Edna J. Girod), Sept. 8, a son, **Aden**

Schwartz, Levi G. (Josephine V. Schwartz), Sept. 13, a son, **Amos**

Schwartz, Andy W. Jr. (Anna E.J. Schwartz), Sept. 14, a son, **Daniel**

Schwartz, Amos L. (Emma K. Schwartz), Sept. 23, a son, **Samuel**

LaGrange County, Indiana

Beachey, Amos (Loren Hershberger), R. 2 Shipshewana, Sept. 27, a dau.,

Bontrager, Benny (Vera Hershberger) Aug. 23, a son, Merlin

Bontrager, Ora A. (Mary P. Miller) R. 3 Shipashewana , Sept. 17, a dau., Loretta O.

Eash, John H. (Katie Kauffman) R.R. 2 Topeka, Sept. 21, a son, **Kevin**

Frey, Freeman M. (Wilma Laubieght) R.1. Ligonier, Sept. 15, a son, **Fenton** F.

Gingerich, LaVerne (Veronica Gingerich) Shipashewana, Aug. 29 a dau., **Colleen Renee**

Hochstetler, Floyd, (Erma Yoder), Sept. 1, a dau., **Suzanna**

Hochstetler, Jacob (Edna Petersheim), Sept. 2, a son, **Ernest**

Laubright, Joas (Marsha Miller), Aug. 24, a dau., **Mary Ellen**

Miller, Andrew N. (Arlene E. Bontrager), Sept. 6, a son, **Daniel A.**

Miller, Chris M. (LeAnna J. Yoder) R.2 Topeka, Sept. 18, a dau., **Darla Sue**

Miller, Daniel Jay (Inez Yoder), R.2. Shipshwana, Aug. 29, a dau., **Ada Arlene**

Miller, Dewayne O. (Ida Shrock) R.2. Topeka, Aug. 30, a son, **Maynard I.**

Miller, Elvie (Betty Miller) Aug. 23, a dau., **Marie**

Miller, Glen F. (Carolyn S. Miller), R.R.2 Topeka, Sept. 22, a son, **John Allen**

Miller, Mervin E. (Katie Fern Miller), R.R. 1, Sept. 15, a dau., **JoAnn**

Nisley, David (Lorene Hochstetler), Sept. 12, a dau., **Christena**

Otto, David (Ruth Ann Yoder), Aug. 27, a son, **Norman**

Schwartz, Cletus R. (La Verda) R. 1 Topeka, Sept. 4, a dau., **Sara Jean**

Weaver, Delbert J. (Susie Miller) R.R., Aug. 29, a son, **Omer Dean**

Yoder, Fred (Leetta Yoder) Sept. 12, a dau., **Malinda**

Yutzy, Elray M. (Anita Marie Yoder) R.2, Topeka Sept. 19, a son, **Norman Eugene**

Etna Green, Indiana

Bontrager, Atlee (Mary Jane Hochstetler), Aug. 21, a dau., **Regina**

Borkholder, Dennis (Nancy Helmuth), Sept. 1, a son, **Le Roy Jay**

Hochstetler, Daryl (Lucy Borkholder), Aug. 13, a dau., **Anna**

Hershberger, Henry (Alma Kauffman), Aug., a dau., **Kara Jay**

Schwartz, Eldon (Ida Yoder), Sept. 3, a son, **Richard Allen**

Slabough, Richard (Dorothy Yoder), Aug. 22, a dau., **Roeleta Sue.**

Daviess County, Indiana

Graber, Loren (Mary Jane Knepp) Sept. 22, a son **Travis Lee**

Graber, Norman (Rosemary Wittmer), Sept. 11, a son, **Adrian Lee**

Raber, Ernest (Anna Mae Raber) Sept. 20, a son, **David Dale**

Raber, Wilmer (Joyce Knepp) Aug. 30, a dau., **Christina Rose**

Stoll, Leroy (Esther Raber) Aug. 30, a dau., **Rhoda**

Stoll, Raymond (Catherine Raber) Sept. 20, a son **Raymond Jr.**

Stoll, Victor (Betty Wittmer), Sept. 2, a son **Christopher Lee**

Wagler, Ira (Wilma Kemp) Sept. 21 a dau., **Leanna**

Wagler, Norman (Ida Mae Graber) Sept. 16, a dau., **Jolene Marie**

Kokomo, Indiana

Miller, Raymond D. (Mary Riegsecker) 9-13 a son **Devon Joe**

Steuben County, Indiana

Smucker, Noah (Rebecca Stevry), Sept. 21, a dau., **Rebecca**

Schwartz, Eli (Susan Mae Schwartz), Sept. 25, a son, **Joseph**

Arthur Area, Illinois

Chupp, Eldon (Betty Miller), Sept. 17, a dau., **Lori Ann**

Gingerich, Lewis (Sharon Yoder), Sept. 12, a dau., **Regina**

Helmuth, Willard (Irene Miller) Aug. 27, a dau., **Marnita**

Helmuth, Ernest (Katie Miller), Sept. 5, a son, **Gary Lynn**

Miller, Harley (Martha Gingerich), Sept. 16, a son, **John**

Miller, Reuben (Margarth Helmuth), Sept., a son, **Daniel**

Plank, Wilmer (Lovina Yoder), Sept. 14, a son, **Daryl James**

Schrock, Eli (Arlene Gingerich), Sept. 21, a son, **Jerry Leon**

Yoder, Eli (Ann Marie Gingerich) Sept. 18, a son, **Andrew**

Prairie Home, Missouri

Lee, Chris (Mary Bonrtreger), Aug. 10 a son, **Moses**

Yoder, Mark (Lydia Beachy) Aug. 26, a dau., **Barbara**

Clark, Missouri

Borntreger, Ben M. (Katie C. Gingerich), Madison Sept. 22, a son **Lester**

Borntreger, Mose M. (Susie Miller) Madison, Aug. 1, a son, **David**

Gingerich, Mose C. (Katie T. Miller), Clark, July 23, a son, **Ura**

Hochstetler, Henry, (Esther E. Bontrager), Clark, Sept. 19, a dau., **Alma**

Miller, David J. (Millie Miller) Clark, Aug. a son **Atlee**

Miller, Joe. L. (Fannie M. Borntreger), Clark, Sept. 10, a son, **Bennie**

Miller, Mervin (Sarah L. Hochstetler), Clark, Aug. 6, a son, **Joseph**

Miller, Perry, J. (Ida J. Petersheim), Clark, Aug. 15, a son, **Jacob**

Jamesport, Missouri

Detweiler, Allen J. (Alma Kauffman), Sept. 21 twin sons, **Leroy & Lavern**

Ropp, Solomon T. (Lorene Bontrager), Sept. 20, a dau., **Rose Ann**

Schrock, Edward L. (Verna Kramer) Sept. 2, dau., **Sharon**

Schrock, Lonnie O. (Barbara Kramer) Sept. 3, a son, **Owen Lee**

Seymour, Missouri

Schwartz, Jake S. (Maggie Schwartz) 9-22 a son **Johnny E**

Schwartz Chris G, Jr. (Elizabeth Schwartz) 9-25 a son **Jacob CE** Born and died 9-25.

Haven, Kansas

Eash, Larry (Loretta Miller), Sept. 16, a dau., **Norma Jean**

Schrock, Floyd (Betty Eash, Sept. 11, a son, **Elvan Jay**

Bloomfield, Iowa

Gingerich, Jerry (Lena Gingerich) 9-21 a son **David**

Herschberger, Aba (Lorene Bontrager) 9-15 a dau. Marianna

Yoder, Lloyd (Mary Gingerich) 9-22 a son **David**

Johnson County, Iowa

Bontrager, Rudy, July 13, a son, **Samuel**

Miller, Ephraim (Verba Gingerich), Aug. 19, a son, **Jeffery Lewis**

Miller, Henry (Edna Mast), July 13, dau., **Clara**

Schlabach, Edward (Ida Miller), July 13, a son, **Willis**

Yoder, Cephas (Emma Yoder), July 11, a dau., **Linda Mae**

Buchanan County, Iowa

Bontrager, Olin (Anna Lambright), Aug. 14, a dau., **Sarah**

Gingerich, Jake (Christine Kurtz), Sept. 7, a dau., **Sarah**

Helmuth, Dan (Emma Nisley), Aug. 31, a son, **Robert**

Hershberger, Menno (Fannie Kurtz), Sept. 1, a dau., **Sarah**

Kauffman, Daniel (Sara Mae Stutzman), Sept. 13, a son, **Vernon**

Kurtz, Dan (Leona Helmuth), Sept. 29, a dau., **Mary**

St. Charles, Minnesota

Borntrager, Alten E. (Katie Schwartz), Aug. 23, twin sons, **Mervin & Marvin**

Yoder, Dan A. (Annie Shetler), Sept. 1, a dau., **Sarah**

Harmony. Minnesota

Slabough, Jacob (Mary Stutzman), Sept. 19

Stutzman, Jacob (Anna Hershberger, Sept. 25, a dau.

Wilton, Wisconsin

Yoder, John M. (Ada Yoder), Sept. 15, a son, **William**

Yoder, Levi Jr. (Fannie Yoder), Sept. 28, a son, **Melvin**

Medford, Wisconsin

Borntrager, William (Wilma Miller) 8-30 a son **Harvey**

Cashton, Wisconsin

Hershberger, Isaac (Betty Keim) 9-9 a son **Albert**

Miller, Melvin (Ada Bontrager) 9-12 ason **Albert**

Borntrager, William (Wilma Miller) 8-30, a son **Harvey**

Evansville, Wisconsin

Miller, Henry F. (Wilma Plank) 9-18 a dau **Marie**

Plank, William A. (Elizabeth Gingerich) 9-30, a son

Quincy, Michigan

Delagrange, Nathan (Marjorie Miller), Sept. 8, a dau., **Leanna**

Delagrange, Levi, (Kathryn Graber), Sept. 12, a son, **Marvin**

Quincy, Michigan
Scottsville, Michigan
Schmucker, Delbert, (Fannie Gingerich) 9-13 a dau **Martha Ann**
Desboro, Ontario
Kuepfer, Philip (Tina Wagler), Sept. 17, a son, **Philip Jr.**
Miller, Andy J. (Sarah D. Zook), Aug. 30, a son, **Peter**
Yoder, Levi J. (Lydia J. Gingerich), June 28, a dau., **Lydia**
Zook, Ephraim D. (Mary M. Swartzentruber), Aug, 14, a dau., **Katie**

BAPTISMS

Conewango Valley, New York
Noah Detweiler District, Sept. 6,
Danny, son of Joe J. and Amanda Yoder
Dan, son of Dan A. and Mattie Slabaugh
Fannie, dau of Noah B. and Mattie Detweiler
Barbara, dau of Mose J. and Ella Shetler
Sept. 6, Enos Yoder District
Noah, son of Emanuel Y. and Katie Miller
Abe, son of Eli N. and Frona Raber
Bennie, son of Menno J. and Amanda Yoder
Mary, dau of John N. and Katie Raber
Sept 6, Emanuel N. Shetler District
John, son of Mrs. (Ben) Katie Hostetler
Stevie, son of Jacob L. and Katie Miller
Sept. 13, John M. Miller District
Lewis, son of Eli J. and Ella Yoder
Emma, dau of Eli J. and Amanda Wengerd
Ada, dau of Joe E. and Anna Swartzentruber
Sept. 13, Dan S. Troyer District
Jeff, son of Jacob J. and Edna Miller
Abe, son of Andy A. and Edna Miller
Ammon, son of David S. and Edna Miller
Sept. 13, Attle Y. Miller District
John, son of John S. and Edna Miller
John, son of Enos J. and Emma Miller
Susie, dau of Joe M. and Emma Hershberger
Mary, dau of Emanuel S. and Loma Kurtz
Katie, dau of Levi Y. and Anna Miller
Sept. 6, Joe E. Miller District
Jacob, son of Amos and Rebecca Hertzler
Noah, son of Mose N. and Amanda Shetler
Sarah, dau of Eli E. and Ada Miller
Dewittville, New York
By Joni F. Byler, Sept.13
Eli, son of John and Mary (Burkholder) Lee
Sam, son of John M. and Nancy (Byler) Byler
Sarah, dau of Chris H. and Emma (Byler) Byler
Norfolk, New York
By Joe Delegrange, Sept. 20
Willie, son of Alvin and Rachel (Schwartz) Hilty
Rebecca, dau of Dan and Anna Marie (Delegrange) Schmucker
Newport, New York
By Dannie Peachey, Sept 6
Andy, son of John Kurtz
Dannie, son of David Byler
Samuel, son of Ike Peachey
Emma & Naomi dau of David Byler
Becky, dau of John Kurtz
Susie, dau of Ike Peachey
LeRaysville, Penna.
Sept. 6, by Bishop Jonas Yoder
Raymond, son of Ray and Kathryn Gingerich
Mary Ann, daughter of Mose and Lizzie Miller
Montour County, Penna.
East District,by Sammie U. Stoltzfus, Sept. 13
Henry, son of John and Rachel Stoltzfus
Samuel, son of Benuel and Arie Fisher
Fannie, dau of Jonas and Rebecca Beiler
Sadie, dau of John and Rachel Stoltzfus
Brush Valley, Penna.
East Dist. by Jacob M. Stoltzfus, Sept. 20
Jonathan, son of Isaac and Hannah (Lapp) King
Leon, son of Sam F. and Lydia (Riehl) Stoltzfus
Elam, son of Melvin and Katie (Fisher) Stoltzfus
Benuel, son of Ben and Esther (Riehl) Lapp
Daniel, son of Abner and Ruth(Fisher) King
Isaac, son of John and Arie (Esh) Beiler
Susie, dau of Sam F. and Lydia (Riehl) Stoltzfus
Rachel, dau of Melvin and Katie (Fisher) Stoltzfus
Anna, dau of Ben and Esther (Riehl) Lapp
Sara, dau of Isaac and Hannah (Lapp) King
Elizabeth, dau of Abner and Ruth (Fisher) King
Lebanon County, Penna.
North Dist. by David L. Smoker, Sept. 13
Benuel, son of John S. Lantz
Rufus, son of Ben Y. Peachey
Amos, son of Isreal Esh
Moses, son of Christ Esh
Nancy, dau of John S. Lantz
Ruth, dau of Jacob Smoker
Lancaster County, Penna.
Vintage Dist., Sept. 20, by Amos G. Esh
Jacob, son of Reuben and Mary Esh
John, son of Christian and Malinda Esh
Susan, daughter of Reuben and Mary Esh
Barbara, daughter of Moses and Lizzie Esh
twins; Lydia and Linda, daus of Leroy and Ruth Esh
Linda, daughter of David and Mary Esh
Lavina, daughter of Amos and Malinda Esh
Lydia, daughter of Moses and Lizzie Esh
N.E. Groffdale, by Stephen U. Zook, Sept. 13
Paul, son of Elam and the late Sara Huyard
Daniel, son of David and Elizabeth Zook
Fannie, dau of Ben and Elizabeth Zook
Esther, dau of Daniel and Rebecca King
Emma Ruth, dau of Bennie and Mary King
Linda, dau of Isaac and Lydia Huyard
Barbara, dau of Sim and Mary Glick
Mt. Tabor Dist. by Jonas Ebersol, Sept 13
David, son of Abner and Sadie (King) Smucker
Eli, son of Abner and Sadie (King) Smucker
Eli, son of Amos and Malinda (King) Smucker
Eli, son of the late Mary (Miller) Ebersol

John, son of Aaron and Mattie (Stoltzfus) Lapp
Dannie, son of Aaron and Mattie (Stoltzfus) Lapp
John, son of Daniel and Mary (Fisher) Smucker
Lizzie, dau of Daniel and Mary (Fisher) Smucker
Anna Mary, dau of David and the late Sadie (Zook) Lapp

Centerville Dist., Sept. 20, by Jonas Ebersol
Sylvan, son of the late Ephraim and Fannie (King) Glick
David, son of the late Jonas and Rebecca (Stoltzfus) King
Amanda, dau of Henry and Lydia (Petersheim) Stoltzfus

L. Millcreek Dist. by Amos E. King, Sept. 13
Mervin, son of Levi and Rebecca (Smoker) King
Melvin, son of the late Ephraim and Sarah (Beiler) Esch
Samuel, son of Jacob and Emma (Stoltzfus) King
Bennie, son of Samuel and Barbara (Fisher) Zook
Emanuel, son of David and Emma (Miller) Lantz
Fannie, dau of the late Mose and Rachel (Glick) Petersheim
Linda, dau of Bennie and Malinda (Beiler) Fisher
Ada Ruth, dau of Abram and Fannie (Fisher) King
Katie, dau of Eli and Hannah (King) King
Mary, dau of Amos and Malinda (Kauffman) King
Lydia, dau of Amos and Sadie Esh) King
Fannie, dau of Eli and Mary (Miller) King

S.E. Millcreek Dist. by Christ Riehl,
Stevie, son of Jacob B. and Rebecca Miller
Samuel, son of Christ and Malinda King
Samuel, son of Bennie and Katie Esh
Rebecca, dau of Christ and late Naomi Miller
Sarah, dau of Christ and Malinda King
Katie Mae, dau of Abner and Sarah Beiler
Katie, dau of Christ and Fannie King
Annie, dau of John and Katie Miller

E. Witmer Dist. By Amos M. Stoltz., Sept. 20
Paul, son of Noah and Katie (Stoltzfus) Lapp
Allen, son of Abram and Mary (King) King
Henry, son of Amos and Mary (Stoltzfus) Glick
Mervin, son of John and Emma (Glick) King
Melvin, son of Noah and Katie (Stoltzfus) Lapp
Stephen, son of Amos and Rachel (Stoltzfus) Stoltfus
Sylvia, dau of Isaiah and Ariana (Stoltzfus) Glick

Edisonville Dist. Sept 13, by Ervin Nissley
Amos, son of Amos C. and Rachel (Stoltzfus) Fisher
Benuel, son of Elam S. and Sally (Beiler) Stoltzfus
Abner, son of Jacob J. and Barbara (Esh) Fisher
Jacob, son of David B. and Barbara (Blank) Fisher
Benuel, son of Levi S. and Lizzie (Smucker) Fisher
Christie, son of Samuel F. and Susie (Miller) Fisher

Soudersburg Dist. by Jonas E. Fisher, Sept. 13
Ivan, son of Stephen U. and Sarah (Stoltzfus) Fisher
Melvin, son of Daniel F. and Rachel (Fisher) Stoltfoos
Samuel, son of David S. and Emma (King) King
Michael, son of Samuel S. and Katie (Lapp) Stoltzfus
Levi, son of Joseph S. and Lizzie (Glick) Fisher
Gideon, son of Samuel S. and Katie (Lapp) Stoltzfus
Elizabeth, dau of Joseph S. and Lizzie (Glick) Fisher
Annie, dau of David and Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Fisher

W. Weavert. Dist. by Aaron Y. Beiler, Sept 13
John, son of Amos and Lavina (Stoltzfus) Ebersol
Annie, dau of Henry and Katie (Lapp) Esh
Annie, dau of John and Mary (King) Petersheim
Mary, dau of Amos and Ruth (Petersheim) Lapp

S.M. Pequea, Sept. 20, by Levi Fisher
Henry, son of Mary (King) Peachey and the (late) Eli Stoltzfus
John, son of Aaron and Susie (Zook) Fisher
Anna, dau of Samuel and Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Fisher
Susie, dau of David and Rachel (Stoltzfus) Fisher
Katie, dau of Joseph and Katie (Glick) Lapp
Rebecca, dau of Aaron and Susie (Zook) Fisher

S. White Horse Dist. by Gideon King, Sept. 13
Elam, son of Amos L. and the late Susie (Stoltzfus) Stoltfzus
John, son of Alvin M. and Fannie (Stoltzfus) Lapp
Anna Mae, dau of Daniel B. and Aarie (Stoltzfus) Lantz
Linda, dau of Amos M. and Arianna (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus

Cambridge District, by Christ King
Amos, son of Daniel J. and Katie (Zook) Stoltzfus
Daniel, son of Christian and Malinda (Stoltzfus) Glick
Sylvia, dau of John U. and Katie (Esh) Stoltzfus
Mary, dau of Amos and Sallie (Schmucker) Beiler
Sarah, dau of Christian and Malinda (Stoltfzus) Glick

Millwood Dist. by Mose Blank, Sept 13
Allen, son of Christian and Katie Fisher

Mt. Vernon Dist.
Samuel S., son of Sol and Anna (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Benuel K., son of Elam and Fannie (King) Beiler
David B., son of Levi and the late Mary (Beiler) Zook
Daniel B., son of Levi and the late Mary (Beiler) Zook
Barbara, dau of Sol and Anna (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Annie S., dau of Levi and Sadie (Stoltfzus) Fisher
Priscilla K., dau of Elam and Fannie (King) Beiler
Amanda S., dau of Arie (Swarey) and the late Davic Lapp

E. Nine Points Dist. by Jonas S. Lapp, Sept 13
Benuel F., son of Daniel E. and Lizzie (Fisher) Beiler
Israel S., son of Noah L. and Priscilla Beiler
Benuel B., son of Jacob S. and Nancy Stoltzfus
David E., son of Aaron E. and Lizzie Beiler
Lydia A., dau of Sam S. and Annie Stoltzfus
Kaite S., dau of Joseph S. and Malinda Blank
Mary B., dau of Jacob S. and Nancy Stoltfzus

Kirkwood District
Levi, son of Jacob P. and Rebecca (Stoltfzus) Beiler
Stephen, son of Samuel K. and Lydia (Beiler) Stoltfzus
Amos, son of Samuel L. and Sarah (Stoltzfus) Beiler
Rachel, dau of John A. and Katie (Riehl) Lapp
Fannie, dau of Moses S. and Ida (Beiler) Fisher

Franklin County, Penna.
By Christian L. Esh

Raymond, son of Sam and Katie (Lapp) Fisher
Levi, son of Stephen and Emma (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus
Stevie, son of Mervin and Rachel (Esh) Smoker
Benuel, son of Amos and Malinda (King) King
Ivan, son of John and Lydia (Stoltzfus) Petersheim
Jacob, son of David and Mary (Smucker) Blank
Mervin, son of Mervin and Rachel (Esh) Smoker
Melvin, son of Mervin and Rachel (Esh) Smoker
Samuel, son of John and Fannie (KIng) King
Stevie, son of Moses and Sarah (Stoltzfus) Hostetler
Rosann, dau of Sam and Katie (Lapp) Fisher
Emma, dau of Amos and Malinda (King) King
Florence, dau of Joe and Mary (King) Fisher
Naomi, dau of John and Lydia (Stoltzfus) Petersheim
Rebecca, dau of Christ and Sadie (Smucker) Esh

Beaver Springs, Penna.

By John Henry Byler, Aug. 30

Jacob A. Weaver

Juniata County, Penna.

North Dist. by Tobe Petersheim, Sept 6

Aaron, son of Valentine and Mollie (Renno) Petersheim
Henry, son of Jacob H. and Elizabeth (Peachey) Peachey
David, son of Pre. Adam A. and Mary (Weaver) Troyer
Esther, dau of Pre. Adam A. and Mary (Weaver) Troyer
Lydia, dau of Valentine T. and Mollie (Renno) Petersheim
Mary, dau of Roman E. and Sara (Yoder) Troyer
Emma, dau of Jonas T. and Susie (Yoder) Petersheim
Elizabeth, dau of Abe P. and Druscilla (Hochstetler) Weaver

Mifflin County, Ohio

White Hall District, Sept. 5, by Bishop Simon Brenneman of Ashland

Norman, son of Israel B. and Katie Peachey
Andy, son of Israel B. and Katie Peachey
Crist, son of Dea. Ammon and Sarah Peachey
Samuel, son of David S. and Matilda Yoder
Samuel, son of Menno S. and Mary Kanagy
Samuel, son of Bishop Josiah and Annie Peachey
Enos, son of David S. and Matilda Yoder
Sadie, dau of Menno S. and Mary Kanagy
Malinda, dau of Dea. Ammon and Sarah Peachey
Rachel, dau of Jacob K. and Nannie Byler
Mary, dau of Pre. Kore M. and Anna Yoder
Naomie, dau of Dea. Ammon and Sarah Peachey
Fannie, dau of Pre. Joseph and Nancy Hostetler

Somerset County, Penna.

Sept. 6, Greenville Dist. by Albert Brenneman

Mervin, son of Roy H. and Susie (Hershberger) Kinsinger
Martha, dau of David and Rebecca (Hostetler) Hostetler

Dover, Deleware

East Dist. by John J. Yoder, Aug. 30

Jonas, son of Bishop John J. and Lovina Yoder
Ivan, son of William H. and Martha Ann Miller
Ivan, son of Jonas L. and Amanda Troyer
Ella, dau of Ben D. and Fannie Miller
Verba, dau of William H. and Martha Ann Miller

West Dist. by Joe L. Graber, Sept. 9

Samuel, son of Elmer M. and Mattie Coblentz
David, son of Ray A. and Miriam Miller
Melvin, son of Freeman J. and Anna Mary Coblentz
Ella and Elva; twin daus of Pre. David S. and Lizzie Schlabach

Middle S. Dist. by Dan A. Yoder, Sept 6

John, son of Abner J. and Lena Miller
Bertha, dau of Henry S. and Mary Troyer
Emma, dau of Pre. Henry E. and Mary Yoder

Upper N. Dist. by LeRoy J. Yoder, Aug. 23

Ivan, son of Mahlon S. and Fannie Byler
Omer, son of Henry A. and Alma Byler
Walter, son of Elmer N. and Fannie Mast of Lower North District
Gertie, dau of Mahlon S. and Fannie Byler
Verna, dau of Dea. Adam M. and Sadie Miller

Middle North District, Aug. 30, by Bishop Dan A. Yoder

Wilmer & Wilma, twins of Jonas J. and Gertie King
David, son of Henry D. and Mary Ann Byler
Rhoda, dau of Sam J. and Ada Hershberger

South East Dist. by Andy H. Mast

Eli, son of Mose D. and Anna Yoder
Ruth Ann, dau of Sam D. and Anna Miller
Laura, dau of Noah J. and Elizabeth Yoder of South Dist.
Irene, dau of Levi E. and Emma Mast of South Dist.

St. Marys County, Maryland

Aug. 20, by Bishop Samuel J. Stoltzfus

Jesse, son of Joseph S. and Susie Stoltzfus
Barbara, dau of Tobias K. and Katie Stoltzfus
Annie, dau of Isaac B. Sr. and Sarah Fisher
Mary, dau of Amos S. and Rebecca Stoltzfus
Mary, dau of Daniel M. and Sarah Stoltzfus
Hannah, dau of John S. and Barbara Hertzler

Sept. 13, by Bishop Samuel J. Stoltzfus

Isaac, son of Samuel J. and Lena Stoltzfus
Benjamin, son of Gideon B. and Hannah Stoltzfus
Joseph, son of Stephen S. and Sadie Stoltzfus
Johnny, son of Samuel and Sallie Hostetler
Rebecca, dau of Isaac S. and Lydia Hostetler
Elizabeth, dau of Gideon B. and Hannah Stoltzfus
Susie, dau of David B. and Sarah Hertzler
Emma, dau of Ben S. and Lydia Hertzler

Sept. 13, by Bishop Jacob S. Stoltzfus

Henry, son of Jacob and Saloma Hostetler
Ida, dau of Jacob and Saloma Hostetler
Lydiann, dau of Isaac and Sarah Hostetler

Sept. 20, by Bishop Samuel J. Stoltzfus

Christian, son of Elmer and Fannie Hertzler
Susanna, dau of Isreal S. and Elizabeth Swarey
Hannah, dau of Benjamin S. and Katie Swarey

Sept. 20, by Bishop Jacob S. Stoltzfus

Simon, son of Gideon and Mary Lee

Henry. son of Reuben S. and Ada Stoltzfus
Gideon, son of Andrew and Sarah Hertzler
Solomon, son of John F. Jr. and Edith Esh
Joseph, son of Levi I. and Annie Swarey
Annie, dau of Samuel Z. and Elizabeth King
Barbara, dau of Amos R. and Mary Stoltzfus
Rachel, dau of Reuben S. and Ada Stoltzfus
Emma, dau of Samuel Z. and Elizabth King

Glasgow, Kentucky

Sept. 6

Martha Shetler (Ivan)
Sara Shetler (Ivan)
Lydia Schwartz (Ruben)

Guthrie, Kentucky

North Dist. by Richard Lambright, Aug. 30

Joseph, son of Jesse and Mary Peachy
Susan, dau of Fenton and Lydia Miller
Kathrine, dau of Amos and Margorie Yoder
Miriam, dau of Gid and Katie Breneman

South Dist. Sept. 6

Edwin, son of Robert and Susie Yoder
Rhoda, dau of Melvin and Esther Hochstetler
Miriam, dau of Ruben and Edna Weaver
Susanna, dau of David and Betty Yoder
Betty, dau of John and Annie Troyer

Nunnelly, Tenn.

By Samuel J. Mast, Aug. 23

Truman R. Borntreger (Rudy)

Union City, Penna.

By Rudy Shetler, sept. 27

Mose, sone of Mahlon M. and Barbara (Shetler) Hochstetler
Adam, son of Robert R. and Ada (Wengerd) Hershberger
Clara, dau of Levi N. and Emma (Slabaugh) Shetler
Anna, dau of Robert R. and Ada (Wengerd) Hershberger
Clara, dau of Dan E. and Mary (Shetler) Gingerich

Crawford County, Penna.

Linesville District, Sept. 26, by Bishop Mose T. Schwartz

Andy and Daniel, sons of Joe T. and Lillie (Eicher) Schwartz
John Jr., son of John and Savilla (Schwartz) Delegrange
Ernest, son of Jake K. and Delila (Eicher) Schwartz
Raymond, son of Daniel K. and Barbara (Delegrange) Schwartz
Mosie, son of David and Mary (Schmucker) Schmidt
Daniel, son of Mose and Catherine (Eicher) Schwartz
Rosie, dau of Daniel K. and Barbara (Delegrange) Schwartz
Fannie, dau of Mose and Catherine (Eicher) Schwartz
Rebecca, dau of Pete and Susan (Wickey) Schwartz

Spartansburg, Penna

Northwest Cistrict, Sept. 20, by Dan C. Miller

Billy, son of David U. and Saloma Miller
Allen, son of Edward E. and Mattie Troyer
Susie, dau of Noah and Ada Shetler
Anna, dau of Christ G. and Jemima Byler

Britton Run East District, by Valentine N. Gingerich, Sept. 20

Jake J.r, son of Jake T. and Martha Byler
Nancy, dau of Jake J. and Martha Byler

Britton Run West District, by Valentine N. Gingerich , Sept. 27

Daniel, son of Andy N. and Lydiann Gingerich
Allen, son of Andy N. and Lydiann Gingerich
Nancy, dau of Andy N. and Lydiann Gingerich
Benjamin, son of Andy B. and Catherine Byler

Buells Corner, South District, By Mahlon J. Hostetler, Sept. 27

Bill, son of Melvin J. and Barbara Troyer
Lydia Ann, dau of Joe M. and Esther Slabaugh

Holmes and Wayne County, Ohio

Fredricksburg, Sept. 13, by Em. L. Shetler

Mose (Sam A.) Miller
Mahlon (Eli J.) Yoder
Anna (Andy D.) Miller

Sept. 20, by Em. L. Shetler

John (Eli L.) Swartzentruber

Monroe M. Yoder District, Sept. 6

Wilma Yoder (Monroe M.)
Elsie Beachy (Vernon A)
Miriam Yoder(Abe O)
Martha Yoder(Jacob A)

Abe Schlabah District, Aug. 30

Mark Troyer (Mose L)
Wayne Troyer (Mose L)
Darlene Yoder (Clarence)
Marlene Troyer (Junior R)

Henry J. Miller Dist.

Melvin, son of Abe A. Troyer
Wayne , son of Monroe Chupp
Levi, son of Jonas A. Yoder
Mattie, dau of Levi J.D. Miller
Barbara Ann, dau of Melvin S. Hershberger
Esther, dau of Dan J.J. Schlabach

Melvin J. Miller Dist.

Ivan, son of Eli J. and Katie Troyer
John, son of Joe D. and Katie Miller
Edward, son of Marvin and Betty Mast

Andrew E. Yoder Dist.

Mose, son of Christ M. and Emma Troyer

Andy A. Yoder Dist.

Junior, son of Mose A. and Edna Erb

Neal C. Miller Dist.

Crist, son of Andy J. A. and Katie M. Yoder
Andrew, son Aden and Mary Troyer
Daniel, son of Aden and Mary Troyer
Effie, dau of Vernon and Edna Troyer
Wilma, dau of Noah J. and Anna Troyer
Esther, dau of Ray L. and Mary Yoder

Mose E. Hershberger Dist. (Bedford)

Clara, dau of Em A. and Fannie Yoder

Maryann, dau of Dan R. and Anna Miller
Sol Beachy Dist.
Edward, son of Amos R. and Ida Yoder
Harvey, son of Andy A. and Mary Troyer
Laura, dau of Andy M. and Martha Yoder
Veona, dau of Amos R. and Ida Yoder
Mose E. Hershberger Dist. (Farmerstown)
Eli, son of Jacob J. and Sarah Barkman
Danny, son of John M. and Sarah Hershberger
Edna, dau of Roman and Ada Schlabach
Dan G. Yoder (North) Dist.
Jonas, son of Mose L. and Dena Troyer
John Henry, son of Mose L. and Dena Troyer
Mary, dau of Abe ~~M.~~ and Mattie Troyer
Ashland Co., Ohio
East district, Oct. 2, by Bishop Joe W. Keim
Atlee, son of Bishop Joe W. and Sylvia Keim
Earl, son of Pre. Irvin W. and Ada Hochstetler
Rachel, dau of Dea. Albert W. and Mary Keim
Rosa, dau of John W. and Laura Keim
Bishop Simon Brenneman, South District
Ben, son of Pre. Eli J. and Edith Byler
Laura, dau of David E. and Esther Shrock
Albert J. Keim District (North)
Aden, son of Ervon H. and Sarah Yoder
Levi, son of Sam C. and Katie Miller
Eli, son of Roman H. and Mary Miller
Ada, dau of John A. and Mary Troyer
Susan, dau of Andy J. and Mattie Schrock
Rachel, dau of Bishop Albert J. and Katie Ann Keim
Middle District
Rosa, dau of Henry M. and Martha Coblentz
Dan A. Miller West District
David, son of Andy J. and Mary Hershberger
Emanuel, son of Ivan and Ella Yoder
Lydiann, dau of Sam E. and Esther Miller
Alma, dau of Roman and Emma Yoder
Butler, Ohio
East Dist. By Ammon Miller
Mary dau of Pre. Toby Hostetlers
Miriam dau of Pres. Toby Hostetlers
Mary dau of Dea. Abe Millers
Freeport, Ohio
Sept. 27, North District, by William Swartzentruber
Joe, son of Dan M. Miller
Amos, son of Mahlon J. Gingerich
Frances, dau of Enos R. Yoder
Stockport, Ohio
Sept. 13, by Bishop Henry M. Miller
John R. Hershberger (Reuben's)
Henry E. Hershberger (Ervin's)
Fredricktown, Ohio
Middle Dist.
Frida, dau of Dan and Anna Hershberger
Anna, dau of Min. Emanuel and Edna Schrock
Judy, dau of John and Lizzie Byler
Anna, dau of Mrs. Clara Petersheim
East Dist.
Junior, son of Floyd and Emma Schlaback
Roy, son of Andy and Clara Miller
Ben, son of Eli and Anna Yoder
Mart, son of Roman and Anna Miller
Etna Green, Indiana
By John Helmuth
Arlene Schwartz (Lloyd)
Edith Schwartz (John)
By John Henry Barkholder
Earl Miller (Marvin C.)
Jerry Yoder (Eli Jr.)
Rhonda Yoder (Eli Jr.
Treva Barkholder (John Henry)
Wayne Helmuth (Edwin)
By Emery Yoder
Roger Miller (Mel)
Wanda Yoder (Emery)
By Walter Schwartz
Wilber Kuhns, (Jonas)
David Miller (Eli)
Erma Yutzy (John)
Chris Stutzman (Eldon)
Christy Miller (Harley)
Kokomo, Indiana
Aug. 30, by Bishop Marvin Otto
Christ, son of Melvin C. and Laura (Miller) Bontrager
Daviess County, Indiana
North Dist. by Joe L. Graber, sept 13
Arthur, son of Bennie and Lovina (Wagler) Graber
Marvin, son of Joe and Rachel (Stoll) Graber
Dewayne, son of Jake and Naomi (Miller) Graber
Viola, dau of Henry and Vera (Wagler) Graber
Middle West Dist. by Fred W. Knepp, Sept 20
Larry, son of Henry and Viola (Knepp) Wagler
Bennie, son of Willis and Nora (Graber) Knepp
Darvin, son of Eugene and Mary Catherine (Wagler) Stoll
Mark, son of Lydia (Schrock) Knepp and the late Albert Knepp
Fannie Marie, dau of Lester and Anna Catherine (Knepp) Wittmer
Christina, dau of Harry and Laura (Stoll) Knepp
Lois, dau of Lester and Sylvia (Lengacher) Marner
Mary Sue, dau of Martha (Knepp) Wagler and the late John Wagler
Arthur, Illinois
By Levi Plank
John Henry Borkholder (Daniel)
Arlen Miller (Sinon)
Floyd Chupp (Jacob
Marlin Borkholder (Alvin)
Richard Borkholder (Oreen Dorothy)
Kristena Schwartz (Jerome)
Daniel Yoder (Albert)
Joseph Borkholder (Tobias)

John Borkholder (LeRoy Sharon)
Lora Borkholder (LeRoy Sharon)

Canton, Missouri

By Amos M. Borntreger

David, son of Mrs. Dave Miller
Katie, dau of Jacob and Clara Hochstetler
Rosa, dau of Dan and Mary Eicher

Clark, Missouri

Middle East Dist. by Jake L. Petersheim, Aug. 20

Ruby, dau of Delbert and Marthann Gingerich
Emma, dau of Ammon and Ada Gingerich
Ida, Dau of Samuel and Mary Beachy
Elmina, dau of Mose E. and Amanda Borntreger

North East Dist. by Henry T. Miller, Sept 6

Bennie, son of Bishop Henry T. and Anna Miller

North West Dist. by Andy E. Gingerich, Sept. 13

Levi, son of Jacob N. and Elizabeth Gingerich
Barbara, dau of Levi and Sarah Miller
Ida, dau of Bishop Andy E. and Mary Gingerich
Miriam, dau of Elmer and Barbar Foder

South East Dist. by Jonas S. Bontrager, Sept 20

Ada, dau of Levi T. and Lizzie Miller
Maryann, dau of Pre. Samuel and Mary Burkholder
Ella, dau of Pre. Eli J. and Susie Miller

Windsor, Missouri

Aug. 30, by Bishop John Kramer

Daniel, son of Roman and Esther (Miller) Gingerich
Nelson, son of Willis N. and Rachel (Kauffman) Herschberger
Elven, son of Daniel and Dene (Herschberger) Schrock
John David, son of Monroe and Ida (Stutzman) Hershberger

Bloomfield, Iowa

Aug. 16, by Ervin M. Lambright

Lucy, dau of Daniel H. and Nancy (Schrock) Yoder
Arlene, dau of Henry A. and Katie (Kauffman) Yoder
Miriam, dau of Dewey and Katie Mae (Yoder) Gingerich

North District, Aug. 30, by George Gingerich

Ervin, son of Orie and Fannie (Herschberger) Helmuth
Erma, dau of Monroe and Mary (Stutzman) Herschberger

Johnson County, Iowa

Aug. 23, by Vernon Yoder

Grace, dau of Fred and Mary (Miller) Mast
Vera, dau of Eldon and Nelda (Bontrager) Miller
Carolyn, dau of Joe and Susie Coblentz
Mary, dau of William and Nina (Yoder) Borntrager

Aub. 30, by Truman Miller

Naomi, dau of Eldon and Katie (Yoder) Nisley
Dorcas, dau of Willis and Wilma (Kauffman) Yoder

Buchanan County, Iowa

Aug. 30

Wilma, dau of Eli and Lorene Kauffman
Emma, dau of Dan and Lizzie Kauffman
Martha, dau of Mrs. Dan R. Susie Gingerich

Sept. 27

Susie, dau of Olin and Mary Gingerich
Mary, dau of Pre. Jerry and Emma Stutzman
Mary Ann, dau of Roman and Emma Raber

Riceville, Iowa

Aug. 30, by Ben L. Petersheim

Ray Yoder
Ura Petersheim
Mattie Yoder

Wilton, Wisconsin

West Dist. by Marvin Yoder, Aug. 16

David, son of Marvin and Katie (Miller) Yoder
Jakie, son of Perry and Lizzie Hochstetler
Susie, dau of Jonathan and Mattie Miller
Barbara, dau of Daniel and Anna Yoder

NE Dist. By Marvin Yoder, Aug. 23

Ivan, son of Joe A. and Susan Borntreger
Clara, dau of Sam and Ada Borntreger
Laura, dau of Abe Y. and Martha Borntreger
Martha, dau of Tobias J. and Barbara Borntreger

SE Dist. by Jonas B. Borntrager of Granton Wis.

Aaron, son of Will K. and Lydia Yoder
Ervin, son of Henry A. and Rachel Yoder
Eli, son of Jonas C. and Lydia Borntreger
Edna, dau of Chris M. and Susie Borntreger

Chetek, Wisconsin

Sept. 6, by Enos P. Borntreger of Pine City, MN

Clara, dau of Joni Miller

Evansville, Wisconsin

Sept. 13, by Bishop Adin C. Miller

David Ray, son of Wallace and the late Martha (Plank) Miller
Norman, son of Ben L. and Rachel (Miller) Yoder
Jay, son of Noah and Emma (Hershberger) Kramer of New Glarus
Loretta, dau of Leroy and Sarah Jane (Stutzman) Otto
Carolyn, dau of Wm. A. and Elizabeth (Gingerich) Plank

Kingston, Wisconsin

Sept. 27, by Bishop Ora S. Miller

LeEtta, dau of Perry and Edna (Miller) Otto
Rachel, dau of Ezra and Rosa (Yoder) Bontrager
Susie, dau of Fred and Mary (Miller) Otto
Pollyanna, dau of Clarence and Susie (Miller) Schlabach

Medford, Wisconsin

Aug. 16, by John H.M. Miller, N.E. District

Abrahm, son of Harvey and Laura Miller
Sarah, daughter of Urias and Ella Schrock
Lizzie, dau of Alvin and Salome Borntrager
Mattie, dau of Henry and Polly Otto

Aug. 30, South District

Urias, son of Ira and Viola Mullet

Sept. 6 Northwest District by Roy Borntrager
Mary, daughter of Jacob and Alma Miller

Greenwood, Wisconsin
Sept. 6, by Bishop John Mast, Augusta, Wis.
Polly, dau of Levi and Fannie Yoder
Mattie, dau of Eli E. and Mary Gingerich
Annie, dau of Daniel and Mattie Shetler

Granton, Wisconsin
Aug. 31, by Jonas B. Borntreger
Aaron, son of Will K. and Lydia Yoder
Ervin, son of Henry A. and Rachel Yoder
Eli, son of Jonas C. and Lydia Borntreger
Edna, dau of Chris M. and Susie Borntreger
Oct. 4, by Jonas B. Borntreger
William, son of Ammon Borntreger
Enos, son of David Yoder
Enos, son of Andy Schwartz
Sarah, dau of Jonas Borntreger

Desboro, Ontario
By Sam L. Swartzentruber, Sept. 20
Jacob, son of Levi J. and Lydia (Gingerich) Yoder
Anna, dau of Dan J. and Katie (Gingerich) Zook
Fannie, dau of Ezra J. and Esther (Gingerich) Mast

THERE IS NONE ELSE

Not in any earthly prospect,
However fair it be;
Not in what your hands are holding,
Not in what your eyes can see—
Faith demands a surer footing
Than such fleeting things afford;
Faith can find it in no other
Save in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Plans that promise rich fruition,
Hopes are rosy as the dawn,
Dreams of fancied good awaiting—
None are safe to build upon.
Even friends, the dearest, truest,
Too may fail lack of power,
To provide the needed succor
In some dark and crucial hour.

Vain are all the world's proposals,
Systems, creeds, philosophies,
Fleshly stuggles and endeavors—
Futile, worthless, all of these;
They are only sheer illusion,
Arts of Satan to decieve,
Only one in earth or Heaven
Sins distempters can relieve.

Only one and He the"Highest,"
God's exalted, mighty Son,
Of your confidence is worthy,
Trust in Him, and Him alone!
Things of time and sense will vanish;
Nothing here for long abides,
"Rock of Ages" He remaineth,
And "there is none else" besides.

MARRIAGES

Norfolk, New York

Schmucker, Wickey - Daniel, son of Dan and Anna Marie Schmucker to Clara, dau. of James and Anna Mae Wickey, September 6, Norfolk.

Schmucker, Wickey - Daniel, son of Amos and Katherine Schmucker to Barbara, dau. of Joe and Marie Wickey, September 6, Norfolk.

Schwartz, Schmucker - Cristy, son of Pete and Susan Schwartz, Conneautville, Pa. to Susan, dau. of Dan and Anna Marie Schmucker, Norfolk, on September 24th.

Dover, Delaware

Miller, Byler - Widower, Harry A. Miller to Widow, Clara Mast Byler of Lawerence County, Pa. Sept. 10 by Bish. Joe S. Byler of Lawerence.

Spartansburg, Pennsylvania

Miller, Byler - Ben Jr., son of Ben J. and Mary Miller to Anna Mary, daughter of David D. and Alma Byler on Sept. 24th by Bishop Enos Fisher.

Holmes County, Ohio

Miller, Miller - John, son of Pre. Daniel I. and Mary Ann (Yoder) Miller and Esther, daughter of Dan J. and Mattie (Mast) Miller Sept. 3 by Bish. Andrew E. Yoder.

Miller, Gingerich - Enos, son of John E. and Mattie Miller to Mattie, dau. of Sam M. and Lizzie (Miller) Gingerich on Oct. 1st.

Troyer, Miller - Eli, son of Noah and Mary Troyer to Ella dau. of John E. and Mattie Miller on Oct. 6.

Ashland County, Ohio

Mast, Hochstetler - Lewis, son of Alvin I. and Edna (Weaver) Mast and Ruth, dau. of Pre. Irvin W. and Ida (Yoder) Hochstetler on Sept. 10, by Bish. Henry Miller of Fredericksburg, Ohio.

Allen County, Indiana

Graber, Eicher - Emanuel, son of Daniel and Elizabeth (Graber) Graber, to Susan, dau of William and Mary (Schmucker) Eicher by Noah Eicher, Sept. 8.

Wittmer, Miller - Paul, son of Fred and Rosa (Lengacher) Wittmer, to Mary Ann, dau of Samuel and Martha (Lengacher) Miller, by Christy Schmucker, on Sept. 10.

Delagrange, Brandenberger - Louis Jr., son of Louis and Ruth Ann (Graber) Delagrange, to Marily, dau. of William and Mary (Schwartz) Brandenberger, by Christy Schmucker, Sept. 17.

Adams County, Indiana

Girod, Schwartz - Ben R., son of David M. Girods, R2, Berne to Mary S., dau. of David I. Schwartz, R2, Geneva on Sept. 3.

Schwartz, Wengerd - Thomas J., son of John F. Schwartz, R1, Berne to Elizabeth E., dau. of Solomon N. Wengerds, R2, Berne on Sept. 13.

Schwartz, Eicher - William E., son of Amos G. Schwartz, R1, Monroe to Bertha D., dau. of Jacob J. Eichers, R2, Berne on Sept. 24.

LaGrange County, Indiana

Miller, Mullet - Vernon Ray, son of Amos Jay and Ida Anna Miller to Loretta Kay, daughter of Melvin and Mary Ellen Mullet, August 5, 1987 by Daniel Beechy.

Miller, Bontiager - Ervin, son of Roy and Edna Miller to Waneta, daughter of Daniel W. and Elizabeth Joann Miller, August 26, 1987 by Ervin Lehman.

Miller, Miller - Dan R., son of Raymond Millers of Holmes, Co. Ohio to Esther, daughter of Bishop Dan. A. and Ida Miller on August 27 by her father.

Yoder, Raber - Ervin, son of Elmer and Ida Yoder to Edna Sue, daughter of Levi and Betty Raber, September 10, 1987 by Noah Miller.

Etna Green, Indiana

Miller, Slabaugh - Ernie Miller (Ollie Edna) and Regina Slabaugh (Chris,) Sept. 3, by Tobias Slabaugh.

Yoder, Hochstetler - Lyle Yoder (Earl, Mary) and Kathryn Hochstetler, (Rudy,) Oct. 14.

Chupp, Mullet - Daniel Ray Chupp (Daniel) and Sharon Mullet (Merlin), Oct. 29.

Daviess County, Indiana

Yoder, Yoder - Henry, son of Lester and Marie (Raber) Yoder, to Katie, dau. of Ora and Ada Marie (Lengacher) Yoder, on Sept. 13 by Fred W. Knepp.

Stoll, Lengacher - John Jr., son of John and Ida Mae (Graber) Stoll, to Rosa Jean, dau. of Ezra and Sarah (Raber) Lengacher, on Sept. 13 by Joe L. Graber.

Wagler, Wagler - Philip, son of Noah B. and Anna Marie (Knepp) Wagler, to Anna Marie, dau. of Lydiann (Wagler) Schwartz and the late Lewis Wagler, on Sept. 17 by Levi E. Graber.

Windsor, Mo.

Mast, Beachy - Daniel, son of Eli A. and Martha (Borntrager) to Ruth Ann, dau. of Norman S. and Laura (Miller) Beachy on Sept. 3rd by Bish. John Kramer, Jamesport.

LaPlata, Mo.

Miller, Gingerich - Samuel C. Miller of Anabel, Mo. and Anna E. Gingerich of LaPlata, Mo. Sept. 24.

Jamesport, Missouri

Kramer, Yoder - Merlin, son of John and Betty (Troyer) Kramer to Lydiann, dau. of David and Mattie (Bontrager) Yoder, Sept. 10 by Bishop John Kramer.

Gingerich, Bontrager - Danny Joe, son of Joe and Lydia (Detweiler) Gingerich to Polly, dau. of Levi and Irene (Yoder) Bontrager, Sept. 17 by Bishop Tobia Detweiler. Wedding was at Polly's bro. Eli's as both parents live in Texas as yet.

Clark, Mo. (Audrain County)

Miller, Miller - Levi, son of Ezra and Edna (Miller) Miller to Sarah, daughter of Levi T. Millers Sept. 3 by Bishop Henry F. Miller.

Miller, Hochstetler - Mervin, son of Mose Millers, Blair, Wisc. to Sarah, daughter of Levi N. Hochstetler, Sept. 4 by Bishop Jonas S. Bontrager.

Gingerich, Gingerich - Leander, son of Delbert and Marthann (Schwartz) Gingerich, to Lizzie, daughter of Jakie and Mary (Troyer) Gingerich Sept. 10 by Bishop Amos M. Borntrager, Canton, Mo.

Iowa City, Iowa

Yoder, Nisley - Samuel, son of Chriss and Eldora (Mast) Yoder to Norma, daughter of Eldon and Katie (Yoder) Nisley, on Sept. 10, by Bishop Leroy Nisley.

Beachy, Yoder - Alvin, son of Glen and Susan (Yoder) Beachy, to Katheryn, daughter of Melvin and Lizzie (Mast) Yoder on Sept. 17, by Bishop Elmer T. Miller.

Gingerich, Yoder - Evan, son of Emery Glen and Emma Gingerich, to Ethel, dau. of Ernest and Esther Yoder on August 20 by Jonas Beachy, Kalona, Iowa.

Bloomfield, Iowa

Correction from last month:

Mast, Herschberger - Harley, son of Edward L. and Elizabeth (Eash) Mast, to Wilma Fern, dau. of Monroe and Mary (Stutzman) Herschberger, on August 6, by David E. Mast of Napp., Indiana

Yutzy, Gingerich - David, son of John R. and Edna (Hochstadler) Yutzy, to Erma, dau. of Ervin and Rosie (Schmucker) Gingerich on Sept. 8, by Simon Hochstedler of Jamesport, Mo.

Buchanan County, Iowa

Gingerich, Hershberger - Eddie, son of Levi and Maryann Gingerich to Annie, dau. of Pre. Noah and Susie Hershberger, on Sept. 10.

Helmuth, Miller - Freeman, son of Mrs. Jonas Ada Helmuth to Mary, dau. of Ora and Ida Miller, on Sept. 17.

Hershberger, Nisley - Henry, son of Neil and Clara Hershberger to Clara, dau. of Pre. Levi and Lizzieann Nisley, on Sept. 24.

Cashton, Wisconsin

Mahlon, Kauffman - Miller Mahlon and Amanda Kauffman were married Sept. 22nd by Bishop Atlee Miller.

Chester, Hostetler - Miller Chester and Mattie R. Hostetler were married on Sept. 24.

ORDINATIONS

Glen Bontrager - Sept. 27 Glen, son of Minister Daniel and Mary Bontrager was ordained a minister in Joe Yoder district. He is 31 years old and married to Irma, daughter of Alvin and Edna Gingerich. Address is R.R. Shipshewaua, Ind.

Alvin Borntreger - Medford, Wis. - Alvin, 23, son of Ira (deceased) and Lavina Borntreger was ordained minister in Northeast district. He is married to Anna, dau. of Enos. and Clara Mullet, Sept. 26.

OBITUARIES

Beiler, Miss Mary K., 65, Hobson Rd., Lancaster PA, died August 16, after a lenghtly illness. born in East Lampeter Township she was a daughter of the late Christian M. and Mary (King) Beiler. She worked as a domestic laborer. Surviving are three sisters; Miss Salina Beiler with whom she resided; Jemima wife of David I. Glick of Smoketown; Fannie wife of Christ B. Beiler of Paradise RD. and a brother; Christian L. Beiler of Hobson Road, Lancaster.

Funeral services were held at the Stephen Beiler home. sermons by a cousin Aaron S. king and a nephew Elam S. Beiler of Brush Valley.

Byler, Mary Ellen, 5, Guthrie KY,

died September 28, of an unexpected siege, in the hospital. She was a daughter of William Jr. Byler.(see Community note.)

Chupp, Amanda Chupp 94 of 70932 Ash Rd. Nappanee, IN. died at 9:55 Tues. Sept. 8, at the Bremen Hospital, Marshall Co. where she had been a patient 2 days. She was born June 20, 1893 to Jacob and Anna (Schlabach) Borkholder. On Apr. 13, 1919. She was married to Samuel C. Chupp who preceded her in death Nov. 28, 1967. Surviving are 7 daughters: Mrs. Elmer J. (Anna) Byler, Mrs. Ray J. (Barbara) Burkholder, Miss Amanda Chupp and Mrs. Joseph S. (Lydia Ann) Chupp of Nappanee, In. Mrs. Gideon (Verna) Bontrager and Mrs. Ralph E. (Elizabeth) Miller of Goshen and Mrs. John T. (Katie) Burkholder of Maywood, Mo. Five sons John and Eli both of Goshen. Jacob where she had her home. And Emanuel of Nappanee, and Levi of Etna Green. Also 66 grandchildren. One hundred seventy-six great grandchildren and 2 great great grandchildren, 2 sisters Mrs. Mary Hochstetler of Nappanee and Emma Burkholder Sturgis Mich. 1 brother Jacob, Sturgis, Mich. Her parents. Two sons 1 daughter and 9 grandchildren, 2 brothers and 4 sisters preceded her in death. Bish. Walter Helmuth and Bish. Emery Yoder officiated. Burial in the Weldy Cemetery. Pallbearers: Ivan Kuhns, Allen Mullet, Larry Hochstetler,Omar Kuhns, Daniel Miller and Marvin Yoder..

Enos Eash, Enos W. Eash, 82, of13525 CR 30,Goshen,

died Friday, September 11, at Goshen General Hospital where he was a patient three weeks.

He was born in LaGrange County November 28, 1904 , and lived in Elkhart County 57, Years . At one time he operated a poultry processing plant at his home. He was a member and minister of the old order Amish Church.

He was married near Middlebury march 27, 1930, to Mary Hershberger, who survives.

Also surviving are two daughters,Mrs. Orie (Katie) Bontrager of Shipshewana and Mrs. Ray (Ruby) Miller of Goshen, three sons, Mel of Goshen, Lee of Carlsbad, N.M., and Ray of Middlebury, two half-brothers the Rev. Ben miller of Dunlap and Jerry Eash of Orlando, Fla; four stepsisters, Mrs Menno (Sadie) Hershberger of Independence, Iowa, Mrs. Emanuel (Katie) Mullet of Wilton Wisc., Mrs. Levi (Lydiann) Miller of Millersburg, Ohio and Ben Eash of California; 13 grand children and 11 Great-grandchildren..

A brother, a sister, two stepsisters and two stepbrothers preceeded him in death.

Funeral services were held Monday at 9 A. M. in the Ray C. Miller home with Bishop Jesse Schlabach and Minister David Yoder Officiating.

Burial was in Thomas Cemetery, Yoder-Culp Funeral Home of Goshen was in charge of arrangments.

Graber, Maria, infant daughter of Glen A. and Polly (Helmuth) Graber of 10561 CR 33, Millersburg

was stillborn Sunday, Sept. 5. in Goshen Hospital.

Surviving with her parents are three sisters, Mary Esther, Marlene and Marla, and two brothers, Kenneth and Keith, all at home, and the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Graber of Nappanee and Mr. and Mrs. John Helmuth of Topeka.

Graveside Services were held monday in Hawpatch Cemetery near Topeka with Bishop Freeman S. Miller officiating.

Miller Funeral Home of Middlebury was in charge of arrangments.

Hilty, Johnnie J. M., 10 wks. old RR# 2 Geneva Indiana

died at his home Sept 10, of sudden infant death Syndrone—Crib death. He was O K at 1:oo A.M. and at 6:00 the grief stricten mother found him lifeless.

He was born June 25 to John E.S. and Margaret (Graber) Hilty, who survive. Also 2 small brothers; Elmer and Cris, and grandparents Chris J. Graber and Elmer K. Hiltys.

Funeral services were held Sept. 12 at the Cris J. Graber home. Burial was in the Bunker Hill Cemetery.

King, John E., of Shippensburg R. D. 1 Penna

He Drowned Sunday Aug. 9, 1987 after the church services at the home of Gideon Fishers, Newbury RD. He was found by John Fisher, Newville RD. He was Flown by helicopter to Hershey Medical Center where he was later pronouced dead. He is survived by 6 brothers and 5 sisters, Benuel, Amos, Isaac, Rueben, Omar, Ephriam, Emma, Sarah, Susie, Malinda and Fannie. Also paternal grandparents, John and Emma King, Paradise and maternal grandmother Sarah King, Gordonville.

Services were held Wed. Aug. 12 at the late home. At the house by Benjamin Kurtz and a leid by John Petersheim. In the shed by Christian Esh and Henry Esh. Leid by Abner Stoltfus. At Mt. View Cemetery by Benjamin Kurtz, Leid by David Blank. Pallbearers were cousins Samuel and Levi King, Amos Beiler and Samuel King.

A poem he made up in school.
Beautiful Heaven where all is bright
Beautiful angels clad in white
There, dear friend, I hope we'll meet
Worshipping at our Saviours Feet.

Mast, Susie., of Hazelton Iowa

died September 7 only lived a few minutes after birth. She was the infant dau. of Mervin and Anna Marie Mast. Surviving are her Parents, 3 brothers at home Monroe, Walter and Albert. Grandparents Albert and Susie (lehman) Mast and Mrs. Uriah Mattie (Miller) Schwartz also aunts, uncles and cousins.

Miller, Jacob M., 84 of 14175 Hayes Road, Middlefield, Ohio

died early Wed. September 23, at his residence. He was born June 17, 1903, in Middlefield, where he was a lifelong resident. A son of Manass amd Katherine (Gingerich) Miller. Mr. Miller was retired as a self- employed carpenter. He married Mary Ann (Fisher) on November 19, 1925. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. Survivors include his wife, 4 sons, Eli, Joe, Bill an Dan all of Middlefield, 9 daughters Mrs. Katie Mast of Titusville, Pa., Mrs. Sara Weaver, Mrs. Amanda Kauffman and Mrs. Ester Byler all of Middlefield, Mrs. Clara Miller Clymer, N.Y., Mrs. Anna Kauffman of Trenton, K.Y. Mrs. Ada Gingerich of Burton, Mrs. Emma Miller of Glenford, and Mrs. Katie Miller of Middlefield. 95 Grandchildren, 110 Great Grandchildren. Service were at 9:30 Friday at the family residence. Burial in Nauvoo Road Cemetery, Middlefield.

Peachey, Enos D. 73, R.D. 1 Belleville Pa. 17004

died September 5, 1987, at his home. He had been bedfast since his stroke 3 years and 8 months. He was born May 23, 1914, a son of the late Ezra F. and Ella B. (Peachy) Peachy.

He had been a polio victim at the age of 2 and never walked without crutches. He had done watch repairing before his stroke. His wife the former Lizzie N. Lee and the following children survive. Ezra Peachy, Mercersburg, Pa. Andrew Peachy, Mrs. David (Matilda) Yoder both of Bellville Pa. and Barbara E. Peachey at home. Also the following brother and sisters. Mrs. David (Barbara) Yoder Lizzie S. Peachey, both of Allensville, Christ B. Peachey, Shippensburg, Pa., Jacob H. Peachey, Lancaster, Mrs. Crist (Leah) Renno, New York, Mrs. Enos (Ella) Swarey Mount Elgin, Canada Ezra F. Peachey, Susie Peachey, Belleville. Mrs. Eli (Hettie) Rensio McVeytown, Mrs. Jonas (Amelia) Bender Lewisburg and 22 grandchildren. An infant son and a grandson preceded him in death. Services at the Josiah Peachey residence by Joe Hostetler and Josiah Peachey, Burial in Renno Cemetery.

Plank, LaVern, 2, Arthur, Ill. Area, *(unmarked)*

died Aug. 31. He was born Feb. 23, to Glen and Linda (Otto) Plank. He is survived by one brother, Jason and grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Junior (Jerry) Otto and Mr. and Mrs. Ira Plank, great-grandparents Mrs. Lonnie Plank, Mr. and Mrs. Joe N. Schrock and Mr. and Mrs. Menno Chupp.

Schmucker, Joseph J., 56, of 15915 Pioneer Rd. Middlefield, Huntsburg Township Ohio,

died Saturday, Sept. 26,afer a long illness.

Born April 11, 1931 in Garrettsville, he was the son of Joseph and Susan Schmucker. A Huntsburg residence for 32 years, he lived in Parkman Township before. He was employed at Johnson Rubber Co. in Middlefield. He married Agnes Bender on Nov. 6, 1951. A member of the Old Order Amish Church.

Survivors include his wife and 8 sons: William, Daniel, And Joe Jr. of Clymer, NY, Allen of Andover, Lester and Noah of Middlefield, Simon and Jonas at home. Three daughters: Mrs. Elmer (Ruth) Yoder, Mrs. Albert (Susan) Miller and Mrs. Amos (Sara) Miller of Middlefield. One brother, Menno of Burton, 5 sisters: Mrs. Mary Hershberger of Indiana, Mrs. Emma Patterson of Burton, Mrs. Elizabeth Perke of Leavettsburg, Mattie Schmucker of N. Bloomfield and Mrs. Emma Kempf of Middlefield and 42 grandchildren.

Services were held on Tuesday, 10:00 A M at the residence. Burial in Miller Cemetery in Huntsburg Township.

Schwartz, Chris G. Jr, son of Jacob C.E. and Elizabeth (Schwartz) Schwartz *(place unmarked)* died Sept. 25, lived about 2 hours.

Schwartz Maggie (Hilty) Mrs. Jacob L., 74, Seymour Missouri

died Aug. 29, after a 3 to 4 months illness. A large funeral was held on Sept. 1. She left behind her husband, 81, 4 sons, and 3 daughters: Chris, Joe, Jake, and Pete; Mrs. Dave H. (Lovina) Schwartz of this area,Mrs. Paul V. (Maggie) Eicher,and Mrs. Henry V. (Anna) Eicher of Adams Co. Ind.

The Attendance was large for this area with about 13-14 vans from other communities.

Bishop Menno Lengacher from Reading, Mich. preached in the Jacob L. house and Bishop Simon C. Burkholder of Bowling Green MO in the Peter G. house.

This was the third one of the Hiltys' to die since June 17, leaving only one of those Hiltys left; the youngest of that family, Mrs Henry (Barbara) Schwartz, of Geneva, IN.

She had 96 grandchildren and 105 great-grandchildren, which all attended but two.

Yoder, Annie M. 40, Allensville Penna. 17002

died September 22, at her home, following an extended illness of cancer, being bedfast and paralized from the waist down since April.

Born December 20, 1946, a daughter of David P. and Barbara (Peachey) Yoder who survives. Also 5 sisters; Mrs. Harvey (Ella) Bender Salisbury, PA, Lizzie R. Yoder at home, Fannie R. Yoder, New Holland PA, Mrs. David (Katie) Swarey, Mrs. Lewis (Hettie) Zook, Meyersdale. Also Uncle, Aunts, nieces and nephews survive.

Services were held at the David Peachey home, by Noal I. and Kore N. Yoders, both cousins. Burial in Allensville Cemetery.

Yoder, Mrs. Elizabeth (Borkholder), 86, Nappanee, Indiana

died Sept. 3, in Elkhart General Hospital following a breif illness. She was born Dec. 15, 1899 to John and Elizabeth (Hershberger) Borkholder. On March 7, 1920 she was married to Daniel W. Yoder. He died Feb. 3, 1965.

Surviving are a sister, Mrs. (Lovina) Hochstetler of Shipshewana. She was preceeded in death by her husband, parents, 2 sisters, and a brother. She has quite a few Neices and nephews.

Bishop Oscar Borkholder officiated at the services with burial in Weldy Cemetery.

Pall bearers: Lislie Hochstetler, LaMar Hochstetler, Earl Schwartz, John Helmuth, Dennis Troyer, and Menno Schwartz.

Yoder, Enos G. 20, Park City Kentucky

died July 7, in Bowling Green Medical Center from massive head injuries he recieved in a car-buggy accident the evening before on July 6.

He was born March 3, 1967 in Lawrence County, Tennessee, to Gideon A. and Amelie (Mast) Yoder. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church.

Surviving besides his parents are 9 sisters and 2 brothers. Mrs. Urie M. (Lydia) Yoder, Park City, Mrs. Mahlon H. (Elizabeth) Gingerich, Ethridge, TN, Mary at home, Mrs. Herman J. (Miriam) Zook, Park City, KY, Mrs Mosie E. (Anna) Troyer, Park City, Mrs.Herman J. (Emma) Hershberger, Ethridge, TN, Andrew, Park City, Mrs. Joe S. (Amelie) Hochstetler, Park City, Sarah, David and Mattie at home. Also 13 nephews, 11 nieces, 1 step- grand mother, Mrs. Andrew (Susie) Yoder, Ethridge, TN, 16 Uncles, 10 aunts, many cousins and other relatives and friends. Four nephews, 2 grandfathers and 2 grandmothers preceeded him in death.

Funeral services were held at the late home July 9.

Yoder, Mrs. Mary Ann (Miller) Yoder 67, Nappanee, Indiana

died on Sepy 1, at her home, an extended illness. She was born Nov. 14 1919 to Elias A. and Lizzie S. Miller, and was married Dec. 31, 1942 in Millersburg, Ohio to Dan A. Yoder who survives along with the following children. Two sons, Elias D. and Alvin Ray both of Nappanee; 3 daughters Mrs. Omar (Clara) Mullet, Etna Green;Mrs. Harley (Katie) Headings, Hutchinson Kansas and Mrs. Raymond L. (Fannie Mae) Hochstetler of Charlotte, Mich.. 35 grandchildren and 3 half sisters; Lizzie Garber, Sarasota, Florida; Laura Keim, Ashland, Ohio. She was preceeded in death by her parents, a granddaughter, a brother, 2 sisters and a half brother.

Funeral services were held at the Alvin Borkholder home by Bishop John Helmuth. Burial in the Weldy Cemetery.

Yoder, Melvin J.D. 68, Fredricksburg, Ohio

Died September 2, 1987. He was born March 17, 1919 in Hartville OH. On the farm he moved on soon after he married Martha C. Weaver on Jan 23,1947, also 7 children (5 Girls and 2 Boys) Mrs. Roy E. (Betty) Mast, Mrs. Eli A. (Sarah) Yoder Both of Apple Creek Rd. Mrs Andrew M. (Elsie) Raber Mrs. Marvin (Mary) Troyer and Mrs. Jones D. (Edna) Miller. Roy and David of the home. Melvins father died in November 1918 therfore he never saw his real father. His mother, a young widow chose to give her son up for adoption so when he was 15 days old Jonas C and Lizzie (Shetler) Yoder Adopted him, but only a hand written agreement, signed by both parties was made, when he started to school he changed his name to Yoder himself. During World war 2 he served in C.P.S. camp in Bluffton and Mederyville, Ind. North Fork California, and mental hospitals in Wastern States. 8 or 9 years ago his voice became horse, but he had no cold. A throat specialist found malignant tissue in his voice box and removed it but with practice and effort he talked in low tone or loud whispers.

Zook, Rebecca S. 69, 2369 Old Phila. Pike, Lancaster, Penna.

died at home after an illness of six months.

Born in East Lampeter Township, she was the daughter of the late Noah D. and Rachel (Stoltzfus) Zook.

Miss Zook is survived by 3 sisters: Fannie Zook with whom she resided; Miriam, wife of Bennie A. Yoder, Salisbury, Lydia wife of Alvin C. Yoder, Oakland MD, and one brother Christian S., of Peach Bottom.

Rebecca made straw hats for many years. Services were held on Friday, Sept. 25, by a Cousin Christ Esh and a nephew Noah B. Yoder of Somerset Co. Burial at Myers Cemetert.

MIGRATIONS

Dan A. Hershbergers and 10 children moved from Holmes Co. to Knox Co. Ohio on August 13th.

Mose Borntreger, Jr., Canton, Mo. to Nunnelly, Tenn., R2, 37137.

The Mose Jr. Borntreger family moved back to Nunnely, Tenn. August 31st., where they had come from 2 years before.

Lester Lambright moved from 2131 W. Miesenheimer Rd to S. Darr 4121, Scottville, Mich.

Amzie Troyer from Rexford Mt. to 3563 W. Blundell Rd., Ludington, Mich. 49431.

Richard Troyer moved from Rexford, Montana to 3563 W. Blundell Rd., Ludington, Mich.

Mahlon M. Gingerichs moved from Wayne Co. to Knox Co. on Sept. 18.

Raymond D. Millers moved back from Kokomo, IN to Spencer, Wisconsin in May.

Alvin and Verba (Shetter) Yoder moved from Utica, Minn. to Tomah, Wis., R.R.3, 54660 Sept. 10, 1987.

Enos Beiler's moved from Gordonville, Pa. to R.D.1, Allenwood, Pa. on Oct. 2, 1987.

Widow Mabel Miller and 10 children moved from Greenwood, Wis. to Cashton, Wis. on Sept. 15, 1987.

Enos H. Millers and Mrs. Emma Y. Miller moved from Conewango Valley, N.Y. to Belfast, N.Y. on Sept. 3.

David M. Hershbergers moved from Troutville, Pa. to Conewango Valley, N.Y. on Sept. 3.

The Freeman S. Beachy, Mahlon R. and Allen S. Byler families moved from Dover, Delaware to Guys Mills, Pa. all on the same truck and van on Sept. 29.

Andy Jess's moved from Stephenville, Tx. to Sulphur Springs, Tx . Sept. 16.

Vernon Kramer's moved from Dublin, Tx. to Jamesport, Mo. on Sept. 1st.

Bishop Ben B. Troyers moved from Stephenville, Tx. to Comanche, Tx. on Sept. 2 to work on a dairy job

Moses M. Borntregers moved from Canton, Mo. to Route 2, Nunnelly, Tenn. 37137 arriving here on September 1.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Goshen, Indiana - Senior Minister Expires

Enos W. Eash, 82, of13525 CR 30, died Friday, September 11, at Goshen General Hospital where he was a patient three weeks.

He was born in LaGrange County November 28, 1904 , and lived in Elkhart County 57, Years . At one time he operated a poultry processing plant at his home. He was a member and minister of the Old Order Amish Church.

He was married near Middlebury march 27, 1930, to Mary Hershberger, who survives, and was ordained to the ministry in 1957.

Arthur, Illinois - Child drowns in water trough....A sorrowful accident occured at the Glen Plank residence. The child, 3 yrs, was out playing at chore time, suddenly they missed him and began search, when they found him he was laying face down in the stock watering tank.

He was the oldest child of Glen Planks and leaves surviving one bro. besides parents and grandparents. (See Obit).

Guthrie Kentucky - Girl Succumbs -- Unknown Origin

Last evening around 7:30 the William Byler Jr. family was stunned to find their 4 yr. old Mary Ellen lying on the ground bleeding from her nose and mouth. She could talk some yet, but they soon saw it is something serious and took her to the hospital, but all efforts failed to revive her and she passed away around 11:30 that night. They still don't know what happened as no one saw it happen, but she told her sister she fell. Drs. said her bronchial tube was collapsed and that it could be caused by a number of things, including a virus. Funeral services to be Thur. Oct. 1st.

Park City, Kentucky - Youth Dies after Car-Buggy Accident

Enos G. Yoder, 20, died from massive head injuries he recieved in a car-buggy accident the evening before on July 6. (See obit.)

Nappanee, Indiana - Senior leaves 256 descendants

Amanda Chupp 94, of 70932 Ash Rd died at Sept. 8, at the Bremen Hospital, Marshall Co. where she had been a patient 2 days. She was born June 20, 1893 to Jacob and Anna (Schlabach) Borkholder. On April 13, 1919. She was married to Samuel C. Chupp who preceded her in death Nov. 28, 1967. Surviving are 7 daughters and five sons. Also 66 grandchildren. One hundred seventy-six great grandchildren and 2 great great grandchildren. (see Obit.)

Conewango Valley, NY - Noah N. Wengerd

September brought us some low temps. ranging from 36 degrees to 62 degrees also quite a bit of rain with a total of 5.5 inches. Of course some nice but cool days. Had a heavy rain and thunder storm in the eve of the 29th. Had rain 15 days out of 30! Husking corn is on the go while a few filled silos today. Mrs. Noah C. Raber (Mary) spent a few days in hospital with a heart ailment.

Dewittville, Mayville, NY - Salome J. Byler

August started in nice rainy and damp 2nd and 3rd was nice and warm rest of week till 9th was rainy got nice again and very warm on 14th being 116 degrees in direst sun was nice till rainy on 22nd. Cool on 23rd, warmed up again 25th cool, rainy and foggy till 30th was a nice day.

September started in warm till 8th had 1.1 inches of rain got nice again, rained 11th and 12th and 13th nice rain on 17th. 18th and 19th nice on 20th. rest of month was nice till last eve had .8 inches of rain, damp today.

Joe 8, son of Dan Swartzentrubers spent a few days in hospital again in August with infection in his finger. Far as I know is ok again. John 7, son of John M. and Nancy Byler had his tonsils out morn of September 22 just across Pease bridge in Buffalo, Can., was ready to come home by 3 P.M. and back to school this morn.

Salome D. Byler, 68, a diabetic for 30 years is low also has hardening of arteries, poor circulation and kidneys only worked once in last 34 hrs.

Clymer, New York - Lydiann J. Bricker

Our nice warm summer weather continued on into August. Most fruits and vegetables are 2 weeks earlier then usual. Is a good melon year.

September is almost gone and still not frost. Had 34 degrees the 3rd. Had lots of cloudy, wet weather. Several thunder storms. A bad one the 17th with hail at places. Tractor farmers are getting discouraged of getting their silos filled. Was wet but could go on with horses. Results from an early spring. Are starting to enjoy the changing leaves are very pretty at places.

How many others like me though locusts made their noise, by rubbing their wings together. While picking blueberries I noticed one on a post. When he started I went within inches of him. Wasn't moving a muscle. Tho the noise hurt my ears. Had two register like holes on his back. Which was the only place I could figure out where it came from.

Daniel (Allen) Byler had just recovered from a badly cut leg from a chain saw accident when he rolled a log on his other leg. Robert (Mel) Byler had a narrow escape of almost getting his head between 2 logs. A warning to woodsmen to be careful. Had a bruised head and face. Dad is taking care of a broken wrist and pelvis. What happened? You'll have to write and ask him. The 20 yr. old D.W. I non-Amish boy that crashed is up and around now. But has the mentality of a 4 yr. old.

Norfolk, New York - Sue Wickey

The rains came, also much cloudy drizzley weather, had a frost Saturday the 26th and Sunday the 27th had ice, but warm since.

Jake Waglers and son were here over last weekend from Prairie Home, Mo. Also some that had come from Quincy, Mich. for the wedding on Thursday.

Also a car ran into the Hilty boys a few ago, no one hurt, but a buggy wheel was smashed. This same thing had happened in the spring, by the same man running into them.

Newport, New York - Sarah Renno

We still had no hard frost, although there was a light one in spots last Sunday morning. Lawns and gardens are still green, except tomatoes and melon vines, etc. Melons were a good crop this year. Several of the farmers have done their silo filling and some haven't started yet. Weather was mild throughout Sept. about average amount of rainfall.

Joe N. Peacheys brought a load of their peaches for our community and the Fort Plainers, beginning of the month.

Fort Plains, New York - Mrs. Levi B. Hostetler

September was rainy and cool the forepart, turning warmer at mid-month. During the week of the silo filling at a couple of the farms it was very rainy and muddy to get the corn in. On the 26th when the last job of filling was done it was again clear and sunshiny. Corn produced well and silos get very well filled.

September 13th was the first baptise services held at Fort Plain with two girls, Anna S. Byler and Mary B. Hostetler to join the church membership.

With babies and all counted we have 90 people here this fall.

LaRaysville, Penna. - Mrs. Jacob Yoder

Greetings to all! September has been a cool and wet month. We had about as wet this month as we had dry in August.

I seen the first flock of geese going, so that means fall has arrived! Had a light frost on the 25th, but not much damage done to garden things! Leaves are getting that brilliant look again! A view I enjoy! Before long its silo filling time.

Montour Co., Penna. - Lydia Stoltzfus

September had a lot of cloudy and rainy days, also some sunny and warm days. Rainfall for the month was a little over 7 inches, enough at different times to keep the men out of the fields. But finally got the silos all filled. Women are cleaning house and doing the last of canning and freezing. We are still picking lima beans, also have tomatoes, eggplants, and sweet potatoes in the garden yet. Leaves are changing to the pretty fall color. The last week in September it was sunny and windy.

Allenwood,Penna. - John K. Fisher

September was mostly cloudy with either some sunshine or rain on those days. Total rainfall for the month was 7 inches. On the 26th was 32 degrees and a nice fall-like day. Farmers are still filling silo and making hay.

Enos Beiler's expect to move on their farm they bought in the spring on October 2.

Brush Valley - David B. Stoltzfus

The family and the entire community were happy to learn of the improvement of the condition of Amos King, 28, since he entered a rehabilitation center several weeks ago. Amos suffered severe head injuries in June 1986, when hit from behind while hauling a load of hay on the main road. After nearly two months in the hospital he was brought home to be cared for by his wife and his parents, Abner and Ruth King. Although still in a coma, he seemed to respond to the home atmosphere. The doctors thought his mind was gone due to severe swelling several days after the accident. But sometimes through emotions it could be seen he was grasping his situation. As time went on he could open his eyes and move his arms. By late October he could talk in a whisper but he was very confused, to the point of not knowing his own brother, but recognizing old acquaintances. By late winter he could feed himself and walk with assistance, but it seemed his mind had come to a standstill as he seldom asked any questions. Amos, along with his wife Rebecca, and their 4 small children spent the spring and summer at the home of her parents, the Tobias Stoltzfus family of Romulus, New York. In the beginning of September he was taken to Highgate Manor, a rehabilitation center in Cortland, New York. His accress was given to folks of his home community with a request for mails which his nurses faithfully read to him. The rehabilitation efforts along with the realization that many people do care about him, did for him what routine caring for his needs and occasional visits couldn't do. By the end of September when his family visited him at the center. He could walk, visit, ask questions, joke and laugh and heartily thanked them all for coming. However, he still has a long way to go. His talking is still only a whisper and he is overweight partly because of his immense appetite but also because of retained fluid. His eyesight is very poor but there is renewed hope for that by changing his glasses again. His memory is also poor especially of his manhood years. There is hope through rehabilitation for physical improvement, but let us remember that only the Master Physician can heal the mind and give the increase. The family needs our prayer support. Continued mail, especially from old acquaintances, will also be helpful, no doubt. His address at present and likely for several more months is: Amos King, Highgate Manor, Box 5510, 28 Kellogg Rd. Cortland, New York 13045.

The national steering committee meeting was held at C. J. Stoltzfuses near Rebersburg, Pa., on September 9th with approximately 600 or 700 people attending. The day before the directors met at Jacob M. Stoltzfuses.

We have been blessed with warm weather and abundant rainfall during September, especially mid-month when we had about 3 inches rain in less than a week. Also several inches fell at other times. Silo filling has been delayed somewhat but there is still considerable moisture in the cornstalks. Some 4th crop alfalfa has been mowed, but it is slow in drying and frequently fast in getting wet.

Nittany Valley, Penna. - Benjamin B. Stoltzfus

September was mostly mild having about as many cloudy days as sunny ones. We had rain throughout the whole month. Nice steady rains that soaked in the ground amounting to a little over 3 inches for the month. We had no frost yet. Silos are filled and corn picking has started.

Dauphin Co. PA - Benuel B. Fisher

It seemed September is making up for some of the dry weather we had this summer with above average rainfall.

The 6th had a drizzling rain all day and most of that week on the 12th it rained rather hard especially that evening and the next day sometimes. Had 5-1/2 inches that week was also mostly cloudy and wet. Got some nice hay in the last week, but this morning of the 30th again is raining. Men have silo mostly filled, are cutting grass and getting ready to pick corn soon. Women cleaning house and canning the fall vegetables and fruits.

Lebanon County, PA - Levi S. King

We had a lot of rain the first three weeks of September amounting to 10 or 11 inches for the month. Mostly warm weather thru the month which gave a very lush growth of fourth cutting alfalfa and also green pastures again after our dry weather. Silos are about filled by now, with most of it being done the beginning of the month. Corn was very uneven here in our shale soil, with the low spots being tall and heavy while some of the shale ridges didn't amount to much. Still no frost around here, with lowest morning temperature only in the mid forties and daytime up to 75 degrees.

LANCASTER COUNTY REPORTS

Stormstown Area - Mrs. Emanuel Z. Stoltzfus

Simeon, 15, sone of Emanuel Z. and Malinda Stoltzfus, RD 1, Box 230, Bird-in-Hand, PA 17505, received a severe cut, severing the vein, femur nerve, bone and 3/4 of the muscles on the left leg near to the socket from a hydrolic wood splitter on the morn of September 3. He sat on it to ties his shoe and does not remember if he had pulled the lever or what or why it happened, but he did put it in reverse before it reached it's maximum which is about 6 inches from the wedge. His father found him about 10 minutes later. His pelvis was also jammed enough they figured that it sheared his urether tube and fixed him with a bag. He was in traction the first week and the final operation was done a week later to make sure there is no infection in it. They did some bone grafting and put a steel plate in from the cut done and a screw pin up into the ball starting at the cut and some way fastened the two together. He has no cast but is supposed to keep his knee straight or only slightly flexed till the muscles heal. He had an immobilizer on the knee till he got a brace which he needs when he starts walking because of the nerve being severed. We don't know yet when they will fix it and they say it'll take a year to heal if it does fully recover. The uretherter they said sometimes heals together by itself so they will give it a 6 month chance. He came home 9 days after the operation on Saturday 19th and gets around on crutches, is not to put any weight on the leg. He does not have much pain but his leg is touchy at some places.

Mascot Area - Bertha Miller

September 8 brought Lanc. Co. heavy rainfalls with some areas measuring from 5 to 9 inches.

A wet September., rainfall recordings from the Intell were:

Lanc. Newspapers - 7.28 inches, National Weather Service - 8.05 inches., The Waterworks - 10.21 inches, Holtwood Dam - 8.6 inches. It rained 14 days out of 30 days making this the 4th wettest September on record.

How many tons of rain did you folks have if 113 ton fall on 1 acre with 1 inch of rain?

Birthday greetings were greatly appreciated by Uncle Amos and Aunt Fannie Beiler. They are 1 week apart in age, so they both share the number of 88 now. They are capable of caring for each other but their eyesights are failing.

A visit with Franklin Ressler at Landis Homes brought back memories of seeing him stepping around at his Mascot Mill. He is now 86 yrs. old. His eyesight is good, his walking rather poorly, but his singing ability is great.So he shared his talent and sang "Take the Name of Jesus With You." One need not feel his time is wasted by visiting the elderly folks.

Bird-in-Hand - David B. King

September was wet had about 8 inches of rain. On the 8th we had 6-1/2 inches. On the 12th we had 1-1/2 inches of rain. Farmers are about done filling silo and busy sowing rye and hauling manure. Corn isn't ready to pick yet but will soon be and they will be busy again.

Paradise Area - Fannie Beiler

Hannah S. Beiler came home from the hospital on Oct. 2 after a 5 week stay in the hospital from a bad infection in her leg. She is making an indefinite stay with her dau. Lets keep her in mind with cards and letters. Mail can be sent to her at this address;

Hannah S. Beiler % David S. Stotlzfus 74-A McIlvaine Rd. Paradise, PA 17562

Ronks Area - Rachel King

Watch for Sink Holes !

Take a warning of the experience of a lost cow. Saturday morn she didn't come in for milking. As the day went on she still wasn't seen. The men looked over the farm from the top of the silo, walked around in the fields and checked all fences around the meadow, inquired with the neighbors and talked to the township police..Sunday morn-still missing so one of the boys walked over the meadow for any clues and found a sink hole about 5 ft. deep and 4 ft. in diameter. A cow all doubled up to fit in, Her head was buried tightly against her back, her legs all crampled up and was still breathing. Worked for 5 hours with the help of a neighbor finally lifting her out with a tractor. It makes me shiver to think we went to bed to rest when she was in such misery. The cow is now dead....

The same neighbor that helped us was picking corn that week and his one tractor wheel slid in a hole 8 ft wide and 6 ft deep. So happening the frame of the tractor was on solid ground, otherwise would have toppled over in the hole. He had a wrecker to remove his tractor. Be on the look out for sink holes since the heavy rain.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

Ben B. Esch, age 37, son of Sarah Esch is recovering from his mishap he had Friday, September 4, when he slipped on wet tile while drenching a cow and was thrown on his back hurting his shoulder. Dr. called it a torn ligament but could also be bursitis and has to have his arm in a sling at least 2 weeks. He is married to Lavina daughter of Christ and Rebecca Lapp. Their address is 1326 Village Road, Strasburg, PA 17579

Christiana, Penna. - Mrs. John S. Stoltzfus, Jr.

Fall is here, as October is beginning, with temp. down in the 50's.

September was unusually wet, putting farmers back a little in filling silo. Although most of the corn is now in the silos and some are husking corn. Late garden things still look nice and flowers are blooming their prettiest before Jack Frost gets them.

Nine Points Area - Mrs Ben S. Beiler

September brought warm weather and 11 inches rain. Grass fields have the fresh spring green color and yards need at least once a week mowing. So refreshing after the dry summer. Late corn is being put in silo which fills it up faster than early corn did.

Peach Botton Area - Christ Zook

The first half of September we had 7.6 inches of rain, and in all a little more than 10 inches for the month. Most of the silos are filled.

Joe Esh had a washout after a heavy rain that washed out part of a footer and part of the new built block wall fell over, on his new farm in Wakefield.

Delta, York Co., Penna. - Andrew H. Beiler

Our dry spell of about 2 months ended in the first half of September. We had 10 to 12 inches in this area throughout the month, mostly in the first three weeks, the last week we again had some nice sunshiny days with some people making 4th cutting alfalfa. Silo filling was early. Corn was long in the stalks this year, but the ears are not as big except in the early planting.

Mt PLeasant Mills Pa- Sam M. Troyer

The main news is that the draught was broken. We had more than 7 inches of rain this month. Corn is a short crop, silo filling is going on. Makes feed for the milk cows, we can sell can milk here, it goes to Belleville, I think. Produce is grown here and that mainly our income around here. September has been warmer this year than the last two years.

We live mostly out of our garden. We don't go to the stores very often. Sometimes we go to the local Mennonite stores.

This past month we had extra church twice for strange preachers, once for Levi Graber and son Ernie of Camden, Mich. and today it is planned to have church for Jacob Wagler of Prairie Home, Mo.

McClure, Penna. - John Y. Speicher

September 30, cloudy this morning had a hard rain last night and early this morning. Still some silo filling and refilling to be done late corn is green and doing well after our rains in early September and also later in month. Pastures are now green after being brown for a while. Temperature the 26th in the thirties, a light frost in some areas but no damage. Alfalfa looks good since the rains. Corn is from fair to good. Had a few days of 90 degree, also a few warm nights. Some fall planting done some to do yet.

September 22 had rain and a few hail, a few miles east of here it hailed heavy. Was cooler for a few days but warmed up again. Morning temperature for the month lowest in the thirties, highest in the fifties.

Beaver Springs, Pa. - Mrs. Emery A. Weaver

We had good amounts of rain during September, lots of jars been filled and carried to the cellar shelves.

We got word that my 96 yr. old Dad of Ohio, Mart Hochstetler, had a couple of strokes which left him nearly blind. He's being cared for at my sisters house Mrs. Roy Yoder, he was getting his own breakfast yet, in his house, but been moved to the big house, now is up part time and mind pretty good.

Mrs. Atlee Troyer had gall bladder removed, was in hospital near two weeks, is coming along ok.

Juniata County, Penna. - David Y. Renno

September was a favorable month with about the normal amount of rainfall which came in many small showers with many cloudy days until the last 10 days it was very sunny and warm days up in the 90's, with cool nights and foggy mornings, and no frost all month. Farmers were filling silos and sowing fall grain the last of the month. Corn ears are below normal crop due from the dry summer.

Mifflin County, Penna. - Catherine Swarey

September started in with showers. A few sunny days. Again rainy September 5, 6, 7 sunny till September 12-13 showers again. Sunny a few days then more thunder showers and lightening September 22. September 24, 25, 26 beautiful falls days, clear blue sky, white fluffy clouds. Showers on September 30 and a beautiful rainbow. Total rainfall 4.5 to 5 in. lowest temperature 38 degrees, highest low 80's, no frost yet Katy-dids can still be heard.

Farmers filling silo, sowing wheat putting in late alfalfa, and some started corn husking.

Landisburg PA - Lydia Ann Fisher

September was a very wet month. I lost track of the rainfall, but would guess a total of 10 inches or so. Lawns are greener than they were in the spring. Late fall garden goodies are crips and delicious. The only problem was to get anything started while it was so dry. Temperature has been about normal, perhaps a little on the cool side. A lot of cloudy days earlier in the month, but now we are having blue skies, white fluffy clouds, beautiful, beautiful weather. The trees are fast changing colors. Picture perfect!

Farmers are busy filling silos. It takes twice as much time to fill a silo with short earless corn. There won't be a lot of corn left to husk in perry Co. this fall. Some are sowing rye and wheat. The mountain here is being logged this fall. Quite a noisy operation with big eqiupment, chain saws, bulldozers, etc. Not the noiseless way the pioneers used to do it.

Spartansburg, Penna. - Thomas B. Miller

September started in with nice pleasant days. We had some ran but not so much to speak of until the 15th and then the rains began. Almost every day it rained from there on. Silo filling is slow this year account of the wet fields.

Silo filling is slow this year account of the wet fields.

Franklin County, Penna. - Jacob E. Flaud

The month of September we had nice fall weather and some real good rains to help bring the water levels up. Pasture and fields are nice and green. Silo filling is about finished, 4th cutting alfalfa will be making some real good hay. Fall seeding is under way.

Gettysburg, Penna. - Elizabeth A. Stoltzfus

We had beautiful weather in September, with showers throughout the month, bringing us a total of 7 inches. After having such warm and dry weather during July and August, with lawn and pastures dried up and corn looking pretty much so, things really made a change. Grass had turned green. Grass and alfalfa fields have made a big change and are putting forth all efforts to produce another cutting. Same way with late corn it sure is trying to make ears. Farmers have been filling silos, others are plowing for fall seeding.

Our 20 years old son David broke his left leg in a jumping accident, Sun. night Sept. 5 while in Ohio. He was taken to the Union Hospital in Dover, Ohio. It was a bad breadk above the knee. They put him in traction with 30 lbs. on the leg and the following Thurs. they operated and put in a rod. We brought him home Sept. 15. He has no cast, but gets around with crutches. His leg became sore in the calf towards the ankle this week. Dr. feared a blood clot. He told him to keep him still and keep the leg elevated and put him on medication. He feels better again.

Path Valley, Penna - Daniel Z. Beiler

September started in nice and cool. The 6th we had 7/10th inches of rain. Also a lot wet and cloudy since and sunny days mixed in which made wonderful growing weather. Didn't have any frost yet that froze gardens, etc., so we are still harvesting vegetables richly. Farmers are filling silo and plowing for fall grains. Corn husking will start soon. Some is on shock already. Work at the sawmill is as usual with demand for lumber and pallets good. If Marvin Zeifman, a lumber buyer from Canada, contacts any of you lumberman! Call - 814-684-3288 or 814-684-3600 for reference.

Meyersdale, Penna - Mary A. Kinsinger

The month of September has been on the wet side all month. The ones needing to fill silo in Sept. yet, sure had to watch their chances. I would think most of the folks that were out of water would now again have it. The ground must be soaked again as it again comes into our basement since the 19th.

I think everyone is now done silo filling in this ring and husking corn will be the next in line as soon as we get a frost. A light frost was had in the lower areas, but not much frozen. So we've had no frost to speak of in Sept.

Women folks are cleaning out gardens and butchering old hens, plus house cleaning in between.

Oakland, MD - Mrs. Atlee Hershberger

We have had real warm this summer, and more dry till the last part of August. Then it rained again, which broke the dry weather.

Cantelopes done real good for not more plants that we had. One day they got 25 fairly large and good and sweet. Guess the weather was in their favor. They irrigated them several times.

We was in Honduras, C.A. through most of the warm weather at home. It was not as warm there as they have rainy season there. It rained a shower about every day or night and cooled off then the sun would shine again. Our son and wife are there for two years.

Dover, Delaware, - Neil N. Hershberger

September was a very pleasant month with fair amount of rain. We had a good one half inch on the 1st and again on the last with other good rains between making a total of 4.2 inches for the month.

Ground is in good condition to work for fall seeding. Early sown grain is growing very nice. Most of the corn was put in silo, it took more acreage this year again to fill. What is left to husk is mostly on shock to be put through the husker-shredder later on. Corn is not a heavy crop this year.

The farm sale of John A. Masts was well attended Saturday the 26th. Our coolest spell of the month was on the 26th with a temp. of 39 degrees.

St. Marys Co., Md., Amos R. Stoltzfus

September was a lovely month for us. We finally had some good rains. The hay fields and pastures and lawns are greener than they had been most all summer. Early corn was a fair crop, but lots of corn fields looked much like last year.

Nancy, 12, dau of John and Mary Hostetler is not well since school started. She had taken some tests and a cat scan to try to determine the problem but they still didn't know for sure. Her walking and speech and hands were affected, but had improved.

Glasgow, KY - The Shetler Sisters

September 15 - We could use a good rain. Is on the dry side. With daytime temperatures in the 80's and nighttime in the 50's. Sure feels good to have a covering. Leaves are turning and falling. Seems like fall is here. School started. Corn husking is in full swing. Silo filling is finished. Tobacco cutting is almost at an end.

Guthrie KY - Jessie D. Peachey

Was very dry through Sept. only a few showers of 3 or 4 tenth until today the 29th we had 1 in. Corn harvest is over and yields fair. Early beans are ready and only about 1/2 of normal yield. Last evening around 7:30 William Byler Jr. family was stunned to find their 4 yr. old Mary Ellen lying on the ground bleeding from her nose and mouth. She could talk some yet, but they soon saw it is something serious and took her to the hospital, but all efforts failed to revive her and she passed away around 11:30 that night. They still don't know what happened as no one saw it happen, but she told her sister she fell. Drs. said her bronchial tube was collapsed and that it could be caused by a number of things, including a virus. Funeral services to be Thur. Oct. 1st.

Park City KY - Enos A. Yoder

September was pleasant with some nice clear days, temperatures ranging from 46 degrees in early mornings to in the low 80's, a few days up to 86 degrees to 90 degrees.

However it is a bit on the dry side with only around 1 3/4 inch rain.

Trees are putting on their beautiful autumn colors.

People are husking and shredding corn and some sorghum molasses are being made.

This morning, (Oct. 1) temperature was 40 degrees. We are having a log cutting frolic today for barn stalling.

Dunnville KY - Marie Schlabach

Sept. brought us all kinds of weather. Dry and warm, then wet and cool and again dry with a nice 2 in. rain on the 30th which is much appreciated. We had 42 degrees a couple mornings and seemed real cold after so warm. But didn't last long. Total rain for the month was 4-1/2 inches. Leaves are falling fast but aren't as pretty as if they'd had some frost. Peppers are still being picked. Quite a lot of the field corn has been husked and was a very good crop despite the warm and dry. Some have started to strip tobacco. Pigs have come down and beef up.

Nunnely, Tenn. - Lester F. graber

Visitors in church at Truman D. Borntragers on the 9th were Harry and Susan Glick and two youngest children of Bowling Green, Mo.

Polly and Truman Borntrager attended the teacher's meeting at Bloomfield, Iowa on the 13th and 14th. They picked up several at Marion, Kentucky to fill out the load. Samuel Borntragers and family of here accompanied them to Canton, Mo. where they visited with homefolks.

On the 18th LeRoy Bontragers and family left for Michigan where they have spent the rest of the month. They received word that his father is low with cancer.

Samuel and Edna Girod spent the weekend of the 23rd with friends in the Glasgow, Ky. area. Then on the 26th they left for Bowling Green, Mo. where they plan to stay awhile.

We had baptismal services on the 23rd at the writer's house where Truman R. Borntrager (Rudy) was baptized. Samuel Mast of Huntingdon was in attendance that day.

Jonas Bontrager is getting into the pallet business.

Southern Mercer Co., Penna. - Eli H. Kurtz

September gave us a good amount of rain, which made wet work for silo fillers, although about the middle of the month gave us fair weather. Many days seemed like October weather - no frost yet to hurt anything. Corn husking is underway, this as well as many other things are early for the season. Some garden still giving a bit of produce.

Sawmill Injury

Samuel A., son of Andy S. and Ella Hochstetler Mast, received a badly mangled arm last week of Sept. while at work at sawmill, the cut part of the saw missed his hand but cut up to the elbow, and the bone broken in 3 places, he was rushed to a Pittsburgh hospital where he had several operations and skin grafting, hoping to save his arm. If all goes well he may return home by this week. A new and safer saw has been installed since this happened. Samuels addres is: Volant, PA RD 3, 16156.

Sugar Grove, Pa - Joe A. Byler

We have had a very fruitful summer in this area. Not as much rainfall as most years for this area. Everything was early with corn being knee high the fourth of June instead of the fourth of July as usual. Oats were a good crop mostly from 80 to 110 bu. the acre. Silo filling has started but is a little wet now.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. David J. Byler

So far we had about 4 inches of rain in the first part of September. The last part we had lots of sunshine. Some farmers are still filling silo.

Allen is home from hospital for now over a month, he is still gaining and is a happy little boy if he is fed good.

Conneautville, PA - Anna Fisher

September was more cloudy and rainier than usual this year. Out of the 30 days, there were only 10 in which we had no rain at all. The sun sure was a welcome sight whenever it did shine. We had a lot of cool, foggy mornings. On numerous mornings the fog was so thick that driving was a real hazard.

Highest temperature was 83 degrees on the 10th. Lowest was 33 degrees on the morning of the 25th. Total rainfall was 6.25 inches. Most rainfall in one day - 1.34 inches on the evening of the 7th and morning of the 8th.

Farmers are just beginning to pick corn.

Union City, Penna. - Levi D. Stutzman

September was on the wet side with only 13 days without rain. From the 8th to the 20th it rained every day except 1. We had 3 nice days from the 3rd to 5th and again from the 26th to 28th. While most silos were filled before it got real wet a few had quite a time to get theirs filled. Early corn is ready to husk. Total rainfall for month was 7.4 inches.

Geauga County, Ohio - Eli E. Miller Jr.

We had plenty of rain in Sept, ground is soaked up and is cool with temp. in the 50 to 65 inches in daytime, coldest here was 42 degrees. Some seen frost in low places. It was plenty wet at times to cut corn with binder but I think most farmers are done filling silo, some have started to husk corn, is a good crop. Some third crop hay is ready to cut but not enough sunshine to dry it. New seeding hay is thick and about knee high some are trying to get wheat sown as ground dries off, had some showers the last few days again. Feeder Pig top prices $108.00 per cwt. $87.28 average, top dairy cow, Monday at Sale $1125.00, Fat hogs top, $49.25 per cwt.

WAYNE and HOLMES COUNTIES, OHIO - REPORTS

September had its usual weather pattern, cooler nights along with more moderate temperatures in daytime.

Some rainfall enough to make grass fields nice and green.

Farmers are sowing wheat between showers. A few have started picking corn. Had only 1 frost so far. Hog price and cattle prices still good.

Dannie R. Miller the burn victim is in Akron Burn Center yet showing some improvement with occasional skin grafting done.

Apple Creek, Kidron Area - John L. Stutzman

September had no killing frost. On the 4th a very light frost, and again on the 26th. The trees are starting to change color. After the good rains we had fields of alfalfa, and grass has brighten every thing of with green. Some farmers got in nice 3rd cutting hay, while others had it cut, when the damp and rainy weather came. That left it lay in the field. Apples is a bumper crop, lots of nice apples. The cider presses are kept busy.

Everything is earlier this year. Some are done husking corn already.

Fredricksburg Area - Eli E. Hostetler

Weather wise September was near perfect with cool nights and warm afternoons with moisture to make good fall pasture and late cutting hay. Corn husking started soon after mid September. (hand husking) and is in full sowing now. Winter apple picking is the work in Commercial Orchards. They report a bumper crop. Silos are filled, barley fields are greening, wheat seeding is the work for those who farm wheat, many have switched to barley or speltz. They are better for livestock feed and easier to hold in storage. Corn is a good crop and most fields are dry and ready to crib. Chestnusts are ripe and black walnuts are falling and also butternuts. Brings to mind the poem we learned in school.—The golden rod is yellow, the corn is turning brown, the trees in the apple orchard with fruit are bending down.—Wind is from the East, barometer is falling. We could use a shower as roads are getting dusty. September 30 a nice shower yesterday P.M. Wed. morn September 30, a cool 50 degrees had a good heavey shower last night and is rather hazy and cool this morning. Barometer at rain, good weather. Today is my 70th birthday.

Fredericksburg Area - Levi S. Miller

Our dry weather was broken by some real good rains the last part of August. Its more cool and very fall like weather. Silos are being filled.

Mrs. Em L. Shetler had gall bladder surgery last Tuesday after being sickly all summer. She still has pain, but is slowly gaining.

Paint Shop Exploded

On Tuesday, Sept. 22, the paint shop at Melvin S. Hershbergers burned down. They were pumping air into a gas tank which had a faulty gauge and it exploded, burning the shop. It was an older building, but contained approximately $6000. worth of Monroe Chupps hardware which Melvins paint and bake for Monroe. No one got hurt, they're rebuilding.

Willie P. Gingerich was hit by a car on SR 241 on the morning of Sept. 29t enroute to Sunny Slope orchard. He has a broken nose and the buggy was demolished.

Mahlon P. and Mahlon M. Gingerichs are having sale today, Oct. 2, to sell some of their things with Daniel J. Miller as auctioneer.

Andy D. Gingerich will have sale on Oct. 10th and will then move to Knox {County}.

Corn is being husked and is a good crop at most places. Apples are plentiful.

Barrs Mills Area - Jonas N. Bontrager

Farmers are just done filling silo, the wheat is sowed. A few have started husking a good crop of corn. Plenty pasture, some are still making hay. I think most barns are full to the peak.

Having beautiful fall weather. Is raining some this afternoon Sept. 29. One more day till Octobers bright blue weather. We need more rain to perk up the springs. Lawns need mowing every week.

Markets are steady. Hogs are from 52 to 54 cents per lb. Had frost 2 mornings but no damage. Gardens are about done.

Fredricktown OH - Sarah Miller

First part of September we had nice and dandy weather till the middle of month, then rainy cool weather, with temperature around 32 to 40 degrees. Had few frosts not hard ones. It warms up pretty good during day. Silo filling is at there ends and corn husking is starting with a pretty good crop to think how dry it was this summer. Minister Elmer Brenneman is holding his own and Mrs. Reuben E. Schwartz is having a few weak spells. Dan Millers on an eastern trip for almost 6 weeks starting out on August 8th and came home September 15th.

Stockport, Ohio - Warren Fussner

September was dry. Wells, cisterns and ponds are low, creeks are not running. Many folks are hauling water. On the 6th we had a few sprinkles, was cloudy and rainy on th 7th, but not much rain around 5/10 of an inch. 11th and 12th was again drizzly with little accumulation. On the 13th it rained again about 5/10 of an inch. Again a light drizzle on the 22nd. Then was nice until the 29th when we had 6/10 of an inch of rain. Water level is quite low, pastures are very short. Farmers are feeding hay. Corn is being husked and picked. There is an abundant crop of apples this year. Most crops did well this year. But there is a few places where the corn was hurt by the heat. Grade B. Milk - 3.5 % up for the month of September to $11.05 - 85 cents trucking - 85 cents dumping and handling. Some Dairies are short on milk. Farm eggs 65 to 75 cents a dozen. Feeder pig market remains strong. There are very few hogs feed out through this area. A lot of Beef - cow and calf outfits. 44 % Dairy concentrate selling at $14.05 a hundred. Prepared laying mash $9.65 a hundred.

Tuesday Sept. of 1977 3.5 % grade B Milk was $8.25 per hundred.

Tuesday Sept. 29 was a raising at Ervin J. Hershbergers to add 22 ft. to their barn. Toba L. Miller's also put up a new hog house. Th writers are sawing logs for our new house. The old one is partly tore down. We plan to use the main frame for a hog house.

Butler OH - Alvin Yoder

September 30 - We have been having some real nice fall weather lately. Some had a fairly hard frost on the 26th this being the first one. Leaves are starting to turn. Silo filling is coming to an end. Some third cutting hay is being made yet.

—Steamboiler Explodes—

Enos Yoder had a scare a couple weeks ago one night just past midnight when his steam boiler exploded with a loud boom when he was not very far off under a tree trying to rest. He was boiling down 7 bu. apples for apple butter. The pop-off valves was turned too tight which caused the explosion. It sent the boiler and apples up in the air splitting a 2 x 6 and limbs of the tree as thick as a mans arm. They were thankful for the rains that followed soon after to wash off the applesauce from the roofs of the buildings and everything else around them.

Issac Miller is recooperating from a broken leg he received when riding a horse. Mrs. Melvin Beachy is having pains due to a cyst.

Freeport, Ohio - Henry A.J. Miller

The weather in this part of Ohio has been very nice this last week, except we had 4/10 in. of rain on the 22nd and again 1 in. on the 29th, our rainfall for Sept. is 4 5/10 in. Average temperature in the morning was 56 degrees and average evening temperature was 67 degrees.

Farmers are pretty well done sowing wheat and are husking a good corn crop.

Sorgum cooking will soon come to an end.

Squirrel and nuts seem plentiful. Also fruit and vegetables. I had a few watermelons that tipped the scales at 40 and 50 lbs. also one at 80 lbs. I pulled one white radish a week ago that measured 20 in. from the crown to the tip of the root.

New Haven IN - Mrs. John Schmucker

Victor Lengacher was in the hospital over a week with Pneumonia and was also given some blood .

Mrs. John Wittmer had gall bladder sugery and is home again.

Arlyn, 3yr. old son of Danny & Dianne Schmucker was kicked by a colt in the forehead. He had surgery and was in crictical condition the first night. He is home again and doing fine, but is not to get any bumps in his head as it may be serious if he would.

We had a nice month to get corn in and plowing is started.

Monroe IN - Mary Ann Hilty

Sept. 1987 - Autumn - It must have swept right around the corner of August and into September, when I wasn't looking. Why didn't autumn give me a warning? Waving golden rods are in bloom, trees are turning to a colorful foliage, the air gets a cool bite in the air, a snappy breeze, causing "goose bumps" and the warmth of the stove feels so cozy again. Farmers are so busy harvesting those crunchy corn stalks, and beans, sowing wheat and fall plowing are being done. The chain saws can be heard cutting wood, another sign of autumn. We've had a lovely, sunny, pleasant month.

Mrs. Levi K. Schwartz, R1 Monroe, Ind. 46772 had surgery for appendicitis on Sept. 7. Is at home again and improving. Baby Lucinda Shetler is back in the Parkview Hospital again, since Sept. 9. She was home from the Rileys Hospital only a week, until she got a bad spell again and was taken back to Parkview. They put a trachia in her throat Sept. 24, when she was quite low. On Sept. 5 a benefit auction was held for them at the Ervin R. Hilty home, with a successful turnout. $16,700 was raised to pay there staggering bills.

On Sept. 19 our family attended the Indiana Handicap gathering in Nappanee. Had a very enjoyable day, visiting and singing. There I met the Shipshewana, Ind. Diary reporter Anna Eash, which was a privilage.

Shipshewana IN - Anna Eash

Weather varied in September. We had quite a bit of rain at times. It was warm at times. We also had a week or so of cooler weather, was down to 40 degrees on the 25th. It did warm and weather was near perfect. On Mon. the 28th it clouded up but presently no rain.

Silos are mostly or all filled, some are husking corn. Corn was damaged some by the dry and humid weather but is still a fair crop. Some corn is almost too dry to sell well. Canning is done except maybe apples and later on chickens perhaps. Leaves are turning and falling.

Nappanee had a day of activity at the park there as Indiana Handicaps gathered. There were 32 wheelchair patients, quite a few from Berene, Allen, LaGrange Co. few from Iowa and Ohio. It was a beautiful day in a number of ways later the morning of the 29th. It is raining now after a soaking rain during the night.

Etna Green IN - Menno Schwartz

We have had some nice showers. Corn and soybeans are being harvested but no frost yet. The tomatoes are still on the menu, also peppers.

Kokomo IN - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingerich

We had our usual beautiful summer-like weather for September with temperature rising to the 80's during the day and at night drapping to as low and 40 degrees. The corn and beans are being harvested which looks to be a bountiful yield once more. A God sent blessing we should certainly be thankful for. Fruit also seems to be quite plentiful this year, ripening a few weeks ahead of schedule. Fall gardens look real nice since we had ample moisture to nourish them.

Dan L. Otto is still under observation concerning his lung problem that has caused some high fever and much restlessness. He is a young farmer so others have been helping them harvest.

Nappanee IN - Joni D. Gingerich

September was about average with a nice amount of rainfall 3 6/10 in. The weather was very pleasant which was appreciated after the unusual warm summer we had. All crops and garden things turned out real well, some potatoes didn't come up very good last spring, but those that did are yielding well. Soybeans are mostly harvested and with a good turnout, corn harvest is just now getting started, pastures are fair yet.

Health is as usual which is mostly good altho there are always some ailmentsin the neighborhood.

There were three funerals.

Mrs. Dan Yoder (Maryann) age 67, passed away Sept. 1, 1987 after suffering a severe heart attack at age 87, widow, Amanda, Mrs. Sam Chupp died Sept. 8, 1987 after a short illness at age 94. All three were life long residents of this area.

The weather watchers are predicting a rather hard winter with plenty of snow, so maybe we would better enjoy this nice weather all we can while its here. But I guess we will wait and see.

Steuben Co. IN - Emanuel Eicher

Sept. was mostly wet and cool. Some plowing has been done. Wheat ground getting ready to sow. This community is having a frolic today to work on the west school house. They had the foundation put in then they were stopped by the County as there was no building permit, so now they gave us the ok to go on. They're having school in a house till it is ready.

The writer is recuperating from a hernia operation that he had done yesterday, Sept. 29, at Paulding, Ohio. The same doctor from Van Wert. I will put his name and phone number in here so anyone interested may call him at his office. Robert B. Scheidt, M.D. 1-419-238-6789

Montgomery IN - Elizabeth Mae Raber

September was mostly a warm and dry month, we had 9 days of 90 degrees or more with a high of 96 degrees on the 5th and 6th had a low of 44 degrees on the 1st. Rainfall for the month was 2.3 inches with the most in one day on the 29th, which was about .9 inches.

In September we had different sales in the area, on the 24th and 25th were the horse sales, on the 12th, the public sale at Alva Knepps and on the 19th that at Alva Rabers.

A van load from this area was to the 1-W meeting in Brush Valley, Pa. on the 9th.

Joe H. Wagler had an accident while unloading corn and injured his shoulder as he had a heart condition his heart flared up again so was in the intensive care unit at the hospital.

Lovington IL - Henry R. Yoder

September was more on the dry side with a .7 in. of rain around the 16th then dry again till 29th we had 1-1/2 in. again. Weather was ideal to harvest soybeans and early corn. Corn is dry for this time of the year. The elevator at Arthur has received corn with 14 percent moisture which is something we've never heard of for this early in season. Some of the farmers have finished harvesting crops and are busy turning the corn stalks under. That is more so with the big farmers (non Amish). The bean crop is real good and also corn with yields as high as 196 bushels per acre, reported. Most of the corn is standing well, with exception of Morning Glories. The Morning Glories have grown exceptionally well from July and August rains. They aren't hard to kill with herbicide but few people realized the damage that was taking place.

The prices of the crops are about stable. Corn is selling $1.50 to $1.60 at elevator, soybeans around $5.01 to $5.09 at present, futures are some higher.

Hog prices for slaughter have depreciated some, top being $53.00 per hundred lbs. a good demand yet for feeder pigs. Top on fat cattle $65.00 to $67.00.

Laplata MO - Neal L. Kauffman

September was a month of ideal weather. Started in with 40 degrees and clear, got 1/2 in. rain on the 6th and 2/10th in. on the 8th. One inch of rain on the 15th and another 1/2 in. that night. Leaves are slowly starting to turn into nice fall colors. Walnuts are plentiful this year. Many farmers are harvesting there corn and beans.

Ezra Millers had a barn raising on the 10th. He wants to start shipping milk. A slow drizzle again today on the 28th.

On the 24th was the wedding of Samuel C. Miller of Anabel, Mo. and Anna E. Gingerich of LaPlata, Mo. Wedding was well attended with relatives from Wis., Minn., Iowa. Other settlements in Mo. and possibly more places. Bishop Jonas S. Bontrager married them.

Weather wise we are getting plenty of moisture for this time of the year. August 8 we had 6/10th inches, August 13 we had 1-9/10 inches, August 20th in the evening we had very strong north winds and over 1 inch rain. The airport a few miles north of us reported 67 miles per hour winds. A few big trees fell over, lot of branches but nothing serious. The last week in August rained or sprinkled almost every day, except Friday and Saturday. August 5 a load of LaPlata area went to Kahoka, Mo. area to help on a house. August 17. a load of here attended funeral of Alvin Mast in Jamesport, Mo. area.

Men folks got there silos filled the third week in August. August 28. a load of here attended Mose M. Borntregers sale in Canton, Mo. They are headed for Nunnely, Tenn.

Seymour MO - Menno D. Schwartz

Havng fall weather, a lot cooler and shorter days, with some good rains, but could use more, Farmers liming their grass fields, which helps the maure to work more, do more good. Grass still nice and green. But trees are showing a tinge of fall with the colored leaves coming on.

People are seeing quite a few wild turkeys around. We have 2 that are tame, were hatched from a next that was disturbed, and old turkey hen didn't come back on again. If they stay we might be able to eat turkey by Thanksgiving or Christmas.

Clark MO - Samuel D. Beachy

So far we had a very nice fall, enough rain to keep the pastures in good shape and still not too much, that it stopped the harvest a very long time. Everything is so early to the calendar. Tractor farmers have lots of corn shelled already and also some Amish have some in cribs. The crop is good. Quiet a bit of wheat has been sowed. The last 3 years it was about too wet in the Fall that a lot of wheat didn't get sowed what was intended. Sorghum is a good crop. The sugar contents is high enough that some turns to sugar in a weeks time.

Mahlon, 14, son of Ara D. Gingerichs lost control of his pony he was riding when going after the cows on September 10 and was thrown off, striking his head against a tree.

He received a fractured skull. He was in the hospital nearly a week. He's getting along alright. He was in church September 29.

Canton MO - Mrs. Jacob Hochstetter

August has been on the wet side. The fore part being high humidity, and cooled off around the 22nd with coolest being 60 degrees with the rest of the month having ideal cooler weather.

Second cutting hay is being put away, some early corn is ripening, some putting up silage.

The group is kept busy building barn, house and silo plus attending a sale and loading trucks for Mose Borntreger: Also two more families moving in this week.

September was real nice. Had enough rain to keep pastures green. Around 3 inches for the month of Sept. Was warm the first half. Cooled off some the half. But no frost yet. A lot of corn and beans harvested already. Corn yields of up to 150 bushels an acre. And some under 100 bushels. It was dry in spots that corn and beans didn't do very good. Trees are started to change colors. There are a lot of nuts this year.

Windsor MO - Mrs. Monroe Hershberger

September: A beautiful Month. We had some moisture, lots of sunshine, warmer days and almost chilly mornings. A few hard maple trees are just beginning to change color.

Prarie Home MO - Phineas A. Mast

August has been warm in the first part of the month but the later has turned of cool seems like we might have an early fall, tractor farmers are picking corn in full swing, among the Amish we are nearly finished filling silo, sorghum cooking and candy making will start soon.

Levi, son of Mark Yoders, fell and broke his arm but is doing okay now but will need to have it in a cast for a while yet. Jonas, baby son of Elam Beachys of McIntiro, Iowa took sick while visiting in the community. They have spent over a week at Columbia in hospital the child has the M.S.U.D. and will need a special diet the rest of his life if I understand it right. They are hoping to be able to go home soon.

September has been more on the cool and wet side. Silo are mostly filled some 3 cutting alfalfo is being putin, tractor farmers have most of their corn harvested. Amish are about ready to start cribbing, Molasses cooking is well underways.

Dan Beachy is having his ups and downs not being able to attend church Sunday. Jacob Waglers are on a trip to Pa. and N.Y.

Stephensville Texas - Melvin Ray Miller

This area has been making some changes lately, several families moving out and bring it down to 13 families. Last December 1986 there were 24 families here and one widow and son. Ben Troyer had a mishap soon after they moved to Comanche Co. He was checking a gas leak when it exploded and received burns on his right hand and singed hair on his head and arm but is recovering well. Has his hand bandaged up to his wrist. Weather in September so far was cooler and more mositure since June, pastures are green again. Wayne Kramers are on a trip to Mo. for a wedding. Our lowest temperature so far was 61 degrees and high near 97 degrees in September.

Haven Kansas - Mrs. Enos Schrock

Weather has been very nice. We had some some nice rains and temperatures from 92-44 degrees. It is very fall-like. Some are threshing alfalfa for seed and wheat planting was halted by the last rain. The first planted is greening nicely.

The milk house at the Eli S. Schrock burned down when a trash fire got out of hand. It is replaced again.

We had several van load of company coming through here on homeward way from the west coast, aload from Indiana and one from Michigan.

William J. Bontrager is in the hospital due to a nail wound. He is a bleeder.

Dennis Schrock has his right foot in a cast, results of stumbling while playing base ball, breaking 2 small bones in his ankle.

Bloomfield Iowa - Daniel D. Yoder

We've been having beautiful fall weather with ample rainfall. Several cool mornings with temperature in the 40's, warming up nicely in daytime. Lots of corn and beans are being harvested. Some plowing was being done. Late gardens yield abundantly.

Iowa City Iowa - Duane Bontrager

We had about and inch of rain each week during the first two weeks of July. On the 14th July we had our last rain until August 8 when we had almost 2 inches and have had frequent rains since. On August the 24th and 25th it rained the whole day and night, a slow drizzle with a total of 5-1/2 inches. During the last two weeks of July we had 90 degree to 100 degress weather when it was plenty warm to work but by the middle of August it cooled off so it is no longer so warm anymore.

Some corn fields have been damaged by draught at certain places where it dried out a little sooner which makes some corn fields look fairly yellow already. Peoples are filling their silos too which is early for here. The bean fields look as if they might give an abundant crop this year as they look fairly nice.

On August the 13th a charter bus load of people went to Bloomfield, Iowa for the annual school meeting and came home the next evening. On Monday, the 17th a charter bus load of the Mast relatives went to Jamesport, Mo. for the funeral of Alvin Mast and returned home late that night. On August the 24th a mobile home and a car load of people went to Texas with plans to stay for two weeks to help rebuild houses after a storm had passed through.

September - The first week of September was a fairly nice week with rainy weather following the next two weeks. During the last week we had nice weather with the temperature on the warm side although most of the month had been cooler.

The corn seemed to dry down faster this year as a lot of corn has been harvested already with good yields. Beans are also being harvested with good yields. The new seeding fields look exceptionally good this year as the weather has been about right for alfalfa.

My Grandparents, Eli S. Bontragers have been better again lately as they had not been able to take care of themselves since she possibly had a very light stroke in August.

Virgil Bontrager has been in the hospital a little over a week now. He had quite a bit of nerve problems which he couldn't control.

Independence Iowa - Clara Nisley

We have had a fairly nice, but dreab fall, with rain every now and then. Beans are being thrashed, silos are being filled, and some are preparing to husk corn, but we haven't had any frost yet. The crops are about two weeks earlier than usual.

Andy Kurtz Sr. is in Waterloo hospital as he was passing blood. He had been in the Independence hospital a few days ago to get an oxygen tank to use during the night as he couldn't breathe while laying down. He was admitted to Waterloo just yesterday, so I don't know how he is.

Fred Gingerich also isn't very good, his cancer has spread across his chest and lung area now.

John Heinrich passed away Aug. 29, he also was a cancer victim for quite a few years. He leaves his wife Alice and 2 little girls, Rebecca and Esther. Suppose quite a few of the Diary readers know of him.

Menno and Neil Hershberger's and Fred Gingerich's were in Mexico about a week to get medication for Menno's painful hip and also for Fred's cancer.

Riceville, Iowa - Dan C. Borntreger

A cool Oct. 1st morning at 42 degrees no frost yet. Sept. has brought enough rain to keep things growing and green. But have had a lot of nice days. Crops are early. Beans are being harvested and quite a bit of corn has been picked by the non-amish picked and shelled in the field. Corn and beans both seem to be a good crop except for the light soil the corn was fired some and cut in yield. The heavier soil shows real good. Silos are filled and also corn in shocks.

Utica Mn - Atlee J. Shetler

The first part of September we had a few showers. It was a real nice September all through to get fall work done. Hi moisture corn is being done now, and cribbing to start soon. No frost yet. English people are picking corn and combining beans.

Harmony Minn. - Mrs. Chriss Stutzman

The first 5 days in September we had nice sunshine, also 5 days towards the las of the month. The week of the 13th, we had some foggy mornings and usually overcast the rest of the days, with scattered showers. Had around 3 inches of rain during the month.

Amos A. Slabaugh, age 78, had a stroke some time during the night of the 24th. In early morn. he called for help as he couldn't get out of bed by himself, and needs help to walk. Couldn't swallow too good, his talking was slow and draggy, seemed drowsy and sleepy the first day. A little better the 2nd day.

Harmony, Mn. Little Boy Checks Silo if Full Enough! — Crist D. Hershbergers filled their silo and not having a roof on filled it round full on top. In the evening while choring the Mrs. thought she hears like a crying far off. When she left the barn from milking she heard it again and made as if a distance away. Looking around, not knowing where it comes from, glancing to the silo, there sat their 2-1/2 year old little boy on top of the ensilage with his feed propped to the staves crying. His daddy went up and told him to come down, made him crawl down himself, but stayed around the back of the little boy and went down at the same time in case he should fall. The little tot is very small featured for his age, but seems to have active muscles.

Augusta, Wis. - Joseph Schrock

September was a little more on the warm and dry side, rainfall was 2 inches. Silos are filled and some have filled their smaller silos with high moisture corn which saves from grinding feed in cold weather. The corn is almost too dry for that. A few cornfields are dry enough to crib and a few have started.

This is the 1st Oct. and we have not had a killing frost yet we had a little frost on Sept. 25, but no damage.

The trees are very colorful at this time of the year. Some trees are still green and others are yellow and turning to a flaming red on the top, and still others are already bare for the winter.

Wilton, Wis. - Ben E. Borntreger

Sept. had had many nice sunshine days, also had a few foggy and rainy days. We haven't had any heavy rains, more or less, lighter rains. Silos are mostly filled. Most all standing corn is ready for frost, had a few cool mornings but no frost yet except a little down in the Valleys but not enough to do any damage. Was at 42 degrees a few mornings. Crops and gardens were real good. Maybe better than average years.

Evansville, Wis. - Mrs. Ivan Bontrager

October begins with its typical "bright, blue weather," and with a strong wind. We had a lot of rain throughout Sept.

We had baptismal services on Sept. 13 at Leroy Ottos where the following visitors attended: Mrs. Mary Ann Beechy, Mrs. Ida Otto, Katherine. Rose Ellen, Lavine Kay, and Carol Ann Stutzman, Laura Otto, LaDonna Plank, Katie Schrock, and Mary Kay Sungail (Driver) All of Arthur, IL; Anna Mary Mast of Kalona and the 3 New Glarus families, Noah Kramers, Eli Hershbergers and John Millers.

Noah Kramer, who has cancer, wasn't feeling so well lately. He has throat problems, and has a week voice.

Edward Bontrager and Mrs. Enos Bontrager of Jamesport spent overnight at Em. Helmuths on the 16th. The next day Emanuel's and Mrs. Paul Mast went along to the wedding at Joe Bontragers (Kingston) of their dau. Sarah to Erntest Otto (Perrys'). Wilbur Helmuths went to Freeman Helmuth's wedding in IA.

On the 23rd Harry Bontragers and Andy U. Millers of Topeka, IN, came to our place for dinner, supper and overnight. The next day we went with them to Wm. Yoders of Kingston to attend the wedding of their dau. Edna Mae to Harry, son of Ezra Bontragers. We came home Thurs. night, but went back on Sat. P.M. and attended church on Sun. at Ora S. Millers to see our niece, Rachel Bontrager, get baptized.

Indiana visitors at Joe Borntregers on Sept. 9 and 11 were Alvin Schrocks, Dora King, Larry Millers, Eli Millers, Mrs. Wm. (Rosie Miller) Freman Hostetlers and Mrs. Harvey Raber and baby. They had come for the Mast-Schwartz wedding in Kingston.

Andy Planks got 2 new grandchildren in Sept. They had a dau, Marie, to Henry Millers, the 18th, and a son to Wm. Planks on the 30th.

Chetek, Wis. - Mrs. Henry Lehman

The first half of September was ideal weather. The last half we had rain showers off and on but was nice and warm at times. Two days the temperature went up to 80 degrees.

Silos are being filled and fall work being done. the 25th we had 32 degrees but very little frost damage around here. So there's quite a bit of green corn around the area yet.

Cashton Wis. - Joe C. Bontrager

September was nice weather, with enough rain to keep things green, the hills are at their peak for beautiful colors, which are a sight to behold. Silo filling is done, some high moisture corn going in silos, some fall plowing has been done.

Greenwood Wis. - Jonas P. Bontrager

September was a real nice month, with a total rainfall of 2 6/10 inches. We had 4 days of 80 degrees or above and 4 mornings with a light frost, the first one on the 1st with 36 degrees and the hardest on the 25th with 29 degrees.

Corn picking will start soon with a good crop. Some wheat was sown and is looking good. Grade B can milk price is now $10.75 for 3.5 test.

Blair Wis. - Mrs Moses B. Miller

September was very beautiful and sunny, except for the week of the 13th it was partly rainy and damp. Green pastures and fields. Leaves are fading and falling. Had a few light frosts but no killing frost yet. 3rd cutting hay was good. Silos are filled, and corn picking has started. We had a bountiful harvest. Lots of colds and sore throat among older people as well as children. Mr. and Mrs. Mervin Miller (newly-weds) are staying with Mervin's parents, the Mose J. Millers at present.

Freeman Mast lost a work horse Sept. 28, due to a bleeding from a cut in the horses leg.

Medford Wis. - Clarence Miller

We had mostly nice fall weather in September. Had some rain but not so much that silo filling could easily be done. And was done in a hurry compared to the last years, when it was so rainy. The fields were soft and a lot had to be cut by hand, which made it a tedious job. Had frost the 25th and two times before a little frost was seen, but had no killing frost yet.

Chill, Wisc. - Ed D. Stutzman

The weather here is a bit damp this morning. We had a little shower but in the rain gauge it wouldn't make much of a show. Just now the sun came out, so it makes it hard for me to sit here and think about the Diary letter.

The months of August and september were 2 nice months for getting some work done. Such as getting 2nd cutting hay in and some third cuttings. We finished filling silows in our gang yesterday, Sept. 28th, which is quite a feeling to speak of. Don't know if all the other gangs are done, but I rather think they are. I think it was the last week in August when we filled our biggest one and also at my folks, Dan A. Stutzmans and 1 day at Harvey Gingerichs. Then we and Andy Gingerichs left for Mt. Elgin, Ontario, and tried to forget about filling silo for a little while.

Yes! we were gone to Canada for the wedding of Levi J. Kauffman, son of John Kauffman and Verna Hershberger dau of Levi A. Hershbergers. We were gone for about 10 days. While we spent a day at the Afrigan Lions Zoo.

My parents left for the south on the 3rd of Sept. to different parts of Missouri and on to Mexico to do some doctoring etc. Amos Borbtreger from here in Granton area also went along to have a checkup and found that he has some cancer again, but didn't operate. They want to try treating with pills etc. My dad was bothered with his hip for a few years already and now they gave him a different one. I guess he's partly stainless steel. He is going on some crutches the last we heard and is supposed to take it easy for 6 months if we heard right. So that will be quite a change for him. Don't know how he'll manage with all the shop work being piled up more and more every day.

Andy Hershberger was tipped over a few times in pasture by a bull until he got to the fence and crawled out from under it. He was kinda stiff a couple days but nothing serious.

Scottville, Mich. - Marvin Yoder

Sept. was a mild month. A few rains which were needed.

Fruit was all 2 weeks early. Hog prices are coming down a little corn is around $1.50 per lb.

Mary Sue Miller had a black out spell lately and was taken to the Ludington hospital by ambulance. She is better again.

Quincy MI - Cathyrn Schmucker

The first 2 wks. of Sept. were very nice. The rest of the month being very rainy. Silos are full for another year. Farmers are starting to pick corn. It is very dry for this time of the year due to the very dry summer we had. This is a very busy time of the year, everybody is trying to get the work all done before winter. Are we maybe all too busy?

Desboro Ont. Canada - Noah J. Stutzman

September is more on the cool side, but also lots of nice fall days. Had 80 degrees in shade on the 7th and 8th and 6 days of 70 to 78 in shade, with balance in the 60's in shade except several days only in the 50's. The coolest was the 25th at 52 and a cool N.W. wind. Morning temperature was 31 on the 3rd and 30 on the 25th and a light frost both times, not enough to do much damage. The most rainfall was tonight (27) when we had thundershowers of

8/10th inches. Total so far was 2-6/10th inches for September. Total in August was 6-2/10th inches. Our gang finished filling silos on the 18th. Some years we would not be started at that time. Everyone seems to have an abundance of corn this year, and better quality. Picking corn is waiting for frost. Wood shed mostly filled, and some starting to plow.

Schools started on the 8th with Ada E. Mast teaching at Hillcrest and Anna J. Stutzman at Lakedale. Anna is a new teacher. By the 18th one boy who climbed a tree in the bush beside the schoolyard, did not come down so easy. Danel (Emanuel) Shetler age 9, fell around 10 ft. and broke his leg halfway between knee and hip. He was placed in hospital with 12 lb. traction weights, which he will have for 6 weeks. (Possibly only 10 lb. the last 4 weeks.) On the 22nd he was transferred home by ambulance and fitted into a special homemade bed for the purpose, to help keep expenses down. A health nurse and other medical staff keep checking periodically.

* * * * * * *

BE FAITHFUL

Give us the faith of Abraham as up the hill he went,

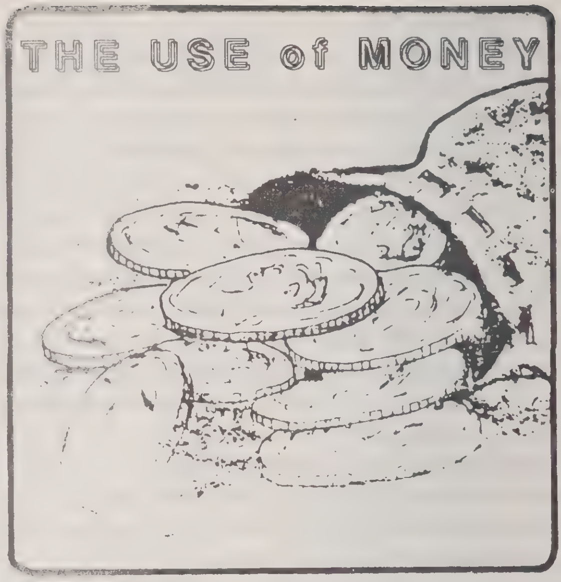
Weary from his journey, but on his duty bent;
Never doubting, though heart heavy, nearer still he drew
To the place God told him of, knowing He would see him through.

Give us the faith of Daniel who prayed three times a day,
Though he knew it meant distruction, His God would make a way;
Unfalteringly he forward walked into the lions' den,
God shut the mouths of those dumb beasts and saved him there and then.

Give us the faith of those three boys, though far away from home,
They served their God without a fear, though threatened, overcome;
Give us the faith of Stephen as the stones were thrown at him,
He looked to God in heaven, saying, "Forgive these evil men.''

Give us the faith of Jesus as they spit on Him that day,
They mocked Him and tormented Him in such a sinful way,
Yet He looked at them in pity with anguish in His mind,
Saying, "Father, forgive them for being so unkind.''

As the day is fast approaching when Christ will come again,
We need a faith as those before who overcame all sin;
Help us as days grow darker, and sin grows blacker still,
To look to Thee in faith, dear Lord, and always trust Thy will.



Introduction by The Church at Rangiora

Courtesy... John A. Hostetler

Most of what is generally taught and accepted about the use of money comes from men who are the rich people of this world. Their basic financial principles are based on covetousness and greed, and their dealings are motivated by selfishness.

The rich rob from the poor and indulge themselves in all kinds of excesses while poverty is the companion of over 2/3 of the world's population, and their pitiable state continues because of the avarice of the rich.

The love of money...

— Drives men to commit all kinds of sin.
— Leads to moral depravity and corruption.
— And is always brought before God by the cry of the poor.

Little wonder that God condemns it and has given us clear teaching in the Bible on true Christian sharing and brotherly concern.

We present this writing by John Wesley as representing the Bible teaching on the use of money. It was a timely message for his day — and more so now in this time of unprecedented materialism and self-indulgence.

Man's selfish principles for the use of money have led to chaos. We must learn from God how to use our money so it may bring a blessing both to ourselves and others.

The Christian Church at Rangiora, New Zealand

THE USE OF MONEY: as seen by JOHN WESLEY in 1746

I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.—
LUKE xvi. 9.

Our Lord having finished the beautiful parable of the Prodi gal Son, which He had particularly addressed to those who murmured at His receiving publicans and sinners, adds another relation of a different kind, addressed rather to the children of God. "He said unto His disciples"--not so much to the Scribes and Pharisees, to whom He had been speaking before--"There was a certain rich man, who had a steward, and he was accused to him of wasting his goods. And calling him, he said, Give an account of thy stewardship for thou canst be no longer steward (verses 1, 2). After reciting the method which the bad steward used to provide against the day of necessity, our Saviour adds, "His lord commended the unjust steward; namely, in this respect, that he used timely precaution; and subjoins this weighty reflection, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light (verse 8): those who seek no other portion than this world are wiser (not absolutely; for they are, one and all, the veriest fools, the most egregious madmen under heaven; but, in their generation, in their own way; they are more consistent with themselves; they are truer to their acknowledged principles; they more steadily pursue their end) than the children of light,--than they who see the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Then follow the words above recited: And I'--the only-begotten Son of God, the Creator, Lord, and possessor of heaven and earth, and all that is therein: the Judge of all, to whom ye are to give an account of your stewardship, when ye can be no longer stewards; I say unto you'--learn in this respect, even of the unjust steward --'make yourselves friends, by wise, timely precaution, of the mammon of unrighteousness. Mammon means riches, or money. It is termed the mammon of unrighteousness, because of the unrighteous manner wherein it is frequently procured, and wherein even that which was honestly procured is generally employed. "Make yourself friends of this, by doing all possible good, particularly to the children of God; that, when ye fail'--when ye return to dust, when ye have no more place under the sun--those of them who are gone before may receive you, may welcome you, into the everlasting habitations.

2. An excellent branch of Christian wisdom is here inculcated by our Lord on all His followers, namely, the right use of money,--a subject largely spoken of, after their manner, by men of the world; but not sufficiently considered by those whom God hath chosen out of the world. These, generally, do not consider, as the importance of the subject requires, the use of this excellent talent. Neither do they understand how to employ it to the greatest advantage; the introduction of which into the world is one admirable instance of the wise and gracious providence of God. It has, indeed, been the manner of poets, orators, and philosophers, in almost all ages and nations, to rail at this, as the grand corrupter of the world, the bane of virtue, the pest of human society.

Nay, one celebrated writer gravely exhorts his countrymen, in order to banish all vice at once, to throw all their money into the sea. But is not all: this mere empty rant? Is there any solid reason therein? By no means. For, let the world be as corrupt as it will, is gold or silver to blame? The love of money, we know, is the root of all evil; but not the thing itself. The fault does not lie in the money, but in them that use it. It may be used ill: and what may not? But it may likewise be used well: it is full as applicable to the best, as to the worst uses. It is of unspeakable service to all civilized nations, in all the common affairs of life: it is a most compendious instrument of transacting all manner of business, and (if we use it according to Chistian wisdom) of doing all manner of good. It is true, were man in a state of innocence, or were all men filled with the Holy Ghost, so that, like the infant church at Jerusalem, no man counted anything he had his own, but distribution was made to every one as he had need, the use of it would be superseded; as we cannot conceive there is anything of the kind among the inhabitants of heaven. But, in the present state of mankind, it is an excellent gift of God, answering the noblest ends. In the hands of His children, it is food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, raiment for the naked: it gives to the traveller and the stranger where to lay his head. By it we may supply the place of a husband to the widow, and of a father to the fatherless. We may be a defence for the oppressed, a means of health to the sick, of ease to them that are in pain; it may be as eyes to the blind, as feet to the lame; yea, a lifter up from the gates of death.

3. It is, therefore, of the highest concern, that all who feat God know how to employ this valuable talent; that they be instructed how it may answer these glorious ends, and in the highest degree. And, perhaps, all the instructions which are necessary for this may be reduced to three plain rules, by the exact observance whereof we may approve ourselves faithful stewards of the mammon of unrighteousness.

1 I. The first of these is (he that heareth, let him understand!) Gain all you can. Here we may speak like the children of the world: we meet them on their own ground. And it is our bounden duty to do this, we ought to gain all we can gain, without buying gold too dear, without paying more for it than it is worth. But this it is certain we ought not to do; we ought not to gain money at the expense of life, nor (which is in effect the same thing) at the expense of our health. Therefore, no gain whatsoever should induce us to enter into, or to continue in, any employ, which is of such a kind, or is attended with so hard or so long labour, as to impair our constitution. Neither should we begin or continue in any business which necessarily deprives us of proper seasons for food and sleep, in such a proportion as our nature requires. Indeed, there is a great difference here. Some employments are absolutely and totally unheathy; as those which imply the dealing much with arsenic, or other equally hurtful minerals, or the breathing an air tainted with streams of melting lead, which must at length destroy the firmest constitution. Others may not be absolutely unhealthy, but only to persons of a weak constitution. Such are those which

require many hours to be spent in writing; especially if a person write sitting, and lean upon his stomach, or remain long in an uneasy posture. But whatever it is which reason or experience shows to be destructive of health or strength, that we may not submit to; seeing the life is more valuable than meat, and the body than raiment: and, if we are already engaged in such an employ, we should exchange it, as soon as possible, for some which, if it lessen our gain, will, however, not lessen our health.

2. We are, secondly, to gain all we can without hurting our mind, any more than our body. For neither may we hurt this: we must preserve, at all events, the spirit of an healthful mind. Therefore, we may not engage or continue in any sinful trade; any that is contrary to the law of God, or of our country. Such are all that necessarily imply our robbing or defrauding the king of his lawful customs. For it is, at least, as sinful to deraud the king of his right, as to rob our fellow subjects: and the king has full as much right to his customs as we have to our houses and apparel. Other businesses there are which, however innocent in themselves, cannot be followed with innocence now; at least not in England; such, for instance, as will not afford a competent maintenance without cheating or lying, or conformity to some custom which is not consistent with a good conscience: these, likewise, are sacredly to be avoided, whatever the gain they may be attended with, provided we follow the custom of the trade; for, to gain money, we must not lose our souls. There are yet others which many pursue with perfect innocence, without hurting either their body or mind; and yet, perhaps, you cannot; either they may entangle you in that company which would destroy your soul; and by repeated experiments it may appear that you cannot separate the one from the other; or there may be an idiosyncerasy a peculiarity in your constitution of soul (as ther is in the bodily constitution of many), by reason whereof that employment is deadly to you, which another may safely follow. So I am convinced, from many experiments, I could not study, to any degree of perfection, either mathematics, arithmetic, or algebra, without being a Deist, if not an Atheist: and yet others may study them all their lives without sustaining any inconvenience. None, therefore, can here determine for another; but every man must judge for himself, and abstain from what-ever he in particular finds to be hurtful to his soul.

3. We are, thirdly, to gain all we can, without hurting our neighbour. But this we may not, cannot do, if we love our neighbour as ourselves. we cannot, if we love every one as ourselves, hurt any one in his substance. We cannot devour the increase of his lands, and perhaps the lands and houses themselves, by gaming, by overgrown bills (whether on account of physic, or law, or anything else), or by requiring or taking such interest as even the laws of our country forbid. Hereby all pawnbroking is excluded: seeing, whatever good we might do thereby, all unprejudiced men see with grief to be abundantly overbalanced by the evil. And if it were otherwise, yet we are not allowed to do evil that good may come. We cannot, consistent with brotherly love, sell our goods below the market price; we cannot study to ruin our neighbour's trade, in order to advance our own; much less can we entice away, or receive, any of his servants or workmen whom he has need of. None can gain by swallowing up his neighbour's substance, without gaining the damnation of hell!

4. Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is, eminently, all the liquid fire, commonly call drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorders; although there would rarely be occaision for them, were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioner. Therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this end may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell, like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them: the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day; canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven: therefore, thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee!

5. And are not they partakers of the same guilt, though in a lower de- gree, whether surgeons, apothecaries, or physicians, who play with the lives or health of men, to enlarge their own gain? who purposely lengthen the pain or disease, which they are able to remove speedily? who protract the cure of their patient's body, in order to plunder his substance? Can any man be clear before God, who does not shorten every disorder as much as he can, and remove all sickness and pain as soon as he can. He cannot: for nothing can be more clear, than he does not love his neighbour as himself; than that he does not do unto others as he would they should do unto himself.

6. This is dearbought gain. And so is whatever is procured by hurting our neighbour in his soul; by Ministering, suppose, either directly or indirectly, to his unchastity or intemperance; which certainly none can do who has any fear of God, or any or any real desire of pleasing Him. It nearly concerns all those to consider this, who have anything to do with taverns, victualling-houses, opera-houses, playhouses, or any other places of public fashionable diversion. If these profit the souls of men, you are clear: Your

employment is good, and your gain innocent; but if they either sinful in themselves, or natural inlets to sins of various kind, then, it is feared, you have a sad account to make. Oh beware, lest God say in that day, "These have perished in their iniquity, but their blood do I require at thy hands"!

7. These cautions and restrictions being reserved, it is the bounded duty of all who are engaged in worldly business to observe that first and great rule of Christian Wisdom, with respect to money "Gain all you can". Gain all you can by honest industry. Use all diligence in your calling. Lose no time. If you understand yourself, and your relation to God and man, you know you have none to spare. If you understand your particular calling, as you ought, you will have no time that hangs on your hands. Every business will afford some employment sufficient for every day and every hour. That wherein you are placed, if you follow it in earnest, will leave you no leisure for silly, unprofitable diversions. You have always something better to do, something that will profit you, more or less. And whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Do it as soon as possible: no delay! No putting it off from day to day, or from hour to hour. Never leave anything till to-morrow, which you can do to-day. And do it as well as possible. Do not sleep or yawn over it: put your whole strength to the work. Spare no pains. Let nothing be done by halves, or in a slight or careless manner. Let nothing in your business be left undone, if it can be done by labour or patience.

8. Gain all you can, by common sense, by using in your business the understanding which God has given you. It is amazing to observe, how few do this: how many run on the same dull track with their forefathers. But whatever they do who know not God, this is no rule for you. It is a shame for a Christian not to improve upon them in whatever he takes in hand. You should be continually learning, from the experience of others, or from your own experience, reading, reflection, to do everything you have to do better to-day than you did yesterday. And see that you practice what you learn, that you may make the best of all that is in your hands.

II, 1. Having gained all you can, by honest wisdom, and unwearied diligence, the second rule of Christian prudence is, "Save all you can." Do not throw the precious talent into the sea: leave that folly to heathen philosophers. Do not throw it away in idle expenses, which is just the same as throwing it into the sea. Expend no part of it merely to gratify the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eye, or the pride of life.

2. Do not waste any part of so precious a talent merely in gratifying the desires of the flesh: in procuring the pleasures of sense, of whatever kind: particularly, in enlarging the pleasure of tasting. I do not mean, avoid gluttony drunkenness only: an honest heathen would condemn these. But there is a regular, reputable kind of sensuality, an elegant epicurism, which does not immediately disorder the stomach, nor (sensibly at least) impair the understanding; and yet (to mention no other effects of it now) it cannot be maintained without considerable expense. Cut off all this expense! Despise delicacy and variety, and be content with what plain nature requires.

3. Do not waste any part of so precious a talent, merely in gratifying the desire of the eye, in superfluous or expensive apparel, or by needless ornaments. Waste no part of it in curiously adorning your houses; in superfluous of expensive furniture; in costly pictures, painting, gilding, books, in elegant rather than useful gardens. Let your neighbours who know nothing better do this: let the dead bury their dead. But what is that to Thee!" says our Lord: follow thou Me. Are you willing? Then you are able to do so.

4. Lay out nothing to gratify the pride of life, to gain the admiration or praise of men. This motive of expense is frequently interwoven with one or both of the former. Men {as well as women} are expensive in diet, or apparel, or furniture not barely to please their appetite, or to gratify their eye, or their imagination, but their vanity too. "So long as thou doest well unto thyself, men will speak good of thee. So long as thou art clothed in purple and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day, no doubt many will applaud thy elegance of taste, thy generosity and hospitality. But do not buy their applause so dear. Rather be content with the honour that cometh from God."

5. Who would expend anything in gratifying these desires if he considered that to gratify is to increase them? Nothing can be more certain than this; daily experience shows the more they are indulged they increase the more. Whenever therefore, you expend anything to please your taste or other senses, you pay so much for sensuality. When you lay out money to please your eye, you give so much for an increase of curiosity—for a stronger attachment to these pleasures which perish in the using. While you are purchasing anything which men {or women} use to applaud, you are purchasing more vanity. Had you not then enough of vanity, sensuality curiosity before? Was there need of any addition? And would you pay for it too? What manner of wisdom is this? Would not the literally throwing your money into the sea be a less mischievous folly?

6. And why should you throw away money upon your children, and more than upon yourself, in delicate food, in gay or costly apparel, in superfluities of any kind? Why should you purchase for them more pride or lust, more vanity, or foolish and hurtful desires? They do not want any more; they have enough already; nature has made ample provisions for them: why should be at farther expense to increase their temptations and snares; and to pierce them through with more sorrows?

7. Do not leave it to them to throw away. If you have good reason to believe they would waste what is now in your possession, in gratifying , and thereby increasing, the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eye, or the pride of life; at the peril of theirs and your own soul, do not set these

traps in their way. Do not offer your sons or daughters unto Belial, any more than unto Moloch. Have pity unto them, and remove out of their way what you may easy foresee would increase their sins, and consequently plunge them deeper into everlasting perdition! How amazing, then, is the infatuation of those parents who think they can never leave their children enough! What! Cannot you leave them enough of arrows, firebrands, and death? Not enough of foolish and hurtful desires Not enough of pride, lust, ambition vanity? Not enough of everlasting burnings! Poor wretch! Thou fearest where no fear is. Surely both thou and they, when you are lifting up your eyes in hell, will have enough both of the worm that never dieth and of the fire that never shall be quenched!

8. What then would you do if you was in my case? If you had a considerable fortune to leave? Whether I would do it or no, I know what I ought to do: this will admit of no reasonable question. If I had one child elder or younger, who knew the value of money, one who, I believed, would put it to true use, I should think it my absolute indispensible duty to leave that child the bulk of my fortune; and to the rest just as much as would enable them to live in the manner they had been accustomed to do. But what, if all your children were equally ignorant of the true use of money? I ought then (hard saying! who can hear it?) to give each what would keep him above want; and bestow all the rest in such a manner as I judged would be most for the glory of God.

III. 1. But let not any man imagine that he has done anything , barely by going thus far, by gaining and saving all he can, if he were to stop here. All this is nothing, if a man go not foreward, if he does not point all this at a farther end. Nor indeed, can a man properly be said to save anything, if he only lays it up. You may as well throw your money in the sea, as bury it in the earth. And you may as well bury it in the earth, as in the chest, or in the bank of England/ Not to use is effectually to throw it away. If, therefore you would indeed make yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, add the third rule to the two proceeding. Having, first, gained all you can, and secondly, saved all you can, then give all you can.

2. In order to see the ground and reason of this, consider when the possessor of heaven and earth brought you into being, and placed you in this world, He placed you here, not as a proprietor, but as a steward: as such He entrusted you, for a season, with goods of various kinds: but the sole property of these still rests in Him, nor can ever be alienated from Him. As you yourself are not your own, but His, such is, likewise, all that you enjoy. Such is your soul and body, not your own, but God's. And so, is your substance in particular. And He has told you, in the most clear and express terms, how you are to employ it for Him, in such a manner, that it may all be an holy sacrifice, acceptable through Jesus Christ. And this light, easy service, He hath promised to reward with an eternal weight of glory.

3. The directions which God has given us, touching the use of our worldly substance, may be comprised in the following particulars. If you desire to be a faithful and wise steward, out of that portion of your Lord's goods which He has for the present lodged in your hands, but with the right of resuming whenever it pleases Him, first, provide things needful for yourself: food to ear, raiment to put on, whatever nature moderately requires for preserving the body in health and strength. Secondly provide these for your wife, your children, your servants, or any other who pertain to your household. If, when this is done, there being an overplus still, "do good to them that are the household of faith," If there be an overplus still, "as you have an opportunity, do good to all men." In so doing, you give all you can; nay, in a sound sense, all you have: for all that is laid out in this manner is given to God. You "render unto God which is God's," not only what you give to the poor, but also by that you expend in providing things needful for yourself and your household.

4. If, then, a doubt should at anytime arise in your mind concerning what you are going to expend, either on yourself or any part of your family, you have an easy way to remove it. Calmly and seriously inquire, (1) In expending this am I acting according to my character? Am I herein acting, not as a proprietor, but as a steward of my Lord's goods? (2)Am I doing this in obedience to His word? In what scripture does He require me to do so. (3)Can I offer up this action, this expense, as a sacrifice to God through Jesus Christ? (4) Have I reason to believe, that for this very work I shall have reward at the resurrection of the just? You will seldom need any doubts which arises on this head; but by this four-fold consideration, you will receive clear light as to the way therein you should go.

5. If any doubt still remains, you may farther examine yourself by prayer, according to those heads of inquiry. Try whether you can say to the searcher of hearts, your conscience not condemning you, "Lord thou seest I am going to expend this sum on that food, apparel, furniture. And thou knowest, I act therein with a single eye, as a steward of thy goods, expending this portion of them thus, in persuance of the design thou hadst in entrusting me with them. Thou knowest I do this in obedience to thy word, as thou commandest, and because thou commandest it. Let this, I beseech thee, be an holy sacrifice, acceptable through Jesus Christ! And give me a witness in myself, that for this labour of love I shall recompence when thou rewardest every man according to his works." Now if your conscious bear you witness in the Holy Ghost, that this prayer is well-pleasing to God, then have you no reason to doubt but that expense is right and good, and such as will never make you ashamed.

6. You see then, what it is to "Make yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness," and by what means you may procure, "that when you fail, they may receive you into the everlasting habitations." You see the nature and extent of truly prudence, so far as it relates to that great talent, money. Gain All you can, without hurting either yourself or your neighbor, in soul and body, by apply-

ing hereto with unintermitted diligence, and with all the understanding which God has given you; — save all you can, by cutting off every expense which serves only to indulge foolish desire; to gratify either the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eye, or the pride of life: waste nothing, living or dying, on sin or folly, whether for yourself or your children;—and then give all you can, or in other words give all you have to God. Do not stint yourself, like a Jew rather than a Christian, to this or to that proportion. Render all to God, not a tenth, not a third, not half, but all that is God's, be it more or less; by employing all on yourself, your household, the household of faith and all mankind, in such a manner, that you may give a good account of your stewardship, when ye can no longer be stewards; in such a manner as the oracles of God may direct, both by general and particular precepts; in such a manner, that whatever you do may be a "sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour to God," and that every act may be rewarded in that day, when the Lord cometh with all his saints.

7. Brethren, can we be either wise or faithful stewards unless we thus manage our Lord's goods? We cannot, as not only the oracles of God, but our own conscious beareth witness. Then why should we delay? Why should we confer any longer with flesh and blood, or men of the world? Our kingdom, our wisdom is not of this world; heathen custom is nothing to us. We follow no men any farther than they are followers of Christ. Hear ye him; yea to-day, while it is called to-day, hear and obey his voice! At this hour and from this hour, do His will: fulfil his words in this and in all things! I entreat you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, act up to the dignity of your calling! No more sloth! Whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might! No more waste! Cut off every expense which fashion caprice or flesh and blood demand! No more covetousness! But employ whatever God has entrusted you with, in doing good, all possible good, in every possible kind and degree to the household of faith, to all men! This is no small part of "the wisdom of the just." Give all ye have, as well as all ye are, a spiritual sacrifice to Him who withheld not from you His Son: so "laying up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that ye may attain eternal life." * * * *

THE PLANTER

One man plowed an open field
And planted winter wheat;
He labored for some months before
The harvest was complete.

Another wished his work to last
His lifetime through, and so
He set a tree of oak, and then
With pride he watched it grow.

Another planted Eternity
With manner true and mild,
He placed a noble thought into
The heart stream of a child.

HENRY and the GREAT SOCIETY

By H.L.Roush Sr.

Continued from last month

CHAPTER XIV...The Plot Thickens

Events moved swiftly the next few days and weeks. The car cost Henry two days' involvement plus $48; and the well had caved in, the man said (who finally came after they had been out of water for six days) and that was very costly---to be exact, around $480. The electric man said that the unit had gone bad in the freezer and that this often happened even in new ones, for no matter how well things are built there is always a lemon, he reminded Henry. Of course the freezer was under warranty and there was only a $25 service call, but unfortunately the food was not under warranty and so Henry lost all the beef which had thawed out. Since the weather was around 90 degrees at the time, it didn't take long for it to go bad. Henry argued that the power company should be responsible, but they said Henry should have called as soon as the freezer went out and Henry said he didn't know about it and they said they couldn't help that and so he gave up and gave in.

By the time he had repaired his mowing machine and finished the field, the bad weather had come on and it rained seven days running on the good hay he had counted on for the cattle next winter. By the time the rain had stopped, the hay was black and beaten into the ground so badly tht Henry raked it and burned it in the windrow. That was the day he sat down in the barn where no one could see him or hear him and sobbed with his face in his hands. It was not the sobbing of sorrow as much as it was of frustration and a loneliness that he couldn't explain. He tried to explain to Dr. Manson how he felt and couldn't. Dr. Manson was sympathetic, and said Henry was working too hard and was nervous, and so he prescribed some tranquilizers for Henry and some little white pills that would "help him get a good night's sleep", but he was not to take them unless he was desperate for sleep. Henry found himself more and more desperate as the days went by. His appetite seemed to be growing worse, and he noticed that when he ate certain foods his stomach burned and pained and he had constant headaches. One thing helped though---he learned from TV all the popular remedies, and his medicine cabinet soon boasted a small, well-stocked pharmacy. There were three or four kinds of headache medicines for his three or four kinds of headaches, his tranquilizers, sleeping tablets, anti-acid medicines for the stomach distress he had so frequently, laxatives and, of course, the latest in cold medicines.

The next crisis came when he sat down and realistically looked at his financial situation. He had never really done this and somehow the "buy now—pay later plan" and its full significance had never really grasped Henry. At the round table, late at night, he was shocked by the actual figures. The bills that had been coming had been hurriedly stuffed in what Henry had termed his "bill box." (In reality it was the neat litle box in which he had bought Esther candy from Wigal's General Store on Valentine's Day a long time ago.) When he poured the bills out on the table along with the payment books and duplicate credit cards that had accumulated in the months past, Henry saw a formidable mountain built out of the small stones of miscellaneous bills. A quick tally told him the story; approximately $285 per month in regular obligations and an accumulation of nearly $1,000 in miscellaneous bills including the large one for the well. The book from the bank lay in front of him as a mute reminder of a $7500 mortgage he saw no possible way of ever paying, not even in the 20 allotted years.

Trying not to panic, Henry thought, "There *has* to be some way out and I've *got* to find it!!" Esther came in from the PTA meeting and said, "What are you into?" Henry said, "Just looking at our obligations and frankly, Esther, I'm scared to death." "Scared of what, Henry? It's not as bad as you imagine. Everything's all right. Remember, Henry, we have each other; and as long as we don't change nothing will change. We have Whispering Pines, the children and all the good things in life and these bills are just one of the cost involved in it all. Think how thankful we should be that the Lord made all these good things possible for us. Remember how it was before?" With a sickness creeping over his heart that he couldn't explain, Henry *did* remember. He closed his eyes, and he could see himself walking behind the mares on a spring day . . . the sun shining, the earth bursting forth in its clean green suit of life; the happy waters of Sycamore Creek bubbling with pent-up enthusiasm; birds singing their chorus; and most of all, TIME . . . TIME to hear and see it all and to take it all in. He remembered the unhurried evenings on the porch; the plaintive note of the whippoorwill; the night with its soothing noises like a tranquilizer upon his heart. He remembered how it used to be when the children were tucked in and he and Esther sat on the porch and talked . . . loved and lived. He remembered how, with mind and heart clear, he lay down with the smell of honeysuckle drifting through the open window and slept . . . . . and slept. Henry wished he could just once more capture that time and that he could be in his bed like he used to be and morning would never come.

With a return to reality Henry suddenly realized that he was not remembering "how it was before" like Esther was; and he didn't know how to tell her what "progress" had done for him, or rather to him. He explained to Esther that their monthly obligations as far exceeded their income and that there was no possible way to balance such a swollen budget. They talked and figured and schemed, and came to the conclusion that Henry must have more income if they were to make ends meet. He was yet to learn that whenever he found out how to make ends meet, something would move the middle again. The needed income could be realized, if Henry could speed up production on the farm. He said time was what he needed desperately. He said he couldn't understand where the time went. No sooner did he get in the field, until it was evening. The deep involvement of the "things" he possessed had done its work in whittling Henry's day from 12 full free, wonderful hours, to a few jammed with troubles and problems. The fields were running down, the cattle were only half cared for and the fences almost all needed replacing. Finally, they reluctantly agreed that the mares were costing Henry lots of valuable time. By the time he caught them in the morning, brushed them, talked to them, fed them, harnessed them and was ready to go to the field, an hour and a half had been wasted. Henry had never thought of this time as "wasted" before . . . especially since Old Brown had been killed. He looked forward to the time; for the horses remained in his mind as one of the few things that had not changed. Always the same, they linked him to happier times. He talked to them often, as he would have talked to Esther if she had the time; but the mares were never in a hurry. Somehow they had remained stable and strong, and he was sure that nothing would ever change them. But facts are stubborn things . . . . they don't change. The fact was that they had served their usefulness, and a tractor was the only answer in speeding up a slowed prodution. With the decision made, they planned how to accomplish this; and the only answer seemed to be a second mortgage on Whispering Pines. Henry agreed to see Will Jenkins first thing in the morning.

The morning came as it always does, and it was raining. This relieved Henry somewhat of the guilt of spending another day of involvement instead of doing the many things that needed done. On the way to Chamberstown he thought of the help he needed and wished the boys would show more interest in the farm. He couldn't blame them too much. There was so much to do. The football and basketball schedules were time-consuming, and Esther was right in saying that they only go to school once and shouldn't be saddled down with responsibility. Hilda helped some around the house, but it was the farm that worried Henry. He had heard the boys talking one night while he was in the kitchen and they were in the dining room working on their homework. Brent had said he didn't understand why Henry wanted to mess around with that old worn-out farm, when other men were working only 40 hours a week at the plant in Chamberstown and making five times as much money. Jeff had agreed, and said he sure never wanted to be stuck in the country for life, and that he was going to college and make something of himself. These things had hurt Henry; but he was being hurt so much lately that he wondered if he was overly sensitive. He remembered what Dr. Manson had told him and he figured his nervous condition accounted for most of it. After all, the boys would have to decide what's best for themselves. As for himself, he had made his decision years ago while trailing along behind his father in the south 40 as he plowed one spring. He would never leave Whispering Pines, and Shiloh would be his final resting place.

Soon he was talking with Will Jenkins and reluctantly

Will agreed to an additional loan of $3,000. Henry explained that $1,000 would be used to pay of an accumulation of bills and $2,000 for a proposed tractor and equipment. With the sale of his grey mares he hoped to have a little to go on and "tide him over'' as his dad used to say. Will talked frankly about the easy credit system and what it was doing to people; but Henry said he didn't intend for it to ever change him, and this situation in his life was only temporary. Soon, with the new tractor and all, things would change, he was sure. And they did.

The new mortgage was for 5 years of 7% arnd all in all totaled $4,050 at 60 payments of $67.50. This increased Henry's obligation to around $352 per month, but he was sure he would overcome the increase as well as meet the standing obligation with a new tractor. Well, not really new, for new ones cost twice the amount Henry had to spend. He was fortunate to find a tractor with the necessary implements in fair shape for the $2,000 he had to spend. It was ten years old, but the man said models didn't make any difference to a tractor; and Henry could see that it didn't as long as the tractor worked good. And this tractor did. It kind of scared Henry at first . . . so much power at his finger tips and he had to go slow until "he got the feel of it.'' The boys showed their first interest in the farm for a long time, for they were fascinated with that tractor. They wanted to help as long as they could try their hand at the tractor, which Henry didn't allow too much; for it was the only means of making out. They never understood this and often murmured to Esther that, "Dad sure is tight with that old tractor.''

Henry had his disappointment too. When he hired Bill Baxter to take the mares to the sale for him, he was shocked to see that they only brought $75 dollars apiece. Henry was so angry he almost cried in public when the hammer fell and these strong, honest, good mares went for such a pittance. When he loudly complained to the men around him, he was quickly told that nobody wants a pair of old work mares. "What good are they?'' they said, "Nobody needs them any more.'' Henry came home and never told anyone that when he went to the barn to put the tractor away, he couldn't bring himself to talk to it. He went into the big, empty box stall that had belonged for so many years to those wonderful grey mares and cried. Nor did he ever tell them that each time he went to the barn to get the tractor, he had to turn his head so he couldn't see the harness, now covered with cobwebs and chaff, hanging in the stall. Somehow one of the last links with Whispering Pines as it used to be was broken forever.

FAITH AND DOUBT

Doubt sees the obstacles,
 Faith sees the way;
Doubt sees the blackest night,
 Faith sees the day;
Doubt dreads to take a step,
 Faith soars on high;
Doubt questions, ''Who believes?''
 Faith answers, ''I.''

Mr.Edwards Hidden Treasure

Continued from last month

CHAPTER 4

"Seventh grade arithmatic." Teacher Mary smiled gently at Jerry as their eyes met. "What page?" his lips asked silently.

Pages ruffled as Mary motioned them up front to the empty seats. "Exchange your papers and get ready to check them."

Jerry changed with his neighbor and prepared to check.

"O.K., number one is, 3,421 pieces." Teacher Mary's voice called out each answer clearly and distinctly. "Now, figure out the grade for me."

The pupils had been taught to figure grades by themselves although Teacher Mary rechecked to make sure.

When Jerry's grade was read his eyes grew wide. Fifty percent, the boy spoke solemly.

"Fifty percent!!" Teacher Mary's surprised eyes sought Jerry's.

"He didn't do the last half."

Jerry's face turned red as he took back his paper. Yesterday he had done his arithmatic halfway, before the first recess. At recess he and Henry had been so ingrossed in their conversation about Mr. Edwards. And hadn't Henry said he'd been staring out the window? Why he'd completely forgot to finish the other half.

"What's the matter Jerry?" Mary's voice was kind, "this doesn't sound like you at all."

Jerry just shrugged his shoulders, every eye in the room seemed to be staring at him and he wished Teacher Mary would finish speaking and get it over with.

"Well..., next time I'll have to give you the grade you get the first time Jerry," Mary spoke gently. "But because it is the first time, I'll give you a chance to do these problems at recess." She paused as Jerry nodded. "Alright, you may take your seat. Eighth grade Arithmatic!"

Jerry returned to his seat shamefaced. He had never been so careless before that he could remember. But others had been at times. Why only yesterday, Esther Mast, Henry's sister hadn't been quite finished! Teacher Mary and the others hadn't acted so concerned then. What was the difference. She was just her sister that was it. He felt a bit cheated. He wondered if the other pupils were all thinking "Ha! Ha! didn't get a hundred this time." He glanced around the room quickly as if he had heard someone say the words aloud. But no, everyone else was busy with their assignments.

Jerry was busy at recess doing his Arithmatic. Once Teacher Mary walked past his desk and gently patted his shoulder but that didn't make him feel any better. That was for little boys. Yes, and doing work over was too!

"Guess what Jerry?" Henry whispered as the headed for the play ground after dinner.

"I couldn't guess." Jerry watched the boys preparing sides at the ball diamond.

"I get to go home with you after school tonight!"

"Tonight?" Jerry stopped short. "We were only over there last night."

"Yes, but Dad said your Dad wondered if I'd come help haul manure this afternoon!"

"Oh goody!" Jerry forgot his forenoon bitterness. "Then that's why Dad acted so sneaky this morning, he had a surprise!"

"Uh,huh."

"Say, Henry!" Called a big eighth grader. "We need you out here."

"Come help play, Jerry. You can at least try."

"Yeah, come on Jerry!" Seconded the eighth grader. "We'll make room for you."

"I'll just watch." Jerry smiled in thanks and headed for a seat on the grass. How he wished he could play as Henry did. He was sure the other players didn't want him. They'd just thought they had to invite him.

It made him feel jealous to see Henry so well accepted by the others. It seemed he almost forgot Jerry during these ball games.

"Nice day, isn't it?" An eighth grader said as he knelt down beside Jerry. He plucked a blade of grass and began to chew on it. "Nice weather for field work, isn't it."

Jerry smiled, "Yes, it is, I think we'll haul manure tonight. Henry said he's going home with me to help."

"Oh, he is? Have a lot to haul?"

"Oh, it'll take a while."

"Hey, who's turn is it!" Someone yelled. "Pete?"

"Oh, I guess it is." He spit out the grass and bounded off to take his turn.

Jerry liked Pete. He was almost as good as Henry, but he was a bit older. Pete always tried to be kind.

A cheer went up as Pete hit the ball close to the ground and a long way out. It was a home run and Jerry couldn't help but cheer along with the rest. He seemed to have forgotten his handicap as he got up and clapped wildly for Pete.

Pete came in puffing away and sank down next to Jerry as the rest of the game went on.

"I like to see you laugh, Jerry. It's how you always were before. I hope I've never helped in making you feel more alone.

Jerry blushed.

"I - I don't want to say I feel your unfriendly," Pete stammered. "I just want you to know that I want to be your friend."

"Hey, Pete!" Someone called.

"What?"

"That was three outs."

"Yeah, O.K." He turned to Jerry, "guess I'm not paying enough attention to the game. See ya." And he was gone to play with the rest.

On the way home from school Jerry asked Henry a question. "Do you think I act more unfriendly than I use to? Pete said something today that I couldn't really understand."

"I don't think so, but you don't play as much as you used to."

"But, I can't! I don't want to act like a dummy."

"I don't think they'd think that of you."

"Some of them would." "But most wouldn't. Say didn't you say you have twin calves?" Henry had the most incredible knack for changing the subject. "I'd like to see them tonight."

"O.K. lets hurry and get changed." The half mile to school wasn't as long as usual to Jerry and he felt full of energy and anticipation as he walked with Henry to the barn fifteen minutes later.

"Say they are a beauty!"

"You mean beauties!"

"What ever they are" Henry nudged Jerry teasingly.

"You boys ready already." Jerry's Dad smiled as he walked into the cow stable.

Jerry's eyes beamed. "Why didn't you tell me Henry was coming home with me today?"

His Dad just smiled wider and ruffled Jerry's hair as he walked past him. "Now Jerry, you can unload while we load O.K.?"

"O.K."

"You take the load back to the far pasture field. Start on the other end though."

It was an enjoyable evening, but both boys were tired when darkness finally fell. But there were the chores to be done, yet.

"I've got everything done but milking the six cows," his Dad smiled. With only two each, we'll be done in no time."

"You know what I was thinking?" Henry wondered in the darkness of their beds a few hours later.

"What?" Jerry asked.

"We should teach your calves to drive."

"Drive!"

"Oh! Just for fun," Henry groaned. "Don't act as if I'm a little kid!" He paused. "We could take them to school one day once they know how real well, and drive them."

But Jerry only grunted. He was too tired to care.

Suddenly, from out of the dark night there came a plaintive, "Baaa."

Jerry was awake instantly and on his feet. "Was that a calf?"

"Sounded like it."

"Outside? I'm going to go take a look. I don't want them outside at night."

Both boys dressed quickly as they heard a few more loud Baaas coming closer to the house.

Outside Dad was already looking around puzzled. "Where do they get to?" He wondered. "I saw them jumping and running in the drive from the bedroom window.

"Likely run into the woods. They could have easily gotten through that fence." Jerry groaned. "Hard telling where they are by now."

"Yep," Henry nodded. "Let a calf out in the open and he will turn wild."

"She," Jerry corrected shortly.

"Oh they're she's then" Henry grinned." But you needn't be so short about it."

Jerry wrinkled his nose in mock anger. "Come on," Jerry said, "we'd better start hunting."

The three took flashlights and went in different directions into the woods . "Jerry you stay close to me," his Dad advised. "Henry, you look out that way."

It was spooky in the woods and Jerry was only too thankful to be near his

Dad.

"Dad?"

"Yes?"

"I was just wondering where you are."

"I'll stay close by. Just go straight ahead."

"Baaa!"

"Did you hear that?"

No answer.

"Dad!?"

"Yes?"

"Did you hear that?" Jerry repeated.

"Uh, huh. Sounds wild to me."

"I wonder if they're both together."

"Lets hope so."

"I wonder how they got out."

"So do I. It wasn't Bessy. Not this time. Because I know I closed the horse stable door tightly."

After that there was only the sound of their own footsteps.

"Woof! Woof! The bark came from close by. In less than five minutes a white faced and shaking Henry came running up. "It's that Big Black Dog!"

Dad chuckled. "It's just a dog, Henry. And all the more reason to find our calves."

"Well, he'll eat 'em up for sure!"

Jerry was white faced too. He was wishing with all his might Dad knew about that dog and how dangerous he was. At least he seemed dangerous to these two boys!

But still, he didn't want that dog to find their calves.

'It's no use." Dad stopped a bit later. "We'd might as well go home and wait to search tomorrow when it's light out. Besides, I think it's about too much for you already Jerry."

Jerry felt sad and weary as he crawled into bed again. "Sure wonder how they got out."

"Jerry?" Henry spoke from under the covers.

"Yes?"

"Remember right when we came home from school, we went to see them?"

"Yeah."

"I'm pretty sure we didn't push down the latch."

"Yes, but how'd they have gotten out of the cow stable?"

"That's one place I know I came through last and I forgot to latch it too."

"Oh." It sounded almost like a groan and Henry knew Jerry must be thinking of that big black dog who could kill and eat those tender babies.

Chapter 5

Jerry was down cast and sad the next morning. He couldn't laugh and talk with Henry as he had the evening before. How could he? Even Bessy looked grieved and worrisome over her babies.

Teacher Mary smiled questioningly as he met the boys by the school door.

"Why so glum boys? She asked.

"Jerry's twin calves are lost." Henry replied. "I-I didn't shut the gate last night."

"You mean we didn't shut the gate" Jerry corrected. They got out after dark."

"And it's hard telling," Henry added. "Maybe they're ate up by now."

"Eaten up, Henry?" Teacher Mary looked puzzled at that. Then she smiled.

"Don't worry, wild animals aren't that plentiful around here."

By then the whole school was standing about.

"I'll tell you what," Teacher Mary said suddenly. "How would it be if all of the sixth, seventh and eighth grade boys would go help Jerry's Dad find the calf this morning."

"Yeah! Yes, lets!" chorused the boys. But the smaller ones groaned in disapproval.

"O.K. lets all get in our seats for devotions first."

Jerry as usual was lagging behind the rest when Teacher Mary came up to him and asked, "If you're too tired, Jerry, you can stay and help me with classes."

Jerry smiled in reply and nodded his head thankfully. It would be hard to let the other boys find his calves for him, but he was too tired to go through last night's trial again today.

Jerry felt closer to Teacher Mary than he had for a long time as they worked side by side, each helping the younger students with their lessons. At recess the boys were still out, so Jerry stayed in and graded papers.

"Why don't we go play with the others." Suggested Mary. "I don't like to see them outside alone."

Jerry smiled, feeling a warm glow in his heart for his teacher. She would seldom stay in at recess. Instead she'd work late nights and early mornings just so she could play with the children.

"Why don't you go and I'll stay to check."

"No, I'll stay and help you. I guess it won't hurt for once. I just hope." she said smiling, "that they don't end up fighting."

"I don't think they will"

"I don't think so either, really" Teacher Mary chuckled.

All was silent then with the exception of the ticking clock and scratching of working pens. Jerry kept looking expectantly toward the door hoping to see the other boys returning. Finally and almost to himself he wondered aloud. "Do you think they'll find them?"

"Oh, they're bound to find them somewhere." She studied Jerry's tense and worried face. "Listen," she said soothingly, "before you know it they'll both be full grown cows and you and Henry will laugh about all this."

Jerry smiled uncertainly.

And Mary added, "You know that that's how you are. It's funny, but it doesn't seem that long ago that you and Henry were just little first graders. But now I look at you and you're both so grown up."

Jerry grunted. "Maybe the others do, I guess."

"You do too, Jerry."

Jerry laughed. It was a mocking laugh that was much older and too bitter for a young boy his age. "As little as I am?"

"Yes. Jerry it isn't how our bodies are made that tell us whether we're growing up or not."

Jerry looked up to find Mary watching him closely and he blushed at the concern he saw there. In a way he felt tenderly drawn to Mary. She was the closest thing to a Mother he had ever known. If there had been anyone he'd wanted to tell his little-boy-problems to, she had always been ready to listen.

"You know, Jerry." And Mary's voice shook, just a bit. "I miss you?"

Miss me? Jerry looked up quickly. He was here, right here with her now. How could she miss him? He tried to read her meaning in her eyes, but they dropped from his and she began to busy herself with checking more papers. She seemed, for the moment, to have completely forgotten that Jerry was even there. But then, just barely visiable he noticed a tear slide down her cheek and he knew that she hadn't forgotten about him at all.

It was Henry who came up to his desk when the boys returned. "We found them." He spoke softly, too softly.

"Are they alright?" Still he didn't look up. He kept on checking the papers as if showing an interest would result in bad tidings.

"One is.

"What's wrong with the other?" This time Jerry looked up, but Henry could'nt return his gaze.

"We think a dog attacked it. It's got one leg broken and is cut up a bit. What we can't figure out is how it's still alive." And then all the boys were talking at once. "She'll be okay, Jerry, with time." Pete said.

"Just take special care of her." Another advised.

"She might be crippled for a while," someone else added. "But if anyone can care for her, Jerry, we know you can.

Jerry winced inwardly when he heard this last remark, he glanced up to see Mary watching him. Why did they have to remind him of his own handicap? He didn't need reminding. He was reminded every time he saw other boys do things he would never be able to do. He was reminded every second of every minute of every hour of every day. They just didn't understand, did they? He was just a little ifferent, that's all. Just wasn't made right or something.

Black Face was bandaged up and sore when Jerry got home from school that evening. He looked her over anxiously and noticed how carefully Dad had splinted her leg.

d"Will she be alright, Dad?"

"I thought that at first, she wouldn't be, but the boys gave me courage. I hope you thanked them well. They did a wonderful job."

"Yes, I thanked them."

"I couldn't have found them myself. They were clear back by the dam." Dad shook his head. "We should be glad that dog didn't get them. Sounded like a stray dog and those dogs are hungry. Sure wonder why he only bit her."

"Think it was Mr. Edwards dog? Henry and I have heard him in the woods

before."

"I doubt Mr. Edwards would let that dog run loose."

Jerry was about to ask why but Dad was walking the other way and telling Jerry to water the pigs until be brought up the cows.

Then Dad must know something about Mr. Edwards too. Henry had been curious about his ways ever since six months ago when he had moved in as their neighbor. But that had been during the Fall season and Jerry had never heard anyone speak much about him. Did Dad find out about his money? Was he really rich? He wished he could ask his Dad, but he didn't really want to let him know how they had spied on Mr. Edwards. Nor that he had lied about going and catching pigeons just because they had been afraid to be laughed at. No-o, he'd be deeply disappointed to know that his boy had done wrong. He mustn't ever find out.

It was as they were milking that Dad mentioned leaving after supper. I'd like to go visit a bit. Would you mind staying alone for a few hours?'

"No, I guess not. Where are you going?"

If you want to you can go in and I'll finish the last cow. You can get supper on the table and I'll get the horse." Jerry looked at Dad wonderingly. Had he purposely avoided answering his question. Was he going somewhere, where he wasn't supposed to know about? In a way it seemed strange for Dad, yet, he was so quiet, maybe he just hadn't thought to answered.

"What do you want for supper?"

"There's soup left from supper last night. Heat that."

But it wasn't like Dad to leave him at home. Not at all. They had always done everything together before.

But he mustn't mind. Dad was home alone every day when he went to school.

But he watched Dad drive out of the lane with mixed feelings. A lump seemed to be trying to choke him. They had always done everything together. Planned everything together. No one else had ever come to spoil it. Could be.... Could it be that there was someone his Dad was begining to like better?

Jerry walked out to the twins' pen and stepping inside proceeded to treat Black Face. "You know Blacky, you should be thankful. I do wonder if Mr. Edward's dog really bit you all up like this. But why didn't he kill you?" Black Face kicked, trying to get up. "Yep, you're a little cripple now, just like me. Likely you'll always be different from the other cows. You don't look as pretty as White Face here, but I like you anyhow, and I believe White Face does too, don't you? He laughed as the calf jumped and bawled gleefully in the crisp yellow straw.

For the moment Jerry's mind was taken off the whereabouts of his Dad, but eventually, without his conscious mind even being aware of it, his thoughts drifted back and he found himself wondering yet again where his Dad might have gone to and why, over the past few days had his Dad been so extra serious.

Suddenly a new and confusing idea came unbidden to his mind. But surely— no, no. He wouldn't want to get married again. Would he? No! Not Dad. They had always done everything together. Dad wouldn't do anything Jerry wouldn't be included in. Or. . . would he?

By Mrs. Tobie Schmuck *To be continued*

HARVEST

The vital power of the sun,
The freshening dew and rain,
Has nourished every tender plant,
And fed the growing grain.

The harvest ripens in the fields,
The toilers reap it o'er,
The fertile hills and valleys yield
A rich and golden store.

The wheat is gathered to the barns
And safely gathered there.
The useless chaff is thrown away,
With every evil tare.

Thus when the generations run
Their preappointed race,
And at the last gorgeous setting sun
Shall end the days of grace...

The mighty reaper from the skies
Who waits that coming hour,
Shall in His majesty arise,
And wield His matchless power.

The world's great harvest at His feet
Shall lie; His righteous word
Will burn the chaff and save the wheat,
The treasure of the Lord.

If we each golden grace improve
With all our willing powers,
A harvest of eternal love
Shall be forever ours.

IN SPITE OF FAULTS

Our search is one that will ne'er end,
If we are searching for a friend,
Who has no faults;
they can't be found,
Though look we may the world around.
Of all the friends that we might claim,
There is not one whom we can name,
Who's just as we would have them be,
Who satisfies us perfectly.
They have their faults,
We can't deny,
They're much the same as you and I,
So we are wrong to ask,
I say,
That they be right in every way.
I ask no more of any friend,
Than on this friendship to depend,
Whatever wrong this friend may do,
I'll overlook,
If they be true.
And then for this, I'll ask in turn,
That when I'm weak that they not spurn,
Me in my weakness,
In my wrong,
But stand by me in faith that's strong.
Imperfect?
Yes,
But still friends in spite,
Of all our faults,
Through wrong and right.
Whatever else my friend may do,
I'll overlook,
If they be true.

Looking back it seems to me, all the griefs which had to be.
Left me, when the pain was o'er, Richer than I'd been before.
And by every hurt and blow, Suffered in the long ago.
I can face the world to-day, In a bigger, kindlier way.
Pleasure doesn't make the man, Life requires a sterner plan.
He who never knows a care, Never learn't what he can bear.

Submitted by a reader

THE PLANTER

One man plowed an open field
And planted winter wheat;
He labored for some months before
The harvest was complete.

Another wished his work to last
His lifetime through, and so
He set a tree of oak, and then
With pride he watched it grow.

Another planted Eternity
With manner true and mild,
He placed a noble thought into
The heart stream of a child.

Life LINES

An Early History of Lancaster County

It is not known when the first Indians established colonies in Lancaster County. But it is believed that they lived on Pennsylvania soil for a number of centuries before the white men came into this area. In the late sixteenth century there were Indian tribes settled along the Susquehanna River and the Conestoga River, as well as along the Pequea Creek south of Lancaster. The Indians had learned the importance of living close by a body of water, or places where water was available. Water was used in their homes as well as for transportation. They made rugged boats out of tree logs.

When the white people settled in what is now Lancaster County, it was necessary for them to be in peace terms with the Indians. This was done by trading some kind of wares that they were interested in. The English, Dutch and French set up trading posts along the rivers, where beads, clothing, knives, axes, and even rum, were traded off for furs of wild animals. Apparently the Indians had learned the trade of tanning hides. This trading came to be a big business. Some of the white men made a deal in trading to marry an Indian girl, William Penn had always been on good terms with the Indians. He purchased some land by trading, But as many more immigrants came to Pennsylvania from different nationalities, some sharp misdealings were done with the Indians. It appeared that they were more friendly with the French. At the same time the French and English also had a dispute about the boundary line. The French mostly settled in what is now the state of New York, while the English claimed the south or what is today Pennsylvania.

Because the French and English were not on peace terms over the boundry lines, the French made a deal with the Indians, offering them anything that they asked for, and gave them training to use a gun to destroy English property as well as the people. This led to what was called the French and Indian War. This war stopped the trading with the Indians. The peace treaty was signed in Lancaster in 1744, where the Indians gave up thousands of acres of land to the white man.

In 1729 Lancaster County was formed. Being the fourth county in Pennsylvania it was also chosen to be the county seat. For almost a century it was the largest inland town in this new world, as it was often referred to. In 1775, when Lancaster, was still in its infancy, a roadway was made from Philadelphia to Lancaster. This was named the Lincoln Highway, which is today Route 30. At about the same time the Old Philadelphia Pike was opened for wagon traffic. This is now Route 340. These two roads met at Lancaster, bringing a lot of business places to this new town. Along these two routes the accommodations were excellent for stage coach and wagon travelers. People from many different denominations found this an ideal place to live, bought land and built their homes around Lancaster. By 1800 a lot of changes took place in this newly established town.

Building of factories followed the role of progress so that they had their work close to home. Soon the people from surrounding areas found it necessary to find a place to market their farm products. In 1800 a nice brick building was erected at the square serving as the City Hall, along with a building for the produce market, as well as a volunteer Fire company. Up to this time each home had their own water supply, hand dug wells. In 1810 a public well was put down close to where the old court house now stands.

During these early years a large flow of immigrants of both German and English speaking people were coming to Pennsylvania. They found their way to the fertile soil in the surrounding area of Lancaster. Not only was Lancaster County noted for agriculture, raising wheat, corn, tobacco, barley, etc. But factories were also built to manufacture crude farm machinery, iron works, blacksmith shops, clock makers, furniture, harness and wagon makers, etc. After the War of 1812, Lancaster was in a booming stage. Grist Mills were built along the main streams where water power was used to grind flour. Wheat was considered the best cash crop for the farmers for many years. Flour was shipped to Philadelphia and Baltimore and surrounding areas.

In 1800 shipping freight by horse and wagon was still considered the best method for transportation for southern Penn. The northern part of Pa. and N.Y. state depended on the canals. The Mississippi and Ohio Rivers were a good source of water ways for north and south. Fultons Steam Boats became very popular by that time.

For a long time Lancaster was the main town west of Philadelphia for new industries. For that reason the town got very prosperous. A good method was needed for importing, as well as exporting. This made wagon traffic important on both Lincoln Highway and Old Phila. Pike. Going through Lancaster to Harrisburg and further west, it was not unusual for 100 teams with two, four and six horses hitched two abreast to the heavy Conestoga wagons. The clapper of feet, jingle of bells, rattling of chains and groaning of wheels was heard from morning till night, passing in on East King Street, stopping at the libery stable on South Queen and Lime Streets to feed and rest their horses, and if they need to have repair on their wagons, or horse shoeing at the blacksmith shop, they could have it done in Lancaster. These wagon trains probably went as far as Pittsburg or even farther, loading and unloading as they went from town to town, delivering and picking up freight as they went on their route.

At that time there were toll gates along the main route. Every so many miles a toll keeper would watch for the travelers that went by. A set charge was made according to how many horses were hitched or if the Conestoga Wagon was loaded or empty. Both the toll gate employees and the drivers of the freight wagons were more or less the type of person who did not like to be pushed around, so occasionaly a fist fight was held to prove who won the argument.

By 1818 the city of Lancaster had many prospects of becoming a big city. Streets were layed out and many business places were opened, among them Demuths Tobacco Store, Heinitsh Apothecary store, Steinman Hardware, Hagars opened in 1821, later came the harness makers, tailors, jewelers, furniture stores, gun shops, farm machinery. Banks were needed to accommodate the many business places that came to this fast growing city. Lancaster was still the largest inland city in Pennsylvania. It did not have a bank until 1803.

For years Lancaster County was noted for it's wheat farming and had a good market along the east coast for flour. A number of flour mills were built along the streams. During the winter hauling flour to the cities along the Atlantic Coast was the main freight for the Conestoga Wagons. They made their way in any kind of weather, rain, sleet and snow, as well as cold days when temperatures went below zero. Occasionally these wagon travelers were stranded for a few days at the taverns because of snow storms.

Wherever there are groups of people living together it is necessary to have laws of order enforced. Even though this town was only young it was necessary to have a police force, to arrrest and find any law violaters. To fine them was out of the question, simply because very few people had any money. The next best way was to punish them at the whipping post. The Colonial laws were harsh, and criminal lawbreakers were punished physically by receiving as many lashes on their bare backs as the crime warranted while being tied to the whipping post. The whipping post was outlawed soon after the Revolutionary War.

Lancaster was the Capitol of Pennsylvania from October 1777 until 1778 when Wasington's army was stationed at Valley Forge. The Capitol was then moved to Harrisburg. Lancaster was established as a city in 1818 with 8000 people. Lancaster was also a national Capital for one day in 1777. Thomas Cookson, one of the early settlers, became chief Burgess. Today we would call him a lawyer. Among the first laws made for the city was restrictions preventing business being done on Sunday. No riding or horse racing in town, no playing ball at the Court House or riding horses on the sidewalks. No pigs were allowed to run loose on East King Street, and no firing guns on the streets.

The Lancaster Courts became popular in the Colonial days. Court cases were often brought here from Philadelphia, Berks and Chester County. The law breakers got very harsh treatment. It was announced over the area whenever a court trial came up, and sometimes as many as a thousand people came to witness the event.

After Lancaster became a city many changes took place. A police force was established to enforce the laws and to patrol the dark streets. Street lights were considered a necessity, and were set up on each street corner. The night watchman carried a lantern while on duty, used to track down any suspicious activities during the night hours.

The eighteenth century brought in many different denominations of immigrants from Germany, France, Switzerland, Ireland and England. Most of them came to America to escape the severe persectuion in Europe. They came for freedom of worship. It appeared that Lancaster County was an ideal spot for the early pioneers.

In 1739 the first court house was built in the center square of East and West King Street and North and South Queen Street. It was a log and brick constructed two story building. Many important business sessions were held in this court house, which had a life span of only forty-five years. In 1787 it was completely destroyed by fire, due to an accident. In 1784 a new court house was built on the same location where it remained until 1854. By 1800 Penn Square was noted for many business places and stores. It had a gun smith shop, Hotel, Tavern, Dry good and tailor stores, City Hall and the Market House. In 1803 the first bank was built. In 1799 the Intelligencer news paper was first printed.

By 1812 this young nation was again at War with Great Britain. After a two year battle the treaty of peace was signed at the Red Lion Tavern in Lancaster in 1814. At this time Lancaster was still the largest inland city in the United States. As the city kept on progressing more attention was given to improving the streets and sidewalks. Board walks were replaced by brick, there are still a few sidewalks made with bricks that were laid down over a century ago. In 1823 a law was passed by the city ordinance that all sidewalks must be made of bricks. We can well imagine that after a heavy rain or a spring thaw these sidewalks were almost impossible to be waded through due to the mud. This would also hold true for the streets. The first streets were paved with shale, a mixture of stone and clay.

In 1837 there were only private schools in the city of Lancaster. They were taught in the English and German language. The schools in the Colonial days were difficult to organize because the early immigrants were from a number of different countries in Europe where different religious teaching were practiced. Therefore different opinions were formed about how the children should be taught in schools, as well as what language to teach.

Most of the office holders were of the English speaking people. When a vote was taken as to whether our standard language should be German or English, the English had the majority of votes. Therefore our public schools were to teach the English language. However, German could also be taught in schools. This made bitter feelings among German speaking people living on farms or in the country, who were mostly Germans, so as to adjust themselves to the English dialect. The older country schools were slow in changing to the English language. To this day there are areas in Lancaster County where the older folks still use the German dialect, besides the Old Order Amish.

From 1840 until the Civil War there was a period when business rapidly expanded. Wheat growing was the number one crop for farmers. There was a good market for flour in the large cities along the east coast. Tobacco farming was also a good cash crop for foreign trade. Ships that came in to the harbors from foreign countries loaded up with tobacco for their return trip. Until 1840 transportation was still mostly by canal or Conestoga wagon. Railroads were looked upon as playthings, and the cars were still pulled by horses. As progress increased it was necessary to build better roads and bridges. For some of the most traveled roads, such as Kings Highway and Old Philadelphia Pike, efforts were made to put down stone bottoms. Stone quarries were opened by taking the top soil off and working down to solid rock. The stone was broken up with sledge hammers, then hauled on a flat bed wagon with a four horse team, sometimes a distance of two to six miles, then unloaded for a crew to pound the stone to an even road bed. By the time the driver came back to the quarry for another load, that crew had broken up enough stone to fill the wagon again. This project was kept going day in and day out for months or years to build a good stone bottom road. The road bed was graded off with pick and shovel, all by hand labor. The first roads were usually built for single lane traffic with an occasional turn-off. If a wagon met another team coming from the opposite direction one of the two had to wait to let the other team pass. Sometimes this led to an argument as to which had the right-of-way. The teams and drivers were mostly of the farmers who donated their time to put down a good road bed. After the single lane was completed the second lane was put down later.

As late as 1794 there was no bridge across the Conestoga River, east of Lancaster. All wagon travel had to cross in the water. In the spring time when the waters were high it was dangerous to cross. At times of floods after thunder storms or melting spring snow it was impossible to cross for sometime. In 1794 a man by the name of Abram Witmer decided to build a bridge on his own expense. The first bridge was a wooden structure, but by 1800 it was decided to build a stone arch structure. This two lane bridge was an eye opener for contractors who wished to build arch bridges. It stood the test for well over a century. The writer well remembers of seeing and using this beautiful stone structured arch bridge.

In 1777 Henry Dering built a tavern along the bank of the Conestoga River, and also a ferry boat to ford the river at times of high water, or for people who were walking, he furnished a small boat to help people who wished to cross.

The stage coach carried passengers regularly from Philadelphia to Lancaster, Carlisle, and Chambersburg to Harrisburg, for a fare of three dollars, stopping at taverns for meals, to feed and rest their horses, or change horses or stay for the night. In the peak of stage coach travel there were sixty-two taverns along Kings Highway from Philadelphia to Harrisburg. The White Horse Inn in Salisbury Township was one of the most important stops.

In 1820 there was stiff competition between wagon travel or canal boat travel. An attempt was made to connect the Conestoga to the Susquehanna River by canal. The canal was supposed to be built on East King Street going through the heart of the town. Six locks were required to bring the water level to float the canal boats properly. This adventure was to bring sea port advantages to Lancaster. But this canal never materialized. At the same time railroad travel was also being experienced, and it was competitive with both wagon and canal boat travel. The first railroad that came to Lancaster from Philadelphia, in 1834, made the trip pulled by horses. It was only a short time until a steam engine was designed for train travel. Then the trip from Lancaster to Philadelphia was made in eight hours pulling two coaches. This was a record beyond wagon or canal travel.

Most of the bridges built at this early age were of wood and stone. A wooden structure would not last long without being preserved from the weather. To solve that problem a shingle roof was included in the structure. These bridges were built with a low arch that reached from on side of the stream to the other. For this type of bridge it was not necessary to have extra pillors in the stream if the stream was not more than 50 or 60 feet wide. There are still a few bridges of this type being preserved in good condition in Lancaster County.

A bridge of this type was built across the Susquehanna River at Columbia and Wrightsville. It was considered the longest wooden arch bridge in the world. It is believed that this is the bridge that Shem Esh's widow, Mattie Esh, crossed when she came to Lancaster County from Buffalo Valley in Union County in 1848. She drove two horses hitched to a heavy wagon loaded with household goods, horse feed, and food for themselves, Mattie and three girls, on a 150 mile trip. Her only son Daniel was helping to drive a herd of 7 or 8 cows with the help of two other boys.

This is the bridge that was burnt down in 1863 to prevent the rebel troops from crossing the Susquehanna River into Lancaster County when the battle of Gettysburg was fought during the civil war.

A story goes that a farmer living close by a river sent his hired boy with a two horse wagon team to deliver a load of hay to the other side of the river. A covered bridge was built to span the wide river. When the boy came to the bridge he noticed that the other end only had a small opening, it seemed barely enough room for a person to walk through, let alone drive through with a team of horses and a wagon. The boy turned around and went back, telling his boss about his experience, that he would not attempt to drive on the bridge with such a small opening at the other end, and no room to run around. The farmer tried to explain that the far end of the bridge was just as wide as this end. But the boy did not believe him and told him that if he wanted the hay delivered he should do it himself, and that he would find out how narrow the other end of the bridge was.

In 1863 the Confederate Army invaded Pennsylvania. General Lee's idea was to march to Philadelphia, crossing the wooden structured bridge at Columbia and Wrightsville . But to prevent them coming to Lancaster County the bridge was burnt down, which turned the tide of war to Gettysburg. This battle was the turning point of the war.

In 1986, a small group, including the writer, passed through some of the southern states. We visitied three museums, and each one had a large story about their most popular citizen, Jefferson Davis, who was elected president of the southern states. But not a word was seen about Abraham Lincoln.

Back in the nineteenth century a number of iron industries were started, manufacturing different kinds of steel. Lancaster County was no exception. It was found during research that an iron foundry was in operation in the late 1700s across the street from where the Revere Tavern is located. In the study of Grace Fisher DuePree it was found that Jacob Fisher who moved with his parents, Peter Fisher, from Leacock Township to North Carolina about 1802, had operated an Iron Foundry in North Carolina. It is presumed that the Fisher family got the idea of making iron products while still living in Lancaster County.

In the early 1900s a horseless carriage, the automobile, came into the picture. Again people made odd remarks about the plaything. Horses were afraid of the fast moving cars. It was not only the looks of the cars that scared the horse but also the noise that they made. In early days if a horseless carriage met with a team the man would stop and come out from his carriage to tie his horse to a fence post, or hold him by the head until the flivver had passed. Once a few neighbors were visiting by the roadside . When a car came by at a speed of 20 or 25 miles an hour, the one man said to the other that he believes the time will come that cars can travel 50 miles an hour. The other man said he could not believe it, because a person could not get his breath going 50 miles an hour. These and many other incidents came to pass in the last century.

After steam power became more popular, more and better engines were built and the railroads took over the long distance travel system. Both the canal boat and wagon freight became past history. Railroad companies sprang up all over the country. People came to the conclusion that never will there be any method that will surpass the railroad service. it did hold the title for over a century.

After the main railroad was built from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, short branch railroads were built to small towns and places that were open to business, such as stone quarries, lumber and coal yards, feed dealers, mills, and milk companies.

Not only was grading and building the track a major job to keep the train running, but also to build cars of different design. Coaches were designed to take passengers to their destination equipped for dining and sleeping. Cars were designed for hauling grain and feed, others for coal and stone, others are flat beds to haul logs and sawed lumber, and tank cars to haul oil, etc. The same held true for different size and designs of engines. The first railroad from Philadelphia to Harrisburg was built with only two tracks, but later two more were added. The last two were built through the city of Lancaster, making it convenient for passengers and mail. The train depot was on Chestnut Street. The writer still remembers of seeing the trains coming in to pick up passengers, and the steam engine blowing off steam, and the shrill sound of the whistle to let the people know when it was ready to start, puffing it's way to the next city or town to pick up more passengers.

A strange industry came to Lancaster County in the 19th century, and for a number of years it was a going business. It was feeding silkworms, already before the Revolutionary War some women started to raise silkworms. The silkworm feeds on mulberry leaves. To start the business agents came around selling saplings of mulberry sprouts. A Columbia farmer bought 30,000 trees. Advertising was being done to sell the silkworms or silkworm eggs. The worms would make cocoons and hang them on the branches of trees, feeding off the leaves while doing this. Then the worms would change into butterflies and lay eggs in the cocoons. This cocoon is made up of thousands of yards of fine threads. This thread is reeled off and fancy stockings, handkerchiefs, and other valuable items are manufactured from this light weight strand. For a number of years it was a going business. A company for making silk products was established on Charlotte and Chestnut Streets in Lancaster. They sent a man to France to secure more information about the business. This involved planting the right kind of trees, how to take care of the worms, when to gather the cocoons, reeling off the thread, etc. Lancaster County Silk Growers Society was orgainzed in 1839. This booming business had a life span of about 50 years, when it was discovered that China could produce silk products much cheaper. There are still some mulberry trees around to remind us that they were imported for a reason. They are now classed as trees of little value. Birds have a keen appetite for ripe mulberries, and they ripen about the same time as our domestic sour cherries. Therefore, when the birds feed off the mulberries they help to preserve our sour cherry crop.

In 1730 valuable mineral deposits were found near Gap, a small town about twelve miles east of Lancaster. A mine was opened and became known as the Gap Copper Mine. In 1852, eighty years later, a new source of mineral was found. In the discarded soil from which copper was taken, they found a very good grade of nickle. Then the company changed its name to Gap Nickle Mines. The area still holds the name. By the time of the Civil War, Nickle Mine became very prosperous, for more then a hundred men found employment in this mining project. For some time it was the only mine producing nickle in the United States. But later rich deposits of nickle were discovered in Canada, which led to abandoning this project.

After the Civil War iron ore was also found in the old

Nickle Mines. The underground mine had filled up with water, when pumping out the water they found a deposit of mineral had formed on their equipment. From that zinc and iron ore was discovered. Water continously filled up the mines, and the high expences of keeping it pumped out and the frequent repairs with steam engines, and the labor expences caused the company to die out.

The Old Philadelphia Pike, about twelve miles east of Lancaster, was crossed by a road leading north and south. After a few houses and taverns were built at this crossing in 1757 it was named Cross Keys. It held this name until more homes and a hotel, Liberty Stables, and a race course were included in this intersection. There was a station of this sort at White Horse, and also one at Bird-in-hand, about six miles apart. This made it inconvenient for the heavy wagon traffic. If a wagoner traveling east still had enough daylight at White Horse to travel three miles, but could not make six miles, he would stop at White Horse Stables and hotel, losing a few miles of traveling time. Then a Liberty stable and race course were included in the Cross Keys area. When the lots were laid out for a good sized town, and a Post Office was built, it was named Intercourse, because it was in the center of the other two race courses.

Another important trading center and sales auction was started about 1760, along what is today Rt. 23, again at a cross road, at Blue Ball in eastern Lancaster Co. Here horse trading was done. Selling them to some immigrant going west out of Philadelphia, stopped and probably bought a horse or twc to continue his travel. Here at Blue Ball was a place where many travelers stayed for a night's lodging. Back in the days of the Revolutionary War, British money became worthless. People would barter or trade whatever they had. For example, a farmer depended on wheat to trade for hardware or whatever was needed for his family. Imagine a man throwing a bushel of wheat on his shoulder to go to a store to buy an ax or saw, or to a blacksmith shop to buy nails to build a house, or go to Blue Ball to buy a horse or cow, trading wheat for a cow.

Back in the Colonial days a farmer who had a hundred bushel of wheat was considered a rich man. Quite often he would keep his grain bin under lock and key, the same as peole of today would keep their safe depoist box under locks. The only landmark left of Blue Ball is the Hotel. In the early twentieth century a fire swept through the cattle yards and they were never rebuilt.

Lumbering was an active business in Lancaster Co. during the first half of the twentieth century. At the time that northern counties were clearing land, heavy lumber that was not used for building purposes was floated down the Susquehanna River in large rafts to sawmills in western Lancaster Co. This was cheap transportation. Some of these logs floated as far as three hundred miles to their place of destination. Wrightsville and Columbia built large sawmills and depended on the logs that floated down the river.

New Holland was also an ideal place for the German and Swiss immigrants to settle. The name was brought over from Holland. The name of the town was established by a small group of Lutherens who built a church along an Indian trail which is today Rt. 23 at the time of the Revolution.

Groffdale was named by a Swiss immigrant who purchased a large amount of land south of Rt. 23. His name was Hans Groff. A large grist mill was built along the stream, which was given the English name of Groffs Mill.

Reamstown was very popular for making of wooden water pumps. The pump stock or pipe was made by drilling a hole with hand drill through the center of a pole. These poles were then fitted together to the desired length according to the depth of the hand dug well. A leather flap was used to hold the water until another stroke was made by the handle.

In Lancaster the first trolley cars were pulled by horses. A main route for serving the people with transportation was on North Queen Street to the train station before a passenger depot and tracts were laid out on Chestnut St. In 1890 the trolley cars were switched to electric motor cars. Then in the early 1900s trolley lines were built out in the country to serve transportation in surrounding areas, making Penns square the main station in the city.

During the days of the Civil War, Lancaster Co. as well as the city, was an ideal place for run-away slaves to find shelter from their slave owners. This was called the underground railroad. Pennsylvania was on the north side of the boundary line to the slave states, and it was nothing unusual if a group of slaves came by at night, seeking shelter from their owners. In some corner of a barn or shed, sometimes staying a few days, getting their food from a a farmer, then move on farther north. If their slave owners found them, the black people were severely punished, as well as the owner of the farm for giving them shelter. This very often caused a fight to see who would win or be the loser.

On Feb. 22, 1861, Abraham Lincoln stopped the train to make a speech at Hotel Brunswick to the Lancaster citizens. On April 21, 1865, the funeral train passed through bearing the body of the assassinated President on the way to Philadelphia. Many people came out to see the black draped train and mourned over his death. He was then taken to Springfield for burial.

By Gideon L. Fisher

TRUTH

May the life that we live be devoted
To Him as we walk every day;
Fulfilled completely with truth and obedience,
Or else we will simply betray

Both our Lord and the fact that our service,
Means nothing in what we portray;
And we'll fail to possess our profession
Of truth in a sorrowful way.

Thad and CHARLIE

By Lewis B. Miller

A contuation of Chapter 15—from last month

Honey Hunting in the Cross Timbers.

Now the two listened again. "They're coming closer, pa, the ones on his side! I'm just beginning to hear their horses' hoofs! We'd better hide somewhere while we can!"'

Now Mr. Dayberry and Thad, after shaking Charley Dick awake, caught up their guns and the man his shoes—they had been sleeping in their clothes— and they all hurried around to the north side of the straw stack. Here they dropped down on the loose straw, in the black shadow, and with their heads under the edge of the overhanging stack.

"But, pa, our clothes are dark and this straw is light. They're sharp-eyed boogers, those Comanches are. They might be able to see us here, even in the shadow. That is, if they ride by just outside the fence there.'

"That's so; they might. We could ha' stopped at the east side of the stack. They couldn't see us there.''

"Not unless they climbed over the fence. But they may do that. They did it before—twice before—when Charley Dick and I were here by ourselves. Didn't they, Charley Dick?''

"I'd say they did! No tellin' what them red varmints is goin' to do!''

"Well, then, maybe we'd better crawl under the straw,'' the man suggested. And that was what the did, covering all but their faces. At this time of night they needed something over them for warmth. When all were covered, they kept very quite and listened again. Now they could distinctly make out the noise of hoofs. And the hoof beats were drawing nearer.

A little while later the red horsemen emerged into view. They were riding along the top of the ridge, but close enough to its eastern slope to see down into the valley. On discovering the molasses-making outfit they stopped. But they sat on their horses, gazing down at the cane mill and the furnace.

It is barely possible that some of those Indians had been in the war party that had visited the cane mill, and whose chief had got his hand mashed between the rollers. More probably, though, this was a different party, and they were gazing at the cane mill for the first time.

For a few minutes the warriors sat quietly on their horses. The white people counted seven of them. Finally the horsemen rode on. But after riding fifty yards or so they halted again. Possibly they had noticed smoke issuing from the furnace chimney. At any rate, they all came riding back. They stopped on the hill, about where they had stopped before. Then two of their number dismounted. Leaving their horses with the other Indians, the two came down the hill, climbed over the fence and approached the sorghum mill.

The straw stack was only fifty or sixty yards away, and the white people lying there in its shadow could see the redmen distinctly in the moonlight. All three lay with their heads against the straw stack, watching the redskins' every movement.

After walking around the mill, the Indians passed on to the furnace. There first one and the other stopped, stooped and gazed into its mouth. Moving on, they examined the pots. The pots were hot, and one of the Indians must have burned his fingers on them, for he was seen to jerk his hand away. Then they passed on.

Coming to the molasses barrel, they paused to examine it. Apparently they took out the stopper; but the barrel was not full, and they did not discover its sweet contents. Several others things they examined, with evident curiosity. But after a quarter of an hour spent here, they returned to the other Indians and mounted their horses, and all rode away together. They soon disappeared.

Now the little party at the straw stack dared to do more than whisper. But an hour passed before any of them cared to sleep.

Next morning the three, instead of eating their breakfast here, set off for the fort, even before daylight. On arriving there, they promplty reported the presence of Indians in the country. But the state troops had ridden away the morning before; and so many other men were out of the fort, for scouting or other purposes, that no pursuit of the red raiders was attempted.

So the Dayberry family and the Wilkinses went back to their molasses making. All were a little more watchful than they had been. Day after day they kept at work, till every cane patch in this part of the country had been worked up. Now, besides the molasses for the making—and of the barrel he had already taken home, he and Mr. Wilkins hauled a barrel apiece to the fort and unloaded them into their smokehouses.

Scarcely was their molasses making ended when the two men received orders to ride away with the scouts. They remained out the usual ten days. One morning, a day or two after his return to the fort, Thad's father remarked:

"I'm wonderin' if we couldn't rustle up a little honey to sop our biscuits and pancakes in. Soghum molasses does well enough part of the time. But a body gits tired of 'em; and then honey tastes mighty good, for a change.''

"The bee trees we hunted up last spring ought to be prettly well filled by now,'' Thad suggested.

And Mrs. Daybery said: "Yes, we'd all like some honey. And the sooner you get your bee trees cut the less chance there'll be that somebody will happen by and cut them for you.''

"Oh, they're all marked, ma, them trees is,'' her husband answered. "Tain't noways likely anybody will up and bother 'em. No honest person will. That's certain and shore.''

"I know, Silas. But everybody's not honest—not by a long shot. You know that as well as I do. And anybody that's mean enough could go there, chop down your bee trees and rob 'em clean, and you nor anybody else would ever be a whit the wiser.''

"That could happen, of course, ma,'' But we'll try to beat the honey thieves to them partic'lar trees."

"Bee trees are not so easy to find, Ma," Thad told her. "Took pa and Charley Dick and me all of two days to locate the ones we did locate. That was a good while ago, too. We may have trouble finding some of 'em again.'' "That we may!'' his father agreed. "If we hadn't blazed some trees at the edge of the woods, to give us the direction, we'd be dead shore to have scads of trouble findin' them that's back in the timber a piece.''

"When shall we go, pa?''

"Sooner the better, I'm thinkin'. We don't want to wait till after frost to rob them bee trees. If we did, the bees would stand a good chance of starvin' to death before the blossoms puts out ag'in. That is, if we didn't leaves some honey in the trees. But now it don't matter. They'll have time to lay up some more honey before frost bites the blossoms. Tomorr' might be as good a time as any for us to attend our honey business.''

"Hadn't we better ask Mr. Wilkins to go with us, pa?''

"Why, yes; reackon we might as well. They stuck tight to us through wheat trompin' and molasses b'ilin'. Only fair that we ask 'em to go with us honey huntin'.''

"And I must ask Charley Dick Sheegog, too. He helped us to find the trees; and of course he ought to be with us when we rob the bees.''

"To be shore—to be shore, Thad. Charley Dick can help us rob the bees, and can have a sheer of the honey.''

The whole matter was arranged during the day; and Mrs. Dayberry and Mrs. Wilkins decided that they and their children would accompany the honey hunters.

When the ox wagon drive out of the fort next morning, the two men sat on the plank seat in the front end, with guns betwen their knees, and their wives in rawhide-bottomed chairs just behind. Marzee and the two boys, as well as the other children, sat on straw farther back. In the very hind end were some buckets and tubs to hold the honey, and two axes to cut into the bee trees with.

On coming to the Cross Timbers, the wagon stopped at the edge of the prairie. Out jumped the two boys. After searching up and down for a few minutes, they found a blazed tree. That was not a bee tree, but a tree they had blazed to enable them to find one of the bee trees. Another blazed tree gave them their course, and they hurried away through the woods. A few minutes later a triumphant shout meant that they found what they were hunting for.

Now the wagon drove on into the forest, which in most places, here at the edge, was open enough for it to be driven anywhere. Finally it was stopped in sight of the bee tree, but at a prudent distance away. Angry wild bees were not to be trifled with. At once the whole party got out and approached the honey tree.

It proved to be a good-sized post oak. There was a natural hole in the trunk not far above the ground; and at this hole bees were flying in and out. The X which discoverers had cut at the time finding it was still on its trunk.

After the whole party had inspected the oak to their satisfaction, the women and children returned to the wagon, and the men and boys made ready to cut into the tree and rob the bees.

The common way was to chop the tree down, take all the honey, and let the bees shift for themselves. But Mr. Dayberry said:

"Most of these here folks on the frontier acts for all the world like they never expected to need another bite to eat after today, or at the longest after this years. A body would jest natchelly s'pose they every one 'lowed to be put a end to by redskins before next corn-plantin' time. Mighty short-sighted of 'em, I say. For my part, I wisht we could put these here bees in a gum and save 'em. We would if I's shore it could be done. But they're fighters, and dreadful hard to do anything with, these wild bees. Chances air a body'd have no end of trouble keepin' 'em in a gum. Maybe they wouldn't stay at all. So I'm thinkin' we'd better jest tap the trees, take out as much honey as the bees can well spare, and then mosey off and let tree and bees alone.''

"That's my idea,'' Mr. Wilkins agreed. "If we treat the bees half-way right, ten to one they'll have some more honey stored up here for us come this time next year. But here goes to see how high up that hollers reaches.'' With the back of his axe he began to tap the trunk, listening to the sound that the wood gave out. And scarcely had the tapping and jarring begun when the bees were heard bestirring themselves.

First a dull, uncertain sound, half buzzing and half roaring, came from the hollow. Then followed a more distinct buzzing at the hole, as the angry bees flew out to drive away whoever or whatever was troubling them.

Very promptly the honey hunters retreated to a safe distance. Now Mr. Dayberry sent Thad to the wagon for some cotton rags. After the rags had been wrapped tightly around the end of a stick, and set afire by means of Thad's flintlock, Mr. Dayberry approached the bee tree again.

By this time the bees had ceased their buzzing. Holding his smudge almost against the hole, the man stopped and proceeded to blow smoke into the hollow.

Again the bees set up their angry buzzing. But this time the smoke kept them from flying out. The buzzing continued; but after much blowing of smoke into the cavity, the bees became stupefied, and only a dull roaring issued from their fluttering wings.

Now, while Mr. Dayberry remained at the hole and used his smudge, Mr. Wilkins again began to sound the tree with his axe. The hollow was found to stop at a point about nine feet above the ground.

"Honey's apt to be in the upper end,'' the man with the smudge remarked. "So the best place to chop your hole is about two feet below the top of the holler, I'd say.''

"I'm guessin' that ain't fur from right,'' the man with the axe answered. "But 'tain't goin' to be so everlastin' easy to chop a hole away up there.''

"If you jest had sumpn to stand on,'' suggested Charley Dick.

"How about the wagon?'' questioned Thad.

And Mr. Wilkins answered: "Wagon would be jest the thing if we had it up here. But if we druv the oxens clost, and a bee happened to light on 'em, sharp end first, the' might be a runaway and a tearup."

"Pa, the bees are not flying out now. Why couldn't I drive the wagon up against the tree, and then take Spot and Jerry out till we get through?"

"Guess maybe that'll be safe, Thad. None too certain, though. I've got these in here stupefied with smoke; but the's bound to be some out suckin' blossoms. One of 'em's likely to come home and start a rumpus around here any minute. But we might try it."

"All right! We'll manage the thing. Come on, Charley Dick!"

The two boys went and soon returned. They stopped the wagon a few yards back, and took the oxen loose from the tongue. After driving the animals several yards away, they upstopped Spot's bell and turned them loose, with the yoke on, to graze. Now the boys and Mr. Wilkins ran the wagon up by hand till it was almost against the tree.

At once Mr. Wilkins sprang up into the wagon, axe in hand, and was soon chopping a hole into the hollow trunk. Mr. Dayberry was still at the bees' entering place, blowing smoke into the cavity from his smudge.

"Thad, some more rags in the wagon there. You'd better tie a few on a stick and set 'em afire. We'll want another smoke when we git another hole chopped in this woods bee gum."

"All right, pa. We'll have smoke aplenty when smoke's needed."

The wood was only a shell, and the chopper soon had an opening through it.

"I've busted through at the right place all right! Here, Thad, reach me up your hot rags. Bees hain't had smoke enough. They seem a little too lively."

Thad complied, and then he and Charley Dick climbed up into the wagon. Mr. Wilkins soon had the bees stupefied at the upper hole. Looking through the newly chopped opening, the boys say that the hollow was filled with honeycomb.

Now Thad took the smudge and kept smoking the bees, while the man used his axe to enlarge the opening. Then Charley Dick brought a bucket and a butcher knife, and Mr. Wilkins cut out a good-sized chunk of the honeycomb.

"It's well filled," he remarked, as he laid the piece in the bucket.

Honeycomb after honeycomb was cut out, till the first bucket was filled, and Charley Dick had to set it aside and get another one. It was while the second bucket was being filled that there came near being an accident.

A bee that had been away hunting for honey came back. Seeing enemies engaged in desecrating its home, it suddenly began darting here and there, buzzing angrily, in a high key. Charley Dick, being the only person away from the smoke, was the one to be attacked; and he almost dropped the bucket, which he was resting on a wheel. But he set the honey in the wagon and brushed the bee off at the same time. He rubbed the place, and was soon holding the bucket again. But in a few minutes the cheek that the bee had kissed was an inch thicker than the other one.

"Not so very many blossoms out on the prairie these days. So I'm guessin' we'd better leave this swarm honey enough to winter on," Mr. Wilkins remarked, when the second bucket was about full.

The others agreed with him; and after the hole had been closed by wedging a chunk into it, the party made ready to move on. The wagon was first rolled to a safe distance by hand. Then the oxen were brought back and put to the tongue, and the women and children climbed in. Everybody had been given a piece of honeycomb to eat. Now the wagon returned to the prairie, all the party riding but the two boys.

When out of the woods, the wagon followed along the edge of the prarie till another blazed tree was found. Then, when the boys started in the direction indicated by the blazes, the wagon followed them.

At length the second tree was rediscovered. At once the oxen were taken loose and allowed to graze off, the wagon, as before, being rolled up to the tree by hand. This time the opening had to be cut higher, and Mr. Wilkins found the chopping both awkward and slow. Before an opening had been made into the hollow, Mr. Dayberry said:

"Thad, jest listen to that bell! Them oxens of our'n has quit grazin' and gone to travelin'. They're headed straight for the thick woods, too. You'd better let Charley Dick hold your smoke while you run and drive 'em back. You'll have to go hop, skip and jump to overtake 'em. If the rascals don't quit runnin' off like that, with the yoke on, we'll let 'em stand tied to a tree."

Handing the smudge over, Thad sprang from the wagon and hurried away, following the bell. He was soon out of sight of the people at the bee tree. But the blows of Mr. Wilkin's axe could be distinctly heard, echoing and reechoing through the forest.

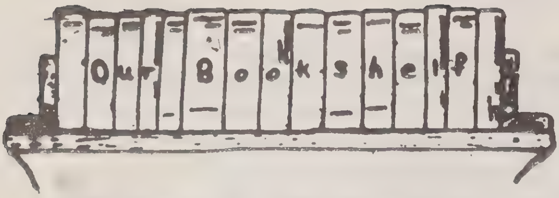
There were many bushes here, in places, as well as large timber; and several minutes passed before Thad was close enough to catch sight of the steadily moving work cattle. And scarcely had he seen them, a hundred yards away through the woods, when he stopped suddenly, in amazement and consternation. Now he understood why Spot and Jerry were moving away instead of grazing.

An Indian was driving them!

The redskin that was driving Spot and Jerry had not yet discovered Thad. But the dismayed boy kept his eyes on the nearly-naked figure. As soon as he could he dodged behind a tree. The Indian was on foot and had a stick in his hand; but the oxen were afraid of him, and would not let him approach close enough to use the stick.

What the red fellow intended to do with the oxen the boy could not even guess. The Comanches were constantly driving off the settlers' horses, and also their mules; but they had not been known to steal cattle.

To be continued



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He also published a few books, one, "The Three Zugs" which is very well done on the three Zug, Zook immigrant families.He also published some work on the Hochstetlers. He has recently informed me that he still has some books available. For more information write to his address.

"THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY"

Psalm 126:5

Though it seems that your prayers have been in vain,
Though your faith the world would destroy,
Though your heart should ache till it breaks in two,
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Though the mists of despair cloud the sky above,
Do you pray till His face appears?
In your heart do you know that you've touched the throne?
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Does your heart fill with doubt when alone you pray?
Does the world your soul annoy?
Lift your sights! Look beyond! God is standing near!
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy,
For God is on His throne;
Though you've prayed till it seems that your heart would break,
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy!

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The publication number is 043430

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS"

And when I thank Thee, Lord, teach me to say,
I thank Thee for the prayers Thou hast denied,
And for the pleasures Thou hast swept away
That would have left my soul unsatisfied.

I thank Thee that the path I chose was barred,
And that my staff was broken in my hand,
So I should take Thy way (though it be hard)
And learn to trust Thy strength at Thy command.

I thank Thee that Thy hand has guided me
Through dangers that I did not know to fear;
And brought me safely over life's strange sea
Through lesser storms, though greater storms were near.

I thank Thee who hast dashed the heady wine
Before it spoiled my taste for purer things;
That Thou hast mingled in this cup of mine
According to Thy wisdom, sufferings.

And when I thank Thee, Lord, teach me to say
For all I do not know and cannot see,
For disappointments, trials in my way,
My thanks, O Lord, to Thee.

Reports Of....

1987 OCTOBER 1987

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	1	2	3
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November..............................Ordinations
December.............Widow and Widower List

Months apply to the month as dated on front cover. Ordinations, baptisms and migrations will be entered any month they are sent in. Other Items will be held to these months. We will not accept or save senior lists, Widow lists, or telephone numbers on off months (except when such numbers expire.)

Diary Reporters Notice! The address of Diary Reports have changed now to **The Diary, PO Box 456, Lancaster PA 17603.** This includes all Births, Baptisms, Marriages, Obits, Community Notes etc. but **Diary Reports Only.** All other mail to The Diary or to Pequea Publishers keep the old address.

Notice! The "Return of Books Deal" has now come to an end. Too many books were returned that were beyond repair, some have been wet sometime, some have been played with by children or otherwise misused, some look like they were tramped on or abused. No Publisher would replace such books. It is true that some binding was not well done, but we have no way of telling how they were used. A paper bound book is not expected to stand abuses. We have consulted with book sales quarters and find that our books are well in line in price in their category. Ofcourse titles that have a 10,000 volume can naturely be bought cheaper.

The New Policy is...examine your book when you purchase it. If the binding is inferior we will replace it. After five days of purchase date it is your book.

BIRTHS

Conewango Valley

Byler David A. (Lizzie Miller), 10-20, a dau **Lizzie**
Miller Raymond U. (Fannie Yoder), 10-20, a son **David.**
Miller William E. (Frona Byler), 10-20, a son **Danny**
Wengerd Joe J. (Ada Miller) 10-20, a son **Atlee.**

Troutville Penna.

Miller Enos L. (Ada DuBois) , 10-12, a son **Able**
Hershberger Andy M. (Sally Ann) , 10-20, a son **Levi.**

LaRaysville Penna. - Mrs. Jacob Yoder

Mast Leroy L. (Lovina I. Yoder) Warren Center, 9-20, a dau **Susan Marie**
Mast David J. (Naomi A. Troyer) Warren Center, 10-7, twin sons **Mervin Jay and Ervin Jay.**
Mast Joni J. (Elizabeth C. Byler) Friendsville, 10-24, twins **Freeman and Frieda.**
Miller Rudy E. (Esther E. Girod) LeRaysville, 10-3, a dau **Esther.**
Yoder Ervin A. (Elma Mae Mast) Rome, 10-30, a dau **Sylvia Irene**

Smicksburg Penna.

Byler Yonie R. (Mary J..Miller), 8-28, a son **Allen.**
Keim Allen A. (Sara E. Miller), 10-18, a dau **Clara.**
Miller Andy A. (Barbara B. Detweiler), Oct. , a dau **Barbara.**
Miller Bill J. (Betty M. Yc [illegible], a dau **Elva.**
Miller Lester A. (Mattie E. Schlabach), 10-27, a dau **Sarah.**
Miller William A. (Clara M. Keim), 10-14, a dau **Sara.**
Schlabach Roman J. (Edna J. Miller), 9-14, a son **Roman.**
Shetler Andrew B. (Barbara C. Detweiler), 9-1, a dau **Irene.**
Troyer Crist M. (Sara A. Byler), 9-5, a dau **Ella.**

Spartansburg, Penn.

Byler Urie S. and Nancy (Byler) 9-24 a son **David**
Hostetler Eli M. and Mary (Miller) 10-16 a dau **Emma**
Miller John A. and Elma (Miller) 10-3 a dau **Laura**
Troyer Owen M. and Kathryn (Byler) 10-25 a son **Allen**

Southern Mercer County Penna.

Byler Eli J. (Sally E. Byler) #3 Volant, 10-18, a dau **Katie.**
Byler Eli R (Emma J. Byler) #2 N Wil 10-15, a dau **Lizzie.**
Byler John E. (Edna A. Mast) #3 New mWilmington, 10-20, a dau **Lizzie Ann.**
Byler Sam E (Sadie A. Byler) #2, N. W, 9-21, a son **Tobias.**
Byler Steve A (Lizzie B. Kurtz) #2 New Wil 10-14, a son Sammy.
Lee Manass (Fannie Kempf) #3 Volant, 9-24, a son **Dannie**
Yoder Dan B. (Iva Wengerd) #5 New Castle, 10-21, a son **Jonathon.**
Yoder Seth U. (Mary A. Yoder) #1 New Wilming., 10-11, a son **Urie.**

Montour Co Penna

Beiler Aaron (Bertha Fisher), #2, Watsontown, 10-15, a son **David.**

Nittany Valley Penna.

Fisher Eli (Miriam Zook) Mill Hall, 9-20, a son **Aaron.**
King Daniel (Susie Esh) Mill Hall, 10-7, a son **Levi.**
Stoltzfus Ben (Lizzie Esh) Bellefonte, 10-2, a dau **Susie.**

Dauphin County Penna.

Lapp Sam (Verna Smucker), #2, Millersburg,10-7, a son **Michael Steven.**

Lancaster County Penna.

Beiler Andrew (Naomi Beiler) New Holland, 10-20, a son.
Beiler Benjamin A. (Priscilla Beiler) Quarryville, Oct., a son **Alvin.**
Beiler David K. (Ruth King) Bird in Hand, 9-26, a son **Benuel**
Beiler John E. (Lydia Stoltzfus)Amos E. Leola, 10-22 a son.
Blank Amos G. (Rebecca Lapp) Oxford, 10-8, a dau.
Blank Joseph E. (Susie King) Narvon, 10-21, a dau **Ruth.**
Byler Jonas (Sarah Ebersol) New Holland, 10-9, a son **Eli.**
Ebersol Christian R. (Sylvia Petersheim) Christiana, 10-8, a son **Amos.**
Esch Samuel K. (Barbara Stoltzfus) New Holland, 10-10, a dau **Priscilla.**

Esh Levi (Anna Mae Ebersol) Ephrata, 9-12, a son **Benuel E.**

Fisher Aaron S. (Eva Miller) Christiana, 10-23, a son.

Fisher Amos E. (Verna Stoltzfus) Willow Street, 10-12, a dau **Kathryn S.**

Fisher Amos M. (Anna Mary Stoltzfus) Strasburg, 10-26, a dau **Marie S.**

Fisher Amos S. (Emma Stoltzfus) Gordonville, 10-30, a dau.

Fisher David (Rebecca Kauffman) Paradise, 10-8, a dau.

Fisher Emanuel (Lydiann King) Gordonville, 10-25, a son.

Fisher Henry F. Jr. (Sarah Stoltzfus) Pequea, 10-24, a son **Jacob**

Fisher Jacob E. (Rachel Stoltzfoos) Christiana, 10-5, a dau.

Fisher Samuel S. (Sarah King) Christiana, 10-7, a dau **Rachel.**

Glick Aaron, Jr. (Barbara Blank) Bird in Hand, 10-14, a son **Samuel.**

Glick Benjamin S. (Lizzie King) Witmer, 10-26, a son.

King Abner F. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Ronks, 10-11, a dau.

King Benjamin B. (Rebecca Zook) Quarryville, 10-22, a son.

King Benuel H. (Sylvia Fisher) Lancaster, 10-28, a son **Ivan.**

King Christ S. (Anna Stoltzfus) Leola, 10-20, a dau **Anna.**

King Christ S. (Sadie Lapp) Kirkwood, 10-24, a son.

King Isaac L. (Leah Esh) Ronks, 10-6, a dau

King John S. (Rebecca Fisher) Quarryville, 10-21, a son

King Melvin (Esther Zook) Gap, 10-7, a dau **Miriam.**

King Stephen S. (Anna Mae Smoker) Leola, 10-20, a son **Daniel.**

Lantz Amos Jr. (Linda King) Leola, 10-26, a dau.

Lantz Aquilla (Sylvia B. King) Lititz, 9-27, a son **Melvin.**

Lantz David S. (Sarah Stoltzfus) Bird in Hand, 8-11, a dau **Fannie.**

Lantz Jonathan (Sarah Beiler) Gordonville, 10-4, a son.

Lapp Daniel E. Jr. (Sadie Glick) Quarryville, 10-22, a dau.

Lapp Isaac F. (Sadie Stoltzfus) Ronks, 10-28, a dau.

Smoker John M. (Lilian Smoker) Bird in Hand, 9-17, a son **Jason**

Smoker Levi K. Jr. (Barbara King) Quarryville, Oct. 4, a dau **Barbara Ruth.**

Smucker David F. (Mary Kauffman) Christiana, 10-15, a dau **Mary.**

Stoltzfoos Ammon K. (Lavina Stoltzfus) Oxford, 10-10, a son **Aaron.**

Stoltzfoos David (Mary Glick) Christiana, 10-24, a dau **Arie.**

Stoltzfus Amos (Barbara King) White Horse, 9-10, a son **Steven.**

Stoltzfus Benjamin K. (Rachel Stoltzfus) Oxford, a son.

Stoltzfus Christ G. (Fannie Glick) Cochranville, 10-28, a son.

Stoltzfus Daniel (Malinda King) Willow Street, 10-11, a son **Elam G.**

Stoltzfus Daniel K. (Rebecca Esh) Parkesburg, 10-5, a dau **Anna Mae.**

Stoltzfus Elmer K.(Ella Susan Stoltzfus) Ronks, 10-2, a son **Daniel Lee.**

Stoltzfus Henry (Katie Stoltzfus) Oxford, 10-16, a dau.

Stoltzfus Isaac S. (Anna Esh) Kinzers, 10-3, a dau.

Stoltzfus John B. (Nancy Stoltzfus) Gap, 10-1, a dau. **Thelma.**

Stoltzfus John F. (Lizzie Fisher) Nottingham, 10-19, a dau.

Stoltzfus John M. (Katie Stoltzfus) Lititz, 10-9, a son **Henry.**

Stoltzfus Levi S. (Susie Esh) Honey Brook, 10-1, a dau.

Stoltzfus Menno F. (Lydia Beiler), Lancaster,10-24, a son **Norman.**

Stoltzfus Paul S. (Fannie Beiler) Bird in Hand, 10-15, a son **Jonathan.**

Zook Amos M. (Rachel Stoltzfus) Quarryville, 10-10, a dau **Fannie S.**

Zook Benuel B. (Sarah Beiler) New Holland, 10-2, a dau **Fannie.**

Zook David (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Bethel, 10-14, a son **Elmer.**

Zook David G. (Sarah Lapp) Lititz, 10-13, a son **Ephraim L.**

Zook Gideon D. (Mary Ann Fisher) Gap, 10-3, a dau **Martha Joy.**

Zook Samuel S. (Sarah Zook) New Holland, 10-4, a dau **Esther.**

St. Mary's County Maryland

FisherIsaac S. (Barbara Hostetler) Mech. 10-24 a son **Rudy**

Stoltzfus Henry M. (Veronica King) Mech. 10-26 a dau **Katie**

Stoltzfus Samuel F. (Nancy Hertzler) Mech. 10-31 a dau **Annie**

SwareyElam S. (Elizabeth Hertzler) Char. Hall 10-2 a dau

Guthrie Kentucky

Byler Andy and Donna (Yoder) 10-27 a son **Kenneth Andrew**

Lambright Devon and Becky (Swarey) 10-21 a dau. **Mary Ann**

Schlabach Robert and Shirley (Yoder) 10-19 a son **Jason Ray**

Marion Kentucky

Beachy Dannie and Mary Ann (Miller) 10-27 a son **Herman**

Beachy Johnnie and Barbara (Miller) 10-19 a dau. **Lucy**

Mast Amos S. and Anna (Bontrager) 10-25 a son **Samuel**

Yoder Ira and Ella (Yoder) 10-20 a son **Jonas**

Junaita County Penna.

Peachy Moses A and (Malinda Wengerd) Mifflintown #2, 10-10, a dau **Katie M.**

Holmes and Wayne Counties Ohio

Bowman Reuben and Verna (Weaver) Orrville 9-27 a son **Steven**

Hershberger Dannie C. and Lovina E. (Gingerich) Apple Creek #2 10-18 a dau. **Mattie**

Mast Dan D. and Ella Kay (Hershberger) Orrville 10-2 a son **Mark**

Miller Abe and Lizzie Ann (Miller) #1 Dundee, 10-20, a son **Abe.**

Miller Amos and Esther (Troyer) Orrville 10-25 a dau. **Susie**

Miller Crist and Martha (Mullet) #1 Dundee Oct. a son **Dennis.**

Miller Henry and Emma (Miller) Apple Creek 9-5 a son Daniel

Miller Joe R. and Erma (Burkholder) #1 Dundee 10-3 a son **Allen**

Weaver Aden E. and Iva (Miller) Apple Creek 10-29 a dau. Ella

Yoder Joe W. and Neva (Yoder) Apple Creek 10-5 a son **Adam**

LaGrange County Indiana

Bontrager Richard H. and Erma (Hochstetler) #4 La Grange Oct 24 a dau. Sue **Anna**

Bontrager Devon Ray and Nettie (Slabach) #1 Topeka Sept 28 a son **Glen Dean**

Eash John H. (Katie Kaufman), a son **Kevin.**

Eash Melvin (Laura Hochstedler) Shipshewana, a son **Jason.**

Frey Floyd Ray and Wilma Jean (Miller) #2 Topeka Oct. 4 a son **Loran Jay**

Hershberger Glen (Vera Mast) #3, a dau **Verna.**

Hochstedler Omer (Ida Carolyn Miller) #2 Topeka, 10-10, a son **Sheldon.**

Kurtz Vernon J (Dorothy Jean Miller) #2 Topeka, 10-12 a son **LaVon Dean.**

Lambright Leland (Mary Ann Miller), a dau **Rachel.**

Lambright Glenn and Ruth A. (Bontrager) #4 Sept 27 a dau **Marilyn G.**

Mast Stanley (Irene Lambright), 10-15, a dau **Joanna.**

Miller Delbert Elsie Marie (Lehman) #4 La Grange,10-13 a dau Eva **Arlene**

Miller Eli P and Mary Etta (Miller) La Granc #1 Oct 4 a dau **Erma Sue**

Miller Ernest and Linda (Mullet) #3 Oct 9 a son **Lonnie**

Miller Ervin Dean (Darla Mae), a son **Delbert Wayne.**

Miller Ervin Lee and Karen Elaine (Schlabach) #1 Topeka Sept 27 a dau. **Edna Fern**

Miller Freeman N. (Leanna Nisley) #3 Shipshewana, a son **Danny Ray.**

Miller Freeman S. and Erma E (Miller) #1 La Grange, Sept. 25 a son **Arlen**

Miller Glen F. (Carolyn Sue), a son **John Allen.**

Miller Vernon Jay (Martha Miller), 10-14.

Miller, Omer (Naomah Miller), a dau **Betty Jo.**

Mishler Ervin A. and Sara Etta (Lambright) #1 Topeka Sept. 27 a son **Dewayne**

Schrock Mervin (Ella Bontrager), 10-14, a son **Alvin.**

Schrock William (Louella Hostetler), a son **Ezra.**

Slabach Kenneth and Ruby Ann (Miller) #3 Ship Oct 24 a son **Karl Dean**

Troyer Gerald (Marlene Raber), 10-21, a son **Dennis Wayne.**

Yoder Aden (Esther Miller), 10-16, a dau **Lydia.**

Yoder Dannie (Vera Lambright), a dau **Sara Jo.**

Yoder Eli (Mary Esther Mast), a dau **Effie Maria.**

Yoder Ervin Jr. (Luella Yoder Lehman) a son **Ervin Leroy.**
Yoder Freeman L. and Lydia Sue (Lambright) #3 Howe Oct. 25 a son **Stephen**
Yoder Gerald (Darla Miller), a son **Kenneth Lee.**
Yoder Harvey J.and Rachel M. (Schwartz) #4 La Grange, Sept. 22 a son**Jason Lynn**
Yoder Joe and Vera (Schrock) a son **Kevin Jay**
Yoder Joe W. (Carolyn Miller), a dau **Fannie Irene.**
Yoder Melvin (Vera Yoder), a son **Monroe J.**
Yoder Merle (Clara Schmucker), a son **Merle Jr.**
Yoder Wilmer (Elsie Petersheim), a son **Kevin Joe.**
Yutzy Elroy (Anita Yoder), a son **Norman Eugene.**

Daviess County India

Graber Francis Jr. and Rosanna (Knepp) Oct 20 a dau **Lisa Marlene**
Graber Lloyd and Sylvia (Wagler) Oct 22 a dau **Hannah Marlene**
Graber Marvin and Carolyn (Marner) Sept. 28 a son **Marvin Jr.**
Graber Melvin and Leah (Graber) Oct 2 a son **Stanley**
Knepp Alvin and Margie (Knepp) Sept. 30 a dau. **Karon Rose**
Knepp John Elmer and Betty Jean (Yoder) Oct 5 a dau **Joanna Ruth**
Knepp Wilbur and Mary Catherine (Graber) Oct. 7 a son **Myron David**
Stoll David Dale and Anna Mae (Raber) Oct 12 a dau **Diane**
Stoll Joe and Sarah Catherine (Knepp) Oct 26 a dau **Sarah**
Swartzentruber David and Betty Jean (Knepp) Oct 18 a dau **Lydia Mae**
Wagler Elmer and Ruth Ann (Knepp) Oct. 7 a dau **Leah Rose**
Wagler Leroy Keturah (Wagler) Sept. 30 a son **Norman Jay**
Wagler Simon and Marilyn (Swartzentruber) Oct 24 a dau **Mary Sue**
Yoder David Ray and Rachel Sue (Knepp) Sept. 29 a dau. **Jennifer**

Arthur Area Illinois

Farmwald David (Irene Schrock), Sept., a son **Ryan.**
Jess Willard (Mary Schrock), 10-19, a dau **Ruth.**
Mast Joe (Delores Yoder), 9-28, a dau **Mary Sue.**
Miller Ervin (Susie Yoder), 10-22, a dau **Amanda Sue.**
Miller Howard (Betty Otto), 10-11a dau **Cheryl Beth.**
Miller Richard (Mary Jane Gingerich), 10-12, a dau **Barbara Sue.**
Otto Milt (Edna Fern Schrock), 10-23, a dau **Marnita.**
Schrock Larry (Delores Hersch), 10-27, a son **Merlin ay**

LaPlata Missouri

Bontragers Vernon (Elsie Kauffman), 10-11, a dau **Sarah Ellen.**

Jamesport Missouri

Beechy Joe L (Dora Mae Detweiler), 10-27, a dau **Lorene.**
Kurtz John J. (Emma Detweiler), 10-3, a dau **Amanda.**
Miller Levi Jr. (Rosa Keim), 10-12, a dau **Anna.**

Seymour Missouri

Schwartz Sam J.K. (Maggie E. Schwartz), 10-3, a dau **Annie.**

Bloomfield Iowa

Gingerich Nelson (Mary Esther Gingerich), 10-11, a dau **Velma.**

Johnson County Iowa

Miller Marvin C. (Freda Miller), 10-12, a son **Samuel.**

Buchanan County Iowa

Helmuth Rudy and Lydia (Gingerich) Oct 7 a son Wilbur
Kauffman Eli and Fannie (Miller) Oct 6 a son Bennie
Raber Roman and Emma (Hershberger) Oct. 15 a dau. Ruth
Schwartz Henry and Miriam (Mast) Oct a son Henry Jr.
Yoder Chester and Katie (Kurtz) Oct a dau Barbara Ann

Revere Missouri

Hochstetler Noah P (Mary Bontreger), 10-27, a dau.
Miller Perry L (Emma Yutzy) Clinton, 9-8, a son **John.**

Wilton Wis.

Kauffman Neil (Esther Shrock), 10-10, a son **Chester.**

Quincy Mich.

Steury Lester (Clara Miller), 10-9, a son **Arthur.**

Harmony, Minn.

Hershberger John and Carolina (Hershberger) 10-13 a dau **Emma**
Stutzman Emery and Anna (Hershberger) 10-22 a dau. **Fannie**

Haven, Kans.

Miller William Jay and Mary (Miller) 10-30 a dau **Lisa Deann**

Evansville, Wis.

Miller Howard Glen and Catherine (Mast) 10-13 a dau **Melissa Marie**
Plank Kenneth A. and Mary Ann (Schwartz) 10-5 a son **Justin**
Plank William A. and Elizabeth (Gingerich) 9-30 a son **Merle**

Amherst Wisconsin

Borntrager Freddie (Fannie Borntrager), 10-3, a dau **Mattie.**
Borntrager Noah (Mary Schrock), 10-5, a son **Elmer.**
Yoder David (Lizzie Mae Borntrager), 10-9, a son **Abraham.**

Mt. Elgin

Kauffman Ab (Malinda Swarey), 9-23, a dau **Mattie.**

BAPTISMS

Bradford County Penna

LeRaysville, Oct 4, by Jonas Yoder

Harvey, son of Ira and Christena Yoder
Mose, son of Levi and Cassie Miller
Anna, Daughter of Levi and Cassie Miller
Elma Mae, daughter of Leroy and Irene Mast

Watsontown, Pennsylvania

by Ervin Nissley

Danny, son of Ervin Nissley
Aaron Jr., son of Aaron Stutzman
Tobin, son of Ervin Nissley
Eddie, son of Joe Stutzman
Vera, daughter of Daniel Miller

Dauphin County, Penna.

by Sam Lapp, September 20, 1987

Mike, son of David and Anna Fisher
Chester, son of Christ and Amanda Stoltzfus
David, son of David and Sylvia Esch
Barbiann, daughter of Stephen and Rachel Stoltzfus
Sadie, daughter of Aaron and Rebecca Speicher
Rachel, daughter of Christ and Amanda Stoltzfus
Barbie Ann, daughter of David and Anna Fisher

Lancaster County, Pennsylvania

Hatville District, by Stephen E. Stolzfus, September 20, 1987

Samuel Jr., son of Samuel and Naomi Stoltzfus
John David, son of Aaron and Lena Esh
Rachel Ann , daughter of Samuel and Annie Stoltzfus
Barbie S., daughter of David L. and Annie Esh
Anna Mae, daughter of Steven and Arie Stoltzfus
Sarah, daughter of David L. and Annie Esh
Katie Ann, daughter of Daniel and Fannie King
Naomi Ann, daughter of Aaron and Lena Esh

E. Witmer Dist. by Amos Stoltzfus, September 20, 1987

Paul Lapp
Melvin Lapp
Allen King
Stephen Stoltzfus
Mervin King
Sylvia Glick
Henry King

North Union Dist., by Benjamin K. Fisher

Jacob, son of Jacob and Mary Glick
Samuel, son of Benjamin and Rachel Fisher

Aaron, son of Jonathan and Mattie Fisher
Hannah, daughter of John and Hannah Esh
Mima., daugher of Levi and Arie Kinsinger
Mary, daughter of Jacob and Mary Glick
Ruth, daughter of Joe and Mary Stoltzfus
Savilla, daughter of Samuel and Katie Beiler
Katie, daughter of Jesse and Sylvia Stoltzfus
Anna, daughter of John and Lydia Zook
Rachel, daughter of Jonas and Lydia Fisher
South Union Dist., by Benjamin K. Fisher
Kore, son of Bennie and Annie Stoltzfus
Isaac, son of Jonas and Susie Stoltzfus
Christ, son of Jacob and Arie Fisher
Sammie, son of Bennie and Annie Stoltzfus
Sam, son of John and Fannie Stoltzfus
John, son of Jonas and Susie Stoltzfus
Barbara, daugher of John and Fannie Stoltzfus
Lomie, daughter of Amos and Rachel Stoltzfus
Malinda, daughter of Henry and Katie Beiler
Emma, daughter of Jacob and Emma Stoltzfus
East Nine Points Dist., by Jonas S. Lapp, October 25, 1987
David, son of Jacob S. and Nancy M. Stoltzfus
Cattail District
John & Mary Children of David S. and Annie (Stoltzfus) King
Reuben & Lydia Children of Benj. L. and Katie (stoltzfus) King

Holmes and Wayne Co., Ohio

by Abe D. Yoder, East Dist., Oct. 4, 1987
Menno, son of Daniel J. and Fannie Swartzentruber
Ammon, son of John L. and Katie D. Stutzman
Amanda, daughter of Dannie J. and Sarah Swartzentruber
Berlin, N.E. Dist., August 30, 1987, by Raymond Weaver
Daniel, son of Roy E. and Amanda Wengerd
David, son of Eli M. and Verna Hochstetter
Timon, son of Pete S. and Anna Miller

Daviess County, Indiana

Sept. 27, 1987, Northwest Dist., by Levi Graber
Glenda, daughter of Arthur and Fannie Margaret (Raber) Wagler
Regina, daughter of Nicholas and Martha (Wagler) Stoll
Mary Catherine≤ daughter of John and Anna (Wagler) Yoder
October 4 1987, Northeast Dist., by Joe L. Graber
Ammon, son of Elizabeth (Graber) Weaver and the late John Weaver
Ira, son of John and Lydia (Wagler) Graber
Josephine≤ daughter of Enos and Viola (Graber) Wagler
Oct. 18, 1987, Middle East Dist., by Amos A. Graber
Ervin, son of Menno and Fannie (Knepp) Raber
Delbert, son of Pete Jr. and Sylvia (Stoll) Walger
Dannie Ray, son of Alva and Katie (Kemp) Yoder
David Lee, son of John Henry and Ida Mae (Wagler) Kemp
Larry, son of Louis and Verda (Graber) Graber
Wallace, son of Levi Jr. and Lydia (Graber) Wagler
Samuel, son of Enos and Mary (Wagler) Graber
Lorene, daughter of Ezra and Sarah (Raber) Lengacher
Oct. 18, 1987, Middle South Dist., by Ben E. Wagler
Leon, son of Jerome and Naomi (Wagler) Raber
Lavern, son øf Herbert and Geneva (Wittmer) Raber
Owen, son of Leroy and Mary (Stoll) Knepp
Martha, daughter of Noan and Anna Marie (Knepp) Wagler
Rosina, daughter of Herman and Pauline (Knepp) Wagler
Linda, daughter of Leroy and Rosa (Knepp) Stoll
Bertha, daughter of Joe and Rosemary (Wagler) Raber
Oct. 24, 1987, Southwest Dist., by Ben E. Wagler
Lavern, son of Harold and Pauline (Wagler) Wittmer
Anna Barbara, daughter of David and Anna (Graber) Wagler
Regina, daughter of Ervin and Lillie (Wagler) Knepp

Jamesport, Missouri

August 23, 1987, John Kramer Dist., by Wilbur Yoder
Merlin, son of John and Betty Kramer
Eli Jay, son of Enos (deceased) and Sarah Bontrager
Henry, son of Menno and Lucy Mast
Esther, daughter of Abe (deceased) and Anna Kramer
Rosa, daughter of Joe and Viola Mast
Ada, daughter of Jonas and Wilma Mast
August 30, 1987, Wilbur Yoder. Dist., by Amøs U. Miller of Ind.
Ivan Ray, son of John Jr. and Lizzie Miller
Samuel, son of Levi Jr. and Clara (deceased) Miller
Sept≥ 13, 1987, Eli Troyer Dist.
David, son of Neal and Emma Kauffman
Carl, son of Floyd and Sarah Miller
William, son of Toby and Amanda Detweiler
October 4, 1987, Tobias Detweiler Dist.
Sarah, daughter of Melvin and Sarah Graber
Dora Mae, daughter of Elmer and Mary Beechy
Malinda, daughter of Tobie and Cora Ropp
Ruth Ann, daughter of Eli and Sarah Mast

Bloomfield, Iowa

October 18, 1987, by Henry Hochstedler
Dannie, son of Vernon and Martha (Coblentz) Troyer
Amanda, daughter of John and Elmina Yoder
Lydia Ann, daughter of Vernøn and Martha (Coblentz) Troyer
Ella, daughter of Henry D. and Anna (Yoder) Yoder

Evansville, Wisconsin

October 4, 1987, by Bish. Adin C. Miller
Lucinda≤ daughtger of Daniel G. and Leah (Brandenberger) Schwartz
October 11, 1987, by Bish. Adin C. Miller
Vernon, son of Lester and Fannie (Borntrager) Detweiler
Ervin Henry, son of Adin C. and Barbara Ann (Bender) Miller

Harmony, Minn.
October 4, 1987, by Bish. Jacob Hershberger
Eli, son of Andy Yoders
Dan, son of Mrs. Lena Hershberger
Atlee≤ son of Jacob J. Hershberger
Perry, son of Eli Glick
Lizzie, daughter of Andrew Slabaughs
Elizabeth, daughter of Menno P. Yoder

Buchanan County, Iowa
October 18, 1987, by Clara S. Nissley
Ray, son of Joe and Elizabeth Gingerich
Ivan≤ son of Henry and Esther Mast
Joe, son of Mrs. Uriah Mattie Schwartz
Rudy, son of Mrs. Uriah Mattie Schwartz
Martha, daughter of Bishop Eli Mary Raber
Perry, son of Ora and Ida Miller
Allen, son of Joe and Anna Borntrager
Fannie, daughtger øf Pre.Levi and Lizziean Nissley
Mary≤ daughter øf Pre. Neil and Viola Lambright

Amherst, Wisconsin
Sept. 27, 1987, by Bish. Eddie Stutzman
Melvin L. Yoder, son of Levi and Sadie Yoder
Samuel M. Schrock, son of Mose and Anna Mary Sc°rock
Eli L. Borntrager, son of Levi and Ella Borntrager
October 4, 1987, by Bish. Harvey Stutzman
Perry, son of Joe and Lydia Miller (both deceased)
Cletus, son of Henry and Martha Schwartz
Toby, son of Sam R. and Saide Borntrager
Lydia, daughter of Ara and Fannie Mullet
Esther, daughter of Toby and Mary Borntrager
Anna, daughter of Sam and Mary Miller
Martha, daughter øf Sam and Rebecca Schrock
Mary, daughter of Perry and Barbara Schrock
Fannie, daughter of Emmon and Edna Schmucker

MARRIAGES

Conewango Valley, N.Y.

Miller-Cablentz Levi, son of Enos J. and Emma Miller to Elizabeth, dau. of Mrs. Amanda Coblentz on October 29, by Bishop Noah B. Detweiler

LeRaysville, Pa.

Miller-Gingerich John, son of Ervin and Katie Miller, Woodhull, N.Y. to Kathy, dau., of Ray and Kathyrn Gingerich, Wyalusing, Pa. by Ervin R. Miller on Oct 8

Southern Mercer Co. Penna

Yoder-Byler Mose, son of Stephen B. and Clara (Byler) Yoder to Emma J. Dau. of Jonathan S. and Lydia (Hosletter) Byler on Oct 6, by Jake E. Byler

Byler-Hostetler Jonathan R., son of Rudy W. and Lizzie (Byler) Byler to Maragret, dau. of Menno E. and Dana (Byler) Hostetler on Oct. 8 by Jake E. Byler

Schlabach-Hostetler Raymond, son of Ervin Schlabach of Smicksburg, to Leah, dau. of Chris and Saloma Hostetler on Oct. 29

Juniata Co. Penna

Kanagy-Renno Levi, son of Sam R. and Ada M. Kanagy to Naomi, Dau., of Pr. Abram S. and Malinda Renno on October 20 by Bishop Sammy K. Fisher

Swary-Kanagy David M. son of Pre. David R. and Fannie Swarey to Driscilla, dau., of Levi R. and Lisbeth Kanagy on Oct. 29 by Bishop Tobias Petersheim

Daviess County, Indiana

Yode-Knepp Melvin, son of Ezra and Anna(Wagler) Yoder to Sharon, Dau., of Elmer and Viola (Stoll) Knepp on Sept. 27 by Ben E. Wagler

Graber-Wagler Howard, son of Fred and Lillie (Stoll) Graber to Donna, dau., of Melvin and Ida Mae (Stoll) Wagler of Oct. 1 by Amos A. Graber

Grabe-Raber Daniel Jay, son of Harvey and Leah (Wagler) Graber to Fannie Mae dau., of Herbert and Geneva (Wittmer) Raber on Oct 15 by Ben E. Wagler

Eicher-Wagler Loren, son of Marvin and Fannie (Wagler) Eicher to Barbara dau., of Enos and Rosanna (Stoll) Wagler on Oct. 18 by Joe L. Graber

Haven-Kanas

Borntrager,Beachy Harry A. son of Amos P. and Sara (Schrock) Borntrager to Barbara, dau., of Alvin S. and Katie(Helmuth) Beachy on Oct. 15 by Bishop John Mast

Yoder-Eash-David Lee son of David T. and Sylvia (Miller) Yoder to Carol, Dau., of Ervin P. and Alice (Yoder) Eash on Oct. 16 by Jonas P. Borntrager

Harmony, Mn.

Yoder-Yoder Jacob, son of Dan D. and Cevilla (Hershberger) Yoder to Fannie, dau., of Menno and Carolina(Hershberger) Yoder on Oct. 6

Buchanan Couty, Iowa

Raber-Miller Henry, son of Bishop Eli and Mary Raber to Susan, dau., of Ben and Linda Miller on Oct. 1

CLark, Co. Kahoha, Mo.

Yoder,Eicher David, son of Amos and Rebecca (Borntrager) Yoder of Wilton Wisconsin to Wilma, Dau. of Paul and Lydia (Shrock) Eicher on Oct.22 by Bishop Willie Yoder of Augusta, Wisconsin

LaGrange Co. Ind.

Schrock-Gingerich Merle, son of Noah Schrock to Ruby, Dau. of Albert and Anna Gengerich were married to October 21 by David Nisley

Miller-Graber Lavern, son of Amos and Katie Miller to Velda dau. of Simon and Susie(Beachy) Graber were married on October 8 by Perry Whetstone

Yoder-Troyer Ervin, son of Joe and Ella(Bontrager) Yoder to Rachel, Dau., of John and Lydia Troyer on September 17 by Abe W. Bontrager

Bontrager-Miller Eugene Ray, son of Ira and Susan (Hochstedler) Bontrager to Rosanna, dau., of Elmer and Ida Mae(Yoder) Miller on Sept. 16 by Lavern Raber

Farmwald-Wagler Delbert, son of Harvey and Edna(Bontrager) Farmweld to Linda Wagler of Canada by Elmo Stall

Yoder-Yoder Elmer, son of Ervin W. and Anna

(Troyer) Yoder to Mary Etta, dau., of William and Amanda (Borntrager) Yoder were married on Sept. 24 by Edward Schmucker

Bontrager-Borntrager Orla, son of Ezra and Clara (Miller) Bontrager to Alice dau., of Daniel and Lizzie Ann (Otto) Bontrager on September 24 by Freeman E. Bontrager

Troyer-Kurtz Jacob, son of Joe and Mattie Troyer to Ella Mae, Dau., of late Cornealis and Elsie Keirtz on Sept. 22 by Jacob Pertersheim

Hochstedler-Yoder Kenneth, son of Ivan and Polly Anna(Miller) Hochstedler to Kathryn, dau., of Wiliiam and Lovina Yoder on Sept. 23 by Ervin Lehman

Bontrager-Miller Vernon, son of William and Leltie (Eash) Bontrager to Lorene, dau., of Tobias and Esther(Hochstedler) Miller on Sept. 24 by Amzie Troyer

Eicher-Troyer Enos, son of Alva Eichers of Canada to Edna Mae Troyer Dau., of Orla and Edna Troyer on Sept. 25 by Calvin Lambright

Yoder-Yoder Allen, son of Abe and Wilma Yoder to Lou Anna dau., of Daniel and Mary Yoder on Sept. 29 by Alton Bontrager

Miller-Schlabach Devon, son of Ervin and Loretta Miller to a dau of Ervin S. and Fannie Schlabach were married Sept. 30 by Daniel Herschberger

Bontrager-Lehman Paul Devon, son of Lester and Edna Bontrager to Leetta, dau., of Floyd and Martha Lehman on Sept. 30 by Ervin D. Hochstedler

Hochstedler-Yoder-Manass, son of Clarence and Ada (Miller) Hochstedler to Wilma, dau., of Ervin and Anna Yoder on Oct. 1 by Delbert Mast

Beechy-Yoder Christy, son of Ira and Ruby (Miller) dec. Beechy to Loretta, dau., of Perry Jay and Amanda Yoder on Sept. 30 by Perry A. Bontrager of Wisconsin

Nisley-Mullet John, son of Bishop LeRoy and Mary Ellen Nisley to Wanda, Dau., of Enos and LeAnna Mullet on Oct. 1 by his father

Whetstone-Hochstedler Mervin Jay, son of Bishop Perry and Mary Esther Whetsonte to Laura, dau., of Eli and Fannie Mae Hochstedler on Oct. 1 by his father

Miller-Yutzy Mervin, son of LeRoy and Mary (Slabach) Miller to Kathryn, dau., of Perry Yretzy on Oct.1 by Freeman R. Yretzy

Bontrager-Miller Daniel, son of Ezra and Clara Miller to Ruth, dau., of Perry and Alice Miller on Oct. 8 by Freeman E. Borntrager (his brother)

Yoder-Raber Harley, son of Harry and Sue Ann Yoder to Inez, dau., of Levi and Betty (Bontrager) Raber were married on Oct. 21 by Noah J. Miller

Yoder-Yoder Orley, son of William Henry and Esther (Miller) Yoder to Dianna, dau., of Alton and Iva Fry Yoder were married by Joseph Yoder, his Grandfather

Bloomfield, Iowa

Yoder-Troyer Ernest, son of Min. John and Elmina Yoder to Verna, Dau., of Min. Andy and Emma Troyer on Oct. 1 by Bishop Eli Troyer of Jamesport, Mo.

Miller-Miller Christ, son Joe J.C. and Mattie (Troyer) Miller to Miriam, dau., of Mike J. and Katie (Hershberger) on Oct. 29 by Bishop John J. Miller

Iowa City, Iowa

Yoder-Coblentz Daniel, son of David yoder from Milton Iowa to Vera, dau., of Joe and Susie(Schrock) Coblentz on Oct 15 by Vernon Yoder

Jamesport Missouri

Bontrager-Beechy Eli Jay, son of Enos (dec.) and Sarah Bontrager to Dora Mae, dau. of Elmer L. and Mary Beechy on October 15, by Tobias J. Detweiler

Cashton, Wisconsin

Yoder-Gingerich Chris(Aden) Yoder and Amelia (Edwin) Gingerich were married by Bishop Atlee Miller on Oct. 1

Arthur Area, Illinois

Yoder-Schrock Wilmer Yoder of Noah to Rosemary Schrock of Lewis on Sept. 30

Yoder-Schlach Gerald Yoder of Howards to Doris Ann Schlabach of Willards on Oct 22

Schrock-Yoder Kenneth Lynn Schrock of Alvins to Anita Yoder dau. of Sylvan Yoder on October 21

Mt. Elgin. Ont. Canada

Kauffman-Hershberger Levi, son of John and Katie Kauffman to Verna, dau. of Levi and Lydia Ann Hershberger on Sept. 10 by John L. Miller

ORDINATIONS

Ft. Plains NY.

On the 25th we had our communion services and ordained a deacon, out of 3, John J Byler, Dave W Byler and Roman A Miller, the lot went to John J. Byler, son of Jake and Lydia Byler of Lawrence Co Pa, John's wife, Martha, is the daughter of Bishop Gideon J. Byler, also of Lawrence **Conewango Valley, New York**

John N. Raber, 42, son of Noah C. and Mary Raber, was ordained Bishop on Oct. 1. Married to Katie, dau. of Mose E. and Emma Yoder.

Lancaster County, Pennsylvania

Oct 12,Omar S. Kauffman, 34, son of Daniel P. and Barbara (Stolztfus) Kauffman of Cambridge Rd., was ordained Minister on Oct 12. His wife is Annie,dau of Dea. John E. And Mary (Petersheim Esh. Others in the lot were Ben, Levi and Henry Kauffman, John and Benjamin Kauffman, Jacob Stoltzfus, Samuel Zook, Daniel Stoltzfus and Aaron Fisher.

Oct 12, Isaac B. Huyard, 30, son of Elam F. and Sarah (deceased) Bowell Hauyard, was ordained Minister on Oct. 13. His wife is Sylvia, dau of Bishop John and Anna Mary (Esch) Beiler. Others in the lot were Samuel, Jacob and David Jr. Zook, Amos Lapp, Aaron Lapp Simeon Zook and Gid Lapp

Oct 14, Moses G. Rheil, 43, son of Benjamin B. and Barbara Glick Rhiel of Prascot was ordained Minister Oct. 14th. His wife Sylvia, dau of Pre. Stevie and

Lydia (Smucker) Esh. Others in the lot were Abner Fisher, Jonas Esh, Amos Esh, Samuel Esh, John Fisher, Leroy King, Emanuel Esh.

Oct 16, Christ S. Blank,31, son of David K. and Malinda Blank of Hortsman Station Rd. was ordained Minister in Nottingham Dist. on Oct. 16. His wife Sadie, dau of Eli P. and Fannie (Blank) Esh. Others in the lot were David Blank, Emanuel B. Stoltzfus, Aaron King, Jonathan Esh.

Oct 17, Melvin J. Stoltzfus, 43, son of Eli B. and Lovina E. Stoltzfus of Snake Hill Rd., Bird-in-Hand, was ordained Minister in Northwest Litiz . His wife Barbara, dau of Bishop Amos S. and Barbara (Stoltzfus) Lapp. Others in the lot were Sam Lapp, Sam Fisher, David King.

Christ K. Miller age 51, son of John (deceased) and Leah (King) Miller of Stively Rd., Strasburg, Pa, was ordained Bishop in Southwest Beaver Creek on Oct. 17. His wife Anna Mary, dau of John M. and Fannie* (Stoltzfus) Glick.

Others in the lot were Daniel Fisher.

Saint Mary's County, Maryland

Gideon,44, son of Rebecca and the late Benjammin Stoltzfus, was ordained Bishop in Northeast or New Market District on Oct. 15. His wife, Hannah is dau. of Mose and Mary Hostetler (both deceased). With him in the lot was Ben Hertzler.

Levi Stoltzfus, 33, son of Benuel and Fannie Stoltzfus, was ordained Deacon in the Ryceville District on Oct. 16. His wife is Katie, dau. of Levi and Annie Swarey. They married a year ago. With him in the lot were Henry Byler, Isaac Hostetler, Ben Zook, John and Chris Kurtz, Sammie U. Stoltzfus and Reuben Yoder.

Smicksburg, Pennsylvania

Ervin U. Byler, 59, married to Maryann J. Byler, was ordained Bishop on Oct. 18. Address: R.D.1 Smicksburg, Pa 16256

Spartansburg, Pennsylvania

Martin D. Miller, 38, son of Dan J. and Lydia Miller, was ordained Minister on Oct. 17 in the Centervill East District. His wife is Esther, dau. of Jonas R. and Anna Byler.

Bill D. Miller, 36, son Dan J. and Lydia Miller, was ordained Minister on Oct. 25 in the Centerville West District. His wife is Agnes, dau. of Jonas R. and Anna Byler

David A. Miller, 26, son of Freeman U. and Fannie Miller, was ordained Minister of Oct. 17 in the britton Run West District. His wife is Susan, dau. of Dan M. and Amanda Keim.

Albert A. Kuhns, 28, son of Albert T. and Lizzie Kuhns, was ordain Deacon on Oct 25th in the Spartansburg North West District. His wife is Alma, dau. of David U. and Saloma Miller.

Holmes County, Ohio

Mose A. Miller, 27, son of Bishop Andy M. and Amanda Miller was ordained Bishop in Mt. Eaton South-west Dist. Sept. 26. His wife is Betty, dau. of Raymond and Mary Miller.

Ivan Coblentz, 40, son of Bishop Noah Coblentz, was ordained Bishop in Ashery East Dis. Oct. 4. His wife is Esther, dau. of John A. and SarahAnn Miller. They have a family.

Jamesport, Missouri

Fred Gingerich, 35, son of Fred and Frieda (Yoder) Gingerich (dau. of Jonas H. and MaryAnn Yoder), was ordained minister in Wilbur Yoder District on Oct. 24.

Vernon J. Troyer, 50, son of Jonas (deceased) and Katie Troyer, was ordained Bishop in East Simon Hostetler District on Oct 25. His wife, Mary, is a dau. of Dan Hershberger of Stuarts Draft, Va.

Clare, Minnesota

Roy R. Borntrager, 27, son of Reuben (deceased) and Mary (Miller) Bontrager, was ordained Minister Oct. 25. His wife is Cora, dau. of Marvin and Wilma (Herrschberger) Mullett of Clare MI. They have three children.

Southeast district on Oct. 30, a minister was ordained. The lot fell on Eddie Schrock, 26. He is the son of Sam and Rebecca (Yoder) Schrock, his wife is Fannie Mae, dau. of Sam and Mary (Herschberger) Miller. They have one child.

Come Work In The Vineyard

Come work in the vineyard, there's plenty to do;
Come work, our dear Master is calling you.
Come work in His vineyard, help in it's upkeep;
Come one and all, as He feeds His sheep.

Come worship and honor and love our dear Lord;
Come feasting and reading the most blessed Word.
Have faith and hope as you walk in the way;
Don't wait till tomorrow, Oh come today!

Come kneel before Him, He heareth our prayers;
He helps us and loves us and Oh how He cares!
He's ours if we live and walk in His ways;
He is our fortress, our rock and our stay.

Come work in the vineyard, the joy shall be yours;

OBITUARIES

Beiler Katie S. 1 mo, Noble Rd., Kirkwood died Sunday Oct 4.

She had been ill since birth. She was the daughter of Jacob and Katie (Stoltzfus) Beiler. Besides her parents she is survived by 2 sisters; Sadie, Rachel, and Annie: 4 brothers; Levi, David, Christ, and Bennie all at home. Maternal grandparents: David and Sadie Stoltzfus of Nottingham, a paternal grandmother Rachel F. Beiler, Kirkwood and maternal great-grandparents Kore and Annie Stoltzfus of Ronks. One sister preceeded her in death 3 years ago.

Beiler Hannah F. 70, of 51 S. Belmont Rd. Paradise

Died at the residence of her daughter on Monday 11-19 at 7:30 A.M. She was under the care of a physician. Born in Leacock Township she was a daughter of the late Levi U. and Katie (Fisher) Stoltzfus, and the wife of the late John S. Beiler who died in Dec. of 1984. She was a member of the Old Order Amish Church. Surviving are 2 sons and 1 daughter Levi S., Amos J, and Sarah O. wife of David S. Stoltzfus all of Paradise PA. 12 grandchildren.

Three brothers Jonas S. Stoltzfus of Paradise PA., Levi F. Stoltzfus of New Holland PA., and Steven F. Stoltzfus of Gap PA. and 2 sisters, Sarah O. wife of Levi S. Fisher of Paradise PA., Leah F. Reihl of Bird-in-Hand, PA.

Funeral services were held at the home, on 10-21, by Enos King and Stephen J. Stoltzfuz Leib by Samuel King Interment in Beiler's Cemetary in Ronks Leib by Samuel Fisher Abshieb by Aaron Fisher.

Bontrager, Ezra J., 86, Rt.2, died at 2a.m. today in his home.

Born May 10, 1901, in Haven, Kan., he was married March 29, 1928, to Clara Miller. They moved to the area in 1940 and he was a farmer.

Surviving are Mrs. Bontrager; three daughters, Mrs. John (Sara) Beachy, Mifflinburg, Pa., Mary Bontrager and Mrs. William (Edna) Miller, both of Topeka; a son, Levi, Wolcottville; 16 grandchildren; three sisters, Mary J. Fry, Shipshewana, Mrs. Jake T. (Ida) Bontrager, Millersburg, and Mrs. David (Ola) Fry, Topeka; and three brothers, Harry, Topeka, Ora, LaGrange, and Ira, White Pigeon, Mich. A. son, Harry, and seven great-grandchildren; three sisters preceded him in death.

Friends may call after noon Wednesday at the family home. Services will be held at 9:30 a.m. Friday in the family home. Bishop David Nissley and the Rev. Jacob Schrock will officiate at the service. Burial will be in Haw Patch Cemetery.

Miller Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

Byler Mary Ellen, 5, Guthrie KY

died Sept 28, of head injuries after a fall at play. She was the daughter of William and Erma Byler. It was somewhat a mystery at first, but further examination by another doctor revealed a bruise on back and front of her head. They feel it swelled inward, also internal bleeding. She was found near a trailer with a metal hitch, which seems likely she fell, striking her head against it. She leaves to mourn her parents, three brothers and two sisters, all at home. Also grandparents William Byler Sr. and Katie Ann Coblentz. Great grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Adam Byler and Elizabeth Yoder.

Coblentz Noah J, 85, of Sugarcreek, Ohio.

Died October 23. Leaves his wife, formerly Lovina Yoder, 3 daughters and 4 sons. Died from a heart attack. He was ordained to the ministry in 1949 and bishop in 1960.

Fisher, Henry B., 85, of 136 Butter Road, Leola, formerly of Gordonville, died at his residence at 10 a.m. Saturday, Oct. 11, 1987, after a lengthy illness.

He was the husband of Mary B. King Fisher. Born in East Lampeter Township, he was the son of the late Benjamin H. and Katie Stoltzfus Fisher.

He had been employed by the former Leola Supply Co. as a saw operator. He was a member of the Old Order Amish Church.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by three daughters, Miriam K., wife of Menno S. Beiler, Jr., Loganton; Ida, wife of Amos Bawell, Jr., Leola, with whom he resided; and Ruth K., wife of Donald Trout, Paradise; a son, Ammon K.; 15 grandchildren; five brothers, Amos H., Paradise; Gideon B. and Ammon U., both of Myerstown; Benjamin T., Gordonville;l and Samuel E., Gap; and a sister, Emma, wife of Isaac S. Kauffman, Ronks.

Gingerich Eli J 62, of Arthur, Illinois.

Married to Fannie (Diener) August 26, 1948. Surviving are his wife and 14 children Leroy, Martha Ann (Mrs. Harley Miller) of Arthur, Ernest of Atwood, Katherine (Mrs. Marvin Miller) Windsor, Mo., Mary (Mrs. Marlin J. Miller) Milford, In., Lewis Arthur, Ill., Leona Tuscola (Mrs. Elva Joy Mast), David Arthur, Clarence Tuscola, Irma Arthur (Mrs. Kenneth Kahus), Arlene (Mrs. Eli Schrock) Sullivan, Ill., Jonathon William and Reuben at home.

Burial in Yoder Cemetary, Arthur Ill.

Herschberger Christina,, Mrs. John E., 81, Arthur, Ill.

Died October 22. Leaves husband, 2 girls and 4 boys. Jake, Levi and Jonas of Arthur , Il.and Melvin of Texas. Emily Bender of Kalona, Ia. and Mrs. John J. Hochstetler of Arthur, Il.

Hersberger Dan J. 69, of Spartansburg, PA.

Died October 21 after a lengthy struggle with cancer he was born 4-29-18. He operated a blacksmith, buggy and dry goods shop for a long time. He married Bertha (Yutzy) on 1-4-40. She died 8-31-82. Dan remarried to Barbara (Miller-Hostetler) on 1-13-83. He Leaves his wife, two sisters; Mrs. David (Anna) Yoder of Dover, Delaware. Mrs. Andy (Lovina) Zook of Myersdale, Penna. Six brothers; Emmanuel, of Guthrie, KY., Andy of Troutville, PA., Menno, of Conowango Valley, N.Y., Jacob and Jonas of Dover, Delaware., Henry of Smicksburg, P.A., and several nieces and nephews. Preceeding him in death was his first wife, one infant son, and one sister. Mahlon J Troyer and Andy J. Weaver held funeral services in the home and

Daniel Kurtz and Harvey W. Byler in the Mahlon Troyer home. He was buried in the Buells Corners Amish Cemetery. Pall bearers were: Mose M. Weaver, John H. Byler, Bill D. Miller and Simon D. Lee.

Huyard, Samuel E., age 18, sone of Levi M. and Mary (nee Miller) Huyard, New Holland, Pa. died early Sunday morning October 18, in the Trauma Center in the Lancaster General of severe head injuries and other broken bones suffered in an accident when hit by a car while crossing Rt 30 on foot, accompanied by a friend, Jonas Miller, Vintage. Apparently, Samuel failed to estimate the speed of the oncoming automobile and was thrown on his head in the highway. For a minute the couple stopped, then took leave not to be seen again, a hit-run accident.

Samuel was a member of the Old Order Amish Church and is survived by his Grandparents, the Christ B. Millers, Nickel Mines, a brother, Christ, Bartville and a sister Annie, wife of Omar Esh, Haiti Rd., Quarryville, Pa., also at home, David, Amos, Sarah and Elmer.

Funeral services were held at his home, service conducted by John K. King, Cumberland Co., Stephen Zook and Ephraim Miller, read a hymn. Internment in the Stoltzfus Cemetery on the John J. Lapp farm. There a hymn was read by David R. Zook and benediction by Amos S. Stoltzfus. The pallbearers were two cousins, Benuel Miller and Paul Huyard and two friends, Jonas Miller and Emanuel Fisher.

Miller, Anna, 8 day old dau. of Levi Jr. and Rosa (Keim) Miller died Oct. 20, 1987. She was born Oct. 12, 1987, weighing just 3 lb. and 8 oz. She is survived by her parents, one bro. Chris, 4 half brothers, Harvey, Jr., Joseph and Samuel, 2 half sisters, Mrs. Daniel (Sarah) Detweiler and Martha at home.

Wagler, Joseph J., 75, Loogootee, Indiana, died Sept. 29, at the Daviess County Hospital. He had been in failing health for sometime with heart and lung problems.

He was born March 11, 1912, to John and Lovina (Graber) Wagler. He married Rachel Wagler on Feb. 1, 1934 and she died Sept. 23, 1986.

Surviving are one daughter and one son, Mrs. Abe K. (Delilah) Graber and Ora Wagler, Loogootee, eight grandchildren and five great grandchildren, five brothers and three sisters, Harry, Ben, Levi, Arthur, Mrs. Homer (Mary) Knepp and Mrs. Enos (Susie) Knepp of this area, Alva Wagler, Milroy and Mrs. Uria (Martha) Miller, Middlefield, Ohio. One daughter and two brothers are deceased.

Funeral was on Fri., Oct. 2, at the Abe K. Graber residence, with burial in the Wagler Cemetery.

The casting down of our spirits in true humility is but like throwing a ball to the ground, which makes if rebound the higher toward heaven.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Notice to Reporters! We will no longer print **deaths** and **Ordinations** with Community Notes unless an ordination sheet or obituary is included—that is concerning the community where seperate notices should be written out. We realize it is taking a short cut in writing reports but how shall we get them in the index? We will not take undue time to single them out and write a seperate report, that is the duty of the reporter. The Diary was not designed for just today's thinking. It is formulated for the benefit of younger or oncoming generations. Such records are useful for personal research as well as for family history writers, directories etc. for time to come.

New Holland PA-Boy killed by hit-run

Huyard, Samuel E., age 18, son of Levi M. and Mary (Miller) Huyard, New Holland, Pa. died early Sunday morning October 18, in the Trauma Center in the Lancaster General of severe head injuries and other broken bones suffered in an accident when hit by a car while crossing Rt 30 on foot, accompanied by a friend, Jonas Miller, Vintage. Apparently, Samuel failed to estimate the speed of the oncoming automobile and was thrown on his head in the highway. For a minute the couple stopped, then took leave not to be seen again, a hit-run accident.

Guthrie Ky - Girl dies of head injuries at play

Mary Ellen Byler , 5, Guthrie KY
died Sept 28, of head injuries after a fall at play. She was the daughter of William and Erma Byler. It was somewhat a mystery at first, but further examination by another doctor revealed a bruise on back and front of her head. They feel it swelled inward, also internal bleeding. She was found near a trailer with a metal hitch, which seems likely she fell, striking her head against it.

Conewango Valley NY-Senior Bishop expires

Bishop Ben L. Shetler 96 yrs. old, died Oct. 16, 1987 at home. Born Feb. 14, 1891. He had fluid and heart trouble. Surviving are his second wife Mary (E. Miller) Shetler, 4 sons and 5 daus. Many grandchildren and great grandchildren. Was a large funeral! Also, a lot of great great grandchildren.

He was ordained at Apple Creek, Ohio in 1933 and bishop in1944.

Ethridge Tenn. - Bishop Expires

Bishop Abe Miller passed away suddenly on Thursday October 22nd due to an apparent heart attack He had a heart condition that had bothered him much in the past but in the last years had seemed to have it under control far enough that he was doing quite a bit of light work and also not so light work At the time of his death he had just got don dressing some lumber for a customer and had started loading it on the truck when he slumped over and life fled within a few minutes.

Fort Plains New York - Mrs.Levi B.Hostetler

On Oct 4th we woke up to a white wonderland It had snowed 2 inches in our area, east and south of us there was much more, breaking limbs off trees and damaging power lines Here the snow was all gone by evening.

Oct has had many days of the "Octobers bright blue weather", also quite a few frosty mornings, some rain.

Corn has been a good crop and silos are well filled.

ONe the 25th we had our communion services and ordained a deacon, out of 3, John J Byler, Dave W Byler and Roman A Miller, the lot went to John J. Byler, son of Jake and Lydia Byler of Lawrence Co Pa,

John's wife, Martha, is the daughter of Bishop Gideon J. Byler, also of Lawrence

John's address is St. Johnsville, R 1, New York, 13452

Newport New York - Sarah Renno

We had snow on Oct. 4, ground was lightly covered here, but in southern N.Y. they had a deep, wet snow, which clung to trees, breaking off a lot of branches, and in some places electricity was cut off for several days. We still had no frost then, so the leaves were brightly colored, and the flowers were still in bloom. A week later we had another light snow. On October 12 we had our first hard frost, and a few more the following mornings. But it warmed up again, and we enjoyed some of October's bright blue weather. We had some nice weather for husking corn. A few farmers aren't finished.

Oct. 19, Crist and Salome Renno had a fire in their house, which started around the stove pipe outside the wall, and spread in under the roof. No one was in the house at the time and neighbors first saw the smoke. We soon had almost everything carried out of the 1 story house and heard that it was really burning above the ceilings. We used several fire extinguishers to no avail and the men poured on water. Then the fire trucks came in time to save the main part of the house. The ceilings were all drenched with water and had to be replaced. The walls were made of panelling and so weren't damaged much. Men took off about 2/3 of the roof and tore down the charred rafters. The next day they put up new rafters and put up the same roof again. It started raining just as they were finished with the roof. They also installed an insulated chimney, put up new ceilings and moved back in that evening.

Corn is in, and people are doing fall plowing and disking Trees are mostly bare

Norfolk New York - Sue Wickey

We have a real nice fall, had 29 degrees on the 9th October and 28 degrees on the 12th, 30 degrees on the 22nd, and 24 degrees on the 26th, and 28 degrees on the 29th, that was to start the days out,, with quite a few drizzly days, also saw a few flurries in the air several days, but still have carrots, red beets, lettuce,, and garden cress out of the garden. And the green oats isn't frozen yet.

When that big snow come over the week end of the 4th, it was down soth from here.

Why doesn't the reporter from Dixon, Mo. report the Wedding ffor September?

Some people from around here have traveling fever.

Renesselaer Falls NY - M.E. Shetler

Weatherwise and otherwise was average for Oct. an anti - tobacco bill was turned down by the N Y legislature but another one is being drawn up It would prohibit the sale of chewing tobacco to any oone under 18 and no smoking in places of public congestion such as waiting rooms, meetings, and specifically mentions the grounds where religious services are conducted But don't panic yet there are two escape routes.

First the bill may be rejected and secondly since the Amish are an "outstanding" class of society they could request an exemption from such a drastic measure, perhaps on grounds of the first Amendment That would put an all new meaning to the phrase "shame on you" (Amish) last week a reporter went to Albany to dertermine if the officals are doing enough to earn their keep An aide met him at the entrance and struck him to the ground Its a wonder he survived as this aide was getting $80,000 per year. He resigned the next day and no charges were pressed which leaves him with a clean record and eligable for a decent pension I reckon he'll keep whether he earned it or not.

Clyde New York - Mrs, Noah S. Byler

October 2.- September started in nice and clear the 1st day. We had more dreab and rainy weather during the month, which made crop harvesting a little harder. Had to do it between showers whenever they could.

Temperatures ranging from a low of 42 degrees on September 4th to a high of 78 degrees on September 11th. Was mostly in the 60's all month.

Clymer New York - Lydiann Bricker

October was on the wet side too, with lots of cold wind. Flower beds were still nice till the 14th when we had our first hard killing frost The leaves fell fast after that And farmers had to give up trying to chop their corn One non-Amish family is husking theirs by hand We're getting our neighbors What we can If your not careful where you step you'll go down almsot to the knees Saw one farmer bale hay the 16th

Had everything the 21st Started out cloudy After they broke up it was sunny and quite warm Cooled off fast in the afternoon and snowed then rained The sun came out again, and we enjoyed one very bright and part of another rainbow Our barn goes east and west with a round roof They're most always arched over it, making a nice picture after dark we had thunder and lightening Had a surprise the next morning when we got up to a winter wonderland Snow on everything with the sun coming up.

Church District Dived

Our church was divided so we have 3 districts here now. The news of the month was a son born to Jonas and

Elklen Burkolder He has 7 sisters to greet him Was also the second boy for the settlement this year The other one was born in Jan and 13 girls. Amanda (Wally) Troyer had an appendix operatin Reuben (Jake) Miller got a nail in his eye right in the pupil lost part of his vision Robert Millers horse fell at a corner on the way home from church They could patch up and go on but Crist Hostetlers couldn't Theirs fell at the same place The horse kicked bad for a while and tipped the buggy on its top in a field Found the baby under it Was hurt a lttle and Mary Ann too. The buggy is almost totaled.

Conewango Valley NY - Noah N. Wengerd

We had rain off and on the first three days and again from the 6th to the 9th. Had a little snow the night of the 10th, 22nd and 29th. Nice from the 13th to the 16th. We had rain every week and also some beautiful days throughout the month. Coldest morning was 21 degrees. Corn husking is mostly done through here. Was a very good crop.

Mrs. Jacob N. Wengerd, Mary, 27 had a gallstone operation on Oct. 24th and was in the hospital for four days but is at home and gaining.

Levi N. Rabers had a scare a few weeks ago while husking corn, their dau. Mattie age 6 had gone on the wagon to turn the horses in a few rows. She got off at the front end of the wagon, then the horses took a few more steps driving right on her with the front wheel up to her chest. They backed off of her again, not knowing what else to do. She was blue in her face and her wind was all pressed out. They took her to the hospital where they kept her a few days to watch her. She was soon on the go with only her liver and lungs hurt a bit. The field was soft, which was lucky!

Levi, 9, son of David M. and Lydia (Wengerd) Hershberger, fell down from the hay mow on a piece of machinery and broke his cheek bone. He was taken to the hospital in serious condition. The bone was pushed up into the brain. They operated to get the bone out and put one in to protect the brain, which didn't work, so they operated the second time to take it out again and also part of the brain. He was in intensive care for almost a week. In the hospital not quite two weeks. Is at home now and up some. His mind might not be back 100% yet. Their address is R.1 Conawango Valley, N.Y. 14726.

Dewittvile Mayville NY - Salome J. Byler

Oct. started out fall like with rain and some snow on the third. By the next day it warmed up and was very nice on the 5th. The 6th and 7th were cool and rainy. It was more or less cool till the 12th when it rained some. Had frost on the 13th and 14th but was nice during the day. We had rain in the P.M. of the 17th. On the 21st in P.M. it snowed enough that you could see it on the ground. It snowed some again on the 22nd but got nice. It rained on the 24th in P.M> Nice on the 25th and 26th. Rainy on the 27th. Cool on the 28th. Snowed some on the 29th. Very nice last two days. Most of the corn is husked and was a good crop.

Salina D. Bylers lingus on her kidneys are working pretty good again. Some days she's real good, then again gets restless. We have been over every day for almost five weeks helping care for her. I'm over every other night along with another couple which we are thankful for. It can never be repaid.

Meyersdale Penna - Mary A. Kinsinger

Our weather for Oct has been about any kind as we've had rain, sunny and also snow flurries Although it has been dryer in Oct then Sept On the 7th, a rainbow was seen at 3 different times, twice in the a.m and once in the p m

On the 13th we had our first killing frost, the 21st the first snow flurries were seen although none stayed on the ground at - anytime. The coldest morn was on either the 23rd or 24th We had quite a few nice blue Oct days Not many acorns or Hickory nuts are to be found

Believe most of the corn is husked and Fodder put in gardens are about past and cleaned out or mostly so.

Salisbury Penna. J. Henry Mast

October has brought us some nice, bright blue weather, and also some windy weather with a few snow squalls. The last few days have been a little milder and sunny.

Some third cutting hay is still laying in fields waiting on favorable weather.

Friday, Oct 16th was moving day for the writers when we moved out of the house we were renting from Frank Murray since April, to the place we bought near Pocahantas We are gradually getting settled We hope to open a harness shop as soon as we get set up a little better but it all takes time

The new church house and horse barn across the road from us are shaping up nicely There was a frolic there again yesterday.

The local game warden is peddling deer that have been shot for crop damage He gave us one and we also got one from neighbor Enos Lees who got six in less than two weeks time, all from the same warden.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. J. David Byler

Well, we had lots of frost in the morning and some nice shiny days. It went down in the 30's in the evening and up in the 60's in the day. Had a few snow flakes on the 28th and rain and sleet.

Southern Mercer PA - Eli H. Kurtz

Oct gave us many sunny blue skies and still also had occasional showers along with frosty mornings not much left but a few caulteflower plants that didn't seem to make anything until Oct Corn husking is pretty well done altho some late ones still busy with it like that old saying 'better late than never' No snow to speak of in our area

Dannie J. Byler had the ill luck of getting his fingers in a saw recently Jake S. Yoder fell while at work a short while ago and brake his collar bone hopefully both of these are well on the way to recovery.

Mrs. Eli H. Kurtz has come down in bed last two weeks after having had trouble most of the summer with losing strength in her left hand and arm Dr says this was caused by a tumer on the brain she is now feeling better since Dr gave medication to relive this and can now rest and eat better has no pain Address Mercer Pa Rl Box 1450 16137. Mrs Andy J Mast Mary has been having trouble in not getting around too well and both havent been away much for a good while and likely would appreciate some mail and company Their address being New Wilmington, Pa R2 16142

Stevie son of Enos A and Mary Byler had a painful accident in school when he was hit by a ball bat resulting in a broken jawbone and damage teeth.

Mercer Penna. - Dan J. Troter

This summer and fall were wet Hard to get good hay in They say only 1/3 of the hay was put up and some of that not too good and 1/3 mowed but not put up and the other 1/3 not mowed Corn is very good Some silos were late getting an account wet fields Killing frost held off until Oct 26 it was down to 23 degree.

Smicksburg PA - Mrs. David E. Schlabach

September brought us wet, wet weather. We got about 5 inches.

October leaves the trees standing bare and naked. Most people are done husking corn.

Centerville Penna. - Thomas Miller

October started in with favorable weather the first week we had nice weather farmers started husking corn and finished up silo fillng The second week we had rain every day The third week we had exceptionally nice Autumn weather The trees with all their brilliant colored leaves and the nice sunny days were enough to make anybody stop work and just marvel at the scenery The 4th we had our first killing frost The 21st our first snow which lasted a few days Lowest temperature for Oct was 20 degrees The last days of the month were very nice Indian summer days People are busy filling woodhouses, raking and burning leaves and corn husking Sawmills are going strong Pallet lumber is in good demand People are seeing quite a few black bears in this area.

ellefonte PA - Benjamin B. Stoltzfus

Had mostly nice sunny fall days in Oct the first killing frost was on Oct 9th Most days it was frosty in the morn then sunny and mild during the day the last couple weeks Total rain fall was about 2 inches Most of the fall harvest is done.

Belleville Penna.- David Y. Renno

October started in clear and sunny temperature in fiftys, rain on Oct 3rd a few sunny days then rain again on Oct. 7t5h Many beautiful, clear, sunny days Octobers bright blue weather the mountains extra beautiful this fall October 27, cloudy and rainy A total of 3.5 to 4 inches of rain for the month lowest temperatures 24 degrees hard frost, but our phlox are still blooming beautifully and seem not to be frozen Highest day time temperature high 70's

Mifflintown Penna. - David Y. Renno

October 1987 was a favorable month with frosty mornings and clear cool and very sunny days. Our first frost for the season was on the 12th. We've had around 2 1/2 inches of rainfall most all in the forepart of the month but have seen no snow yet. The leaves were very colorful. Corn crop is mostly put away and was below average crop. Fall seeding came up well.

Millersburg Penna. - Benuel B. Fisher

We had a very nice Oct., killing frost a few mornings and mostly sunny days to pick corn and some corn fodder is in although a little later due to dry weather earlier and wet in Sept., late garden crops did well.

Ephriam Blank spent a day in the hospital due to dizziness, etc. He has heart problems at times but is back to work again. Henry Blank, 8 years old, broke both wrists when he fell from their new house roof, but is coming along well.

Path Vally Penna. - Daniel Z. Beiler

October 31, Partly cloudy this morning. Looks like sun might come through. Temp.48, a change from the last two weeks when we had frosty mornings. The 9th brought the first good frost this fall. the 27th and 28th were cool and rainy. Otherwise mostly nice and sunny days. Nice fall weather. Autumn colors were their best about 1 or 2 weeks ago. Seems to me the moutains were more colorful this year, maybe because a lot oak died out from the gypsy moth infestion the last 5 years. Maple is now gaining the moth do not bother them much. Oak is also coming back now as moths have not been as bad the last year or so. 17 yr. locusts were out in large numbers this year but their stay is short and damage is slight compared to gypsy moth.

Farmers are busy with corn. Is not such a big job as crop is light due to dry weather this summer. Some is picked by hand and some put on shock (cut with binder) and put through husker and shredder later. Turkey season opened this morning. Two of the boys, David and Daniel left early for the mountain for the turkey or at least a little time off! Turkeys are plentiful this year, hardly this morning though! Sam Wengerds(our Emma) from Mifflintown came last eve to hunt and be with us over Sunday.

Emanuel Peachey went for an operation to get a tumor removed and was expecting to be home the same day. We did not hear much details about it....

Gettysburg Penna. - Elizabeth A. Stoltzfus

We had 3.2 inches of rain throughtout the month of October. Also beautiful days with bright blue October weather. Our first frosty morning on the 9th and three frosty mornings on the 13th, 14th and 15th with killing frosts.

Farmers have been busy filling silo and are mostly done. Grain fields are green or getting green. There is still hay to be made and corn to pick.

LANCASTER COUNTY PA. REPORTS

Mascot Area - Bertha Miller

Bright blue skies made most of October's weather, with that nip of frost occasionally touching Mother Earth. What a bountiful harvest - therein let us harvest with thankful hearts which are hopefully praises to God.

Farmers have had a good corn crop in spite of the dry weather in mid summer. Corn fodder is being stored in barns and the farmer here has his plowing started. Lancaster County air is filled again with those special occasions for the young brides and grooms. May the Lord Bless one and all.

Mother (Bertha) was able to attend the wedding of her grandaughter Anna in Franklin County on October 27th. She took her friend (the oxygen tank) along.

Paradise Area - Lydia Beiler

David B. Zook of Kenagy Hill Road, Paradise, Pa. was in the hospital for 8 days. He had a gland operation.

He is at home now and is coming along fairly well. Let's keep him in good cheer.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

The month of Sept was a wet one from the other months We had between 12 to 13 inches on St 8th we saw a lot of water, had about 6 inches that day Sept14 th Aaron Fisher, Jr. brought his wife, Susan, in from Ohio They live in our church distrcit in Strasburg Hopefully we can make her feel welcome here

Levi H. Fisher's son Levi was in the hospital about 10 days He had an operation on his heart They took the lining of his heart away due to an infection Their address is Levi N Fisher 363 Georgetown Rd Strasburg, Pa 17579

Jack Frost made its first appearance Oct. 9th, glazing the earth with a white coat, which was our first killing frost, nipping the lovely flowers and late vegetables. Sweet potato plants were really black. We had a nice shower of rain on Tues. night. Had two inches. Work for the farmers has let up some and now the wedding bells are ringing. We have four in our church district.

Nine Points Area - Mrs Ben S. Beiler

October has had many frosty mornings with days bright and clear. Fair amount of rain. Farmers had a fair chance to get that corn in bins. Late hay made good crop after the wet spell in September. The public sale for household goods and small property of Dan Stoltzfus and dau. Hannah was a good sale. Most items sold high. The home consists of a very small lot, with house and barn connected and was bought by Elam and Lydia Zook, bringing $81,500.00. Dan and dau. Hannah hope to move to the new house this winter sometime, which is being built near his son Amos in Gordonville area.

Peach Bottom Area - Mrs. Mike Fisher

We have had very nice October weather. Nice days for picking corn and getting fodder in and ideal weather for house cleaning. We had a killing frost, but they did not have everywhere. Trees are over their pretty peak now. Not much rain through October.

Jacob Ebersole's live in their Dauddy end now and their son Henry's in the farmhouse, but the ends are not dont yet. Henry's married last fall and were just living temporarily.

Church District Divided

The Wakefield church district was divided on Sunday with 25 families in one dale and 19 in the other.

We had a lot of brilliant October days. although we had rainly days now and then which delayed the silo fillers a little. We had our first hard frost on October 5. Most days were chilly enough. for people to have a fire in their stoves in the mornings. Canning season is about at an end, except some still want to do applesauce and pumpkins. The pepper crop did not do so good this year due to a blight. then when they were ready to be picked the frost got them.

Coatesville PA. - J. Elmer Lapp We had a lot of brilliant October days. although we had rainly days now and then which delayed the silo fillers a little. We had our first hard frost on October 5. Most days were chilly enough. for people to have a fire in their stoves in the mornings. Canning season is about at an end, except some still want to do applesauce and pumpkins. The pepper crop did not do so good this year due to a blight. then when they were ready to be picked the frost got them.

Allenwood Penna. - John Fisher

October was a nice fall month, the trees with their nice colors, the brown corn fields waiting to be picked, a bountiful crop, and the farmers trying to get it in before colder weather comes. The white frosty mornings we had really dried things up. The lowest was 25 degrees on the 14th. We had quite a bit of cloudy days but not much rain. Otherwise, the weather was nice and sunny or a little on the cool side. The 31st seemed like a beautiful summer day!

Mechanics MD - Amos R. Stoltzfus

October was pretty dry again. We had nice rains first of the month but the pastures are brown again. We had our first light frost October 9th. Several hard frosts the last week

Bloomsburg Penna. - Lydia Stoltzfus

October has been full of bright blue skies. Three inches of rain fell throughout the month. A lot of nice third crop hay was put in the barns. Corn is a good crop and a lot is in the cribs. Still some in the neighborhood to pick. We had our first frost the beginning of October and hard frosts at least eight or ten mornings since.

Weddings are in season. Here we are still cleaning house and doing outside work when weather permits.

McClure Penna. - John Y. Speicher

There was no heavy frost till the beginning of the month. There were also some very warm days. Also a few inches of rain. Streams are very low. Wells are holding out good. Corn was only a fair crop. Alfalfa made hay in October. The lowest morning temperature of the month was 20 degrees and the high in the 40's.

Mt. PLeasant Mills Pa. - Sam M. Troyer

This is for Oct , we didn't have near as much rain as last month, about 2 inches, but because of the cool weather the ground is nice and moist, it was cooler than the last couple of Octobers Fall crops are sowed, corn is being gathered A short crop but still good feed, apple harvest is about past Wood cutting is my work these days.

The 50 acre place here on Mulberry Ridge that was being sold, is not sold afterall, the people didn't have enough to buy it It would be in the middle of the Amish settlement

LaRaysville Penna- - Mrs. Jacob Yoder

We had a fair amount of rain through the month of Oct. Had a killing frost already. Trees on the mountains are mostly bare.

Silos are being filled. Women are busy canning apples and pumpkins.

Ira D. Yoders were to a funeral in Arthur, Illinois on Oct. 24.

My dad (Joe P. Stutzman from Watsontown, PA) had terrible pain in his stomach. X-rays showed a good sized gall stone. Doctors think they should operate soon.

Mechanicsville MD - Amos R. Stoltzfus

October was pretty dry again. We had nice rains first of the month but the pastures are brown again. We had our first light frost October 9th. Several hard frosts the last week

Oakland MD - Mrs. Atlee Hershberger

A nice day but a cool air It was misty and cloudy yesterday We had our first killing frost Friday night, Oct. 9th It was cloudy and cool for the wedding the 8th , then sunny again Friday and Saturday The grass is green like summer and the leaves are changing color

Sarasota FL - Noah Stutzman

Greetings to all who may read these few lines as I skipped the last Diary I'll try and do better this time We were to Sunday School this morning with a good attendence enjoyed it much had chapter four and five in Second cor: but this will stop Sunday School now until spring after communion and we are having communion next Sunday the first of November The northerners are coming in again almost as fast as they went out last spring coming from Oklahoma, Penn , Kansas, Indiana and Ohio, supposing other states too yet Im awful slow to keep names in mind but I do know faces that I met before usually but what's the difference you just tell them your glad to see them back so shake hands hope you'll enjoy Florida Maybe you won't see them again Maybe you do - so you are still here I thought you was gone havent seen you for quite a while - enough of this Healthwise people in general are in good health at least seem to be happy and in good spirits when you meet them and weather wise it has just been heat during July and Aug I think most of us felt like going North then people got a phone call from someone and temp was higher than here so all we could do just plain take it and really most of us didn't like it but thats what teaches patience the Lord takes care of the weather and do thank him for it One of our Grand Daughters is getting married the 7th of Nov and we are intending on being there but it will be only about a ten day trip as we want to save our time to go north some other time, Lord willing

Ethridge Tenn. - Daniel M. Gingerich

Bishop Eli Stutzman had the misfortune of getting his hand in the table saw recently They had communion services during the week and he had decided to hurriedly do some work in the shop yet before going to church The way I understood he had jumped the drive belt off of the saw and while the saw was still running at high speed he accidently reached onto the saw cutting the palm of his right hand and severing the bone leading to his little finger and the tendons or leaders to the next two fingers.

He ended up in the hospital instead of the church. They kept him there for nearly two days This happened on the 21st and by the 29th he was able to lead services in his North district He did have to give up a trip to Canada for the time being.

Weatherwise we are having a dry again with only a few light showers in the last month or so We've already had several frosts one or two of them being pretty hard The thermometer has dropped to 24, one time already this was on the 22nd.

Marion Kentucky - Samuel Hertzler

Crop and weather report. October has been on the cold side. Our first frost was on Oct. 4. From there on until the middle of the month, we had about as many mornings with frost as without. Rain is on a shortage since Aug. Ponds are very low. Some are dried up. There is a building boom this year. Eight houses have been built or are being built. They are Dannie S. Masts, Atleee Masts, Felty Yoder Jr., Samuel D. Masts, Willie M. Miller. Willie sold part of their farm including the buildings and are re-building. Min. Elmer Yoders (a retirement home) and we are also building the same way, and Ira M. Yoders (newlyweds).

Glasgow KY - The Shetler Sisters

Is still on the dry side. Trees are bare and look so lonesome. Highs are in the 50's and 60's. Lows down to the 30's.

Farm accident

On Sept 28 Roman Shelter age 14 (Ivan) was driving a horse down hill with cart and wagon with cane. The cart jack knifed, horses got away. Load came down on top of Roman. Bro Freeman started to dig him out. Dads two sisters and bro all dug about 5 minutes.

Finally got him out was white and limp. Took him to the hospital they took head and chest X-rays. Came back home that night. Back, chest and face were purple from fighting to breath. But thankfully he is on the go again.

Melvin 1 1/2 year old son of Reuben Detweiler, has been on the sickly side most of his life. He had breathing problems most of the time. Sometime ago he developed serious diahhrea. He was taken to the Padueah Hospital, and later transferred to Nashville, Tenn. After several weeks in Nashville and many tests, he has improved and is at home doing satisfactory, but is on a restricted diet.It is another case of run-away hospital bills.

Park City KY- Enos A. Yoder

It was very nice Autumn weather but dry. October didn't get more than 2 to 3 tenths of an inch of rain in light drizzles. It was down to 20 degrees a few mornings.

Corn shredding is almost finnished here. Some is to husk yet on stalks. Tobacco is being stripped when weather conditions bring it in order.

Some frolics going on and some wood being cut. Published today Nov. 1 (council meeting) were Ura son of Mose A. Yoder and Delila dau of Enos A. Yoder. The wedding is planned for Nov. 12. Communion services are planned for Nov. 15.

Guthrie KY - Jessie D. Peachey

October was on the cool and dry side. OUr heaviest rainffall was 4/10. We had our first frost arond the first of the month. Temp. highs were in the 70's, low was mid 20's. Farmers have most of the soybeans cut and the wheat in ground. Beans produced fair considering dry weather. We are 13-14 inches behind in rainfall this year. Some parts of the conty was dryer than others. Trees are colorful at this time of the year.

Dunnville KY - Marie Schlabach

Oct continues to be dry Only a little over 2 inces of rain for the month Killing frost on the 22nd with 22 degrees A couple mornings of 30 degrees after that Other then that it was 40 or more in mornings and going up to as high as 75 duriung the day

Pigs and beef both down Tobacco stripping started with a few about done.

Fredricktown O.hio - Sarah Miller

We had all kind of weather through October. We had beautiful clear blue skies first week in October then cold with temperatures at 26 degrees in the morning, also had snow flurries a day. Now last of this month we had a rainy day all day, but nice again. Corn husking is on the run this last month. Some are done and some aren't.

Hicksville Ohio - David Raber

Beautiful fall weather with light showers has been our lot for the month of Oct Harvest was early this year with about 3% yet to do. Fields were done because lack of rain but prices were better than last year with corn about 1 45 and beans 5 00.

There was more wheat sowed than I can remember Alot of farmers are doing their plowing.

Stockport Ohio - WarrenFussner

The month of Oct. was dry. Although we did have a few showers the water level is very low and creeks only have a few pools of water here and there.Many springs and wells dry, cisterns empty. Several people are hauling water. Some farmers are hauling water for their livestock. The village of Chesterhill, OH has proclaimed a crisis and the E.P.A. came a week ago to offer their assistance. Several local truckers with water tanks are hauling water to pump into the village water tank. It holds 90,000 gallons. Plans had been made for the National Guard to haul with a semi tank truck but it was found to be unsanitary.

The leaves have mostly all fallen and woods are looking more like winter.

Farmers are cutting firewood and shredding corn fodder.

The womenfolk have most of the garden things stored away. There is an abundance of apples this year.

Corn is selling from around $1.60 to $1.75 a bushel.

Grade B Milk at $11.15 per 100#. Feeder Pig prices still remain strong.

HOLMES & WAYNE COUNTY OH Reports

Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

Crop and weather report October is now coming to a close some frosty mornings lowest temp around 28 degrees a few raiuny spells the forepart of the month. But also October is bright blue weather corn husking on stalks coming to a close but some on shock a few farmers are doing some fall plowing.

Dannie R. Miller the burn victum is at home and recovering faster then at first was expected he still makes 3 trips a week to burn center for treatment and redressing

Berlin Area - Raymond Weaver

October brought its traditional bright blue weather with much clear sky and frosty mornings most of the corn is in but there is still some in the shock to be husked later by machine.

We had some sleet one day but no snow flurries yet. There have been a number of brush fires out of control due to the dry weather and local Fire Department have been kept on the run much of the time for awhile.

Barrs Mill Area - Jonas N. Bontrager

Farmers are just finishing harvesting a good crop of corn. Still lots of pasture. Gardens are mostly done. Lawns probably need one more mowing.

Had lots of October bright blue weather. Had a few light frosts. Only 1 1/2 inches of rain in Oct. We need some good rains to boost the springs before winter.

Bishop Abe W. Schlabach R#2 Sugar Creek is in Union Hospital at present. He is 39 years old.

Apple Creek, Kidion Area - John L. Stutzman

Oct. didn't have so many bright blue skies as some years. Had several killing frosts. One morning it was in the twenties and it turned the leaves of the trees in all colors. It brought out the beauty of Autumn. Most of the leaves are off of the trees. Corn husking is mostly past. A good crop. Halloween is now past. November is starting out with a couple of very nice days with temperatures in the 70's.

Fredricksburg Area - Eli E. Hostetler

First half of Oct was even and cool excellent weather for hand husking with most hand husking farmers finishing this week Oct 2-17th Oct. 14th tempature 30 with hard frost and clear sky A few fields of corn are unshucked and will be put thru husker Modern picker farmers also have started Corn is a bumper crop fall pasture is lush and plentiful Tress and wooder areas along ravines and hillside are showing their beautiful fall splender in bright colors U S 62 - 39 and 83 are busy roads with many tourists to view the beauty of nature deer hunting with bow and arrow season opened Oct 5th Quite a few lucky hunters got deer Oct 19 to 24 frost about every morning and not rain although enough moisture keeps fall seeded grain growing The eye catching splender that nature has provided in colorfull trees is fast fading as leaves are falling fast Oct 22 tempatures were 26 Our first killer frost but warmed up to 60 by noon Corn husking is mostly history with cribe full of golder ears More hard frosts mixed with strong winds and sleet caused trees to shed their leaves fast Our beautiful fall skyline Oct weather is fading though Chilly mornings are here Woodcutting time is here thinking of cold winter weather is in store Cattle are doing well Oct 27- 54 degrees and a light shower and cool east wind.

Nice cool fall weather Oct 29th 45 degrees and light haze but clearing corn mostly havested Winter is just around the corner

Farm Accident

Abe M. Troyer 8393 CR 235 R2 Fredericksburg, OH 44627, had an accident Tues. eve. 4:30, Oct. 27. They picked up and Abe picked some scattered apples on trees to make cider the next day. He was on a tree limb that broke, approx. 12 ft. high. He landed on his head and breast. Breaking off some ribs that punctured his lung and broke his back at 3 or 4 places. He is paralized from the waist down. He is in the Aultman Hospital at Canton, Oh. He is 41 years old and has 2 girls, 14 and 2 years old.

Holmesville Area - Monroe A. Weaver

September - Had 2.6 inches of rain. About normal temperature high of 85. Corn dried out good. Hogs started the mon. 59.50 and ended 50.75 - Pigs started moon over 1.00 a lb. end just under 1.00. - Cattle and calves steeady - top cattle 65.00 - calvees 130. - 166.00 - cows 50.00

October - On the dry side, light showers accumulation of one inch. Which was good to harvest corn, which was a good crop. And nearly all picked, some fodder shredded. Hogs dropped from 52.50 to 44.25 - Pigs 1.00 lb. to .85 a lb. - Cattle steady 65-.66.50 top - cows 49.-51.00 top - calives top 125.00 - 150.00 - Hay is stronger, up to 140.00 - straw mostly 60 - 90.00 extreme top 125.00. The season has been about 2 weeks early all summer. We live on a hill, did not have a real killing frost yet.

We had a real nice fall. About normal rainfall. Haven't had a frost yet (Oct.5). It was close though 34-38 lost 2 mornings. A wind going and very little frost.

Corn looks good, plenty fall pasture. Hogs and pigs are cheaper, hogs 50.00-pigs .90 a lb.which is still good according to corn prices. Cattle and calves are stronger.

I want to go along with the Geauga Co. Feeder Pig Committee today to see some of our feeder pig operations. We need to raise more pigs, to attract the larger buyers in the grain areas.

Nappanee Ind. - Joni D. Gingerich

Oct. 31 and it's a very nice day. We had quite a few nice sunny days throuout the month which was really appreciated by most everyone. We also had some cloudy and damp days with light rain at times, but no heavy rains at any time so the farmers had a good chance to gather their field crops which is about all done, ofcourse there are always a few around a little late for different reasons, and as far as I know all crops yielded well, we had a good summer in general.

There were 4 deaths in the community Mrs. Dan (Mary Ann) Yoder died Oct. 1 at age 67. she had been ailing for quite a few years.Widow Mrs. Dan W. (Lizzie Yoder) died Oct. 3 at the age of 87. Widow Mrs. Sam (Amanda Chupp) died Oct. 8 at the age of 94. Anna, Mrs. Eldon Ropp died Oct 27 at the age of 58. She had also been an invalid for several years.

Shipshewana Ind. - Anna Eash

We had ideal and unusal fall weather we had some killing frosts and sufficient rains. We also had real nice sunshiny days Crops are mostly harvested and corn was good crop Leaves are mostly down and trees are almost bare except few later trees.

Health seems well with some exceptions And people are getting things ready for winter.

May you all have a good and blessed Thanksgiving in His name.

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The daughters of Amos and Anna Fern Hochstedlers are still in Ft. Wayne Hospital from injuries received in a buddy car accident on few weeks ago. He was ordained to the ministry in

Oct. 20—There were 19 communion services announced to be held over this last Suunday the 18th in our community, 12 the Sunday before and 8 for this coming Sunday the 25th and one, Glen Lambright for Sat. 24th with several more to be held in our 64 church districts here.

Kokomo, Ind. - Mrs. Ivan J. Gingrich

The weather for October has been mostly on the cool side, almost like November usually is. With temperature often 32 degrees or lower at night and a sharp wind blowing. People began winter preparations earlier. We had rain nearly every week and lots of cloudy damp days. It was usually only about 2/10" except the 19th. It was close 1/2" so farmers have been able to nearly finish the harvesting and are busy plowing and hauling manure. The last 3 days were extra nice and warm with clear skies.

Mrs. Joe Yoder has nearly recovered from broken ankle which happened when she side-stepped when coming out of the chicken house. Ellddon 3 yr old son of Lloyd Herschberger has his left arm in a cast when he broke both bones near the wrist. He fell from gravity was on ladder and hit the tongue. Menno Ray Miller sho is published to marry on Thanksgiving Day fell gtom a manure spreader filled with brush and broke his elbow. A pin was put in by surgery

Montgomery Ind. - Elizabeth Mae Raber

October was a nice fall month to harvest ccrops, we had some hard frosts with temperature down to 26 degrees a few times. We had some nice and warm dayd of 70 degrees and over. Rainfall was some over 2 inches with 1.5 inches on the 10th, when we had nearly an all day rain, then on the 24th we had a slow rain and drizzle about all day of .7 inches, also had a few other showers.

Mrs. Henry Raber was in the hospital with infection in her leg is home and improving. Mrs. Katie Wittmer was also in tthe hospital because of poor circulation in her leg. they opened her veins.

Clare Mich. - Abe M. Hostetler

September has been a very growethy month. Grass and hay fields looked like in the spring. So there has been plenty of moisture. Know visable frost in September silos about all filled. Wheat sowed. Cattle prices staying strong. Looks like most corn will mature.

October is going out with pleasent weather, 30 degree in the mornings Warming up during day Week of 19th had some snow and light rains mixed The soybean crop is not all harvested yet Corn harvest is underway New seeding has mostly done well this year Michigan State Amish Steering Meeting is to take place today, Oct. 30th at Min Eli Kaufman's residence Cattle prirces. staying firm

Bronson, Michigan -by O.A. Graber

Corn and beans were harvested from two to three weeks earlier this year than usual. Some was harvested in late September already, and on into early October.

We have had lots of rain throughout the month, but still some beautiful sunshine autumn days. Even though our rainfall has been plentiful, the creeks and ponds are lower in water level than I have seen it in this area for over the seventeen years that we have been living here!

The crops are yielding well, even though we had intervals of dry and hot through the summer making the corn look quite wrinkled and withered. The insects have been many, and also have done their share in trying to get the fruits and vegetables diminished, and for less palatable eating.

The stock market trading took the worst backset since 1929. Some companies closed up here in Michigan on account of it. The state of Michigan lost in the millions. There was talk of raising taxes on some labor and companies, trying to make up to what was lost. One 1929 veteran warned, this will bring the crash head-on, by causing people to buy less. I still remember the 1929 stock market crash, and the impression it left on the people.

Quincy Mich. - Catherine Schmucker

We had our first killing frost October 1st. Had snow a couple of days. Didn't last very long. Most farmers are done husking corn. Was a fair crop, nice corn.

Stanwood Mich. - John Y. Schwartz

We had beautiful weather in September. Had a few mornings with some light frosts reported.

Silo filling is finished and some have started putting high moisture corn in silo's now.

Trees are beautiful with all their fall colors

.Freeport, OH - Henry A.J. Miller

October brought us some cool weather with the first frost of the season being Oct. 4th with 28 degrees. We had 9 mornings with frost. We had 7 morning readings in the 20th. On the 21st we saw our first snow flurries, but only a few. We had 2 2/10 inches of rain in Oct. Our average morning temperature was 37 degrees and average evening temperature was 49 degrees. In Oct. 1986 we had 3 8/10 inches of rainfall and morning average of 44 degrees and evening average of 53 degrees. So in all, we had a cool Oct. although the last few days were nice and warm with temperatures as high as 65 to 75 degrees.

Seemed Oct. was a busy month for most people with Dan Yoder having a public sale on Oct. 3. Loading wagons Oct. 5 and loading rail car Oct. 6 for their new home in Heuvelton, N.Y.

On the 9th of Oct. people husked Mrs. Crist Yoders corn. On the 19th loaded Mrs. Yoders things and she left Oct. 20th for Wayne Co. to make that her home. Noah D. Gingerich got hit from behind with a load of Mrs. Yoders things on the wagon and had some extra pieces. Noah seems layed up since with sore ribs and back pain. Doctors say no broken bones.

People are pretty well done husking corn. Some want to get winter wood in and do odd jobs yet before winter.

Scottsville Mich. - Marvin Yoder

October was rather wet at the end of the month.

We had our first killing frost on October 25 and our first flurries on October 22. A load from Hale Mi and Lagrange, Ind helped a day on the house at Richard Troyers this month, also a load was at Delbert Schmuckers this month to help on their addition to their house.

The stock market have really been hard on some of those well to do people. Hogs really took a nose dive, they were as low as $43.00 per hundred.

David Lambrights of Bronson spent a day at his bro Lesters on October 29.

Amzie Troyers were to Ind. for the funeral of Ezra Bontrager, then they went on to Nevada for some doctoring from there they went to go to Montana for the winter.

A lot of driving horses were purchased in this area, so hopefully there won't be a horse shortage.

Independence Iowa - Clara Nisley

Mrs. Ada Helmuth got pushed down by a bull and was bruised pretty bad. She was taken to the hospital, but sent her home again. She was laid up for a few weeks.

Mrs. Malinda Nissley was in the hospital overnight because of a heart spell. She got fresh medication and was sent home again, but has to rest and not do any work for a few weeks.

Joe Mast was doing carpenter work when he slipped and grabbed the chimney to catch himself, pulling his arm out of the socket. He will be off work about four to six weeks.

Fred Gingerich is going backwards, he is not on a wheelchair and he cannot walk anymore. Their address is Rt. 1, Hazleton, Iowa 50641.

Iowa City Iowa - Duane Bontrager

We have had a very nice fall to do field work this year with very little rain until the 17th we had a light shower and then it was nice till the 24th when we had another shower. Most of the people have their crops all in from the fields already. Corn had fair yields this year as the yield was cut by to warm weather during the summer. We had our first light frost on Oct. the 8th with quite a bit of frosty mornings since.

Three van loads of people are planning to go to Buchanan County for the annual state school meeting.

Bloomfield, Iowa - Daniel D. Yoder With the exception of a few drizzly nights. October has been a fairly dry month. Most of the crops - corn and beans have been harvested with fair yields Since these crops were planted extra early, mostly in April the dry summer didn't affect them too much Beans were planted somewhat later. Farmers are wishing for rain so they can plow We've had more freezes throughout the month then had unusual warm and beautiful blue Oct skies Trees are almost bare and gardens pretty well stripped of their bountiful fall vegetavels Hog and feeder pig prices are still pretty strong and steady.

Esther, 13, daughter of Ervia Jay and Ida Mae (Yoder) Mast spent some time in the hospital recently which they thought at first was flu but turned out to be blocked bowel She is not to do much of anything for 5 weeks The community is making a sunshine box for her Five years ago a cow kicked her in which her spleen had to be removed.but somehow not all was gotten and this grew blocking her bowel She was dehydrated until she got to the hospital where surgery was performed.

Evansville Wis. - Mrs. Ivan Bontrager

We've had a lot of cold mornings in Oct with our first frost on the and that was a hard one Weather thourghout the day was average some bright and sunny some cloudy some with a chill wind some rainy We had snow far about 5-10 minutes on Oct 24th in the morn large fluffy flakes, but temp was above freezing

Noah Kramer of New Glorus is not well. Eight of us families, including 2 diener went over on the 18th, and had church for their small group of 3 families at John Millers. Noah attended, sitting on the recliner all day We heard later he was very worn out afterwards His recent visitors were his dau. Mrs. Cindy Plank of Gonzales, Tx who was there about a week; also Roy, Danny and Henry Hershberger of Holmes Co., Oh, Melvin Kramer of Belle Center, and Mrs. Dan Hostetler of Plain City.

Amherst, Wisconsin - Mrs. L..J. Borntrager

We had ideal fall weather the first part of the month. On the third we had our first frost, which was a killing frost. Had cloudy weather and was quite chilly at times with some rain. The week of the 19th we had snow 3 days in a row. The first two days it was soon gone. On the 3rd day it started in like a real blizzard, snowing till around noon, snow stayed on grond most of the day. These snows were ealier than usual. Heard further north they had quite a bit more. Some places had 10 inches. Men folks are busy husking corn. Some are done already which is also early for our area.

Blair Wis. - Mrs. Moses B. Miller

October was rather chilly. Had our first killing frost October 3. Had a few damp and rainly spells, but a lot of sunshine too. Had a little snow on the ground the morning of the 22nd. Big snow flakes came down for a while, the 27th in A.M. Corn is mostly picked. Men are doing fall plowing.

Cashton Wis. - Wis. Joe C. Bontrager

October brought us many nice days, with a few light showers. Corn is mostly picked. Not much fall plowing in this area. We had our first killing frost Oct. 3rd. Farmers are busy cutting wood and getting ready for winter.

Pine City Minn. - Phineas Borntrager

Oct. 17 was really foggy Oct 16 had a nice drizzle since but didn't amount to much about 3/10 of an inch Had light frosts Then on Oct the 3rd we had our killing frost Had a few good showers in Sept. but was ideal weather to fill silos and rut up second and third cutting hay The corn is alot better then it was expected for the dry weather we had this summer Some shredding has been done already The none amish put alot of hight moisture corn in silo quite a few cribbing corn already Oct was mostly dry But pastures seem to hold out fairly good yet Different morning we had below the freezing point in Oct.but not bad for Minnesota***Harmony, Minn. - Mrs. Chriss Stutzman***

Had our first frost October 3. Quite a few days of drub and chilly days the first half of the month. Some rain the middle of month,, the last few days were of "October Bright Blue weather". Most corn is in the cribs which was a very good crop. Most leaves have fallen and lawns are being raked.

Utica Minn. - Atlee J. ShetlerWe had a real pleasant October except for a few chilly days. We had our first frost on October 3rd. down to 30. On the 10th was Pre. Wm Schmuckers surplus and consignment sale was a cold wind all day and a big crowd. Rained on the 16th. Had our first snow on the 20th in the evening. It left fast the next day.

Sawmill Accident

Joe H. Yoder, 16 year old son of Amos and Lydia Yoder had quite a misfortune on Saturday Oct 17th while helping his brother Buzz wood. The flywheel broke in 3 peices-the one the one piece hitting him from behind while walking away from the saw taking off his index finger on the right hand and breaking his big bone in right leg between the hip and knee - the 2 ends puncturing the skin on from on front of the leg. He was thrown a few feet and the piece of fly wheel found about 10 feet from where he lay. The ambulance was called and rushed to St. Marys Hospital in Rochester. He had lost a lot of blook and was given 2 units upon arrival in emergency room before going into surgery. He was in surgery 2 1/2 hourrs - putting his leg in traction and the 3rd knuckle from where his finger was taken, being badly crushed - was amputated. He had a lot of pain the first week.. He had 3 surgerys. Now 10 days later he is still in hospital in traction with no cast as yet, but no pain whatssoever. He has a lot of stiches on his hand and leg where open wonds were, but both are coming along real good. The doctors say the bone in his leg might take 3 months yet to heal. His address is: R#1, Box 76, St. Charles, Minn. 55972. Send him a line of cheer.

Oct. 31 - A ral nice fall morn. Last reports are Joe will have to stay three more weeks and will put on a cast.

Lovington Ill. - Henry R. Yoder

October slipped by with very little rain to be measured. On Oct. 24 we had .7 of an inch, which was about the only measurable rain for the month. We had several drizzles. At the first of the month we had cold that froze most of vegetation but warmer again then colder latter part of Oct. then warm right at the last. The last three days of Oct. were real warm for the season. Harvest started early, those that weren't finished by Oct. 1, finished during the month except for a few that remain to be finished yet.

Most of fall plowing is being done, that is corn stalk ground. It plows real nice, about like Spring. Due mostly by being so dry most of the time.

The large operating farmers are finished plowing and have been applying anhydrous ammonia on their corn ground for next year.

Corn and soybeans were an abundant crop and good quality. The prices of both appreciated some in Oct. but when the stock market crashed they dropped some. However not very much as of yet.

Proce of corn per bu. is $1.70 and soybeans around $5.25. Price of hogs are down some top on fat hogs $45.00 per 100#. A good demand for feeder pigs. Top cattle around $63.00.

Canton MO - Mrs. Jacob Hochstetler

October was mostly sunny and a lot of nice clear weather Subsoil is getting dry A lot of wheat sowed that isnt up yet on account of lack of moisture We did have 3/10 inch of rain on the 16th and around 2/10 on the 24th And a couple mornings that were foggy We had our first hard dreeze on the 3rd and also several mornings later were below 30 degrees

Most of the crops are harvested with mostly good yiedls Some corn up to 200 bushels per acre and beans up to 60 bushels.

Revere MO - Jacob A. Mast

Are having nice weather, a good rain would be appreciated for fall seeding and to fill stock ponds.

Paul Eichers, Alvin Schrocks and John Burkholders are in B.G. area at present to help get ready for the Mose Schrock Estate sale next week Nov. 4 and 5.

Alvin Schrocks and Paul Eichers have their houses enclosed, the Yoder-Eicher wedding which was the 22nd helped on the progress as the wedding church was at Alvins and dinner and supper at Pauls. A charter bus load of different parts of Wis. attended including Davids parents Amos Yoders of Wilton, Wis., it was also attended from B.G., Anabel, Clark and Canton, Mo and Stueben Co. Ind.

Eli Burkholders have the rafters up on their barn, they want to have a frolic next week to put the roof on and finish the siding.

Mrs. Dave (Sarah) Eicher who stays in this community mostly the last while is at her son Dan Eichers of Canton at present. She wants to go with Dan to the Schrock sale at B.G. and will probably return with the ones from this community that plan to attend the sale. Toby Masts have their milk barn and house ready and have started to milk their cows at home. The John Yoder family had their cows

LaPlata MO - Neil L. Kauffman

Morning temperatures ranged from 20 degrees to 44 on the 5th. Most of the month real nice fall weather. A few rainy days scattered in. A few say its too dry to plow. Corn is being shucked. Nice weather for outside work. Leaves have turned to brown and will soon fall, lots have already.

Jamesport, MO - Amos W. Yoder

We had mostly pleasant weather through Oct. with only about two inches of rain altogether. Most of soybeans are harvested with yields up to 70 bu. per acre, but the average is nearer at 50 bu. Corn is also yielding well. (I have not heard how many bu. per acre.) There is some to husk yet. Hay is also quite plentiful through here this summer, some farmers made three cuttings from clover, which is unusual for this area.

Windsor MO - Monroe Hershberger

First frost of the season was seen on Oct 34d Had several more and vegatation nearly stopped growing Roses, petunias and snap dragons are still pretty This was another sunny, beautiful fall month and we are back on standard time again Corn husking and other harvests in full swing and some have completed harvest We were blessed with probably the best growing season since we live here and a bountiful harvest.

The boys are making wood, to fill ordes and helping paint and fix up buggies.

Our family was all to a nephew's wedding at Clark, Mo Also Mother (Mrs. Dan J.S and Ruby) .

We had council and Communion with help from the Jamesport ministry and our ministers and several others also attenede several church communions up there

Dixon MO - Aqillla Mark Yoder

We're enjoying nice fall weather with temp hanging around the 50;s the autum beauty is well past now Last week there were two applesnitzing, one at our place and at Joe Eichers At Joes the menfolks did some finsihing work on the additon to their house Dad, Mom, Sylvans, Jethro, Lucile Eicher and I are going on a trip to Indiana, Penn, Maryland and Aylmer, Canada. We're traveling through the beautiful hills of Kentucky this morning yet The lucky turkey hunters this year were Jonathan Shrock and Mosie and Paul Shcrock. Although Mosie wasn't quite so lucky the second week As when he shot at his second turkey another stepped in line and got it too So he got a warning ticket when game warden came out.

October 2 We were having some rain. The coldest we had yet was 47 degrees. It failed to get the warmest.

Sorghum cooking is in season just now. It seems to be a fairly good year for sorghum.

Grandma(Mrs. Rebeccca Yoder) has left for a trip east, to visit friends and family. She left with a load that were here for the wedding.

Joe Eichers are adding an addition to their house.

Marshfield MO · Ruben Yoder

Oct. had quite a variety of weather. The first part was very typical with it's clear blue skies but we also had several spells of drizzly and dreary weather like Nov.

The temperature was quite a bit lower than normal with several hard frosts that froze everything except the turnips.

The cattle prices have dropped quite a bit. There was an extra lot of late cut hay this year which will make up for the short crop that was earlier.

65746*Seymour MO - Menno D. Schwartz*

Oct 31 Well Autumn came in and acted like Autumn was really nice weather but got the frost man agoing Had 4 inches of rain and got the creeks a running, not too much water in the ponds tho Have quite a bit of pasture yet Some tomatoes that we took in are still good eating.

The cooler weather has also been good for fat hogs and rabbits Rabbit price still 77cents live wht Fat hogs came down got 44 cents for our last load Corn ent up to $2 05 delivered Milk $10 50.***Haven Kansas - Mrs. Enos E. Schrock***October had a nice blue sunny days, some rain, some warm days temperature 84 high 33 low during the month no killing frost yet. Leaves are starting to fall. Milo is being combined still too much moisture to put in bins.

Had 2 weddings in our community this month. Both are R2, Haven, Kansas 67543. Harry A. Borntregers and David Lee Yoders.

Leeander Mast 63 died on cancer funeral was the 14th.

Partridge Kansas - Edward A. Mast

We had a lot of nice sunny days during the month of October Less than an inch of rainfall during the month No killing frost yet

Milo looks like a good crop but a large number of late heads keep the moisture too high to cut.

Mrs. Same Beachy, age 89, broke her hip and had surgery to replace the socket etc. She stood the operation alright but being it was only two days ago its a little early to tell how she will progress.

Chouteau OK - Kathryn Miller

Oct was a very nice fall month a little on the dry side, with a few chilly, windy days also. Had our first light frost on the 21st On the 23rd it clouded up and we then had 2 2 inches of rain by Monday morn.

Ben B Troyers, Leroy Millets and 3 youngest children, Melvin Ray Millers and 2 daughters and John Henry and Reuben Miller from Stephsville, Tx attended church services one the 5thFreeman Yoder and Ada Hershberger had a nice day for their wedding They had the biggest wedding yet for this area

On the 24th Vernon Miller's moved into their new basement house.

A while back my Dad made a set of new wheels for a 1895 Sears car They are just like the regular buggy wheels

Pickton TX - Andrew Beiler

Oct. has been a mild month (normal). We've had an abundance of rain. A total of 5 inches. The grass is greening. Lowest temp. was in the low 40's. We haven't seen any frost yet. Although someone said he has seen white at low places. Average frost date for this area is somewhere around Nov. 10th.

Migration

Recently moving in the area are Harvey Troyers from Kansas. They moved within walking distance from Andy Jess's.

Alva Mast was hospitalized several days and home again on crutches. He was riding a young horse and was thrown. His bones were broken in the hip area demanding for permanent pins through surgery.

Got word yesterday that some of the Melviin D. Miller family were in a two vehicle accident. Nobody seriously hurt. Minor injuries. The pick-up the Mexican boy was driving was apparently ruined.

Hay price here is around $70.00 per ton.grass hay and from $90. to $110. per ton alfalfa (delivered).It feels like fall is here. Cool nights and not so warm days. A total 31/2 inches through September has broken our dry spell.

The rain was appreciated. Just whats needed here to get the fall bermuda grass started.

Bermuda grass has grazing value on up through half of the winter. It helps raise milk production and lower feed costs.

Grain feeds are still at reasonable prices for the consumer. Newborn calves are still selling high. Several dairyman in the area orginated from Holland. Dutch speaking people. They are known for their modern barns computerized, In computer system at each milker machine. When cow comes in her number is punched in. Then it will give the Lb. of milk she gave and the amount she had the milking before. Also more data of her records.

Like more things, the more gadgets involved the more chance for something going wrong.

Andy Jess were the last movers to here fromStephenville Tx. area. They moved on a Holland dairy. All new set-up where they don't have their number of cows yet.

There are five Amish families living here within 8 miles of each other all on dairies. The first moved here April 1987.

Closest town to do business is Winnaboro 9 miles. There is milk trucking company here that sells to 7 Eleven stores called Cabells.

All things work together for the good for those that love the Lord and serve him.

Desboro Ont. Canada - Noah J. Stutzman

The month of Oct so far has been fairly fall-like, with a lot of damp and drizzly weather, but not much heavy rains Total for Oct so far is 3 8 inches

The first snow flakes this fall came on Oct 2 and 3rd Not enough to cover the ground here Around 8 miles east 5 inches were reported Several miles to the west hardly an flakes were seen On Oct 5th, 6th, 14, 15, and 16th temp at noon in shade hit 60 to 61 Since the 17th it cooled off and was mostly drizzle showers, several all day showers, with temp mostly in 30's One the 20th it was not above 30 and rainy all day On the 3rd and 21st temp dipped to 23.

Old hens are being butchered to make room for new Nobody is in the egg business in large scale around here The most I know of is 100 or some more but most have less. Most families sell some eggs Prices have been fairly steady at $1 10 a dz and it seems hard to keep an amount on hand

Last Saturday morning our 3yr old driver was laying in the pasture field, lifeless This horse was a "wind sucker" and had to have a band around the neck as a prevention of "sucking wind" Apparently this horse wanted to scratch its neck or head and got the one hind shoe caught in this nylon band This is how it lay there when we discovered it in the morning and life had fled Although I don't have another horse with this habit, I wonder if there is another remedy available for a "wind sucker" that doesn't require something around the neck? This was the 2nd summer to wear the band and was effective if kept tight but the first time to get a foot caught in it. The one side of the shoe was forced away from the hoof and the strap and unable to get it out itself.

Most corn (among the Amish) gets picked by hand and a few are done, reporting good yields. The fall plowing is now the only job left to be done for most people.

Those old postal workers workers had been on strike again! Thousands of letters were reported to have been burned in Toronto. A week ago a goverment order put them back to work again. I wonder if our Oct. issue of "The Diary" was also lost as we have not recieved it yet.

St. Mary's Ont - David S. Graber

October has been a good month for getting fall work done Most all corn is off and yielded good, reported up to 160 bu per acre thats shelled and dried Winter wheat that was put in is up nice and also was good weather for taking soybean and white beans off which yielded well It plows a little easier since we got more rain, end of the month, total up to now the 27th about 41/2 inches most of that come within the last week The lowest temp so far was 24.

Usually the conversation in the neighborhood starts out about the weather But reecently it has been about the free trade between United States and Canada and last of all about the drop of the Stock Markets which seemed to worry some.

Mt. Elgin Ont. - L. Hershberger

Sept has had more rain everything is so green Late gardens did well Temp were in the 60s No killing frost yet Some people were sick with a hard flu Mrs. Dannie Borntreger spent some tine in the hospital account of it David L Miller was in the hospital from Sept 4th to the 11th with Spen missing the wedding of Verna Hershberger and Levi Kauffman which was on the 10th

Enos Yoder had retirement sale Sept 19 Andy Petersheim had sale Sept 22 will be moving soon to Marlett, Mich

The future lies ahead of us
Like newly fallen snow
Lets be careful how we tread it,
For every step will show.

HENRY and the GREAT SOCIETY

By H.L. Roush Sr.

Continued from last month /by permission

CHAPTER XV The Pressure Mounts

Henry threw himself into the farm with resolve to get on top of those bills and to make Whispering Pines the most productive farm in Mindoah County. This wouldn't have been too hard for not many folk farmed any more. The most attractive offers of employment in a now bustling, booming Chamberstown had drawn from the farms most of the able-bodied men. "Why work from daylight till dark for mere food, clothing and shelter, when we can work forty hours a wek and have all the good things in life and time to enjoy them,'' was their argument. Somehow it had not worked that way yet with Henry, but he hoped it would soon.

More disappointment was yet to come . . . like the day the tractor broke down and he learned it had thrown a rod, whatever that was. The $289 repair bill would just have to be worked out on payments, the garage man said. He couldn't face the prospects of seeing Will Jenkins at the bank; so the good garage man introduced him to Easy Finance, the nice people with money. After talking to the manager, Henry learned that the interest rates were higher, but the convenience of only a signature attracted him. So, pressed by the need of the tractor, he just couldn't resist. The $391 note for 24 months came to only $16 per month and Henry felt he could easily absorb this.

The money from the mares soon ran out; and, with other purchases following logically in place, Henry was soon swamped. It all seemed so easy. For instance, he found that he couldn't keep up with the yard in the summertime, and Esther seemed to think it was too much for the boys. Anyway they went to Little League and swimming classes at the new pool in Chamberstown, and when they were home they had to have time to play. So Henry bought a new power mower at Seers; and Esther got wall-to-wall carpet for the house, because the Canasta Club had elected her president and planned to meet once every two weeks at Whispering Pines. Esther hadn't really asked for the carpet; but when she spoke of the shabby floors and the hand-woven throw rugs Henry's mother had made, and of the new home one of the girls lived in at Willoughby, Henry got the message. He surely didn't want to deprive anyone of the good things in life, and he didn't want his family taking a back seat to anybody. So the carpet became a reality, and it necessitated a vacuum cleaner and the permanent removal of Henry's gum boots. One thing led to another, and Henry began to sell off the white-face cattle one by one; and now his present head was down to seven and he still couldn't make it. Added to all of this was the fact that Henry's car would have to be replaced. Someone had suggested they do like the Danners had done and buy a second car so it would not be so hard on the one. They even suggested one of those "little foreign cars'' that didn't use too much gas. It sounded pretty good, and Henry thought about it; but he couldn't catch Esther long enough to talk it over with her.

Another thing was bothering Henry. It seemed like home had become a madhouse of activity. The plagued phone rang incessantly, and every phone call brought another realm of involvement with one of the three billion human beings out there in the outside world. The house ran to extremes. It was either frantic, frustrating activity—or somber, tomb-like silence that made Henry lonesome. The world of modern conveniences brought deeper and deeper involvement in time and thought, and the car brought continued involvement in a growing geographical circle. It seemed to Henry, as he squatted by Sycamore Creek one afternoon all alone, that his life was like the stone he tossed into the clear waters. The ripples reached out further and further and lapped against the shores, and the stone was swallowed forever. He felt like he had been thrown into a stream of life, whose ripples of involvement went out further and further, until they met the shores; and he would be swallowed forever. He kept saying to himself that he must keep that from happening.

The big trouble really began to come when Henry came to the house to answer the phone and was reminded by the friendly man at Easy Finanace that his payment was past due. Henry explained about the weather and the cattle market, but the now not-so-friendly man didn't know anything about that, or care; all he knew was that the 15th of the month was past by three weeks and Henry's check had not arrived. The man only wanted one word from Henry: "When can we expect your payment?'' He also acidly reminded Henry that there was the deed of trust against the tractor, a thing Henry didn't understand, for he had never read the many papers to which he had written, "Henry L. Morgan'' and underneath which Esther in her fine hand had written, "Esther A. Morgan.''

Will Jenkins sent him a little note that was gentle but firm, and reminded Henry that the payments were past due; and that in order to keep his account up to date, would he please stop in the bank at his earliest convenience. Henry did. Will explained that he wasn't pressing Henry, but the auditors insisted that the notes be brought up to date. Henry felt like maybe Will could understand; so he poured out the whole story of how the harder he tried, the more involved he became; and the more time and labor-saving devices he acquired, the less time and more labor he seemed to have. He told Will how he had discovered that night in bed that he was not master of all he possessed, but his possessions mastered him, and that he was a slave to the freedom they promised. Will nodded sympethetically and suggested a way for Henry to make out. "Why don't you go to Chamberstown and see if you can get on at General Electronics?'' he asked. When the indignation flushed on Henry's face, Will calmed him with this thought: "It need only be for a little while . . . . say six months. That's not forever, Henry, then you can go back to Whispering Pines. For the sake of your father and yours, Henry, think it over. If you decide you want to do it, I have a little influence in the personnel office, and I'll be glad to see what I can do for you.'' Then Will took Henry's hand and said, "Henry, your father was a good man and an honest one. You're an honest man too, and I don't want to see you changed or get in any deeper. Think about it.''

Henry did think about it all the way home. In fact, he turned into the driveway and never remembered any of the trip from Chamberstown. He didn't see Esther until she came to bed late that night from the planning meeting where she had worked on a new bond issue for the schools. When she came to bed, she was surprised to see Henry still awake. When he told her what Will had said, she lay quiet for a long while. "What do you think I should do, Esther?'' he anxiously asked. "I think you should do whatever you feel is best for all of us, Henry. You're the head of the house, and whatever you say is all right with me. We have each other and whatever comes we'll face it together. I heard some of the girls at the Canasta Club talking about their husbands working there and what good money they were making. It seems like it would be a good change for you, Henry. Instead of fighting that old ground and equipment all day and then not being able to make a living, you could work 40 hours a week and be home to rest and be with the family again. Oh, Henry, I do think its a good idea. Maybe it will bring back the old days. We'll walk to Shiloh in the morning and talk about it.'' Henry thanked her for standing by him and dropped into an anxious and troubled sleep. He seemed to be having a nightmare in which he found himself standing on an endless open plain alone. He was free and unrestrained, and he could feel the fresh clear air; suddenly an unseen, undefinable force came from the horizan like a mighty storm, and with a terrible sound, increasing as it approached, it came closer, closer . . . and closer until, at the exact moment it was ready to consume Henry totally, he awoke. The sweat poured down his face and, with eyes wide with fear, he groped for Esther's hand in the darkness. It was there, but she was asleep. Next morning he tried to tell her about it, but the bus was coming and the children had to catch it. After they left he wanted to tell her, but the phone rang. It was Lois Kimball, and they planned a shopping trip. Esther promised to hear about Henry's dream that night; and so the morning walk to Shilah was forgotten.

In the memory of your garden
That you are planting day by day
Plant a deed, a pure white lily
That will never pass away.

A Worthy Visit

One day in early August of 1987, as I was driving along the road, I met a couple who had stopped because they had some car trouble. I noticed that their license plate said Manitoba. To satisfy my curiosity I also stopped and inquired if they might be from Canada. Yes, they said, they are from Winipeg, and of the Russian Mennonite faith. In our conversation they said they came to Pennsylvania on a business trip. They had in mind to stay in this area for one half day, now it was four days and they were still not ready to leave. They were just driving around to see the countryside. They were amazed at how we do all our field work with horses and mules, as well as drive horse and buggy.

Then the man told me some of his life experiences. When the time came that the Mennonites lost their freedom with the Russian government, thousands of them found their way to South America, Central America, Canada, and the United States. They left all their possessions behind except for their clothing and what they could carry in their hands. The man said that his parents were not fortunate enough to leave with the early movement, and were later not allowed to leave. They were then drafted into the Russian army, or were being killed.

This man's parents would not take any part with the Russian army, and gave their life for their faith. They were killed by the Russian soldiers, leaving this man as a young child with no father or mother. He was raised by adoption of anti-Christ parents. After he grew up he discovered that his real parents were Mennonites and he wished to follow their footsteps. It took him some time to find a loop hole to escape the country. He left, never to see his friends again. He did this before World War II, and found his way to Canada to join his distant cousins. Later he found a wife from a colony of Russian Mennonites in Kansas.

This was an impressive experience for me to talk with a man who had the experience of living with people who claim there is no God, then having the love and courage to seek the faith that his parents had practiced. He risked his life to flee from Russia to a strange country, and now lived among people who he never saw in his teenage years. Here was a lad who lived his life among worldly activities, went through military training to honor his country, and never had the privilege of hearing a sermon in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. He had never heard of salvation, or heard his parents having family devotions. But still a seed was planted in his heart so that he wished to follow the trend of his parents, and was granted the privilege to fulfill his wish and now live in a country where his religion is accepted.

By Gideon L. Fisher

The BOILER EXPLOSION

INTRODUCTION

Seeing the older generation is passing on and that there may soon be no one here to recall the things that happened long ago, we felt it would be nice to have a story printed of the steam engine explosion in which my step-grandfather and his son Albert were killed. We have been considering this for some time and finally decided to go ahead and get it done so that the younger generation will have a record of these things.

After hearing the Eli D. Hershberger, of Holmesville, Ohio can still re- call quite a few of the happenings, we asked him and his wife to write it down for us. He also gathered information from Mrs. Jacob P. Weaver, Jacob J. Swartzentruber, Joe E. Kline, and Dan P. Weaver (now deceased).

We are also thankful to others who have given us information about this. Mrs. Emanuel Slabaugh, Dalton, Ohio was the only one who answered my request in the Budget as to who preached the funeral sermon. Her father had written it in a book.

Mrs. Atlee Hershberger
January 15, 1971 R. 2 Box 110
Oakland, Maryland

It was August 27, the year was 1918. The Dan T. Miller family was up early for it was threshing day. Dan T. and his son Albert were the operators of an old steam engine threshing rig.

The engine had been in need of repairs so it had been overhauled. The inspector was there the day before and okayed the engine. This morning they would start threshing on their own farm which was located one mile east of Maysville, Ohio. This is the farm which was later bought by my parents, Joni Millers, and my mother is still living in the small house. My brother Uriah now owns the farm.

Dan T., who was 54 years old, seemed extra happy that morning as he went about his work of firing up the engine. His wife, Mary, was busy helping with the chores around the barn. She went by close to the engine to feed a cluck with little chicks and stopped to talk to her husband. The steam engine was an old one and Mary had some misgivings about it. "Do you think it is safe?" she asked her husband.

"Yes, it should be safe. The inspector said it was all right," he assured her. She finished tending the chicks and then started for the house

Fannie A. Yoder, (now Mrs. Jacob P. Weaver) the hired girl, was at the barn with a tea kettle of hot water to wash the cream separator. She was walking towards the water trough and Jacob Swartzentruber was walking with her. Jacob was hired hand for Peter E. Miller and had arrived already to help thresh. He was early, for most of the other neighbors had something else to do that morning at home and had not yet arrived.

Albert was helping his father with the engine, and a younger son, Andy, was standing outside the milkhouse by the barnyard fence.

It was decided to connect some water pipes and hose to the water trough in order to save hauling water with the water tank. Albert and Jacob Swartzentruber had been working with the hose. Jacob hab been on the engine with Dan T. when Dan told him, "You go over to the water trough and let Albert come here to help me with the injectors."

Jacob walked towards the trough and Albert came and worked on the engine to get the water started into the boiler.

By this time the fire in the engine was burning hot and, unknown to the men, the water in the boiler had apparently evaporated into steam. The boiler was soon very hot.

Dan was standing on the front wheel fixing something on the governor, and Albert was on the step on the side of the engine trying to get the water pumps working.

Suddenly the pumps began to work. There was a hissing sound followed by a terrible explosion that was heard for miles around.

Several miles to the west, Ben Sausers, another experienced thresherman who was firing up his engine on a farm near Applecreek, heard the explosion and exclaimed, "There goes Dan T's old pot!"

Among the early arrivals at the Miller farm that morning had been Godfred Master and Bob Haunstein, two laborers who had been hired to help with the threshing. These two men were sitting on some feed bags on the den floor in the barn waiting for the wagons to come. Terrified by the explosion, they hurried down the hayhole, raced through the barnyard, and left the farm as fast as they could go.

At that time there were Mennonite people living on the farm where Yost Yoders lived later, by the name of Dan Nussbaums and there was a woods between their farm and the Miller farm. They claimed later that they saw Dan T. up in the air over the woods. They ran to see what had happened.

Dan's wife, Mary, had not yet arrived at the house when the explosion came. She turned and ran towards the barn but met the hired girl, Fannie, who told her she had better not go to the barn, so she turned again and went into the house.

When Dan came down he came through a small roof that had been built over the barn bridge, He landed on the den floor. His right leg was torn off above the knee. His foot with part of the leg flew over the barn and got caught in the fence on the east side of the barn. The other part of his leg was never found.

Dan P. Weaver was the first one of the neighbors to arrive after the explosion, but he said he could not do anything. He was in a state of shock. Next came Eli D. Hershberger, who lived three-fourth mile east of the Miller farm. When he heard the explosion he jumped on a horse and rode as fast as he could. When Eli found Dan he was still living. "Oh, my leg hurts so much," he said.

Eli told him that his leg was off and Dan asked what had happened. When Eli told him there had been an explosion he asked, "Where's Albert?

"Albert is dead," Eli told him.

"Send word for all the children to come," were the last words he said. Several of the married children lived in Geauga County.

When the neighbors arrived they told Fannie to start ringing the bell. But she did not respond as she was in a state of shock. Then Andy was asked to ring the bell, but he did not understand either. But in a short time many bells were ringing in the neighborhood.

A blanket was brought for Dan to lay his head on and a doctor was sent for, but before the doctor arrived he was dead. He lived about forty-five minutes after the explosion.

Dan had a gash above his right ear, about a four-inch triangle with one corner hanging down over his ear. He was scalded over his chest so that the skin came off. W.M. Hostetler, who lived on the D.M. Kauffman farm at that time, said he saw Dan's foot come over the barn with the shoe and sock still on.

Albert was found north of the barn in three pieces. His body had been torn off at the waist and the legs torn apart. One leg was seventy five yards from where the engine stood and parts of his body were found elsewhere.

When the Nussbaums arrived their daughter said to Fannie Yoder, "Come, let us go see where Albert is."

When they got to the peach tree, Fannie could go no further and turned around to go back, but the other girl went on and soon she called, "Here he is."

When more people had arrived a close search was made and both of their watches were found. They were still running at the time.

The boiler was under an appletree seventy-five feet away and the fire- box was turned end for end. The boiler had been ripped open lengthwise in line with the men's feet where Dan and Albert had been standing.

A long shaft with a big heavy wheel on one end came down just outside the door where Fannie and Jacob Swartzentruber had gone in only a few moments before. The shaft went into the driveway so that it stood on end with the heavy wheel on top. They also narrowly missed being hit by the water and steam from the boiler.

At Dave K. Troyers, two miles to the south, the house shook so that the windows rattled and dishes in the cupboard moved.

The bodies were gathered up and cleaned as best as could be done. Albert's body was laid out in the little orchard close by the chicken house but the undertaker accidently got his legs on wrong. But since it would be quite a job to change them, they were left that way.

The bodies were put on boards and carried to the house. Because of the heat and the condition the bodies were in, they were kept on ice until they were taken to the cemetery.

Mary, Dan's wife, was in bed most of the time until after the funeral. Her son, Mahlon, had died that spring on May 9. When her husband died she said, "I have not forgotten Mahlon yet as he was always so good to me. Now it's Dan and Albert."

The funeral services were held at the Dan P. Weaver home. Bishop Noah Bontrager of Howard County, Indiana and Samuel Yoder preached in the barn while Daniel D. Yoder and Daniel M. Wengerd preached in the house.

Noah Bontrager who helped preached the funeral sermon is still living. He resides in Holmes County—near Sugar Creek, Ohio.

The bodies were left at the Miller home and the poeple walked from the Weaver home to view them. Fifteen hundred people walked past the coffins. Burial was in the Hershberger Cemetery west of Mt. Eaton, Ohio.

Fannie Yoder, the hired girl, stayed until after Joni Millers moved in. Dan had gone after her only the day before the explosion. She had been hired so that he and his wife could go on a visit to Geauga County after threshing was done. It was the second marriage for both Dan and Mary.

Dan was born on June 7, 1864 and Albert was born on November 27, 1898. Albert had been baptized in 1917. Those who joined church with Albert were: Mahlon Hostetler (the one that died May 9, same year), Albert Miller (explosion victim), Ezra Chupp (deceased), Ben D. Yoder (deceased), Tobe J. Yoder (deceased), Eli B. Weaver, Ben D. Miller (deceased), Sam D. Yoder, Enos Swartzentruber (deceased), Amanda (Hershberger) Mrs. Jacob Shetler, Berne, Indiana, Sarah (Yoder) Mrs. Emery Weaver, Ohio, Sarah D. Troyer (single), Mary Ann (Miller) Mrs. Ura Byler, Ohio, Cevila Hershberger (deceased).

Grandma Mary was born on January 6, 1861 and died on November 3, 1943, at the age of eighty-two years.

Dan T. was my step-grandfather and this was the home where I was born two years later. I can well recall the fear I always had when I was a little girl and a steam engine would go by our place or come in to thresh for us. I had heard about the accident so often that I was afraid any engine would explode.

I THANK HIM

Some praise Him for the sweetness of the earth,
Sun-splashed or drenched with dew,
Its hills, its fields, its quiet country lanes-
I thank Him for these too.

Some praise Him for the energy of life,
For simple tasks to do,
For all the bright abandoment of health-
I thank Him for these, too.

Some praise Him for the kindly clasp of hands,
For friendships, tried and true,
For children's faces, laughing in the light-
I thank Him for these, too.

But, most, I praise Him for a lonely hill,
And One who died for me;
Sometimes I think my grateful heart must burst-
All this - and Calvary!

MY LIFE STORY

By Abraham S. Yoder, Belleville, Penna.

CHAPTER ONE: EARLY DAYS

My life has not been so extraordinary; but some of the children and in-laws seem anxious to read an account of pioneer life on the midwestern prairies, earlier farm machinery, modes of travel, the coming of new and faster equipment, as told by one who remembers a few things of 1880 and since. My father, Moses E. Yoder, was born October 25, 1846 in Juniata County, Pa. He was the youngest of four sons and four daughters. His parents, Bishop Joel and Franey (Yoder), are now buried side by side in what is called the Renno Graveyard, about a mile east of Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pennsylvania. Grandma Yoder, (Franey) passed away in 1855, and Grandfather (Joel) in 1865. I remember my father saying that he missed his mother so much.

Joel Yoder's children

1. Mary
2. Gertrude
3. Moses

Mary was married to Abraham Speicher, from Lawrence County, Pa., and was Speicher's third wife.

Gertrude was married to John Kanagy, and was his second wife. They lived one mile north of Belleville, where a grandson, Stephen Kanagy, now lives. John Kanagy passed away at middle age when his sons Joe and Levi were still too young to take over the farm and support the family. So my father, Moses, worked hired man three years for his sister.

My mother, Salome Speicher, was the daughter of Abraham Speicher, mentioned above, and his first wife, Salome Yoder. This Salome was the oldest daughter of A. Siever and Elisabeth (Byler) Yoder. This, my grandmother, passed away when my mother was but six weeks old. She had one brother, Christ Speicher.

Grandfather (Abraham) Speicher later married a Byler sister in Lawrence County, Pa., where his first wife's parents also had lived indefinitely. After a period of five or six years, this second wife also passed away, leaving no children. Grandfather Speicher later came to Juniata County, and asked my father's oldest sister, Mary to join life with him and his little family, pledging to come to Juniata in case she did not like Lawrence County. And of course, this is what took place.

My mother, Salome Speicher, was born Nov. 22, 1857. When she was 9 or 10 years old, she moved with Grandfather Speichers from Lawrence to Juniata County where she grew to womanhood. Then early in January of 1875 she married her stepmother's youngest brother, Moses E. Yoder. Moses was a young man of twenty-eight years, six feet tall and weighed one-hundred and eighty pounds. On November 12, 1875, my brother Joas was born. Then two years and three months later another son, Abraham, was born. This was on Feb. 7, 1878, in Juniata County, Pa. near a little village now called Mt. Pleasant, between Mifflin and Mexico. Some years later, I heard my Father say that it was the coldest day of that winter. And no doubt that was my impression also. My brother David joined us on October 30, 1879

About this time a group of several families decided to move to the middle West in search of almost-free land in Nebraska. The eastern part of Gosper County, Nebraska, still had some nice level land that was not taken. So there is where our little Amish group landed in March of 1880. Three men, of whom two and possibly all three were single, had gone west earlier and had built three or four quite small frame dwellings for the settlers. The settlers consisted of a bishop, Yost H. Yoder and family of five boys and two girls, Yost's brother Jake (a preacher) with his three daughters, also a single brother, Michael and a sister Barbara and her husband. Christ Speicher (my mother's only full brother), and a widower, Michael Yoder, father of the mentioned Yoder brothers. This was also a younger brother of my father's father.

When my folks arrived in Nebraska, they moved in with Uncle Jonas. This was father's older brother and one of the three single explorers. He was a good-hearted soul, and I believe a real Christian. He immediately invested in sheep and soon had hundreds of them and herded them on government land.

Uncle Yost D. Yoder (also an older brother of father's), who had a family of three sons and one daughter, was also among the pioneers. These three brothers, Jonas, Yost, and Moses, homesteaded one-half section of land, one mile long and one-half mile wide and divided it inot three farms. Had they known more about this land and its climate, they should each have acquired this amount, if possible, which would have been 320 acres each.

In the summer of 1880 Father built a sod house on the north end of this 320 acres, or on his share of about 106 acres. The sod house was built by first plowing the sod about 2 1/2 inches deep and 12 inches wide. Prairie sod was nice and tough and not brittle. Then it was cut with a spade, twice the length of the width and laid up like brick, one course cross-wise and the next the long way, two beside each other. Thus a wall 24 inches thick was built which resembled our eastern stone dwellings. This was plastered on inside (and some dwellings on outside) right against the sod, making quite a comfortable abode. The roofing material created some problem. Father was permitted to cut some scrub timber poles for rafters in canyons a few miles west of us. He purchased boards (likely in Lexington 20 miles north or Oxford 20 miles south of us) to put on these pole rafters. A cast of tarpaper was put on the boards and covered with 3 inches of Nebraska soil. This made a rather flat roof, and I surmise the roof leaked during some welcome rains. We praise the good Lord for blessing us with good crops for ten years in succession.

In the year 1884 or 5, father built a frame house 16' x 18';

one and one-half stories high. The in the winter of 1885 my mother and sister Lizzie (three years old) went by train back to Big Valley In Mifflin County, Pennsylvania. I suppose by then all the remaining Amish had moved out of Juniata County and united with other groups in Mifflin Count.

One night while Mother was away, the wind blew so strongly from the North that it shook the little 16 x 18 house. So Father propped the south side with the beams of his hay ladders. On another evening after dark, he walked to Uncle Yosts, (1/2 mile south of us) to get some ink to write a letter to mother. About half way home a coyote or prairie wolf started howling, possibly forty rods away. Father was amused and started to mock it. Immediately more wolves started howling, and seemed to be coming closer. Upon this Father took to his heels and made it home unmolested. Praise him.

I well remember how good those Pennsylvania apples smelled that were concealed in mother's baggage, before the baggage was even opened, when she arrived home.

No public school was orgainzed in this pioneer area until 1886. So of course we three boys, between the ages of six to ten, felt rather unemployed while Mother was away. One day when Father was out for quite some time, we thought we would like to imitate sowing wheat by hand, as we had seen Father doing. We decided corn meal would be a fine substitute and the 16 x 18 all-purpose kitchen a fine field. When Father came upon the scene, he did not scold, probably sensing at least a little industriousness.

You notice we were located twenty miles from a railroad station, except probably Holdredge which was 16 to 18 miles east of us. In 1884 a railroad was built through this section coming a few miles north of us, angling one mile north to two miles west, respectively. The town of Bertrand, soon spring up, just four and one fourth miles northeast from our house. Prior to this a country store two miles north of us served as our post office, named Tracyville.

The afore mentioned Michael Yoder (widower) and father's Uncle, located four miles south of Tracyville. He quite often walked to this store and post office and on his way home stopped at our place, which wasn't far out of his way. He probably had some news to tell Father. He often left a little candy for us tots, and this is probably one reason we learned early to love white-haired grandpas.

In the winter of 1880-81, Yost B. Yoder, from Big Valley, Mifflin Co, Pa., mother's uncle, about 30 years of age, came to Lexington by train. Father and Mike Yoder, Jr., with two horses and a sled started for Lexington before daylight. It was a real winter day with snow blowing. Their expected friend came some time that day, but too late to get home before darkness overtook them. After passing Half-way House, and the snow still blowing with no fences to give them a sense of direction, they came to a sod stable. Here they decided to put up for the night for which they had made some provision in case of necessity. I remember hearing father say they built a little fire inside this stable to which he held his bare feet, which were so cold he did not geel the heat. I don't think he had over shoes, as he was very short of funds for several years.

In the winter of 1883, on Dec. 28, sister Lizzie was born.

Good-natured Uncle Jonas taught school in his dwelling. We, the Moses Yoder family, had previously vacated this house, and now lived in our new sod house.

Uncle Sol. C. Yoders, (father's sister Betsy) also came west in one of the early summers and located 5 1/2 miles southeast of us. Their family consisted of four daughters and son Noah, the youngest. 1894 was a severe drought year and so this family migrated by horses and wagons, to North Dakota. Now in January of 1963, all have passed on except the third daughter, Nancy, who is 85 and living at Surry, North Dakota, and Noah, who by last reports is living in south-central New York state.

The Isaac Kauffman family, former natives of Big Valley, also came to Nebrask a in the spring of 1888 from Lancaster County, Pa. They lived quite close neighbors to us.

One cloudy drizzling Sunday, when church was at our place, Father sent me along home with preacher Jake Yodes, a cousin of Fathers and a brother of Bishop Yost H. Yoder, in a light two-horse wagon. I was ten years old then and became very homesick. There was no furlough for three weeks. This was quite an age, but of course by the end of three weeks, I had recovered from my homesickness. I walked home 6 1/2 miles on a Saturday afternoon, after a good thunder shower, in company with two of the Yoder cousins, (preacher Jake's daughters).

One day, while still at Jakes, he sent me a half mile away to do some harrowing with a one horse spiked-tooth harrow. Supposing that I could finish the job in a few hours, I did not bother to take water along. But the job proved to last for four or five hours, and I really suffered for want of water. When I got to the good fresh well-water, I drank so freely that it caused me a headache for a few days. But praise the good Lord for many better days since.

I also remember, one winter about this time that a neighbor of Jakes had several head of nice cattle. They wandered to the south end of the pasture field, 1/4 mile or more away from small buildings and there froze to death in a snow blizzard.

About 1892 this Jake Yoder family of 5 girls and 3 boys moved to Colorado, and built a big house. Later they broke up financially and moved to Oklahoma where an Amish church was established. This family has all gone on. Crippled Malinda was the last one if you happen to know of her. The two oldest daughters remained in Colorado and married outside of the Mennonite church.

Chapter 2-Prairie Fires and Drouth

About 1831-83, Uncle Jonas, had acquired several hundred sheep, which he herded and pastured on government land. He had a corral built of sod, 3 1/2 or 4 ft. high. Early in the spring of one of the years mentioned above, Uncle Jonas thought it wise to set a match to the dead grass and have all new clean pasture for his sheep. But soon a brisk breeze came up and drove his fire north-ward out of control and sixteen miles to the Platt river. Then the wind turned and came from the north, driving the fire back and south along the east side of the already burnt strip. I well remember it coming near our place one night. By then the air was quite calm, and men of the neighborhood brought it under control and were able to put it out close to the place where it had started. This was at the east and west road one mile south of us. I do not remember how many days and nights it had burned. We had only one horse then which was staked out, nearly 1/4 mile from our sod house. His hair, and especially his tail, was quite scorched. To safeguard themselves from fire, the people in the area would often plow a few furrows around their buiding and then burn the dead grass for quire a strip beyond the furrow. This same fire had burned a number of hay stacks for a cattle man, which was a real loss to him.

Uncle Jonas sold out in the fall of 1884 or early spring of 1885, and went to western Kansas. I presume he hitch-hiked to Kansas and was told he worked at masonry. Most people were pioneers and money was very scarce. Banks asked 10% interest on money they loaned out and this required real security. But the good Lord blessed this western country with ample rainfall until 1890. In 1889 we had quite a good corn crop, but were obliged to take thirteen cents a bushel for shelled corn and had to pay $7.50 per ton for a good grade of soft coal which came from Colorado. Some ear corn was burned for fuel as an emergency but conscience would hardly allow that. Corn cobs were the main kitchen fuel.

The year 1890 was a drought year which hit these pioneers quite hard. Uncle Jonas and his neighbors in western Kansas had the same experience. In late 1890 or early 1891, Uncle Joneas hitch-hiked back to Nebraska to pay his kin a visit. He evidently had not acquired too much welth by the appearance of his well-worn clothes. He related the following incident about the drought year of 1890. His funds were down to fifty cents. He decided to invest this in corn meal which he surmised would furnish him with the greater amount of nourishment. He evidently purchased this at a store and on the way home he met a neighbor who had a family to provide for. Upon his inquiry as to how they all were, the neighbor replied they were all quite well, except they were out of provisions, and that he was just our trying to find something to eat. Then Uncle Jonas laid his corn meal on his neighbor's shoulder to take home to his family. Uncle Jonas said he did not starve, but he did not disclose what kept him alive. It must have been a real satisfactiction to know that this neighbor family had at least a little something to eat, even at the expense of a hungry stomach. He may have had some whole wheat to cook, a real blessing to man since creation.

1891 and 1892 were aboundant years for crops for the mid western states. Praise Him still. The year 1893 was not quite so good. One thing that I especially remember that took place that year. Father was helping out bishop build a house for a recently married son. One day while being away, he had asked me (I was 15 years old) to hitch a horse to a small sled with a barrel on it, and haul some water to a wooden watering trough, or tank as we called it, to the pasture about ten rods away. So I hitched Flora the grey mare to the sled, filled the barrel with water, and either led or drove Flora to the stock tank, and then decided the tank needed cleaning. So I set the tank up on edge. It was made of two inch lumber and about six feet in diameter, and about 28 inches deep and somewhat water soaked. When the good mare spied this tank on edge just behind her, she became bewildered and instead of moving away, she stepped backward against the tank. This turned the tank a little and placed the bottom broad side to the breeze that was blowing. The tank fell over and upside down, right toward brother Samuel who was then 3 1/2 years old. He was standing close by watching the proceedings, and all I could do at the moment was watch it to. I felt it would hit him or probably reach beyond him, closing him inside of it. But Praise Him, Sammy was far enough away that the tank came down right in front of him almost brushing his face. It almost brings tears of joy and gratefulness to me yet to think of my great joy to see him standing there unharmed. Had he been inches closer, I feel it would have crushed him almost beyond recongnition. So we again say praise the good Lord for His providence and care of this, our innocent brother, who by Feb. 16, 1963 was 73 1/2 years old. He is also bishop to one of the Nebraska church distrcits in the Kishacoquillas Valley of Mifflin County, Pennsylvania.

The year of 1894 was the worst drought and dust storm year we had yet experienced. Father had harvested 136 bushels of fall-sown wheat off some new ground. This new ground was prairie just plowed the first time the year before. Spring wheat had otherwise been sown in these parts which yielded 1/2 bushel per acre this year. Many farmers had it cut with a header for seed the next year. A header was a machine, combine fashion, cutting twelve feet wide and elevating unthreshed grain on a wagon with a large box-like latter, and placed on stacks and threshed later. The corn planted that year only grew 2 1/2 to 3 feet tall and dried up slowly. Some farmers made sleds and installed knives and cut fodder to help replenish the scarcity of hay and other roughage. Two families from the state of Indiana had moved to our section the previous winter. These families, John Miller and Harry or Henry Schrocks, feeling they could not exist under such conditions soon pulled stakes and moved to Hutchinson, Kansas. This section probably fared better. They made the trip by horses and wagons. I do not know how long they stayed in Kansas, but not too long. The schrocks went back to Indiana and the Millers to North Dakota, and finally some of the grown children moved to Montana. Brother Honas took a team and wagon and helped to move the above-mentioned families to Kansas where he stayed several years, and joined the Amish church there. Harry Schrock lived to be 96 years old, and just passed on a few months ago.

brother Jonas sold that team of horses in Kansas, and some time in 1897 came to Mifflin County, Pa. In 1898 he went to North Dakota and then back to Nebraska in 1899. In December of 1899 he again returned to Belleville, Pa., and took unto himself a life companion. He did not live farther away from Belleville then two and one half miles until he passed on June 1st, 1925, from cancer of the stomach. He was 50 years, 6 months, and 19 days old.

In 1895, the Lord blessed us quite well, although it was quite dry until June second. At that time our fields became almost half covered with water, really giving vegetation a boost. July 5th was quite a warm day. I cultivated corn for father that day and came to the pump quite often for a drink. This seemed to make blood rush to my head, causing darkness and dizziness. That evening after retiring, a severe case of palpitation of the heart developed. The heart seemed to stop, then make two strong beats and then flutter, and this situation was then repeated. I chilled, and became both sleepy and fearful. Mother had retired for the night, but Father was still up. Coming downstairs, I told Father not to be scared, but I felt as though I was to go on. Mother then joined us, and we had special prayer together. Mother fixed a bed for me on the far side of the living room from where they slept in the adjoining bedroom. They left their bedroom door open and Mother said at times they could hear my heart beat. I was able to sleep all night. I was then seventeen years old and felt I was too young to become a church member. However I realized I had done nothing for the Lord as yet. I knew of nothing else to satisfy conscience and so that was my decision. To my delight, three cousins older than myself also became members of the church at this time. The two brothers are both deceased. Their sister, Mattie Yoder, who was 86 years old in March of 1963, lives in Kalona, Iowa. She is a widow and lives with a single daughter, Salina.

Having recovered quite well from the mentioned heart condition in a few months, I was asked to go along threshing by two Yoder brothers who operated a 36 inch cylinder, J.I. Case horse-power threshing outfit. This was fed by hand from both sides at the same time, requiring a band cutter on each side. Usually a boy of 14 or older had this job. Twelve, and sometimes fifteen horses were used. Three men composed the crew for operateing the machinery and on the horse power, which was well braced and staked to the ground. The driver had a whip cane, six or seven feet long with a lash attached of equal length, seeing each animal was doing his share. Another of the crew looked after the machine, keeping it oiled and also looked after the grain that was put on wagons. These boxes each held fifty bushels of grain. The third man fed the machine. Men changed off usually every fifty bushels. The man feeding the machine usually wore goggles, made of plain glass and a hedge of very fine wire screen to protect the eyes from dust and grain that might be thrown into the eyes. Threshing season from 1890 to 1900 and a few years later, lasted three to four months in a good crop year. Since threshing machines were not too plentiful, many farmers were obliged to stack their grain crops when in good shape to wait until machines could come to thresh it. Stacks were set up in such a way that the machine could take the dust away from the working men. The machines were almost always fed from both sides; one pitcher and a band cutter on each side for stack threshing. And Priase the good Lord for giving the increase. Paying taxes for surplus storage is 1896- I do not have too much to report for this year. But the Lord blessed the mid-western state with sufficient rainfall. It also was the year for election of president, with much tension between the Republican and Democratic people. Wm. McKinley was the nominee for the Republican side, and was elected. Wm. Jennings Bryan from Nebraska was the Democratic nominee. Although defeated in this election, he proved quite an able character in other government capacities.

1897- seems almost blank to me now, only that the good Lord blessed humanity with ample necessities for life's comfort, and for the wonderful life here after for all who would avail themselves of the opportunity.

1898 also was year of similar blessing. In the early summer, Father made a trip back to Mifflin County, Pa., to see his oldest brother Nathan who was ailing, and passed on in December of that year. In 1899, Mother made a similar trip to the same place, accompanying some one that was out with us from there. In the early months of that year, not having much to do, I went to our country school for five weeks, reviewing some necessary studies.

Chapter 3- Travels

I was in school the day I was 21 years old, February 7th. By that time I had acquired three horses, rented 60 acres of land and planted it in corn. The crop yielded slightly below average, and sold for 21 cents a bushel (shelled). I sold the bulk of my belongings that winter, packed my trunk for Pennsylvania and left home and friends on March 1st, 1900. Brother David took me to see that part of Kansas of which I had heard about quite a bit. Arriving at Hutchinson on Saturday morning. March 3rd, I soon met two Amishment, Noah Schrock, a minister, and his brother Moses. They lived in Haven Township, about ten miles south-east of Hutchinson. I had thought of visiting week or ten days in Kansas and then proceed on to Pennsylvania. Invitations to visit were about null, but several farmers were anxious to hire help for the summer. The country so strongly appealed to me, with many fine orchards and hedge fences by the mile that I decided to stay several months at least. So I hired to Jerry D. Yoder who had one married daughter, a son in Oregon and a son David 19, Andy, 15, and Susie 13. Their mother was also a real mother to me, seeing after my needs for clothing, etc. Lovina Miller was the hired girl, and by September she became the wife of John D. Hostetter of Indiana. John was a few months younger than I and was ordained to the ministry in For County, Kansas, and later moved to the state of Delaware. He and his wife have both gone on to their eternal reward.

Part of my second week in Kansas, I spent a few days in bed at the home of Bishop Christ Bontreger (who was the only person I had previously met) becasue I had been vacinated for small pox prior to leaving home. As some cases of pox had been reported in the state of Nebraska I felt it wise to play it safe. But priase the good Lord, I was soon able to go to work at the mentioned Yoder home in Haven Twp. by March 13th, when farmers started sowing oats. The Yoders paid me 17.00 a month until grain was in shock early in July. Then I was permitted to join the threshing crew which paid $1.75 a day. John C. Plank and I hand fed the machine which was run by steam engine. Ther were many good long warm days. The Yoders continued to give me a home. David, the 19tn year old son mentioned is now 82 years old, has his second wife and lives in the city of Hutchinson. He is a member of the Mennonite church and we still exchange letters occasionally. A threshing crew in those days consisted of the two brothers that owned the machine (and looked well after the same, notifying farmers when they expected to be at their place), the two men feeding the machine, an engineer, six pitchers, and the mentioned John D. Hostsettler was the water boy, bringing water for the engine with two horses in a tank wagon. The farmer whose threshing was being done, provided neighbors with teams and wagons to bring grain to the machine and also to move the threshed grain from machine to the place of storage. An alarm clock told me what time to get up to walk to where the machine was in time for breakfast on Monday mornings. I walked four miles in an hour one morning. I slept in the same room with Dave and Andy, who could not go to sleep at once when a clock was ticking in the room. So I buried the clock in my trunk among some clothes, and it still awoke me on time. However, once they were alseep, one almost needed to roll them out of bed to awaken them. After threshing seasson was over, Bishop Jonas Bontreger asked me to help with his fall work, while he and his wife went on a trip visiting churches in various states.

The Schrock brothers, Isaiah and John, who operated a creamery at Yoder Station then asked me to learn to make butter and work for them for an indifinite time. This I enjoyed and stayed with them until October, 1901. This summer had given farmers quite a good crop of small grain, but it was too dry for corn. The churn of the mentioned creamery handled cream for 650 lbs of butter in one churning, and three churnings a day. The flush season of early summer produced a surplus of cream to the extent that the night before Ascension day we had two extra churnings, making five churnings from seven o'clock in the morning until two o'clock at night. This yeilded 3,140 lbs. of butter. But late summer being quite dry, as mentioned, cream production had dwindled a lot. Since there wasn't much corn to pluck, two Yoder brothers Jake E. and David J., sons of the mentioned Jerry Yoder, asked me to go with them on a trip to Ontario, Canada, Niagara Falls, and Pennsylvania. You may recall reading in history of president McKinley being shot, lingering a while and died in the late summer of 1901, having just started his second term of office. This took place in Buffalo, New York.

We spent three weeks in Canada. The Yoder brothers had two married cousins living there in the persons of John and David Roes. Leaving that section on Nov. 10th for Belleville, Pa., we arrived at brother Joases Nov. 12th, (on his birthday). We had left Kansas on October 21st. We pleasantly spent three weeks among near relatives and newly-acquired friends. From there we went to Lancaster County, accopmpanied by Joseph H. Hostetler who had some relatives and other acquaintances there. The Lancaster Amish in general really had the knack of making strangers feel at home among them. Ere long we were invited to the wedding of Isaac and Anna Lapp at the bride's home, whose father was Gideon Lapp. This was a real place to meet new friends. Our group of four and four of our newly-aquainted Lancaster friends took a train at Gap and spent a day in Philadelphia at a zoo and other places of interest. My Kansas buddies also wished to see Washington D.C., our nations capital, and New York City. Sam Augsburger and Morris Zook accompanied them. I had seen Buffalo and Philadelphia, which was quite enough for me.

Sam D. Beiler of Illinois who had been with us in Kansas the summer of 1901, also came to Lancaster County in late December, where he had an Uncle and Aunt and some cousins living. He and I then traveled together to Conestoga where father had two cousins still living. One of these, Jonathan Yoder, was a deacon of the church-house Amish, with whom we spent a very pleasant night. The other one was David Yoder, who was sometimes called Dixie David. He had his second wife and two sons, Benjamin and Moses. My Kansas friends having returned from the cities soon proceeded on to Belleville over a weekend and then turned their faces homeward, stopping off in Indiana with relatives. I tarried in Lancaster over another Sunday and attended church and a singing at a Samuel Stoltzfus home, a little north east of Intercourse. I went home with Ben F. Lapp after the singing. Ben was still single, and had his home and worked for an Isaac Lapp family along Gordonville road. The following Monday I took the railroad train for Juniata County and stopped off at a small village called Dogtown, now Mt. Pleasant, with a Cyrus Sieber family. He was a veterinarian who lived in the house my father had built and which was also the place of my birth. It was from this place our family had gone to Nebraska in early 1880. This Cyrus Sieber had a son George, who was now a widower with one small son. George and his small son lived with his parents and George served the community as school teacher. George later remarried and took up his father's vocation as a veterinarian and bought a farm a few miles southwest of Allensville and served as a competent veterinarian for the Big Valley area for several years. I remember enjoying his service in the late 1920's.

I had resolved to see Juniata County of which I had heard much. But after my enjoyable stop with the Siebers over night, the next morning (about mid-January) was quite cold with a blanket of snow, so I resolved to move on to Big Valley at once. So I walked and ran a few miles to Mifflin, and a few minutes later I was on my way to Lewistown and Belleville. I thought I might see Juniata County sometime later when some one could be along that was acquainted with the earlier settlers, as to where they had lived, and so forth.

Arriving at Belleville, I was soon introduced to the Menno Stoltzfus family. Menno's farm bordered the outskirts of Belleville. Menno was ill with appendicitis. He was a man of about 30, and operating for this ailment was quite new at this time. A local Doctor helped him to recovery, but he was not strong enough to do his farm work. So I was asked to help out. They offered to pay $13.00 per month, but the Mrs. was not too strong, and I was asked to have my laundry done by some one else. Brother Joases good wife did that for me for which I paid her one dollar per month. Menno Stoltzfus recovered from his illness so he was able to get seed cleaning for farmers after harvest. After the corn was husked, we got Isaac Zook (Baldy) to go to the mountain with me to cut wood and haul it home to be used a year later. So on a Friday afternoon we cut the last tree (as we thought to complete the order). This tree was a big chestnut that had been dead some years. Upon cutting it down, it fell among some nice oak saplings. These small trees bent over from the weight of the old chestnut and then broke a good sized limb off the chestnut, which threw it up into the air and came down on the back of my head. I was knocked unconscious for some twenty minutes. Being a green horn in the woods, I did not look up for apparent danger. On coming to my senses, I had to vomit, and could not walk by myself the rest of that day. A young man by the name of Jake Finkle and an older Man, Rodgers, then happened to come along hunting turkeys. They stayed with me until Isaac climbed almost straight down off the mountain to the Jacob B. Zook farmstead, and had Israel (Zook's son) come up with a light springwagon to bring me home. We had to stop quire often as the road was so rough, causing a severe headache. We arrived at the Stoltzfus home about 4 o'clock P.M. (I should have gone to my brother Joases). Dr. Floyd was called, who said'it was hard to tell what would develop on a bruised head. But quite a headache prevailed until Sunday morning. We again sent for Dr. Floyd, who now put a fly plaster on the back of my neck, which drew quite a blister and relieved the headache. A dull ache stayed with me for some weeks.

A German School was organized a few weeks later, and I was asked to be the teacher. I was paid five cents a day per pupil, and I would furnish the fuel (coal). One stormy day I had three pupils, and traded ear muffs with one of them, (Jesse Byler, now at Pigeon Michigan), and paid him 15 cents to boot. I still considered it a good deal.

During this time, the year of 1902, I became acquainted with the Bishop John P. Zook family. One of their number now answers to the name of mother to a dozen of our children. She is now seventy-six years old and fairly active. I have much reason to exlaim, "Praise the Lord".

In early March of 1903, Rudy Kanagy and Sam Peight asked me to go along to Geauga County, Ohio, and try to find some carpenter work. I decided to go along and made preparations for the trip. On a Sunday night of March 15th after a singing at Yost M. Yoders we went home with Rudy Kanagy and brothers John and Sim. Arising early next morning, Sim hitched two horses to some wagon, probably a spring wagon, and took us three boys and some baggage to Mill Creek. Here we flagged a five o'clock train to Huntington, to take the broad top train for Somerset. Fifteen minutes before this train was due to leave I remarked to my friend Sam Peight that this plan of stopping at Somerset just now did not appeal to me. Farmers would be making maple syrup and hardly had time to bother with us now. Sam felt the same way about it, so we talked to Rudy about it and he was agreed. He wanted to stop in Somerset but decided to stop on the way home in June. He had hired David Yoder's threshing outfit for the next season. So we just waited for the eleven o'clock train to Pittsburg. Here we had to wait until the next day and of course buy a bed. Arriving at New Castle, Lawrence County, where a stopover had been planned, we walked out a mile or so to the Michael Speicher homestead (my mother's Uncle and where Mother usually stopped when coming East.) By this time it was probably 12:30 or one o'clock. We met Aunt Nancy (now a widow) and a younger lady, plus one of the Speicher sons out near the barn yard. The son was hauling manure with a wagon and putting it off on piles as was the custom those days. They did not ask us in or invite us to come back some other time. We soon sensed they were not much interested in our visit. So we soon asked of the whereabouts of the John K. Hostetler family, who had moved out from Big Valley the spring before. They seemed very anxious to do us the favor of directing us to the Hostetler place. This was not too far over some nice level fields. We thanked them and had a nice walk over frozen ground with a little water here and there. We found the Hostetler family at home and seemed happy to entertain Big Valley friends. Sam Peight had an Uncle Isaac Lapp living in that section where we spent one night very pleasantly. Their son John was still at home; He is now an Amish teacher and living in Stark Co., Ohio, and ailing some. (1963). The Lawrence County Amish not having church the following Sunday, we worshipped with the King group at the Joshua King house. We also pleasantly spent one night with a David Speicher. He was a cousin of Mothers and had spent several months with our group in Nebraska several years previously, and was now married to one of the Lapp girls, who was a cousin of Sam Peight's. This David Speicher came in contact with some electric wires quite early in life and was killed.

In October of 1962 two of the David Speicher daughters (one a widow) and two of John Speichers daughters (cousins) and aged in the sixties and seventies came to this Valley for the first time to contact relatives. They were surprised to find so many, and their visit was enjoyed by all. They now live in Eastern Ohio where some of them were born.

We Big Valley boys then proceeded on the Geauga County, Ohio, Our first stop was with the Bishop Jacob D. Byler family who were obliged to refuse us lodging because of sickness in the family. We then went to the Dan Kurtz family, where we were kindly accepted. Thanks to them and Praise the good Lord. Soon after this we contacted Henry P. Schrock, who needed a few husky men to help move some small barns and build a good-sized new one for Benjamin Troyer; and a village stable at Burton Burough. I hired as a green hand for one dollar and ten cents a day and board. Sam was to receive $1.25 having had a little experience. But Henry Schrock was just recovering from the grippe and was not ready to start work for a few weeks.

So we all found employment elsewhere. I located with a man named Roes in the village of Middlefield for a month. He was a cow dealer who owned a thirty cow dairy farm a half mile or so out from the village which he had rented to a man by the name of Orlando Cramlet. John A. Byler hired himself to Cramlet. John and Orlando milked thirty cows from three o'clock to six o'clock and then the milk man came along twice in twenty-four hours with a horse-drawn wagon, seven days a week. They placed the milk on trolley cards to go to Cleveland, thirty miles away, and received one dollar per hundred pounds for their milk. This was ten cents above cheese price where most other farmers sold their milk. The cheeseplants would shut down over the winter and at least some farmers sold off their cows, or almost gave them away. Then in the spring they bought others at forty-five dollars a head at that time. Sol D. Peachey of Big Valley occasionally would bring a load of cows from this section. In the spring of 1905 Peachey sold a nice Holstein cow to me which he had bought from William A. Byler, Middlefield, Ohio. He sold her to me for twenty-nine dollars. How much, or little, did brother Byler receive for his cow? In those days money had value.

While I was working for Mr. Rose, his farmer Cramlet took sick for several days, so it fell to my lot to help out on their milking project. I milked thirteen cows one morning before breakfast , while the Byler boy, milked eighteen. But nearly all temporal things have an end. So when the pledge month was up, I walked across the fields and pastures, five or six miles to the Henry P. Schrock home, arriving after dark, to try my hand as a carpenter. Schrock and Peight had already started on the village stable. The boss being away, Sam and I were alone for a day or two. I asked Sam what I could do to help him. Sam looked around and showed me a 2 x 4 about 3 feet long piece of board to splice to a studding 2 x 4 that was already set up and was not quire as tall as the others. This should have been spliced before it was set up. Their native frame lumber was all hard maple, beech, oak, and so on, no pine or hemlock. I really proved to be a green hand as carpenter, trying to drive a spike through that hard wood up in the air. Same came to my rescue, and drive a nail for me while I held a butter up for him. But things soon improved. After working a few months, one nice sunshiny morning at sunrise I heard the boss out grinding tools. I said to Sam, "I'll go out and turn that grind stone for the boss, maybe he'll raise my wages." I didn't really expect that, it was just something to say. But that is what developed. The good-hearted boss said that he didn't see much difference in us boys, and said he'd pay'n me same as Peight. Thank you. Later in the summer when work became a little slack, the boss let me help a farmer, Stephen Yoder by name, with the painting of some buildings. After three weeks of that a C.J. Slabaugh, a contractor of Middlefield, who operated a saw and planing mill, asked me to come over and help finish a house he was building. He only had one carpenter, Jonas Hostetler, a single man. I made my home with the Slabaughs, milked the cow for them and so on.

About the middle of October, Sam Peight and I resolved to take a boat ride to Ansable, Michigan, and from there to Comins by rail. Uncle Yost and family of six boys and four daughters had moved to that section from Nebraska, since I had left there in 1900. We took a boat at Cleveland for Detroit one eveing at 10 o'clock, crossed lake Erie, which was very calm and smooth sailing. We arrived at Detroit at almost day break. On inquiring we found a boat had been taken off schedule the week previously, and we were obliged to wait 28 hours for a boat to Ansable. So we took a ferry across the river to Windosr, Canada and walked out several miles to see the country. Some farmers were picking apples. We laid down in a field of grass and had a nap. We wnet back to Windsor, which was then a small town, compared to Detroit. I have since read about Windsor having become quite a city. We found lodging at Windsor for the night. We went back to Detroit the next morning and in due time were paddled up the lakes, which got quite rough by the time we got to Ansable at daybreak the next morning. We were in time for the narrow Gange log train which took us 60 miles to Comins, where we walked out a mile or so and found Uncle Yost and family at their dinner table and all well and quite happy. The three older boys and their sister Mattie had bought land and settled a few miles farther south. The next day being Sunday and not their meeting Sunday, we pleasantly spent the day visiting with the cousins and few of their neighbors. By either Monday or Tuesday evening we were back again to Ansable for the boat back to Detroit, and Cleveland, Ohio. The wind was blowing so strongly the boat had a difficult time making the landing. On the boat we found quite a few seasick. I soon discovered that by turning face down on back of setee, these symptoms could be eased. Sam was a little sick on the way up. When we arrived in the Middlefield section, the Amish folks had learned that I had taught German School. So friends in Troy Township asked me to teach for them in a building on the Peter W. Swartzentruber premises, which offer I accepted. They paid me twenty dollars a month, and I helped with the chores and worked Saturdays for my board and lodging, all of which I appreciated. I considered the school room a better place to spend the winter than in the woods and helping with the logging, of which I had an offer at the same price. That section often has quite a bit of snow.

While I was spending the summer of 1903 in Ohio, my folks sold out in Nebraska and bought a farm (by writing to friends) in Mifflin County, Pa., Our bishop Yost H. Yoder had passed on very suddenly in December of 1901, and Uncle Yost who was a preacher, had moved to Michigan. My father, Moses E. Yoder, a deacon, and four other families were the only ones remaining. It seemed about time for them to vacate also. So that is what happened. My school term of four months having expired, I boarded a bus on Feb. 29, 1904 for Wayne Co., Ohio to visit the Speichers mentioned earlier, where I spent a few days very pleasantly among the distant relatives.

At this time a sad incident occured. Mrs. Sara (Speicher) Berky, a widow with a family, had a son working in the state of Washington at a logging camp. He was killed while in the act of unloading a truck load of logs,.he was brought home and buried. Another son (sorry I do no know their names) had been to Alaska in search of gold and was home for this funeral, with his health quite impaired. This second son was still living several years ago, when we visited in that area. He was still single and alone on their home farm. I'm inclined to think he owned the place. Maybe he did find some gold in Alaska.

Wishing to spend the weekend in Holmes County, I tried for a train to Millersburg from Orrville, Finding the railroad bridges were out, I went to Canton (on trail or trolly) trying to get to Sugar Crek. This was on a Friday and the bridges were out that way also. I came part way back and walked 9 miles to Beach City, spent the night at a hotel, and walked out to Jonas Swartzentruber a distance of 10 or 12 miles by noon. They helped me on toward Charm by horse and Buggy. From there I walked again and stopped with a Sam Yoder family for early supper, and then went on to Abraham Troyers, my goal when I had left Wayne County. These Troyers were the home folks of Mrs. Swartzentruber, where the school had been held. They had also a single son Moses, whom I had previously met. The next day being Sunday, we assembled at the preacher Honathan Troyer home for worship, where Jonathan and his aged father, Bishop David Troyer explained the way to life. After spending another well-enjoyed day with youth of this community, I returned to Wayne County, trying to catch the train my folks would be on in coming to Pennsylvania to live. But instead of coming by way of Columbus they had secured tickets at their starting point which took them by the way of Cincinnati, and arrived in Pennsylvania 24 hours ahead of me. I hadn't seen my home folks for 4 years, and my little sister Malinda, now 2 1/2 , would not own me as a brother. But time also changed that. Malinda is now a widow of 61 years of age, with no children and not enjoying the best of health.

The Kurtz brothers then took me on as a helper on their slate roofing crew, which was then very popular. Single slate was used for barns, and could be slate for houses. This crew consisted of Joseph Kurtz, Solomon Kauffman and myself, with another helper occasionally. This summer I enjoyed making my home with a cousin, Moses A. Yoder and family, who lived a good mile Southeast of Belleville, which was quite close to the rest of the slating gang. I enjoyed this work, which also proved beneficial in later years.

In 1905, I was employed with the carpenter crew of Johathan Y. Kurtz, and made my home with the young Jacob Z. Peachey family, who later became my brother-in-law. For some reason I became ill with pneumonia the last of May, to the extent that recovery was questioned for a few days. Again we say, "Praise the Lord for blessings since." Mother, living 5 or 6 miles away, came and helped care for me a few days, and in 8 days I was able to go home. It was 2 weeks until I was able to resume work. That summer, the farm house where young Ezra Peachey now lives, 1/4 mile back of Gospel Hill, was built for Dentist Daniel Miller, father of the late Dr. Henry Miller of Belleville, We also built the immense barn where Mark Yoder now lives, a few miles North east of Belleville, Israel Kauffman then owned the place.

On November 13th, I moved to the Jonas Peachey farm home, a little west from the White Hall store, in order to teach at the White Hall German School, which was quite a full house. Some of the pupils were: Preacher John Renno, Ezra F. Peachey, Noah Yoder (deceased), who were then 16 year olds. Quite a few of my pupils have since passed on. Public school was not compulsory then, so I had several grades to teach.

By the time school was over Jonas Peachey decided he needed both a farm hand and a carpenter. He wanted to build a hog haouse (or barn) and rebuild the wood house. And of course I needed a place to call home, so we agreed on the price of 24 dollars a month. Later his wife, Arie exclaimed "Such a price!" Their children were then 6 girls, ranging in ages from 10 years and younger. So to favor this big price, I told Jonas that when harvest came he need only hire 1 more hand to haul the grain bundles to the barn, and that I could load for 2 men pitching if they placed it well into the middle of the wagon with the tops at my feet. With the aid of a fork, I could then place them right and left and filling the middle as we went along. They could throw as many sheaves at a time as they wished. Again I praise the good Lord for the increase that year.

Then again on Nov. 13th, I moved back to the Jacob Z. Peachey home, and if I remember correctly, taught school again at the log cabin, just 1/4 mile back of Gospel Hill.

The summer of 1907 I was again on the Jonathan Y. Kurtz carpenter gang. We remodeled a grandpa house for C.M. Renno, a barn for Joas Kauffman, where David Hostetler now lives, and the farm house for John Bailey, along the Kishaquillas road. We also built a smaller barn for Christ H. Hooley at Union Mills where Johnny Zook now lives. A fire from lightning had destroyed the other one.

About this time I received a letter from Amish friends in

Madison County, Ohio, asking me to teach German school three months for them. Sensing the need, and the employment out of the weather, I accepted the call. To my delight, the first Sunday in Madison, Ohio, they had the noted preachers, David S. Kauffman from Lagrange County Indiana and Joseph Wittmer from Davies County, Indiana. For some time I had had a desire to meet these brethren. The farmers in Madison had a good crop of corn to take care of and so were not quite ready for school.. I husked corn a week for John J. Miller, with whom I was to make my home. He now had his second wife in the person of Mrs. Lydia Gingerich, Byler, whose children had attended our school in Geauga County in 1903-04. This school in Madison was held in a vacant country school house. A little over 40 scholars attended. *To be continued*

THANKSGIVING

See the pumpkins lyin' nestled
 Among the cornstalks brown and bare;
See the picture Jack Frost painted,
 Only God can put it there.

Glorious colors from the treetops
 All have fallen to the ground;
Shh! I hear the awaited signal,
 Thanksgivin' Day is comin' round.

Atop the old rail fence he's sittin',
 Gobblin' out his noisy blast;
Nice and fat, he'll make good eatin',
 He doesn't know this call's his last.

Butternuts I've yet to gather,
 Sweet potatoes already dug;
So many good things, so much beauty,
 You wanna give the world a hug!

Loved ones comin' home for dinner,
 And for supper too will stay;
My cup is full, it runneth over;
 Thank God for Thanksgivin' Day.

GIVE THANKS TO THE GIVER

I'm thankful today for many things,
For a heart that is happy, a heart that sings;
Often in the past this joy wasn't mine.
For I wouldn't let the Saviour's love shine;
He's always been there—He always will—
 Just waiting your lonely heart to fill.
Has He knocked at your hearts door today?
Did you invite Him in, or turn Him away?
There is still time to make things right,
Come out of sin's darkness, into God's light;
Make every day a Thanksgiving time,
You too at His bountiful table may dine.

Thanksgiving Day will be every day then,
Your empty heart filled with Jesus, your Friend;
Sing praise for His goodness, His love and care,
Take Him with you always and everywhere;
You'll never regret or have cause to doubt,
When life's storms come, He'll lead you out.

Mr. Edwards Treasure

By Mrs. Tobie Schmucker

Chapter 6 - *Continued from last month*

A gentle hand shook Jerry, startling him to wakefulness.

"W-w-what? Who? Where am I?" He sat up, rubbing his eyes in the darkness and groggily looking all about. Blacky lay at his side, while White Face blinked her eyes as Dad's flashlight flashed in her face.

"You're out here with the calves Jerry. Dad's voice sounded a little shaky. "But, why I don't know. Dad tightened his hand on the boys shoulder as he knelt down beside him in the soft light. "I couldn't find you anywhere!"

It was then that Jerry noticed his Dad's frightened features slowly relaxing . "I thought I hurried home but . . ."

Jerry smiled and yawned. "I came out here when you left and I guess I fell asleep."

"Well, come inside with me and we'll go to bed. Okay?" Dad got up and headed for the doorway. "Come."

Jerry followed Dad silently inside, walking close by his side as if his nearness could push away those wandering jealous thoughts.

"Why don't you just sleep with me Jerry." Dad said. His voice seemed so soft that it brought a lump to Jerry's throat. He just nodded and yawned trying to keep his lips from trembling.

Every one met Jerry at the school yardgate the next morning wondering how little Black Face was. Jerry looked both surprised and pleased to be at all noticed. Teacher Mary noticed him. "I wish he'd realized how little that matters." she sighed to herself. If only he'd realize that his happiness comes from his own attitude, not others."

Jerry looked and acted bright and happy all day. He even tried to catch a ball once that was thrown to home plate and nearly caught it, bringing cheers from the others and a blush too his cheeks.

Mary watched quietly. If only he would be so cheerful other times. But it seemed he expected too much from the others and not enough of himself. It was nice to feel the nearness of her pupils. It hadn't always been this way. She had worked hard for it the first few years, but she had seen her reward.

But with Jerry she had had little trouble. He had always been sweet natured and jolly. It was hard to imagine why he so bitterly regretted the way he had been made. He had been good in a lot else, but when trouble came he had been conquered by discouragement and it seemed at times that he buried himself in self pity. It was easy to see that this attitude would lead Jerry to more trouble and different problems.

Tears filled her eyes as she remembered the innocent, spry little boy, Jerry had been in first and second grade. Who would ever have imagined then that such a disease lay even then within his bones.

As the days passed Jerry, fell back into his usual aloneness. He cared for his twin calves, helped chore, read with Dad in the evenings and wondered. There were so many things, he just couldn't understand. The first thing was why was he a cripple? A question he had asked himself a thousand times before. Next he would wonder where his Dad had gone that evening Jerry had fallen asleep in the calve's pen. And about Mr. Edwards dog and the treasure Mr. Edwards might have. He couldn't help but feel bitter and jealous that Mr. Edwards might have a treasure while someone like Jerry, who could physically benefit from the money, would have to spend his life a cripple.

Sunday afternoon coming home from church Jerry kept remembering the strange boys that had been at church.

"I wonder where those boys come from?"

"Boys?" Dad wondered. "They're the family that plan to move in here this spring."

"They said their names were Ben and Rueben Gerig. That's a strange name." Jerry laughed to himself.

"Not so strange. I think they're a nice family. Did you talk to the boys?"

"Me? No.!"

"What would be so bad about that my boy?" Dad smiled. "It would do you good to talk more with boys your age."

"I have Henry to talk to ." Jerry replied, snappishly.

His father looked at him sharply. "I don't want you to talk to me like that Jerry. He spoke feelingly. "It seems to me you're getting just a bit-", He paused searching for the correct wording, "rebellious at times."

Jerry couldn't remember when he had ever rebelled against anything in his entire life. But of course to say so wouldn't be smart.

"The Masts said they might come over for supper." Dad changed the subject. "Some of the girls might be over to make supper. Maybe Henry will come too if his Dad lets him. Hurry with your chores and maybe you'll have time for other things untill supper is ready."

"Teacher Mary Too?" Jerry asked hopefully.

"Probably."

"Oh if she does come, I want to show her my calves. And I don't think she's ever seen our hog pens that you fixed."

"Well then you'll just have to hurry with the chores won't you?" His father said smiling softly, but the tone of his voice made Jerry glance up in time to see a small tear drop slide silently down his fathers cheek.

His father quickly brushed it away and said, "I've been doing alot of thinking lately, Jerry. A lot of thinking about you. I want you to be truly happy. I want that more than almost anything else."

"I-I am happy Dad."

"But you've never had a Mother and a Dad just doesn't make a good mother for a growing boy."

Jerry felt suddenly very near and dear to his father. Why had he ever imagined Dad would even think of liking someone else. It would always be just him and his father. If he had only understood what Dad was trying to tell him. But it was all so hard for a twelve year old boy to understand.

Henry did come just as they were milking the cows and so did his sister, Mary. Her eyes shone as she stepped into the cowstable and smiled at Jerry. "Are you milking already? I thought maybe I could help."

"You can help me on the other side. Dad and I sometimes milk together," Jerry replied, just plain glad to see her.

"O.K.," Mary laughed, "but she better not kick me."

"Henry, you can milk Bessy."

"Jerry!" His father reproved. "They don't have to milk."

Jerry blushed, "But I thought they'd want to."

"I do!" Laughed Henry. "Jerry knows I want to milk Bessy." With that he grabbed a chair and sat down beside her. He looked over his shoulder at his sister. "Maybe you should go start supper, Mary. I can help them finish milking."

"No," Mary said laughing. "I want to help too." Tonight Mary didn't seem like a teacher to Jerry. She didn't sound like one at all. It seemed to be especially easy to talk with her, but suddenly a new shyness overwhelmed him and tied his tongue in knots. She looked so bright and, yes, even pretty.

"How old are you Mary?" Jerry blurted without thinking.

Mary took the question easily and laughed at his bluntness. "How old am I?

Old enough to be an Old Maid, I guess."

"Well, how old is that?"

"Jerry!" His father broke in with exasperated amusement.

Jerry looked at his father with surprise. He'd only asked a practical question. "I was just wondering if she's very much younger than you, Dad." He would have continued, but suddenly his father asked Henry if he would stop the engine. With Henry gone his father turned to Mary, whose cheeks were as pink with blushing as an evening sunset. "Mary," he said, "maybe you could ask Jerry yourself."

Mary blushed even more furiously, but when she turned to the now puzzled

Jerry she was smiling at him shyly. "Jerry," she began. "Would you mind if I were to become your Mother?"

Her eyes dropped—Jerry sat spellbound. "Mother"! He gasped inwardly. So that was where Dad had gone! So, he did like someone else. It would not always be him and Dad.

"I guess it's not for me to decide," he finally answered bitterly, while thoughts were whirling through his head. Then he began to think other thoughts, thoughts that were not normally in keeping with his sweet disposition. It had all been a trick, his hurt mind told him. Mary's past kindness; She'd only been trying to get him to like her so she could up and marry Dad! Dad? His Dad? Well there wasn't Much he could do about it.

And his Dad, sneaking off behind his back, never once letting Jerry know what was happening between himself and Mary.

A strained silence followed his answer and Jerry made no further comment, as he tried to furiously absorb this new and stunning information and all the conflicting thoughts that swam aimlessly through his mind. Before it had all been so simple, just he and his Dad. And now a Mother?

He'd only had one Mother and had no desire for another.

Faintly he heard the closing of the stable door and then his father cleared his throat. Finally with eyes dulled by what he felt was betrayal he

looked at his Dad.

"Don't you like Mary?" his father asked.

"For a teacher," he replied shortly.

"But not for a mother, I take it."

Tears streamed unchecked down Jerry's face and then hearing Henry's cheerful whistle just outside, he set down the bucket that he had been clenching tightly and fled to the haymow.

Jerry often wondered what he would do with out a haymow. How often had he romped and played in it with Henry or just by himself. But now that he was crippled he appreciated the bank barn most of all. There was no way he could crawl the ladder, but he could walk up the bank.

Now as he lay weeping in the hay he was glad for this place of refuge more than ever. He was glad he could be all alone. He didn't want anyone else to know he was weeping Nor the reason why.

No, his father must never know just how jealous he was. Or Mary either. They could get married. Jerry was old enough to watch out for himself. Hadn't he done without a Mother for most of his life? And he wouldn't need a Father either. Just thinking of losing the only one he had ever had to another, brought a fresh storm of tears. He buried his face deeper in the hay and let the tears flow.

A gentle hand touched his shoulder, making Jerry tense all his muscles. He knew that hand belonged to his father.

"Jerry," His fathers voice was so sad. Sadder than Jerry had ever heard before. "We'll always do things together. If you don't want Mary to be your Mother then I won't want her to be my wife." He pulled Jerry to his feet. "It just never occurred to me that you wouldn't want it that way."

Jerry's heart felt heavy and full of sudden guilt. "Come on," his father said. "Wash your face in the milk tank and let's go eat supper." He paused in the doorway and turned back to Jerry. His voice still held a great deal of sadness but there was something else in it now. Something firm. "I wish you would take life as God gives it to you, Jerry. Instead of trying to make it your way. You will never be happy, because you just can't have life the way you want it." Then he sighed. "Maybe I've failed you in some way. I know it's been a hard life. And I've tried to do my best but. . .I don't know. . . maybe I've failed somewhere. . ."

It was the longest speech Jerry could remember having heard from his Dad. He had never really spoken to him as he would to a grown-up. He had always been 'little Jerry'. It took him rather off balance to hear Dad speak to him in that grown-up manner. It was all to hard to understand. But of course Dad was a good Dad! It hurt him to think Dad thought differently. But what did all the rest mean? What was his father trying to say to him?

Jerry was trying to figure it all out as he walked into the kitchen. The table was spread and ready for the rest.

Henry ran up to him frowning, "Where have you been? I've looked all over for you!" But Jerry didn't really hear him as he stared at the cake sitting in the center of the table.

"How did you know that tomorrow is my Birthday?" His eyes stared first at the cake and then at Mary who was also in the kitchen.

"Oh, I have my ways," she smiled. "I think I know all my pupil's birthdays. And your Dad asked me to make it for you. How old will you be, Jerry?"

"Thirteen."

"A teenager! Tut, tut, I can hardly believe it!"

Jerry seemed to forget his past outburst just by knowing his birthday had been remembered.

Then they sang songs together untill it was time to go home. It wasn't untill he was alone in the house with his father again that he remembered the events of earlier in the evening. He turned to his father who looked to be deep in thought and he wondered jealously if it was Mary who occupied his thoughts tonight or, Jerry, his only son.

Chapter 7

Jerry walked to school the next morning with his usual slow tiresome steps. But inside he felt like 'singing' and springing' with glee.

The sun shone brightly as it began it's travel across the blue heavens above and Jerry wondered just how hot that brilliant light called a sun really was. He tried to remember how big the moon looked the night before. Maybe as big as the sun, but certainly not nearly as bright as he had never had any trouble staring endlessly into the moon's luminious glow.

He and his Dad had always enjoyed sitting beneath the moon on warm summer nights quietly studying that pale disc in a black sky studded with stars and Jerry remembered how he had snuggled close to Dad on such evenings feeling small and insignificant beneath the vastness of the summer night above. It was as if he was a tiny ant inside of a big, big room. Dad had seemed to sense this feeling in his son and would often wrap his arms around his little boy. That was when Dad told him of God and of the devil. Of Heaven and of the firey furnace. It had always filled Jerry with a mixture of awe, fear, beauty, and pain.

But Dad was good. If he snuggled close to Dad surely God would watch them so they could not do bad.

Sometimes Dad would smile and teasingly ask Jerry if he was cold and Jerry wouldn't know what to say then, because he really was only feeling small and afraid.

But that had been when Jerry had been a very little boy.

Now he was a teenager and much too old to be held close to Dad.

Jerry sighed as he kicked a stone as far as he could. But a second later he was sitting on the rough gravel. Had he forgotten that now he was a cripple too? Had he forgotten how long it took him to get to school with his slow steps? Maybe he was late even now. Panic stricken Jerry raised himself to his feet as swiftly as he was able to.

Suddenly wondering if everyone was there already he looked around hoping to see someone on the school yard. No one was there. Was he truly late? What would teacher Mary say?

The breeze flowed through the woodland to the side of the road whispering in Jerry's ears. The birds were singing so sweetly. Jerry liked to hear birds sing. They always made him feel like Spring time again. But this morning for some reason even that feeling had suddenly left him. It must be he had lingered too long to listen and watch everything. For surely he was late!

Nervously he reached out to take hold of the door knob. It seemed to him he heard a murmer of voices. He stepped inside and began taking off his hat slowly. There must be something strange going on to find the pupils all inside before school started.

Curiousity got the best of him and he hurried to investigate.

The seats were all empty but for a first grader coloring in one corner of the room. In the opposite corner stood everyone in a group talking and laughing.

Teacher Mary was sitting at her desk and smiled as he entered. "Good morning, Jerry. What are you puffing so much for?" She asked taking his books from him and placing them on his desk. "Looks to me like you were walking entirely too fast."

Jerry blushed. It was only now that he realized that he was sweating and breathing hard. "I thought I was late. I didn't see anyone on the playground." He sat down and wiped his face with his clean handkerchief still eyeing the cluster of children in the back corner.

Teacher Mary reached for the belt and jingled it. "School time children."

Immediately the cluster broke up and Jerry's eyes widened. The two strange boys were sitting in the two desks in that corner. Yes, Ben and Reubin, the same ones he had seen at church yesterday. But why were they here today?

His thoughts were interrupted by Teacher Mary's quiet voice.

"First of all this morning we will get these two boys to introduce themselves." She smiled gently at the boys in the back corner. "The oldest can come up first and tell the rest of the students his name, his age, and what grade he is in."

Jerry saw the oldest looking boy scoot down further in his seat and smile shyly. Then slowly he got up and shuffled to the front of the room.

"M-my name is Bejamin Gerig and I'm in the 7th grade."

Then his brother came forward, "I'm Rueben and I'm in the 6th grade." He spoke as quickly as possible and hurried to his seat again.

Teacher Mary smiled. "Now we will go down the line and everyone else will tell his name."

It was later than usual when classes began, but Teacher Mary didn't seem to mind. "Now lets get out our books and begin classes," she spoke calmly.

It was at recess that Jerry learned more of these boys. In fact so much that his heart skipped a beat.

He was walking up to the group casually, when Rueben turned and stared at him in surprise. It seemed to Jerry he had never been so examined as he was right them. He knew he walked differently but the other children had never really given that much attention to it. It had come about so gradually that they had gotten used to seeing his curved and crippled back.

Rueben turned his eyes away again just as Ben said in answer to a question he was asked.

"Oh, you know Mr. Edwards don't you?"

"Oh, heard of him."

"It's his farm we bought."

"Oh, I see, then you're neighbors to these two boys." He turned to Jerry and then to Henry. "You'll live in back of both of their farms."

"Oh, really?" Ben smiled at Jerry questioningly. "What are your names? Can't remember just hearing them once this morning."

Jerry and Henry reintroduced themselves and Ben said, "So we'll be neighbors, eh?"

Rueben joined in quickly. "Then maybe you've seen Mr. Edward's place?"

"Yes we have." Henry nodded.

There was a moment of silence as the Gerig boys examined their neighbors, and the two neighbors eyed them. Jerry tried his best to stand as if nothing was unusual about him, but he knew he could not succeed completely.;

"What grade are you in?" Rueben asked Henry.

"We're both in the 7th grade."

Ben's eyes widened as he turned towards Jerry, "You too?" He did not have to add that he thought Jerry looked too small, but Jerry knew that that was what he was thinking.

"Jerry started a year younger than I did." Henry quickly explained. "Guess he was smarter."

Rueben stretched himself tall enough to break off a twig from the tree he was under "Well, I guess the outside does not always tell what the inside's like." He smiled at Jerry, his eyes twinkling then added, " Doesn't mean we can't be friends, just 'cause you're a year younger."

Ben was eyeing Jerry quietly. "Then you must be my age."

Jerry shrugged, then eyeing the other boy's broader shoulders and general bigger size he replied, "I guess. How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

Jerry's heart beat erratically in his chest with excitement. He had learned enough of these two boys to know that they were all going to be neighbors, but he had also learned something even more important. His and Henry's new neighbors bought the land under which lay Mr. Edwards treasure! So it was no wonder that his heart nearly skipped a beat.

Later, on the way home from school, Jerry spied Henry walking along the road. "Henry!" He gasped, half running, half stumbling to catch up to him. "They bought Mr. Edwards place! The treasure, Henry!"

"Ho," Henry laughed. "Don't you think, Mr. Edwards would be smarter than that?"

"What do you mean?"

"He's likely to have dug it up already."

Jerry grunted. "No, I don't-. Henry you're going too fast."

"Oh, sorry," Henry said apologizing and slowing his pace.

"I don't think he dug it up. He probably buried it there purposely just before he sold the place, 'cause he knew that no one would search for something buried on another person's place."

Henry eyed Jerry thoughtfully. "Do you think that's why he hid it there?"

"Didn't I just say so?"

Henry laughed. "You act as though you're sure he hid some kind of treasure!"

"Nooo, I'm not sure, but if anyone has acted sure about this, it's you!"

"Well, wouldn't you be if you practically saw him bury it?"

"Yeah, I guess."

They walked on in silence for a bit and when Henry decided to take the long way, around past Mr. Edward's, Jerry wasn't in the least surprised. In fact he was kind of curious, himself.

"Henry, how come those boys were in school, today?"

"They stayed out here with their Dad, to get things ready, of course."

"Where are they staying?"

"I never thought to ask. I wonder if they are staying with Mr. Edwards? Wouldn't they be surprised it they found out about the treasure?"

Jerry smiled as he looked around. It was cool in these woods, but he had to work hard to walk so far. He wished Henry would slow down.

"Oops!" Jerry grunted as he bumped into his friend, who had stopped in his tracks and then they both heard the sudden snarl. His heart skipped a beat and Henry's face paled as they both saw the large, black dog just up ahead of them. The dog stared back, as though daring them to come closer and his chest seemed to heave with anger.

"Turn around, Jerry." Henry said, trying to sound calm. "Let's go back."

Jerry took a long last look at that forbiding dog and turned away shakily. He had known fear of this dog before. Could it be that the dog knew it too? Could it be that he remembered their voices and scent?

"He's following us." Henry remarked looking back. "Can't you go any faster?"

"I don't think he'd bite, do you?"

"I think he remembers us."

"Yeah, so do I."

Jerry tried his best to hurry his tired legs. They were shaking both from fear and exhaustion. He was glad for Henry's protective presence behind him. Something told him that Henry would rather be bitten than to run ahead and leave his friend behind. This gave Jerry courage and he hurried on.

"Is he still behind us?" He asked.

"I don't know but it seems I'm hearing something breathe."

"He must be pretty close if you can hear him breathing!"

The boys hurried on silently. Jerry's legs were shaking so much he could barely walk. Finally, unable to go on, he halted. "I guess he'll have to get us, if he wants us," he gasped.

Henry, in his haste to escape the dog, stepped on Jerry's foot, tripping him and causing Jerry to fall face down. Both boys turned, fear squeezing their hearts, expecting any moment to feel the huge dog's fangs slicing into their flesh.

The path behind them was empty. There was no dog.

"Well I don't see anything," Jerry said feeling suddenly angry. "I never heard the like, right behind us, eh? Heard his breathing and everything, uh? You and your imagination! Sometimes I wonder what it'll do next!"

"The dog?"

"No! You!" Jerry fumed rising to his knees. "You and your imagination!" He rubbed his hands over his back, wincing, trying to ease the soreness of his over-used muscles.

Henry stood up and brushed himself off eyeing his friend with surprise. "B-but I thought he was behind us," he stammered. "I-I thought I heard his steps."

"They were your own steps, silly. Now what are we going to say to our Dads about our showing up so late? They're going to ask where we were."

"We were going to look at the Gerig's farm of course." Henry defended himself. "Are you really angry with me, Jerry? You're not real angry, are you?"

Jerry just shrugged as he dragged himself to his feet. Without a word he turned and started home. He was tired, irritable, angry and in no mood to waste anymore time on Henry tonight.

Hoffart gate im Alend nieder
Alend bringt der damut vieder.

THAD and CHARLIE

By Lewis B. Miller

Continuation of Chapter 16 From last month

Wild Bees and Wilder Men

After watching till sure there was only one Indian, Thad hesitated as to what to do. If he had had this rifle, he might have rested it against tree and tried a shot at the red thief. But his flintlock had been left in the wagon, and all he could do was to turn and hurry back. He must let Mr. Wilkins and his father know what was taking place.

Not till out of sight of the warrior did he dare do anything but steal along. After that he ran swiftly toward where the noisy axe told him his friends were. But before he could catch even a glimpse of the wagon, another astounding discovery awaited him.

Off to one side he saw four Indian warriors, every one armed, stealing along in the direction of the honey hunters. Guided by the axe, they were approaching, doubtless to surprise the choppers. They were nearer his friends than the boy was, and would soon be between him and them. But they were not moving fast.

Very cautiously, noiselessly, the four kept gliding along, one behind another. Beyond doubt they wanted to surprise the white people and shoot them down before the honey hunters could discover that an enemy was nigh. But they wanted to make sure first that the whites were not too numerous for so few Indians to attack.

Thad's first impulse had been to yell to is father and Mr. Wilkins that redskins were coming. Then he could dart away, dive into some thicket and hide himself from them. But when he noticed how slowly the Indians were moving, in their caution, it occurred to him that, by running fast, he might be able to circle round them and get to his friends before an attack would be made.

Not a moment was to be lost, however. Darting noiselessly to one side till out of sight of the skulking savages, he then turned and ran straight toward the chopping. And scarcely had he caught sight of the honey hunters when he called out:

"Pa, look sharp, you and Mr. Wilkins! Four red booger right out yonder!'' instantly the chopping ceased, and both men threw down, one his axe and the other his smoking rags, and they caught up their guns.

"Red boogers! Where 'bouts?'' demanded Mr. Wilkinis, as Thad dashed up to the wagon.

Breathlesss, the boy only pointed toward the north. Nor did he make any other reply till he had got hold of his own rifle and examined the lock. Then he explained:

"One's driving off the oxen, and four others are skulking along this way! They're trying to surprise us.''

Charley Dick, who had gone back to the women for something, had overheard Thad's alarming announcement, and he now came running. His musket was in the wagon, and he sprang in and grabbed it up. The women and children, taking alarm, also came hurrying toward the wagon.

What to do under the present circumstances was a puzzle to the men. The bees, recovering from their smoking now that the smudges were not in use, were buzzing about angrily and threatening to make trouble. A fallen tree lay thirty or forty yards away, and Mr. Dayberry told the women and children to hide behind that, on the side fartherest from where the Indians had been. To escape those troublesome bees the wagon also was quicklly rolled over close to the log.

Now the two men and the two boys, each with his gun, took their stations behind trees near the wagon. They knew on which side the Commmanches been seen approaching; but there was no certainty that the cunning rascals would not stead round to some other side before making an attack.

In utter silence the whole white party waited, listening and watching for some sign to tell them where the enemy was. Anxious minute followed anxious minute, but still nobody had caught the slightest glimpse of an Indian. Doubtless the savages suspected, from the silence where noise had been, that the white people had taken alarm.

But at last Mr. Dayberry, peeping around his tree trunk, saw some bushes open and a dark face peer out. That was only for a second or two. Then the bushes shut together again and the face disappeared.

What the redskin had seen could only be guessed. But Mr. Dayberry exclaimed, though not very loudly:

"There! I spied one of the boogers!''

"Where?'' questioned Mr. Wilkins.

The other man pointed out the place, then said: "B'lieve I'll put a load of buckshot into them bushes and see if I cain't stir up somethin'!''

"Now that we know they're still on that side, maybe we'd better wait a little,'' was Mr. Wilkins opinion. "Let's watch and see what the red creechers intend to do.''

"One on that side. But who knows what's gone with the other? They may be sneakin' up onto us from some other direction. Boys, seems to me you two had better keep a look out behind, to make shore that no red booger don't steal up unbeknownst to us and drive an arr' into some of our backs.'' "Yes, sir. We'll watch this other side, pa,'' Thad answered.

All were speaking aloud now, and as nearly as they could in natural tones. Perhaps this talking made the Comanches believe that the way was clear. For presently the same clump of bushes parted again, and the same or a similar-looking Indian was seen to emerge into view. A drawn bow was in his hand.

The Comanche appeared to have his gaze fixed on the wagon. He doubtless understood that the choppers were likely to be somewhere near that. Before anything could be done, he had disappeared behind some other bushes.

Mr. Dayberry had cocked his doubled-barreled gun, intending to give the savage one of his two loads of buckshot. But the Indian was rather too far away; and when he had disappeared the white man looked around.

It had occured to him that the first shot fired might bring on a battle. When once their presence was known, the Comanches would probably not hesitate longer to begin their attack. And the whites, exposed to arrows on all sides but one, were not well situated to make a defense. On glancing around, he discovered what he thought would be a better place.

About fifty yards away two big trees had been blown down, probably by a recent windstorm. They lay with their trunks parallel, and only six or seven feet apart. One end of the opening between them was closed by the bushy tops of the trees. The other end was still open, and he called Mr. Wilkin's attention to the use that could be made of it.

A plan was quickly agreed upon, and they proceeded at once to carry it out. While Mr. Dayberry kept watch toward where the redskins had been seen, Mr. Wilkins and the boys made haste to roll the wagon over to the two logs and between them. Now the women, with Marzee and the younger children, left the log by which they had been crouching, and timidly, hastily moved to the new shelter. When under the wagon, with a log nearly a yard high on each side of them, they felt much safer.

As soon as the women and children had reached shelter, Mr. Dayberry abandoned his position behind a tree and retreated to the wagon. There he found Mr. Wilkins and the boys piling small logs against the hind wheels, thus making a complete enclosure. Soon all of them climbed over the logs and dropped down under the wagon.

The women and children crouched or lay, well huddled together, below the tops of the two big logs. But the men and boys held themselves high enough to rest their gun barrels across the logs.

"Now we're ready for the sly boogers!" Mr. Dayberry remarked grimly, defiantly. With four guns and two six-shooters, and a fair supply of powder and bullets and caps, we'll make 'em think Jordan's a hard road to travel—a rocky road to travel! Next time I ketch a glimpse of a red booger, I'll send 'im somethin' to remember me by!"

"All right, Silas! Let drive whenever you feel like it," Mr. Wilkins answered.

Several minutes passed in silence. Now some of the larger children could be heard whispering together, while the younger ones were whimpering in their fright. The two boys were guarding the rear—the south side, on which no Indians had yet been seen. But there was no knowing when some of the skulking fellows would steal round, if they had not already done so, and approach from that direction.

At last came a distinct tick-tick, as Mr. Dayberry jerked back one hammer of his shotgun. A few seconds of suspense followed, and then the weapon roared out deafeningly on the stillness, making the whole forest resound. When the startled echoes had died away, nothing could be heard but the whimpering of the frightened children; and Mrs. Wilkin's baby began to cry. "What did you blaze away at?" questioned Mr. Wilkins, after the other man had taken his gun down from the log and begun to reload it.

"Why, I spied a red booger skulkin' along through the bushes. It was a long shot, and I couldn't see 'im when I let drive. He'd dodged out of sight before I could take aim. But I put my buckshot into the bresh about where I 'lowed he'd be. Don't know whether I done any damage or not, but I tried my hardest. That'll make the varmint look sharp and step cautious. We'll let the red scalawags know that roustin' us out of here ain't a-goin' to be as easy as fallin' down hill!"

Several minutes more passed, and still no sound or sign had come from the Comanche. Both men and both boys were watching alertly, constantly. Mr. Dayberry had raised himself till his head and part of his body were above the log in front of him. Suddenly something came cutting through the air, and he dodged down just in time to let an arrow pass over his head and bury itself in the plank of the wagon bed. Neither of the men had caught even a glimpse of the Indian who had shot the arrow.

"My! but that was a clost shave for Silas Dayberry!" the man exclaimed, after a glance upward at the feathered shaft, which was still quivering in the wood.

Soon he rose up high enough to peep over the log. Everywhere his eyes explored the woods, but without spying an enemy anywhere. After a little while Mr. Wilkins saw an Indian rise up from behind a log, draw bow in hand, and let fly an arrow. Hastily the man cocked his rifle and sent a bullet at the red bowman. And scarcely had he fired when both white men dodged down.

Like the other arrow, this one buried itself deep in the plank side of the wagon bed. What effect the rifle bullet had could only be guessed. But even before the echoes had died away, a sharp yell, little more than a startled yelp, rang out near the spot at which the bullet had been aimed. After that came silence again. The white defenders waited and watched and listened, in the hope of discovering what their enemies were doing. But the Comanches had learned prudence and kept themselves invisible.

"Red varmints thought they'd turn the same kind of a trick on us that they did on the Joneses, upon Mountain Creek," Mr. Wilkins finally remarked.

"How's that?" the other man inquired.

"Why, Jones and his son was out in the woods splittin' rails. Redskins heared 'em choppin', slipped up on 'em and shot 'em both down. I was with the party that found their bodies and carried 'em home."

"Choppin' out in the thick woods is dangerous business when redskin is hoverin' around. "Tain't possible to chop without makin' a noise that can be heared a mile or two. And when the reds hears the axes barkin', ain't nothin' in the world for 'em to do but jest slip up easylike and fill the choppers full of arr's. But they missed their cackilation this time, by a streak of good luck."

"They shorely did," the other man agreed. "But if Thad hadn't happened to start after them there oxens, they wouldn't ha' missed it. Not by a jugful they wouldn't!''

"Maybe this'll learn the red rogues a lesson,'' Mr. Dayberry answered. "They'll find out that even choppers cain't al'ays be caught unawares. Yes, we may give 'em a lesson they'll be slow to forgit.''

Again followed silence. The baby had ceased to cry, and the other little ones were no longer whimpering. While trying hard to avoid exposing themselves, the four armed defenders kept watching and listening for the slightest sign of an enemy. Finally a rifle cracked sharply on the stillness. It was Thad's.

"What did you pop away at, boy?'' Mr. Wilkins demanded, with only a hasty glance behind him.

"Red booger,'' was the answer. "He was just passing from one clump of bushes to another when I sent a bullet at 'im.''

"Reckon you got 'im, Thad?'' questioned Charley Dick.

"Hardly think so. It was a long shot, but I thought I'd try it. My rifle wouldn't be apt to carry so far.''

"All right to take a pop at the boogers whenever you git a chance,'' Mr. Wilkins remarked. "I'll learn the rascals that we ain't sleepin' on guard.'' "How long do you reckon they'll be hanging around here?'' Mrs. Wilkins now wanted to know.

"Who can tell?'' It was Mr. Dayberry that answered. "Away off her where nobody lives, they may figger they can knock about as long as they please, and nobody to order 'im to mosey on.''

"Do you think they'll keep us all penned up here all night, Silas?'' Mrs. Dayberry now demanded of her husband. "Reckon they could, ma, if they wanted to. Whether they will or not ain't easy to say.''

"Wouldn't it be awful if they did?'' Marzee exclaimed, shudderingly.

"If they keep us surrounded like this till night, b'lieve I can slip out and go to the fort for help,'' Thad remarked. "Then I'll go with you,'' declared Charley Dick.

"No, that wouldn't do,'' the other boy said. "They may need you here to help fight—you and your musket. Comanches might rush in and try to kill everybody.''

Here Marzee, who was close to the boys, hastened to say, "That's right, Thad. We need everybody here to help fight. I hope you won't have to go. But even if you do, Charley Dick oughtn't to go with you. That would leave—'' "Let's hope none of us will have to go for help,'' Mr. Wilkins here interrupted to say.

"But if the Comanches keeps us surrounded till night, it will be better for me or some of us to go, won't it, Mr. Wilkins?''

"Well, now, that could be, Thad. Yes, such a thing could be. But we'll hope hard for better things. Somebody may come to our assistance without us goin'.''

"But nobody knows we're hemmed in here like this. How could they come to our assistance?'' questioned Mrs. Wilkins.

Mr. Dayberry answered, "Somebody may be passin'; if not through the woods, at least out on the prarie clost enough to hear our guns. If he does, he'll s'picion what's up, and he won't be long startin' help t'wards us.'' "But who knows? Maybe the redskins have already gone,'' Mrs. Wilkins suggested. "We haven't heard 'em for a while.'' "S'pose we see about that,'' her husband said. And, getting hold of a stick, he put his hat on the end of it, then began to push it up, slowly.

At first nothing happened. But by the time the hat had been exposed above the log for a minute or longer, something came swishing through the air, and an arrow passed through the hat and pinned it to the wagon bed! "Huh! Well, now, that don't look so overly much like the red boogers have lit out!'' Mr. Wilkins exclaimed, as he tried in vain to get his hat down from where the arrow had pinned it.

Finally he reached up his hand, tore the arrow loose, and thus released the hat.

After such a demonstration of the watchfulness and straight shooting of their invisible enemies, the white people were very cautious about exposing themselves. All the while four defenders kept watching alertly; and every time they caught the slightest glimpse of a redskin, they drove a bullet or two as straight at him as they could aim. From time to time they tried to draw the enemy's fire by putting a hat on a stick and pushing it up above a log. And seldom did the Comanche fail to let fly an arrow at the hat.

And so the rest of the summer day wore away. From the number of directions from which arrows were now coming, it seemed probable that there must be more of the besieging redskins than Thad had seen. How long they would keep up their siege could not be surmised. All the white people were feeling anxious lest, under cover of darkness, the enemy should crawl up closer and make a determined attack.

After the sun had disappeared, a hat was exposed, and just as promptly received an arrow. Further evidence was not needed that the Comanches were still on guard, and had no intention of abandoning the siege at present.

Now the white people held a consultation. They had brought their dinner, but had been too anxious to eat it. And there was plenty of honey besides. They were not hungry; but most of them were beginning to suffer from thirst. And they suspected that their enemies might be planning a hand-to-hand attack for some time during the night. Nobody else seemed to know anything of the honey hunters' situation, or might learn of it for a day or two. All the party agreed that one of their number should try to reach Fort Blocker and summon assistance. But there was not a little disagreement as to who should go.

Thad, who had been the first to suggest this, was eager to make the attempt, but his mother bitterly opposed his doing anything of the kind. She declared that only a full-grown man should try such a dangerous thing. The boy insisted that he could slip thrugh the besieging circle far more easily than any man could. And he insisted so hard that it was finally agreed that he should be the one to go for help.

Night was coming on by this time, and the boy waited impatiently for darkness. While he was waiting, Marzee crept over till she was close to him.

"Thad, won't you be afraid to go out into the dark woods when you know they're just swarming with redskins?'' she whispered. Plainly she was moved with admiration for what he was going to do.

"Well, not so much afraid as I have been; not much more afraid than I am here. Indians can't be so very thick around us. I oughtn't to have much trouble slipping through between Indians.''

"But you don't know where they are. You're apt to run right against a redskin in the dark-ugh! Then what'll you do?''

"Shoot 'im, I guess. That's all I can do—unless I break and run. But I'm going to try to be too cautious to bump against any red booger.''

Fort Blocker Scouts to the Rescue.

At last the time had come when the night was as dark as it would probably be. Somebody suggested that the Comanches might be expecting one of the besieged white party to try to reach the fort, and would be on their guard. Thad had thought of that; and he proposed to start in the opposite direction. The fort was toward the southeast, and he would set out toward the northwest. Both his father and Mr. Wilkins agreed with him that his idea was a good one. Gun in hand, the boy crawled noiselessly over the fallen tree, then dropped to the ground. After that he began to creep away.

All his friends and he had agreed that his greatest peril would come in the first hundred or hundred and fifty yards. That passed, he would be safe, or comparatively safe. It was this belief that had caused his father, and also his mother, to consent to his going. Should he encounter an Indian, it would be close by, and the two men would jump out from behind their breastworks and run to the boy's assistance. But a few seconds would be needed to get to him after he called for help.

But Thad was confident that, by being cautious enough, he could pass between the Indians without being discovered. And for that reason he moved very slowly. Pushing his rifle before him, he not only crept along on his hands and knees, but he paused every yard or two to look and listen. Very hard he found it to move through the grass, which was more or less dry, without making some slight noise.

After the first few yards, the boy learned that, by being careful enough, he could avoid even rustling the grass. So he crept along at a terrapin's pace, keeping his gun in front of him. By moving a few yards and then pausing to listen, he hoped to discover any near Indian before the Indian could discover him.

How many different noises he could hear as he crept along on his noiseless way! The screeching of owls, the howling of wolves and the angry squalling of wildcats were some of the cries that greeted his strained ears. The night was very still, and every sound seemed unusually distinct. How he wished the wind would start up, to shake the bushes and rustle the grass, so that his own movements would not be so easy to hear!

Not till his snail's gait had carried him about fifty yards from his friends did anything occur to alarm him. Then he caught sight of something, but a few yards away, that looked like the figure of an Indian. Himself in the shadow of a bush, he eyed the thing closely for at least a minute. More than once it seemed to move slightly; but in the dim starlight he could not be sure of that. Still suspicious, he lay motionless and watched.

And it was well that he did watch. For just as he was deciding that the shadowy figure was not a thing of life, it bestirred itself and glided noiselessly away

Now, with a feeling of relief at his narrow escape that made his heart flutter, the boy crept silently, determinedly on.

Before crawling many yards farther, he detected slight movements ahead, and then made out another figure gliding through some bushes. Not an inch did the boy move, and he scarcely dared to breathe, till the figure had glided away and disappeared.

Still a third redskin was Thad destined to see. While creeping along he struck some dry weeds with his foot and made a considerable noise. At once a shadowy figure stepped out of some bushes and stood looking and listening. At the first movement of his enemy the boy had flattened himself down, and, save that his heart kept hammering his ribs, he lay as motionless as the ground under him.

How long the redskin stood there Thad could not have told afterwards. It seemed a quarter of an hour, though the time was probably less. But at last the silent figure moved stealthily away and vanished, and the motionless boy dared to get in motion again. From there on he was able to keep crawling.

Not till he was at least two hundred yards from his friends did Thad believe it safe to get upon his feet. Even then he walked carefully, noiselessly; and he kept on in the same direction for two or three hundred yards more before turning. He would have liked to whistle, or to send some other signal to his friends; but he did not think that prudent. However, it had been understood with his friends that if he got into any trouble he would call for help; and if he did not call they would understand that he had succeeded in eluding the redskins.

As soon as he felt safe in doing so, he threw his rifle across his shoulder and set off at a fast walk. Now he was moving in a circuit. And he kept circling till his face was toward Fort Blocker. Soon he had arrived at the edge of the prairie. By this time he was traveling at a half-trot.

Now knowing but that there might be other Indians in the country besides those he was leaving behind, he kept a constant lookout for them. But he saw nobody and heard nobody till he reached Fort Blocker.

Not a little excitement sprang up when Thad told what had happened to the party of honey hunters. The whole fort was soon astir, and the scouts were arming and saddling and mounting. There were not many men in the fort at this time, and only eight could be spared. Captain Graham was away, but Lieutenant Reel took charge of the rescue party. Thad's own horse happened to be out on the range, but he borrowed a horse and rode with the horsemen. He would be needed to guide the rescuers to the right place.

When the little band of scouts had drawn rein at the edge of the prairie, less than a half mile from where the besieged honey hunters were known to be, all dismounted and left their horses with one of their number. Then, with Thad guiding them, they started into the woods. They were moving as noiselessly as possible, and their guns were held in readiness to shoot. Not till they were about two hundred yards from the wagon did they see anything to shoot at. Then they sighted a redskin not far away, and two of them fired shots at him. So dim was the light, and so hard was it to take aim in the dark, that the warrior probably was not hurt. But as soon as the shots rang out the scouts began to yell. And they yelled so lustily and so many times that the Indians must have thought that a hundred white men were coming.

Scarcely had the rescue party set up their yelling when answering yells came from the besieged honey hunters. Loudest and most enthusiastic of those yells, Thad could recognize Charley Dick's voice. Charging boldly forward the rescuers had soon reached the barricaded party. And great was the relief of the people with the wagon at finding the siege ended at last. The time, continuing from before noon till past midnight, had seemed very long to them. Without delay the whole party of scouts went back to the prarie for their horses. Every one of them had a canteen full of water hanging from his saddle horn; and when the party returned, riding this time, the thirsty honey hunters could satisfy their thirst.

Perhaps the men believed that there would be danger of an attack by the invisible enemies if the whites attempted to return to the fort in the dark. At any rate, all tied their horses to trees close by and prepared to pend the remaining hours of the night here. Every scout had brought his blankets—they seldom rode without them—and all but the four sentinels stationed close around were soon asleep; or at least they were lying down. The sentinels had given their blankets to the women and children, who would sleep under the wagon. The men lay outside the enclosure, but very close to it. And it was understood that, in case of an attack by the Comanches, everybody would take refuge inside the breastworks.

Charley Dick and Thad had no blankets, but they slept on some thick grass by one of the big logs. But before falling asleep each had tell the other what happened while they were separated. And Marzee, who was just on the other side of the log, had to be told all that had happened to Thad from the minute he had crawled away from the wagon into the darkness.

The whole party kept talking for a while, everybody being too excited to think of sleeping. But at last all became quiet.

An hour or so later the sentinels came in, and other men went out to take their places. The second set remained on duty till daylight.

And scarcely was their light enough to see when the horses were saddled, and all the men of the rescue party mounted and began to scour the surrounding woods in quest of Indians. After an hour of fruitless searching, they had convinced themselves that there wasn't an Indian in the vicinity. The scouts had found where the Comanches' horses had stood tied while the raiders were around the honey hunters. From there the trail led westward, and Lieutenant Reel promptly gave orders to follow it. Mr. Dayberry, mounted on the borrowed horse that Thad had ridden from the fort, had accompanied the other men while they were searching for Indians. But when the other scouts set off on the raiders' trail, he returned to the wagon to look after his family. From experience he understood how little chance the white men had of outriding those wild riders.

As soon as Mr. Dayberry had returned, the party at the wagon consulted together as to what was best to do. All were anxious to get back to the fort; but, having no oxen to pull their wagon, they could not do anything till a team was obtained.

"What do you reckon he done with our oxen, Thad—that redskin you seed drivin' 'em off'' the boy's father inquired. But it was Mr. Wilkins that answered: "'Twouldn't su'prise me if he shot 'em to death, jest out of pure rengeance. That's what his kind commonly does.''

"No, I don't think they're dead,'' Thad told them. "While I was on my way to the fort last night, I'm pretty sure I heard old Spot's bell.''

"You did! Where 'bouts?''

"Out on the prairie it was. The bell seemed a good distance away, but it sounded like ours. And I heard it as we rode back, too.''

"Then when the red booger quit drivin' 'em away, they must ha' turned and made back to their own range,'' Mr. Wilkins commented.

And Thad answered: "That must be right. Let me have the horse, pa, and I'll mighty soon fetch 'em back here.''

"But the country may be alive with Indians! I don't want you to go, Thad—not a step!'' his mother objected.

"Oh, the red varmints are all on the run before now,'' Mr. Wilkins assured her.

So the boy, with his gun across the saddle in front of him, rode away to find Spot and Jerry. And scarcley was he gone when the two men and Charley Dick set about the task of robbing the bee tree they had been about to rob when the Indians had interrupted them.

It was perhaps two hours later when Thad returned, driving the oxen. The yoke was still on their necks. By this time the wild bees' honey had been transferred from the tree to buckets, and the honey hunters were ready to start home. They were soon on their way to the fort. All were riding in the wagon except Thad, who followed the wagon on horseback. When in the fort, the first thing the two families did was to milk their cows. Later the two boys and Marzee took much delight in telling the other boys and girls of the exciting time they had passed through while robbing the wild bees.

In spite of their narrow escape from being surprised and killed, the two families declared their intention to return and rob the remaining bee trees. And return they did, but a few days later. They were not reckless people; but it they had been very cautious they would not have been living on the frontier. Overcautious people seldom ventured into the Indian country, and never remained long when they did.

One morning, a good while after the last of their honey hunting, the Wilkinses and the Dayberrys decided that they wanted another day or two out of doors. They were going to gather nuts and such other editable things as could be found in the woods.

It was early, and the weather was pleasantly cool, when the two families drove out of the fort, each in their own wagon. Charley Dick Sheegog was with them.

Gathering Pecans and Red Haws.

Every stream had pecan trees on it, and most of the dry prarie branches had at least a few. Along Blocker Creek many of the trees were very large. It had already been agreed that this day should be spent just up the creek from the Dayberry farm. So, passing by the place where the house had stood, and where they had made molasses, the party drove on up the valley till a few hundred yards above the little field. There they turned east to the creek bank, where pecan trees were numerous. The wagons were stopped in the shade, and the teams were taken out, unyoked and unharnessed and turned loose to graze. By this time all the people were out, young and old, and were arming themselves with baskets or buckets or cups, ready for a busy day's work. Only they did not call it work.

As yet not many of the nuts were on the ground. That is, not so many as would be pattering down later. But by passing from tree to tree the nut gatherers kept finding some all the time. Also there was no wind that day. A strong gale would have kept the nuts showering out of their hulls. But perhaps some wind would start up later. Most of the trees here were huge fellows, very hard to climb. The two boys did climb one or two of them; but even after getting into the lofty tops it was not easy to pass from limb to limb, or to shake the big limbs so vigorously as to loosen the brown nuts from their clusters of hulls. One thing the pecan hunters noticed, even before they began picking up nuts. And that was that they were not the only nut gatherers at work today. The others, besides getting to work earlier, were far more numerous than those from Fort Blocker, and they could reach the nuts more easily. The rival gatherers were squirrels and crows.

While the teams were being taken out, the boys discovered a squirrel coming head first down the trunk of a big pecan tree. He had a whole cluster of pecan nuts in his mouth, at least half a dozen, and was carrying them to his nest in some other tree. Charley Dick yelled, with the result that the squirrel dropped his nuts and scampered away. Doubtless, though, the provident little fellow went to gathering elsewhere.

But the most numerous pecan hunters were the crows. Those were in every tree, very busy, and all cawing loudly, noisily. The loftiness of a tree or the bigness of its limbs did not in the least interfere with their gathering. One of them would alight on the topmost branch of a tree, caw a dozen times or so, very loudly, and then fly away with a pecan in its beak. Most of the nuts thus carried away were not for present eating. The crows were hiding them, in various hiding places perhaps, but usually in the grass, to be found and eaten later. Like the people from Fort Blocker, those black fellows, too, were laying up a supply of nuts against the day when there would be none on the trees, and when wintry winds would be shrieking drearily through the leafless branches.

Besides the cups or buckets into which the nut gatherers dropped their nuts while picking them up from the ground, there was in each wagon a good-sized sack, or more than one, to empty their vessels into when full. Everybody was hunting nuts eagerly, even the smallest children. The brown pecans among the brown leaves required careful looking for; and after the exposed nuts had been picked up, others could be found by stirring the leaves. The two sacks kept filling up steadily. Besides those, Charley Dick had a sack of his own.

When noontime came, all the hungry nut hunters assembled by the wagons, on the creek bank, to eat their dinner. Beginning cool, the day had grown warm as the sun rose higher, until now the shade of the great pecan trees was very pleasant. Each family had brought a plentiful supply of victuals, already cooked. All ate together, and while eating they chatted gaily of their experiences on the frontier

After dinner, while the older people were still seated on the leaf-carpeted ground, Thad took a water bucket and started off for some water. Charley Dick and several of the smaller children were with him. After a hot summer, the creek was now dry in most places up here. "Want to go with us, Marzee?" Thad called back. The girl hesitated. "I know where there's a red-haw tree. We'll gather some red haws," he told her, by way of inducement. "Yes, I'm coming," was the answer, as the girl hurried to overtake the others.

Now the whole party strolled along down the creek, keeping near the bank. At length Thad stopped under a tree that bore some resemblance to an apple tree. Picking up a stone weighing several pounds, which had evidently been used for the same purpose before, he struck the tree trunk a jarring blow. A red shower came pattering down, till the ground under the tree had almost the color of the wild fruit. These haws were large and sweet, though seedy, and were often called apple haws. Indeed, they had exactly the shape and appearance of tiny red apples.

After spending a quarter of an hour eating, the party moved on down the stream.

"Another haw tree down yonder a little piece," Thad told his followers. "The haws there are bigger than the others, I think."

As the party neared the second haw tree, they discovered that numerous haw hunters were already there, and all very busy. A turkey hen was under the tree, and fifteen or twenty half-grown turkeys, her summer's brood, were with her. They did not fly, but all ran off through the woods as the boy and girls drew near.

Few haws had been left on the ground. But Charley Dick climbed up among the branches and shook the tree till the ground beneath blushed red. "Wild turkeys like these haws wonderfully well," Thad remarked. "They fatten on 'em—them and other things. Sometimes they get too fat to fly this season of the year."

"Well, I don't blame the turkeys for liking haws," Marzee answered, as she thrust one of them into her mouth. "I like 'em too. They're good."

Charley Dick remained up in the tree, doing his eating there. The children were busy under the tree, eating part of what they picked up and saving the rest in aprons or pockets. When they called up to the boy in the tree, he shook down more haws.

Being thirsty, Thad took up his water bucket and moved on. Marzee and Florence, her little sister, went with him. The others remained under the haw tree.

Two hundred yards farther down Thad and those with him found water; a pool so deep that the hot weather had not been able to dry it up. As they neared the pool, they saw a turkey hen and her numerous long-legged brood drinking from it. Possibly these were the same turkeys that had been eating haws. But more probably this was another family. The woods were almost alive with these wild fowls; and every dusty cow path through the woods was usually thick with turkey tracks.

As the three with the water bucket neared the water, the whole flock of turkeys fled up the creek bank and disappeared among some bushes. There was a gourd in the bucket, and all drank before Thad dipped up his water. After that they started back toward their dinner camp. Marzee insisted upon carrying one side of the bucket. When they had climbed the bank, Thad looked across to several acres of valley land lying along the east bank of the creek. Most of it was prairie, the tract being overgrown with thick grass nearly a yard high.

"Just look at the crows lighting down there in the grass! Do you know what they're doing there, Marzee?" "Are they hunting for insects, Thad—grasshoppers and such things?" "Not just now. They're not hunting for anything. That is, anything to eat. They're hunting for places to hide things. They're hiding something there." "Hiding something? Hiding what, Thad?"

"Why, don't you know? Same things that we're hiding in our sacks—pecans."

"And why do they hide pecans in the grass?"

"That's where they keep 'em till cold weather comes. Than they'll go and find 'em where they hid 'em, peck holes in 'em, and have something to eat."

Florence now ran on to the other children and the haw tree, which were not far away; but the boy and Marzee stood watching the crows.

Health Hints From Johns Hopkins

Don't take it lying down

Americans are known for their ingenuity, but pill swallowing is not our forte. Half the time when we take our medicine we don't bother to obey the law of gravity. The pill you take while lying down, or even sitting, may linger uselessly in your esophagus. In rare cases pills have lodged and dissolved in the esophagus, producing inflammation. A stalled pill is not likely to harm you, but it can't help you much either. If the asprin you take for your headache gets stuck en route, you'll be in pain longer. Fortunately, streamlining your pill taking technique is not difficult.

* Always stand up to swallow medicine. that way the force will be with you (of gravity that is). If you're confined to bed for some reason and cannot stand, sit as upright as possible.

* Wash it down with at least four ounces of water. If possible, drink another half glass of water five minutes later.

* Stay on your feet, or in an upright possition for at least two to three minutes. If you're taking a pill at bedtime, do it before you get ready for bed, not just as you retire.

If you generally have trouble swallowing pills, try these tips as well:

* Before you put the pill in your mouth, drink a swallow of water. Advance lubrication helps. Fruit juice will also work.

* Put the pill or capsule as far back on your tongue as possible.

* Drink your water from an empyt saoda bottle or any similar bottle. If you keep your lips on the bottle as you drink, you'll set up a sucking action that makes the pill go down more easily. This idea comes from Dr. Joseph Fowler, Jr., of the university of Louisville School of Medicine in Kentucky.

* If you think a pill is stuck, eat several bites of some soft food, such as bread or banana, and then drink some water; the bulk will help push the pill downward. And try to avoid breaking tablets in half since the ragged edges may increase the likelihood of sticking.

GIVING THANKS ALWAYS

We have come to the time of Thanksgiving again,
A day that has been set apart
For praising our Gos for sunshine and rain,
And showing true gladness of heart.

But oh! how we mortals are prone to forget,
When the hay fo Thanksgiving is past,
That the heavenly Father still cares for us yet-
Forever His goodness shall last.

Are we "giving thanks always for all things" that come,
For the shadows and sunshine and rain?
Can we thank Him for grace and for strength to endure
When we come to affliction and pain?

Do we thank Him for guidance to show us the way,
And the grace that will help us to stand,
And rejoicing in hope of His glory some day
As we enter that heavenly land?

Can we glory in trials that work for our good,
And make us both patient and kind?
Let us always be thankful for shelter and food,
But greater that wealth- peace of mind.

While we thank Him indeed for the things that are seen,
And the temporal tokens of grace,
May we ever keep sight for the blessings unseen,
And the hope of beholding His face.

or though this frail temple shall vanish away,
We still have a building up there,
Where we shall give thanks through eternity's day
For all of God's infinite care!

MIGRATIONS

Martin J. Fisher & family moved from Spartansburg PA to Clintonville PA in October.

Andy A. Miller Jr. & family moved from Spartansburg PA to Clintonville PA in October.

Martin A. Yoder & family moved from Hewitt MN to Pine City MN Oct 8.

John W. Mast & family moved from Hewith MN to Pine City MN Oct 14.

Mose J. Hershberger & family moved from Preston MN to S. Gladwim MI Oct 27.

Samuel J. Stutzman & family moved from Kidron OH to Beaverton MI.

Roman J. Schlabach & family moved from Smicksburg PA to Dunnville KY Nov 2.

Dan S. Yoder & family moved from Guernsey County OH to Heuvelton NY in Oct.

Crist D. Yoder & family moved from Guernsey County OH to Wayne County OH Oct 20.

David J. Byler & family moved from Lawrence County PA to West Virginia Oct 23.

ARE WE THANKFUL ENOUGH

Life, at times, if filled with pain,
Hurt and sorrow, stress and strain;
But when life's journey waxes tough,
Do we really thank the Lord enough?

If our day sometimes seems dull and gray,
And our ultimate dreams do not pass our way,
When we feel untouched by earthly love,
Do we kneel and thank the Lord above?

If life's burdens at times seem hard to bear,
Too much for us, or quite unfair,
Do we ever take the time to say,
"Thank you, dear Lord, for this very day?"

Do we thank the Father for Jesus Christ,
His Son, who paid that costly price?
Christ died for you and me, my friend,
That He might save us in the end.

The Lord sent down his saving grace,
That we might meet Him, face to face.
Are you ready, my friend, for that wondrous sight?
We know the Lord may come tonight!

Please listen to that voice inside you,
Continually seeking to lead and guide you,
Which asks, so small and true and still,
"Are you now doing your Father's will?"

Oh, let us always be ready and waiting,
No idleness, no complaints, or debating,
Full thankfulness, ever loving and giving;
Remember, it's Christ for whom we are living!

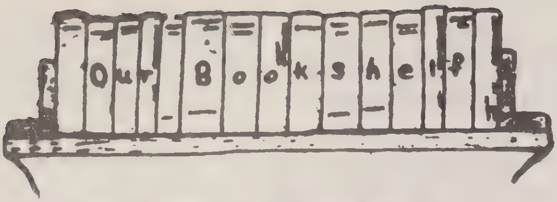
I THANK HIM

Some praise Him for the sweetness of the earth,
Sun-splashed or drenched with dew,
Its hills, its fields, its quiet country lanes-
I thank Him for these too.

Some praise Him for the energy of life,
For simple tasks to do,
For all the bright abandoment of health-
I thank Him for these, too.

Some praise Him for the kindly clasp of hands,
For friendships, tried and true,
For children's faces, laughing in the light-
I thank Him for these, too.

But, most, I praise Him for a lonely hill,
And One who died for me;
Sometimes I think my grateful heart must burst-
All this - and Calvary!



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See New "Return Book Policy" on page 2

AMISH AND AMISH-MENNONITE GENEALOGIES by Dr. Hugh F. Gingerich, PhD. and Rachel W. Kreider, Ma, 1986. 858 p. $50 plus $4 postage and handling. Pennsylvania rresidents, $3 sales tax. Order from Levi L. Stoltzfus, 98 Groffdale Rd., Leola, Pa 17540.

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He also published a few books, one, "The Three Zugs" which is very well done on the three Zug, Zook immigrant families.He also published some work on the Hochstetlers. He has recently informed me that he still has some books available. For more information write to his address.

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December 1987

A Church Newsletter serving the Old Order Society

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This Month

25 Widow List
2 Births
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6 Marriages
8 Ordinations
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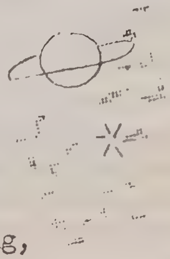
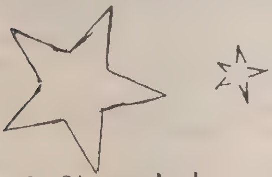
11 Community Notes
24 Migrations
31 Henry's Great Society
36 Hidden Treasures
40 Animal Salvage
41 Thad and Charlie Dick

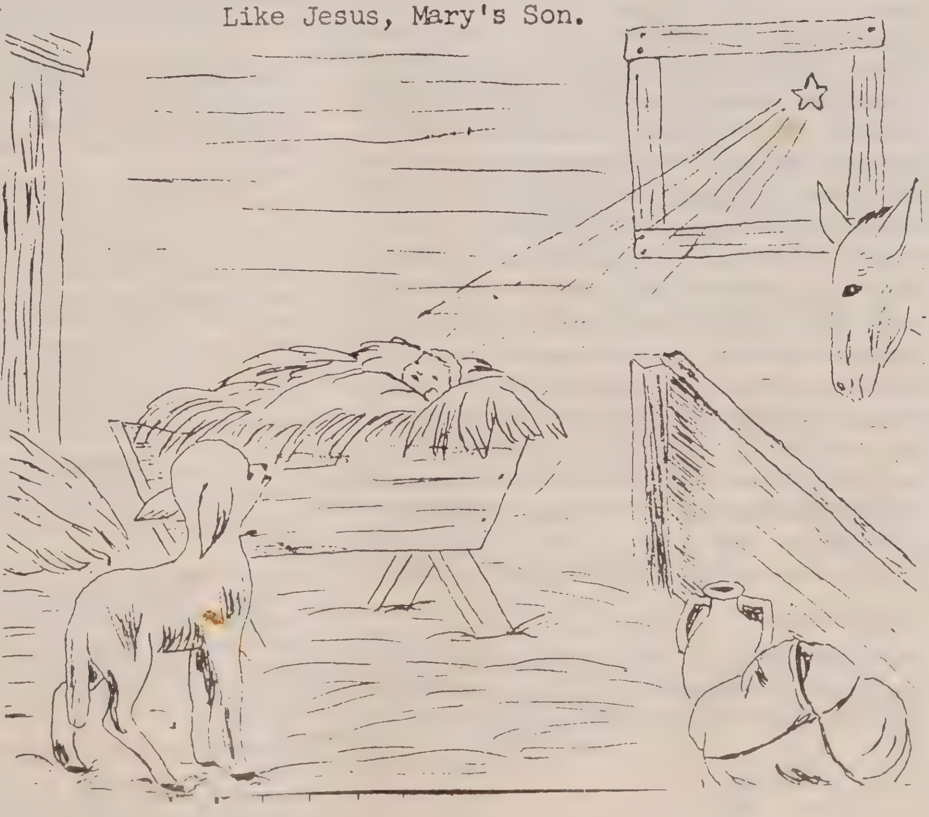
Who will go in must softly go
Like the shepherds long ago.
For here sleeps a little child,
Like Jesus, undefiled.

Who will go in must humbly go,
Like the wise men long ago.
For here a little baby lies,
A mystery to the wise.

And who a loving heart will bring,
Brings an offering to a King;
For here a little child is born,
Like Jesus, Mary's Son.







A Chronicle

of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, community notes, historical events, genealogy and articles of general interest. The Diary was organised in 1969, dedicated to the interest of the Amish Church.

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Reports Of....

1987 NOVEMBER 1987

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	○ FM 5	◐ LQ 13	● NM 21	◑ FQ 27	

Calender Schedule

A Monthly Schedule for Annual Reports

January.1987 Index and Lancaster County Marriages

February ......Emergency Telephone Numbers

March............U S and Canada Migration List

Months apply to the month as dated on front cover. Ordinations, baptisms and migrations will be entered any month they are sent in. Other Items will be held to these months. We will not accept or save senior lists, Widow lists, or telephone numbers on off months (except when such numbers expire.)

Diary Reporters Notice! The address of Diary Reports have changed now to **The Diary, PO Box 456, Lancaster PA 17603.** This includes all Births, Baptisms, Marriages, Obits, Community Notes etc. but **Diary Reports** Only. All other mail to The Diary or to Pequea Publishers keep the old address.

Notice! The "Return of Books Deal" has now come to an end. Too many books were returned that were beyond repair, some have been wet sometime, some have been played with by children or otherwise misused, some look like they were tramped on or abused. No Publisher would replace such books. It is true that some binding was not well done, but we have no way of telling how they were used. A paper bound book is not expected to stand abuses. We have consulted with book sales quarters and find that our books are well in line in price in their category. Ofcourse titles that have a 10,000 volume can naturely be bought cheaper.

The New Policy is...examine your book when you purchase it. If the binding is inferior we will replace it. After five days of purchase date it is your book.

BIRTHS

Rensselaer Falls, New York

Miller, Dan J. (Mattie Miller) a son 11-20 **Johnny**

Seneca County, New York

Stoltzfus, Daniel T. (Rebecca Esh) a son 11-1 **Romulus**

Watsontown, Pennsylvania

Stutzman, Paul (Ruth Yoder) Watsontown 11-25 a son **Mark**

Sugar Valley, Pennsylvania

Beiler, Emanuel (Mayme Lapp) Jersey Shore 11-23 a dau **Lydia**

Esh, John K. (Malinda Stoltzfus) #1 Loganton 10-9 a dau **Katie**

Smoker, Jacob Z. (Sarah Zook) #2 Loganton 10-27 a son **Abram**

Brush Valley, Pennsylvania

Beiler, Ivan K. (Miriam Swarey) Rebersburg 11-15 a son **Henry**

Stoltzfus, Mose J. (Sara Miller) Rebersburg,10-04 a son **Elmer**

Lebanon County, Pennsylvania

Lapp, Amos G (Fannie Lantz) Myerstown 9-29 a dau **Suzanne**

Stoltzfus, Christ L. (Sarah Fisher) Newmanstown 11-16 a dau **Sarah Ann**

Stoltzfus, David P. (Sarah Fisher) Myerstown 9-29 a dau **Linda**

Zook, David B. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Bethel 10-14 a son **Elmer**

Zook, Jonas L. (Sarah Lapp) Myerstown 10-23 a dau **Sylvia**

Zook, Simeon (Sara Stoltzfus) 11-10 a son **Simeon, Jr.**

Lancaster County, Penna.

Beiler, Aaron E. Jr. (Katie Stoltzfus) Christiana, 11-11, a son **Menno**

Beiler, Amos F. Jr. (Katie Ann Stoltzfus) Gap, 11-4, **Rosanna**

Beiler, Elam E. (Rebecca King) Christiana, 11-6, a dau

Beiler, Elias R. (Sarah Stoltzfus) New Holland, 11-1, a dau **Emma**

Esh, Aaron S. (Lizzie Stoltzfus) Quarryville, 11-14 a dau

Esh, John G. (Annie Fisher) Quarryville, 11-30, a son

Esh, John K. (Annie Glick) Kirkwood, 11-30, a son

Esh, Jonathan, (Emma Stoltzfus) Oxford, 11-21, a son

Fisher, Amos S. (Hannah Glick) Christiana, 11-5, a dau

Fisher, David S. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Ronks, 11-20, a son **David S. Jr.**

Fisher, Jacob S. (Rebecca Stoltzfus) Oxford, 11-9, a son

Glick, Benjamin (Susie Glick(Ronks, 11-30, a son

Kauffman, Elam P. Jr. (Rebecca Lapp) Honey Brook, 11-12, a son

Kauffman, Jacob B. (Mary Stoltzfus) Christiana, 11-19, twins **Aaron and Alvin**

King, Aaron (Elizabeth Stoltzfus) Kirkwood, 11-4, a dau

King, Aaron E. (Rebecca King) Honey Brook, 10-24, a son **Ivan**

King, Allen E. (Mary Ann Stoltzfus) Gap, 11-20, a son **Amos**

King, Aquilla L. (Sarah Stoltzfus) Quarryville, 11-10, a son

King, Jonas B. (Sarah Petersheim) Gordonville, 11-27, a dau

King, Levi E. (Mary Ann Beiler) Gap, 11-16, a son **Elmer**

King, Levi K. (Fannie Stoltzfus) Paradise, 11-4, a son **Leroy**

Lapp, Aaron R. (Elizabeth Stoltzfus) Kirkwood, 11-4 a dau **Katie**

Lapp, Benjamin B. (Katie Glick) Paradise, 11-15, a dau **Katie**

Lapp, Ephraim R. (Ada Stoltzfus) Christiana, 11-20, a dau **Feenie S.**

Riehl, David L. (Fannie Stoltzfus) Honey Brook, 11-8, a dau

Smoker, Daniel S. (Malinda Beiler) Lancaster, 11-30, a son Amos

Stoltzfoos, Benjamin (Miriam King) Peach Bottom, 11-2, a dau **Lydia**

Stoltzfus, David Ira (Linda Stoltzfus) Gap, 11-26, a dau

Stoltzfus, David K. (Priscilla Stoltzfus) Morgantown, 11-28, a dau

Stoltzfus, Jacob S. (Mary Ann King) Ronks, 11-9, a dau **Linda**

Stoltzfus, Jeff B. (Linda King) Oxford, 11-8, a son **Jeptha Jr.**

Stoltzfus, Joseph F. (Malinda Esh) Bird-in-Hand, 11-7, a son **Jonas**

Stoltzfus, Samuel A. (Rachel King) Gordonville, 11-23, a dau **Rachel**

Stoltzfus, Stephen S. (Nancy Smucker) Kirkwood, 11-18, a dau Annie

Stoltzfus, Stevie K. (Linda Stoltzfus) Gap, 11-30, a dau

Stoltzfus. Henry S. Jr. (Saloma Lapp) Christiana, 11-29, a dau

Zook, Amos (Priscilla King) Manheim, 11-8, a son

Zook, David L. (Mary Kauffman) Christiana, 11-18, a son **Stevie,**
Zook, Jacob R. (Emma Fisher) New Holland, 11-29, a son **Levi**

Beaver Springs, Pennsylvania

Troyer, Abe (Betty Weaver)11-20 a son **Matthew**

Juniata County, Pennsylvania

Yoder, Korie (Elsie Lapp) #1 Mcalisterville 11-9 a dau **Edna Mary**

Mifflin County, Pennsylvania

Peachy, Andrew (Barbara Peachy) Belleville 11-03 a son **Solly**
Yoder, Ike (Esther Peachy) Belleville 11-?? a dau **Martha**

Franklin County, Pennsylvania

Esh, Emanuel (Naomi Esh) Newburg 11-04 a son **Michael Lee**

Smicksburg, Pennsylvania

Miller, Allen A. (Mary Kuhns) 11-27 a dau **Barbara**
Miller, Andy J. (Elva Yoder) ??-?? a son **Andy**
Schlabach, Andy R (Kathryn Shetler) 11-24 a son **Ervin**
Weaver, Emery A. (Emma J.Schlabach)11-16 a dau **Clara**

Somerset County, Pennsylvania

Beachy, Elmer P. (Edna Yoder) #1 Meyersdale 11-28 a son **Jonathan**
Beachy, Roy D. (Sarah Yoder)#1 Meyersdale 10-9 a son **Norman**
Zook, Menno A. (Fannie Kinsinger)#1 Meyersdale 9-30 a dau **Lavina**

St. Marys County, Maryland

Byler, Neil M. (Edith King) Mech 11-14 a son **Moses**
Hostetler, Isaac Y. (Sara Peachey) Charlotte Hall a son 11-26 **Leon David**
Hostetler, Rufus J (Rachel King) Mech. 11-11 a son **Ervin**
Swarey, Reuben (Sadie Kurtz) Mech 11-12 a dau **Fannie**
Yoder, Benuel (Susan Hostetler) Mech 10-18 a dau **Laura**

Dover, Delaware

Beachy, John H. (Lydia Hershberger #2 Dover 10-07 a son **Vernon**
Byler, David R. (Lydia Miller) #2 Dover 9-31 a dau **Verba**
Byler, Mervin A. (Mattie Yoder) #1 Hartly 10-28 a dau **Lynn**
Byler, Rudy H. (Ama Yoder) #2 Dover 11-04 a dau **Emma Sue**
Byler, Sylvan M. (Emma Nissley)#2 Clayton 11-17 a dau **Sylvia**
Coblentz, Elmer E. (Sara Kurtz) #1 Hartly 11-20 a son **Alvin**
Mast, Adlai N (Elizabeth Hershberger) #1 Hartly 10-26 a son **Raymond**
Mast, Enos S. (Lydia Miller) #5 Dover 11-18 a dau **Magdalena**
Mast, Mahlon A. (Mary Yoder) #2 Wyoming 11-19 twins **Samuel & Sadie**
Miller, Adam M. (Sadie Miller) #5 Dover 11-15 a dau **Elizabeth Mae**
Miller, Melvin R. (Susanna Troyer) #2 Dover 11-23 a dau **Lisa**
Yoder, Harvey N. (Lizzie Yoder)#2 Dover 11-05 a son **Jesse Ray**

Marion, Kentucky

Yoder, David (Susan Detweiler) 11-19 a dau **Kathryn**

Guthrie, Kansas

Yoder, Raymond (Mable Schlabach) 11-26 twin sons **Matthew Jay & Mervin Ray**

Ethridge, Tennessee

Gingerich, Jacob E (Emma Zook) 9-27 a dau **Anna**
Gingerich, Joseph J. (Mattie Byler) 10-28 a son **Nevin**
Stutzman, Noah E. (Rebecca Hostetler) 10-23 a dau **Lydia**
Yoder, John J. (Lydia Gingerich) 9-28 a son **Menno**

Spartansburg, Pennsylvania

Byler, Jake J. (Linda Miler) 10-30 a dau **Sylvia**

HOLMES & WAYNE COUNTIES, OHIO

Hershberger, Melvin S. (Esther Miller) 11-17 a dau **Effie**
Hershberger, Rudy A. (Dena Troyer)#1 Sugarcreek ??-??a dau **Martha**
Mast, Leroy D. (Lizzie Hochstetler) ??-?? a son **David**
Mast, Roy E. (Betty Yoder) 10-31 a son **Myron**
Miller, Bish Mose A (Betty Miller) #2 Apple Creek 11-17 a son **David**
Miller, Eli U. (Dena Miller) 11-08 a son **Uriah**
Miller, Jerry L. (Mary Yoder) 10-20 a son **Marcus**
Miller, Jonas E.(Marietta Weaver) ??-?? a son **Leon**
Miller, Wayne L. (Esther Yoder) ??-?? a son **Joseph**
Miller, Aden J. (Amanda Miller) 10-21 a son **Aden Jr**
Stutzman, Dan J. (Mary Swartzentrub 10-03 a son **Eli**
Stutzman, Josie J. (Lovina Miller) #1 Dundee 11-02 a dau, **Katie**
Swartzentruber, Joe J (Delila Hershberger) 10-18 a dau **Lydia**
Weaver, Henry J. (Lovina Miller) 10-22 a dau **Delilah**
Weaver, Ivan D. (Alma Miller) #2 Fredericksburg 11-17 a dau
Weaver, Ivan D. (Alma Miller) 11-17 a dau **Annie May**
Weaver, John A. (Ada Troyer) ??-?? a son **David**
Yoder, Delbert A. (Barbara Miller) #4 Millersburg ??-?? a dau **Naomi**
Yoder, Roy O. (Edna Mast) 10-20 a son **Ivan**

Ashland County, Ohio

Miller, Em D. (Sarah Miller)10-06 a dau **Saloma**
Miller, Ivan (Ella Miller) 10-23 a son **Albert**
Raber, Joni H (Katie Coblentz) 10-?? a dau **Mary**
Schlabach, Titus J (Mattie Miller) 10-12 a son **Raymond**
Schrock, Melvin E. (Anna Miller) 10-08 a son **Reuben**
Weaver, Eli E. (Susie Wengerd) 11-08 a dau **Sarah**

Fredricktown, Ohio

Glick Mose and (Mary Miller) 11-21 a son **Joseph**
Yoder, Aden (Esther Miller) 10-?? a dau **Lydia**
Yoder, Roman (Mary Miller) 11-9 a dau **Martha**

Butler, Ohio

Hostetler, Johnny (Martha Miller) a son 10-5 **Ammon**
Wengerd, Paul (Edna Nisley) a son 11-19 **Henry**
Yoder, Melvin (Dena Nisley) a dau 11-11 **Verna**

Allen County, Indiana

Graber, David (Anna Mae Schmucker) 10-18 a dau **Marjorie**
Graber, Edwin (Lucy Graber)10-10 a son **Enos**
Graber, Paul (Frances Schmucker) 10-07 a dau **Linda Sue**
Kauffman, Amos (Malinda Graber) 11-22 a son **Reuben**
Lengacher, Harvey (Saloma Lengacher) 10-15 a son **Marvin**
Lengacher, Martin (Iona Miller)11-23 a dau **Leanna**
Miller, John (Martha Zehr) 10-05 a dau **Lydiann**
Miller, Joseph (Katie Schwartz)08-29 a son **David**
Schmidt, Phenias (Effie Wickey) 11-23 a dau **Laura**
Schmucker, Amos (Viola Zehr) 11-03 a son **Mervin**
Schmucker, Daniel (Dianne Schmucker) 11-27 a son **Nathan**
Schmucker, David (Anna Zehr) 10-6 a dau **Martha Ann**
Schmucker, James (Mary Lengacher) 10-21 a dau **Deborah**
Schmucker, Melvin (Leanna Zehr) 10-11 a dau **Arlene**
Schwartz, John (Rosemary Graber) 11-02 a dau **Naomi**
Zehr, Alvin (Mary Graber) 10-17 a dau **Marie**

Adams County, Indiana

Graber, Reuben J. (Barbara Hochstetler) 10-07 a dau **Miriam**
Hilty, John K. (Sarah Schwartz) 10-23 a son **Matthew**
Hilty, Lamar C. (Lucinda Hilty)10-19 a son **Christopher**
Hilty, Reuben M (Sarah Schwartz) 10-24 a son **Reuben**
Schwartz, Daniel S. (Sarah Eicher) 10-?? a dau **Anna**
Schwartz, Joe B. (Maggie Eicher) 10-23 a son **Joe**
Schwartz, Leander M. (Emma Hilty) 10-18 a dau **Melinda**
Schwartz, Neal J (Mary Wickey) 10-24 a son **Neal**
Schwartz, Noah M. (Clara Yoder) 10-?? a son **Alvin**
Shetler, Andrew K. (Lena Wickey)10-08 a dau **Rachel**

LaGrange County, Indiana

Barkman, Monroe Jr. (Rachel Miller) a dau 10-29 **Sheila**
Bontrager, David l (Mary Miller) Middlebury, a son 11-16 **Leonard**
Bontrager, Dewayne (LeAnna Yoder) #2 Ship a dau **Dorothy Fern**
Hershberger, David B. (Arlene Bontrager) a son 10-28 **Lavon Dale**
Hochstedler, Tobias (Elsie Hochstetler) a son **Earl Dean**
Hochstetler, Levi (Katie Raber) 11-1 a dau **Ida**
Hostetler, Glen (Kathym Miller) 11-6 a dau **Daryl**
Jones, Jacob D (Loretta Miller)#1 Ship a dau 11-10 **Thelma**
Kuhns, Jacob W (Loretta Schlabach) a dau 11-08 **Velda Jean**
Lambright, Paul (Wilma Bontrager) 11-14 a son **Dean**
Lambright, Vernon (Erma Miller) Shipshewana a dau 11-04 **Doreo Jean**
Lehman, Daniel (Edna Frey) 11-13 a dau **Loretta**
Lehman, Eli (Sue Lambright) #1 Ship a dau 11-16 **Amy Jo**
Miller, Cletus H. (Erma Miller) #3 Ligonier a son 11-06 **Gerald**

Lee
Miller, David (Kathyrn Miller) Shipshewanna 11-14 a dau **Karen Elaine**
Miller, Orva S. (Marty Yoder) a dau 10-28 **Wilma Jean**
Miller, Orville (Nettie Miller)#2Ship a son 11-17 **Larry Wayne**
Miller, Vernon H. (Mary Miller) #2 Topeka a son 11-08 **Eugene Ray**
Schlabach, Wilbur (Marilyn Bontrager) La Grange a dau 11-18 **Marlene**
Schrock, Daniel (Orpha Miller) a dau **Leona**
Schrock, Elmer (Wilma Hochstetler) 10-29 a son **Perry**
Schrock, Jacob (Mattie Yoder) A dau 10-23 **Ella**
Slabach, Devon (Edna Yoder) Shipshewana a son 11-04 **Jaryl Devon**
Slabach, Wayne R (Elsie Beechy) #2 Ship a dau 11-04 **Laverna**
Troyer, John (Katie Hochstedler) a dau 10-20 **Darlene**
Weaver, Freeman (Mary Yoder) #1 La Grange 11-13 **Carolyn**
Wingard, Ferman (Barbara Miller) Shipshewana a son 11-21.**Nathan**
Yoder, Alvin E. (Amanda Beachy) #1 La Grange 11-8 a dau **Ida Anna**
Yoder, Christie Q. (Katie Mast) a son 10-?? **Jeremiah**
Yoder, Harley P (Loretta Yoder) #3 Ligonier a dau 10-29 **Carolyn Mae**
Yoder, John A (Ruth Miller) #3 Ligonier a son 11-9 **John Andrew**
Yoder, Larry (Ruby Lambright) a dau 10-26 **Elaine Jo**
Yoder, Maynard (Erma Yoder) a dau 10-31 **Darlene**
Yutzi, Perry (Rose Yoder) 11-3 a son **Paul**

Etna Green, Indiana

Anderson, David (Wilma Eash) a son 9-14 **Leon Ray**
Hershberger, Henry (Alma Kaufman) a dau 9-?? **Kara Joy**
Hochstetler, Atlee (Mary Hochstetler) a dau 08-21 **Regina**
Hochstetler, Daryl (Lucy Borkholder) a dau 08-13 **Anna**
Hochstetler, Lamar (Sarah Miller) a son 10-26 **David**
Miller, Earl (Viola Chupp) a son 9-26 **David**
Miller, Homer (Lee Miller) twin dau 10-29 **Diane Marie & Debra**
Miller, Joe (LeAnn Hochstetler) a son 9-15 **Christopher Joe**
Miller, Ronald (Arlene Slabaugh) a dau 9-07 **Julia Kay**
Schmucker, Wayne (Sharon Yoder) a son 10-30 **Wayne**
Schwartz, Eldon (Ida Yoder) a son 9-3
Schwartz, John E (Esther Hochstetler) a son 10-20 **Matthew Ray**
Slabaugh, Richard (Dorothy Yoder) a dau 08-22 **Raletta Sue**

Daviess County, Indiana

Graber, Lewis, Jr. (Wilma Raber) 11-05 a dau **Rosetta**
Knepp, Lavern (Geraldine Graber) 11-02 a son **Randell Joseph**
Knepp, William D. (Rosemary Stoll) 11-22 a dau **Sharon Elaine**
Raber, Alva Jr (Susie Wagler) 11-11 a dau **Joanna Sue**
Raber, Fred J. (Esther Wagler) 11-04 a dau **Linda Sue**
Wagler, Darrell (Lillie Knepp) 11-?? a dau **Anitta**
Wagler, Eli M. (Leona Raber) 10-29 a dau **Laura Mae**
Wagler, Louis (Ruth Yoder) 11-17 a dau **Branda Jolene**
Wagler, Norman R (Martha Graber) 11-9 a dau **Leanna**
Wittmer, Ben Jr (Nancy Graber) 10-31 a dau **Lois Renee**

Jamesport, Missouri

Graber, Melvin (Katie Kramer) 11-23 a dau **Dorothy**
Kramer, Mervin J. (Esther Gingerich) 10-30 a dau **Lovina**
Kramer, Raymond J. (Anna Gingerich)11-02 a dau **Elizabeth**
Schrock, Ivan C. (Verna Yutzy) 11-18 a dau **Leona**
Troyer, Ivan V. (Magdalena Kauffman) 10-31 a son **Kenneth**
Yoder, Raymond J. (Bertha Ropp) 11-22 a dau **Sharon Kay**

Clark, Missouri

Beachy, Menno D. (Susan Yoder) 10-27 a dau **Katie**
Borntrager, Eli L (Sarah Burkholder) Madison 10-05 a dau **Lizzie**
Gingerich, Chrissie C (Anna Gingerich)10-24 a dau **Katie**
Miller, Ezra F.(Alma Bontrager) 11-19 a dau **Ida**
Miller, John H. (Mary E Bontrager) 11-23 a dau **Emma**

Partridge, Kansas

Beachy, Loren (Bertha Yoder) 11-03 adopted twin sons b 4-10-85 **Darrel & Delmar**

Haven, Kansas

Yoder, Allen (Fannie Petersheim) 11-17 a dau **Elaine**

Johnson County, Iowa

Miller, Duane (Miriam Bontrager) 11-28 a son **Perry Lee**

Buchanan County, Iowa

Beachy, David (Martha Yoder) 11-13 a son **Joseph**
Detweiler, Dan (Vernie Gingerich) 11-19 a son **Eli**
Helmuth, Eli A. (Mary Mast)11-06 a son **Lester**
Hershberger, John N (Ada Nisley)11-10 a dau **Emma**
Mast, David (Dora Kauffman) 11-04 a son **Robert**
Stutzman, John (Katie Gingerich)11-17 a dau **Rachel**
Yoder, Eli (Anna Detweiler)11-14 a son **Freeman**
Yoder, John D. (Laurie Hershberger) 11-01 a dau **Susie**

Riceville, Iowa

Borntrager, Mose S (Sarah Petersheim)11-13 a son **Daniel**

Augusta Wisconsin

Bontreger, Ben H. (Sarah Yoder) a son 11-20 **Eli**

Amherst, Wisconsin

Borntrager, Felty (Lizzie Mast) 11-27 a son **Rudy**
Lambright, Mahlon (Mary Borntrager) 11-04 a dau **Irene**
Yoder, Mervin (Emma Bontrager) 11-05 a son **Reuben**

Cashton, Wisconsin

Coblentz, Melvin (Amanda Herschberger) 11-28 a dau

Granton, Wisconsin

Gingerich, Ura H (Mary Stutzman) 10-23 a son **Joni**

Wilton, Wisconsin

Borntreger, Mose J (Barbara Miller) a son 11-20 **Joe**
Miller, John J. (Elsie Mast) a dau 11-19 **Edna**
Stutzman, Levi P. (Mary Borntreger) a son 10-20 **Jerry**

Scottsville, Michigan

Lambright, Lester (Sadie Beachy) 11-02 a son **Abner**

Branch County, Michigan

Eicher, Christ (Annie Schwartz) a son 11-28 **Jessie**
Eicher, Simeon (Mary Schwartz) a dau 10-30 **Saloma**
Girod, Joe (Effie Schwartz) a son 10-2 **Noah**
Girod, Noah (Josephine Schwartz) a dau 10-9 **Effie**
Schwartz, Aaron (Laura Graber) a dau 11-28 **Mary**
Schwartz, Levi S. (Sarah Miller) a still born son 11-12

Clare, Michigan

Coblentz, Norman F (Sarah Miller) 11-13 a son **Norman Jr**
Gingerich, Mose E. (Laura Mullet) 11-11 a son **David**
Yoder, David C. (Katie Lehman)10-19 a son **Roy**
Yoder, Joe J (Ella Miller) 9-06 a son **Joe Jr**

I WONDER

I wonder just what Christmas means
To you and you and you;
I wonder if you realize
Your thanks are long past due;
I wonder if the day just means
Some gifts, a pretty tree;
I wonder if you're grateful for
His gifts to you and me.

I wonder if on rising from
Your bed on Christmas morn,
You'll offer thanks that 'twas upon
This day our Lord was born;
I wonder if you'll whisper prayers,
Again and yet again,
That all on earth accept His plea—
On earth good will to men.

BAPTISMS

Lancaster County Penna.

N. Intercourse, Dist. Sept. 20, By Enos Esh
Daniel Esh Jr. Son of Daniel L. & Rebecca Esh
Naomi Lapp dau. of Christ and Rachel Lapp.
Ruth Beiler dau. of David Z. and Katie Beiler
Linda Smoker dau. of Samuel and Rachel Smoker
Greenland District Sept. 20, By Samuel Fisher
Ben son of Jacob and Rebecca King
Sadie dau. of Jacob and Rebecca King
Ruth dau. of Benuel and Sylvia King
Churchtown District Sept. 13, By John U. Stoltzfus
John son of Jonas E. and Sara Stoltzfus
Anna dau. of Joseph and Naomi Smucker
Linda dau. of Benuel and Katie (Lapp) King
Fannie dau. of David and Emma Smucker
St. Marys Co. Maryland.
Nov. 8, By Samuel J. Stoltzfus
Annie dau. of Samuel and Lena (Hertzler) Stoltzfus
Sarah dau. of Samuel and Lena (Hertzler) Stoltzfus
Ethridge, Tenn.
West District. Sept. 29, By Eli N. Stutzman
Ura E. Zook son of Eli Y. Zook
Andy J. Zook son of Joseph J. Zook
Emanuel J. Gingerich son of Joe U. Gingerich
Amanda J. Gingerich dau. of Joe U. Gingerich
Anna A. Yoder dau. of Andy S. Yoders.
Carostine E. Yoder dau. of Eli A. Yoders
Susie J. Yoder dau. of Joe A. Yoders
Millie N. Hostetler dau. of Noah J. Hostetler
North District. Oct. 4, By Eli N. Stutzman
John N. Byler son of Nevin Bylers
Moses A. Gingerich son of Andy U. Gingerich
Andrew E. Mast son of Enos J. Mast
Middle District. Sept. 27, By Eli J. Hostetler
Eli E. Gingerich son of Enos E. Gingerichs
Katie J. Gingerich dau. of Jacob J. Gingerichs
Susan D. Gingerich dau. of Dannie A. Gingerichs
Lizzie L. Hershberger dau. of Levi J. Hershberger
Mary E. Miller dau. of Eli E. Miller
East District. Oct. 4, By Eli J. Hostetler
Moses D. Gingerich son of Daniel J. Gingerichs
John J. Hostetler son of Joseph J. Hostetlers
Joseph U. Gingerich son of Ura J. Gingerichs
Lovina J. Hershberger dau. of Jacob D. Hershbergers
Mary M. Gingerich dau. of Moses J. Gingerichs
Adams County Indianna
Monroe Ind.
East Berne District Sept. 13, By John C. Schwartz
John S. Schwartz Jr. son of John H. and Esther Schwartz
Joe E. Troyer son of Ernest and Edna Troyer
James Shetler son of Samuel M. and Amanda Schwartz
David S. Wickey son of Menas and Susan Wickey
Lilia L. Miller dau. of Elmer L. and Laura Miller
Katie Ann Schwartz dau. of Sylvan V. and Rosie Schwartz
Christine L.B. Schwartz dau. of Levi D. and Barbara Schwartz
Clarita Oklahoma
Sept. 6, By Melvin Yoder of Chouteau
Jacob son of Herman Stutzmans
Moses son of Melvin Hershbergers
Steven son of Martin Hostetlers
Kathryn Lorene dau. of Daniel C. Masts
Heidi Ellen dau. of Herman Yoders
Clare Michigan
Sept. 13, By William Schrock
Paul son of Yost and Mattie Miller
Esther dau. of Mahlon and Lizzie Mae Mullet
Sue Ann dau. of Alvin and Katie Mullet

A Christmas Thought

If you haven't been to Calvary,
How can you ever know
The significance of Bethlehem
And the Babe in the manger low?
How can you keep His birthday?
How can you be a part
Of the deeper truth and meaning
If He isn't in your heart?

If you haven't been to Calvary,
If it doesn't mean anything,
How can you sing the carols
That greet the newborn King?
How can you give and receive your gifts,
As friends and loved ones call,
If you haven't yet accepted
The greatest Gift of all?

If you haven't been to Calvary,
Then the story of Christmastime,
Of the shepherds, the angels, the stables,
Is all just a meaningless rhyme
And the manger-cradled Baby,
Christ Jesus, meek and mild—
If you don't own Him as Saviour
Then—He's just another child.

If you haven't been to Calvary
Why not arise and go?
To meet the Christ, the Saviour
At Bethlehem's stable low?
Go as the shepherds, in humble awe,
Go as the wise men three;
Go bow at the feet of the Christ
Who was born—and died—for thee!

MARRIAGES

Rensselaer Falls, NY

Miller-Miller: Mose; son of Mose J. and Katie Miller to Annie; dau. of John E. and Annie Miller, on Nov.12 by Harvey E. Miller

Schlabach-Miller: Dave; son of Albert J. and Katie Schlabach, to Mary; dau of John E. and Annie Miller on Nov. 12 by Harvey E Miller

Brush Valley, PA

Beiler-Stoltzfus: Jacob; son of Eli and Mary (Glick) Beiler to Esther; dau of Sam and Lydia (Riehl) Stoltzfus on Nov. 10 by Jacob M. Stoltzfus.

Esh-Beiler: John; son of John and Sara (Zook) Esh to Anna Mary; dau. of Eli and Mary (Glick) Beiler on Nov. 19, by Henry B. Stoltzfus

Esh-Stoltzfus: Jonas; son of Jon and Sara (Zook) Esh to Sally; dau. of Christ and Rachel (Smucker) Stoltzfus on Oct. 29 by Enos Esh.

Fisher-King: Levi, son of Levi and Rachel (Miller) Fisher to Lydianna; dau. of Enos and Lavina (Esch) King by Jacob M. Stoltzfus

Glick-Stoltzfus: Jonathan; son of Henry and Lomie (Fisher) Glick to Martha; dau of Melvin and Katie (Fisher) Stoltzfus on Nov. 17 by Jacob P. Esh.

Stoltzfus-Fisher: Mark; son of Elam and Katie (Stoltzfus) Stoltzfus to Sara; dau. of John and Annie (Stoltzfus) Fisher on Oct. 27 by Jacob M. Stoltzfus

Swarey-Fisher: Samuel; son of Samuel and Sallie (Byler) Swarey to Ruth; dau. of Reuben and Rachel (Stoltzfus) Fisher on Nov. 3 by Jacob Byler

Dauphin County, PA

Fisher-Stoltzfus: Mahlon; son of Willie and Anna Fisher Gratz, to Martha; dau. of Melvin and Ruth Stoltzfus, Hegins, on Nov. 17, by John Glick.

King-Esh: Daniel; son of Henry and Nancy King,Lititz to Ada; dau. of Levi and Naomi Esh, Millersburg, on Nov. 3 by Jonas Lapp.

Smucker-Fisher: John; son of David and Susie Smucker, Lykens, to Mary Ann; dau. of Willie and Anna Fisher, Gratz, on Nov. 5 by Jonas Ebersol

Stoltzfus-Speicher: John Lee; son of David and Naomi Stoltzfus, Kinzer, to Katie; dau. of Aaron and Rebecca Speicher, Millersburg, on Nov. 25 by Levi Fisher.

Franklin County, Penna.

Byler-Fisher: Ben; son of Eli and Rebecca Byler to Marion; dau. of Joseph and Mary Fisher on Nov. 12 by John F. Glick

Cumber

Ebersol-Miller: Samuel; son of Alvin and the late Priscilla Ebersol to Anna, dau of David and Mary Miller on Oct. 27, by Christian Esh

Esh-Fisher: Michael; son of Aaron and Betty Esh to Rosann; dau. of Samuel and Katie Fisher on Oct. 1 by Amos Esh.

Esh-King: Daniel, son of Daniel and Rebecca Esh to Catherine; dau of Jonas and Annie King on Nov. 19 by Christian Miller

King-Blank: John; son of Jonas and Annie King to Malinda; dau. of David and Mary Blank on Nov. 26 by Stephen E. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus-Stoltzfus: Mervin; son of Elam and Anna Mary Stoltzfus to Barbara; dau. of Stephen and Emma Stoltzfus on Nov. 17 by John S. Glick

Juniata County, PA

Kanagy-Wengerd: Amos; son of Rachel (Stoltzfus) and the late Dea. Moses R. Kanagy to Fannie; dau. of Alvin and Lydia (Peachey) Wengerd on Nov. 17, by Tobe Petersheim.

Mifflin County, PA

Swarey-Kanagy: Reuben; son of Jonathan and Susie (Kanagy) Swarey to Fannie; dau of Stephen and Annie (Swarey) Kanagy on Nov. 3 by John F. Swarey

Swarey-Zook: William; son of Bish. Shem and Fannie (Peachy) Swarey to Leah; dau of Pre. David and Lena (Byler) Zook on Nov. 5 by Shem Swarey.

Peachy-Byler: Jacob; son of Israel B. and Katie (Peachey) Peachey to Esther; dau of Norman and Salinda (Zook) Byler on Nov. 10 by Josiah Peachey.

Yoder-Peachey: Thomas; son of Dea. Amos and Molly (Byler) Yoder to Ella; dau. of Aaron and Annie (Kanagy) Peachey on Nov. 12 by Josiah Peachy.

Peachey-Yoder: Gideon; son of John R. and Katie (Peachey) Peachey to Sadie; dau of Pre. Korie N. and Elizabeth (Swarey) Yoder on Nov. 17 by Shem Swarey.

Peachey-Zook: Wilmer; son of Ben and Katie (Peachey) Zook to Miriam; dau. of Ezra F. and Miriam (Swarey) Peachey on Nov. 19 by Shem Swarey.

Smicksburg, Pennsylvania

Hostetler-Troyer; Menno, son of Ervin and (Lovina Mast) to Emma, dau of Crist and (Anna Troyer) on 11-19 by Dan Yoder of Geauga County, Ohio.

Miller-Byler; Melvin, son of Allen E. and (Emma S. Weaver) to Susan, dau of Jeremiah J and (Fannie E. Miller) on 11-24 by Dan C. Miller of Sparty, Pennsylvania.

Somerset County, PA

Kinsinger-Brenneman: Noah R; son of Roy S. and Amanda (Beachy) Kinsinger of Salisbury, Pa and Edna; dau. of Simon E. and Alma (Yoder) Brenneman of Meyersdale, Pa R.3 on Oct. 29, Their add. is Salisbury, Pa Rl.

Zook-Peachey: Abner; son of Andy S. and Lavina (Hershberger) Zook of Meyersdale, Pan to Katie Mae; dau. of Alvin I. and Susie (Schrock) Peachey fo Fort Hill, Pa on Oct. 1, Their add. will be Garreth, Pa #1.

St. Marys Co, Md

Hertzler-Stoltzfus: Henry; son of Samuel S. and Hannah (Stoltzfus) Hertzler Mech. to Sallie; dau. of Bish. Gideon B. and Hannah (Hostetler) Stoltzfus on Nov. 12, by Amos M. Stoltzfus

Stoltzfus-Swarey: Isaac; son of Bish. Jacob S. and Sylvia (Hertzler) Stoltzfus, Mech. to Fannie; dau. of Israel S. and Elizabeth (Hostetler) Swarey, Charlotte Hall, on

Nov. 24 by Jacob Stoltzfus

Dover, Delaware

Detweiler-Hershberger: David; son of Bish. Henry H. and Barbara Ann Detweiler to Mary Ann; dau. of Pre. Neil N. and Emma Hershberger on Nov. 19 by the groom's father.

Mast-Byler: Noah; son of Adlai N. and the late Amanda Mast to Katie Ann; dau. of David A. and Millie Byler on Nov. 26 by Dan A. Yoder

Miller-Hershberger: Mahlon; son of Dea. Mahlon E. and Lydia Miller to Lydia Ann; dau. of Pre. Neil N. and Emma Hershberger on Nov. 24 by Crist E. Fisher

Troyer-Miller: Simon; son of Sam S. and Lizzie Troyer to Sadie; dau. of Abner J. and Lena Miller on Oct. 8 by John J. Yoder

Park City, Kentucky

Yoder-Yoder Ura son of Mose A. and (Ida Gingerich) Yoder to Deliah, dau of Enos A. and (Mary Troyer) Yoder, Nov 12 by Eli M. Stutzman.

Ethridge, Tenn

Gingerich-Gingerich: Ben; son of Jacob J. and Elizabeth (Stutzman) Gingerich to Amanda; dau. of Dannie U. and Anna (Miller) Gingerich on Nov. 17, by Eli N. Stutzman.

Gingerich-Gingerich: Joseph; son of Jacob J. and Elizabeth (Stutzman) Gingerich go Lydian; dau. of Joe U. and Katie (Yoder) Gingerich on Nov. 19, by Eli N. Stutzman.

Gingerich-Gingerich: Ura; son of Andy U. and Katie (Hostetler) Gingerich to Elizabeth; dau. of Jacob J. and Elizabeth (Stutzman) Gingerich on Nov. 24, by Eli J. Hostetler.

Troutville, PA

Byler-Yoder: Rudy; son of Roman and Emma Byler to Mattie; dau. of John and Emma Yoder on Nov. 17, by (Tinner) Andy Byler

Linesville Pa

Girod-Delegrange: Pete; son of August and Elnora (Borntreger) Girod to Rosina; dau. of John and Savilla (Schwartz) Delegrange on Nov. 26, by Edward D. Yoder

Spartansburg, Pa

Miller-Shetler: Allen; son of John A. and Martha Miller to Susan; dau. of Noah D. and Ada Shetler on Nov. 12 by Jake R. Byler

HOLMES & WAYNE County Ohio

Hershberger - Gingerich: Menno; son of Christ D., to Katie: dau. of Elam P. Gingerich, Nov. ?

Miller - Hershberger: :Mose; son of Andy A. and Ella (Yoder) Miller to Katie; dau. of Ammon J. and Fannie (Miller) Hershberger, By Raymond Hershberger.

Stutzman- Mullet: Homer L.son of Leroy Stutzman, to Marilyn; dau. of Ervin J. E. Mullet, Nov. 26 by Andy E. Stutzman.

Butler, Ohio

Bontrager-Schrock: Jeffrey; son of Min. Abe J. and Nettie Bontrager to Sarann; dau., of Melvin E. and Sara Schrock on Sept. 3, by Jonas Borntrager

Hochstetler-Miller: Levi; son of Pre Edwin and Emma Hochstetler to Katie; dau. of Norman and Ada Miller on Oct. 8 by Mahlon Hochstetler

Fredrickstown, Ohio

Byler-Wengerd: Reuben; son of John and Lizzie (Schwartz) Byler, to Sovilla; dau. of Eli and Susie (Miller) Wengerd on Nov. 17.

Miller-Miller: Allen: son of Mrs. Sara Miller, to Barbara: dau of Roman and Anna (Chupp) Miller on Nov. 5, by Enos Fisher of Smicksburg,Pa.

on Nov. 12, by Eli N. Stutzman.

Allen County, Indiana

Graber-Graber; Irvin, son of Henry and (Susan Zehr) to Amy, dau of Fred and (Rasina Miller) on 10-04 by Noah Eicher.

Graber-Lengacher; David, son of Floyd and (Marian Graber) to Elizabeth, dau of Samuel and (Martha Lengacher) on 10-25 by Amos a Graber of Daviess County, Indiana.

Graber-Schmucker, Victor J., son of Victor and (Anna Schwartz) to Eva, dau of William and (Magdalena Lengacher) Schmucker.

Lengacher-Schmucker; Jonas, son of Elmer and (Anna Schmucker) to Mary, dau of Christy and (Leah Wittmer) on 10-08 by Joseph Eicher of Adams County, Indiana

Adams Count, Ind.

Schwartz-Eicher: Elmer H.B.; son on Mr.and Mrs. Henry H. Schwartz Jr., R2 Geneva to Esther A.J. ; dau of Mr. and Mrs. Amos N. Eicher, R2 Geneva on Oct. 8

Schwartz-Schwartz: John A.C.; son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob E. P. Schwartz, Rl Portland, to Sovilla R., dau. of Mr. Mrs. Melvin Fl. Schwartz, Rl, Geneva on Oct. 8

LaGrange County, Indiana.

Hochstetler-Miller: Marvon; son of Eli W. and Fannie (Schmucker) Hochstelter to Ruby; dau. of Jacob S. and Edna (Yoder) Miller on Oct. 29 by Sam J.R. Miller

Lambright-Bontrager: Leland; son of Floyd and Martha (Miller) Lehman to Irene dau of Orva S. and Wilma (Frey) Bontrager on Oct. 22, by Ervin D. Hochstetler

Miller-Miller: Noah; son of Joe B. Jr. and Mary (Eash) Miller to Shirley; dau. of Orlie and Vera (Mullet) Miller on Oct. 14 by Noah J. Miller.

Schrock-Miller: Samuel; son of Alvin and Polly (Borntrager) Schrock to Edna; dau of Ervin and Mary (Lambright) Miller on Oct. 21, by Abraham Schrock, the grooms brother.

Yoder- Schlabach: Cletus; son of Jon Jay and Katie (Miller) Yoder to Marilyn dau. of Harley and Wilma (Helmuth) Schlabach on Oct. 22, by Delbert Mast.

Yoder-Lehman: Ernest Eugene; son of Perry W. and Verda (Schrock) Yoder to Laverda; dau. of Albert Jay and Tressie (Hochstetler) Lehman on Oct. 23 by Olin Wingard.

Etna Green, Indiana

Chupp-Mullet; Daniel Ray son of Daniel and Barbara

(Schwartz) Chupp and Sharon; Dau. of Merlin and Mary Lou (Helmuth) Mullet were married by Leon Miller Oct. 29

Chupp-Schmucker; Norman Lee, son of Rudy and (Fannie Miller) to Pamela Kay, dau of Robert and (Frieda Hochstetler) on 09-10 by Freeman Kuhns.

Miller-Chupp; David Lee, of Hale, Michigan to Verda June, dau of Ura Chupp on 10-30 by Sam Chupp.

Miller-Chupp; Howard, son of Marlin and (Sarah Yoder) to Loretta, dau of Jacob and (Esther Miller) on 09-17 by David Mast

Mullet-Hochstetler; Merlin, son of Omer Mullet to Mary Lou, of Glenn and (Edna Mullet) on 10-22 by Lonnie Schlabaugh

Yoder-Hochstetler; Lyle, son of (Mary Yoder) to Kathryn, dau of Rudy and (Carol Stoltzfus) on 10-14 by Henry Hochstetler.

Kakomo, Ind.

Bontrager-Miller: Christy; son of Melvin O. and Laura (Miller) Bontrager to Lydia Mae; dau. of Eli L. and Edna (Hostetler) Miller on Nov. 4 by Henry A. Miller

Davies County, Indiana

Graber-Kemp : Delbert; son of Ben and Margaret (Knepp) Graber, to Dinah, dau. of Joe and Barbara (Stoll) Kemp, on Nov. 15, by Amos A. Graber.

Wagler-Stoll: Kenneth; son of Wallace and Leah (Knepp) Wagler, to Rosemary; dau. of John and Ida Mae (Graber) Stoll on Nov. 26, by Joe L. Graber

Clark, MO

Miller-Borntrager: Daniel, son of Noah and Mary (Stutzman) Miller to Edna; dau. of Willie E. and Edna (Petersheim) Borntrager on Oct. 22 by the Brides Father-Willie E. Borntrager

Miller-Petersheim: Joni, youngest son of Felty Miller's, Riceville, IA, to Lydia, the oldest child of Eli J and Sarah Petersheim's, on Oct. 15 by Jake L. Petersheim.

Riceville, Iowa

Bontrager- Borntreger: Dave J.; son of Jerry Bontrager, to Lydia: dau. of Dan C. Bornteger, Oct. 8

Monroe County, Wisconsin

Borkholder-Borntreger; Manas, widower of Burton, Ohio to Lydia, dau of late Chris M. and (Lizzie Schrock) both deceased, on 10-22 by Clemens L Borntreger of Wilton, Wisconsin

Borntreger-Borntreger; Mahlon, son of Mahlon and (Barbara Borntreger) to Lizzie, dau of Jonas and (Lydia Borntreger) on 10-29 by Bishop Neal Borntreger of Anabel, MO.

Yoder-Borntreger; Jerry, son of Henry and (Rachel Borntreger) to Lena, dau of Jonas C and (Lydia Borntreger) on 10-27 by Bis Chris C Borntreger of Augusta, Wisconsin.

Granton,Wisconsin

Yoder - Borntreger; Jonas, son of Wayne and (Amanda Helmuth) of Wautoma to Wilma, daughter of Ammon and (Mary Borntreger) of Granton by Jonas B Borntrager.

Park City, KY.

Moses E. Troyer, 30, son of Eli M. and Saloma Troyer was ordained minister Nov. 15. His Wife is Anna, dau. of Gideon A. and Amelia (Mast) Yoder. Others in the lot were Mose M. Yoder, Andy E. Yoder, Emanuel Hostetler, Ezra M. Gingerich, Gideon Yoder, and Herman Zook.

Huntington, Tenn.

Nov.22, Freeman Mast, 23, was ordained as minister. He is the son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Otto) Mast. His wife is Clara, dau. of Tobias A. and Fannie Borntrager. Others in the lot were William Miller, David L. Borntrager, Jonathan L. Borntrager, and Jonas A. Nissley

Nunnelly, Tenn.

Nov.29, Noah Hochstetler,39, was ordained bishop. He is the son of Harvey and Fannie Mae (Borntreger) Hochstetler of Huntingdon, Tenn.

His wife is Miriam, dau. of Roman Millers of Centreville, Mich. Others in the lot were Truman Borntrager and Lester Graber.

Marion Kentucky.

Raymond Mast, son of Bish. Andy Mast from Del. was ordained deacon on Oct. 3rd. His wife is Sadie, dau. of Jacob Hershbergers of Del.

Adams Co. Ind.

Jacob M. Shetler, 34, was ordained bishop on Sept. 19. He is the son of Levi J. Shetlers. His wife is Freida Mae Kauffman, dau. of the late Henry Kauffmans of Allen Co.

Kokomo Ind.

Oct. 17, Lester Hostetler was ordained Deacon in S. District. His wife is Delores dau. of Simeon and Edna (Lee) Otto. Others in the lot were Jerry and Marvin Bontrager,Edward Otto and Lavern Miller.

Monroe Co. Wilton Wis.

Chris M. Borntreger, 42, son of Mose S. and Rachel (Stutzman) Borntreger was ordained bishop Oct. 25. His wife Susie is a dau. of Ezra J. and Edna Miller of Clark Mo.

Haven, Kansas

Ray A. Borntrager was ordained Deacon on Nov. 1. There were 12 in the lot. Enos w. and Elton A. Miller, Kenneth Jr. Mervin E. and Aden E. Keim, Eli A, Ray A. and Harry W. Bontrager, Robert and Gene Schrock, Ernest Eash and Toby Yoder.

Buchanan County, Iowa

David H. Yoder, 30, was ordained bishop in South Middle District. He is the son of Henry and Barbara Yoder and his wife Irene, is the dau of Mose and Lizzie Beachy of Amherst, Wis. They have 4 children.

Cashton, Wis.

East Church had Communion Services Oct. 17. That District devided this fall and a minister ordained. The lot fell on Chris B. Borntreger, 35, son of Ben C.B. from Wilton Wis. Others in the lot were Chester Kauffman, Levi W. Miller, and Ruben G. Miller

Desboro Ont. Canada

On the 8th East District had communion services and ordained a Bishop. The lot of three ministers fell on Joe A. Miller, 55. His wife is Mary dau. of Levi L. Shetler Sr. of Heuvelton N.Y.

OBITUARIES

Beiler, Eli S. died tue. Sept. 8, age 59, of 141 n. New Holland, Gordonville. He died unexpectedly of natural causes & was pronounced dead on arrival at 10:35 am. tue. morn. at New Holland Ambulance Station. He was on the way to New Holland with a taxi driver & his 87 yr. old father-in-law was along and Eli died on the way to New Holland. He was the husband of May F. Beiler & the son of the late Omar and Fannie (Smucker) Beiler. He was a retired farmer and tended market at Queenstown . In addition to his wife he is survived by seven sons, two daughters,12 grandchildren, 3 brothers,2 sisters and a step mother of Fredricksburg, Ohio.

Borntreger, Moses M. 79, Canton MO,

died November 24. He is survived by his wife Mary, 7 daughters, 4 sons, 87 grandchildren, 7 step grandchildren, 33 great grandchildren,1 brother and 1 sister.

Services were held at the Jacob Hostetler, Where he had made his home. This is a first death for here so a new gravesite was started.

Borntrager, William A. 18, of Rt. 1 Granton Wis.

died Nov. 5 in the Marshfield Hospital after a mishap in the corn field. William and his brother David were ready to load their second load of corn fodder for that day . William wanted to tighten the rope along the side of the wagon and tore the rope, falling back against the horses. The horse kicked him back against the wagon and he got underneath the wagon. It appeared as if both side wheels went over his head. They got the ambulance and rushed him to Neillsville hospital and then on to Marshfield where he died around 4:30. This happened just before noon. William was baptised to the old order Amish Church on Oct. 4th, 1987.

Preceding him in death was his 4 yr. old brother Benjamin who died 4 years ago on the same day of the yr. and right around the same time of day.

Byler, Albert, son of John S.E. and Ada J.(Miller) Byler died Nov. 19 age, 13 days. Left to mourn are his parents, one brother Andy, maternal grandparents, Joe Millers, Paternal grandmother, Mrs. Andy Emma Byler, and many uncles, aunts, cousins, and friends.

Coblentz, Mark E. R.1 Hartly Del. son of Pre. Ervin F. and Dora Coblentz.Was born Aug. 17, 1986, died Nov. 2, 1987. Age 1 yr. 2 months and 16 days.

Leaves to mourn his early departure, Father, Mother, 2 brothers and 1 sister. Mark crawled in through a washed out or caved in hole and suffocated in the manure pit. Funeral services were held at the home thur. Nov. 5, by Adlai Mast and John J. Yoder.

Esh, Rachel L. 9 mo. 29 days, Gordonville, Pa.

died Nov. 26, dau. of Moses L. and Lizzie (Lapp) Esh. Besides her parents she is survived by 4 sisters, and 2 brothers all at home. also surviving are maternal and paternal grandparents. Three sisters preceeded her in death.

Gingerich, Fred E. 75, Hazelton Iowa

died at his home on Nov. 17. Fred was born Oct. 20, 1912 in Kokomo Ind. to Eli and Mary Miller Gingerich. He married Katie Kauffman Nov. 29, 1934. Survivors include his wife, seven sons, and two daughters, 65 grandchildren, 1 great grandchild, 4 sisters and 3 brothers.

Hershberger, Mary R. 57, Middlefield, Ohio

died tuesday following a lengthy illness. The dau. of Ben and Irene (Byler) Raber, she was born Jan. 21, 1930 In Holmes co. She was a resident of Parkman Township for 27 years.

She married Joni J. Hershberger in May 1972. She was a homemaker and a member of the old order Amish Church.

Survivors include her husband, 1 son, stepmother, two sisters, three brothers, two half sisters, three half brothers, and 13 step children.

Mrs. Hershberger was preceded in death by her parents and five brothers.

Service was on Friday at Emmanuel Hershbergers, by bishop Jonas Yoder.

Hershberger, Christena J. (Eash) wife of John Hershberger died Oct. 22-87 St. Marys Hospital, Decatur, Ill.

They were married Jan. 29, 1929. Leaves her husband and 4 sons and 2 daughters.

Hochstetler, Johnny, 5 months & 6 days of Conewango Valley N.Y.

died on Nov. 11, from a pickup truck and buggy accident. He was born June 5, 1987 to Uriah N. & Ella (Miller) Hochstetler who survive, also 1 sister, 3 brothers, maternal and paternal grandparents.

Kramer, Noah J. New Glarus, Wis. 63,

died Nov. 5, born Oct. 11 1924, after battling lung cancer for about a year. He was married to Emma Hershberger, who survived along with 6 daughters and 2 sons, 24 grandchildren, and 2 brothers. His parents, John and Edna (Miller) Kramer Of Plain City, Ohio, preceded him in death.

The funeral was at the home Mon. am. Nov. 9. Burial in Amish cemetery at New Glarus. Services held by Eli Troyer and John Kramer of Jamesport, Mo. Bish Dan Beachy of Hazelton IA. and Bish. Adin Miller of Evansville Wi. Pallbearers were Eli Hershberger of New Glarus, Andy Plank, Rudy Detweiler and Ivan Bontrager of Evansville.

Lapp, Aarie S. 67, Narvon Pa. #2

died at home saturday evening after an illness of seven months.

She was the wife of Elmer L. Lapp Born in Leacock Township. She was the dau. of the late Johnathan F. and Salomie (Smoker) Esh.

Surviving in addition to her husband are 8 children, 33 grandchildren, 4 brothers, 4 sisters, and a stepmother, Katie Esh, Intercourse.

Lehman, John J. 73, #1 LaGrange, IN

died on Friday in LaGrange Hospital where he had been a patient for one day.

He was born March 1, 1914 in LaGrange County To John and Lovina (Troyer) Lehman. He married Edna Esh on Nov.3,1938. She died June 28, 1986.

Surviving are four daughters, seven sons, two sisters, two brothers, 29 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren.

Services were at the Floyd Lehman Home. Bishop Ervin Hochstetler and the Rev. Levi L. Yoder officiating.

Miller, Emanuel J. 81, 7597 Frease Rd. Fredrisksburg, Ohio

died Saturday at the home of a daughter.

Born in Holmes Co. he was a son of the late J.B. and Caroline S. Yoder Miller. He lived most of his life in the area and was a retired farmer. On May 22,1932 he married the former Mary Mast, who died Sept. 22, 1971.

Surviving in addition to Mrs. Schmucker,are 2 daughters, 5 sons, 6 sisters, 2 brothers, 39 grandchildren, and 14 great grandchildren. Two sons and a sister are deceased.

Services were at the Crist E. Miller residence with Bishop Jacob R. Troyer Officiating. Burial was at the Yoder Cemetery in Salt Creek Township, Wayne county.

Miller, Mrs. Mose (Mattie) age 84, #1 Dundee, Ohio

died at her home of R1 Dundee on Nov. 18 of cancer. She leaves six sons and three daughters. Sam, Mose, Andy, Rudy, Abe, Emanuel, Mary, Mrs. Harvey E. Miller, Mattie, Mrs. Abe. J. Gingerich and Anna single, at home.

Stoltzfus, Lena Mae, 3 mon., 107 E. White Oak Rd., Paradise, Pa.

died at home, Nov. 23, at 10:50 a.m. after an illness since birth. She was a dau. of Levi F. and Barbara Ann (Esh) Stoltzfus,

In addition to her parents she is survived by 3 brothers all at home: Amos, John Henry, and Stephen; Paternal grandfather, Amos E. Stoltzfus, and Stepgrandmother Elizabeth Stoltzfus, Gap; Maternal grandmother, Sarah G. Esh, Paradis; Maternal great-grandparents, Benjamin and Rebecca (Stoltzfus) Fisher, Sarasota, Fla.; maternal great-grandfather, Levi Esh, Quarryviller, and step great grandfather, Joshua Stoltzfus, Narvon.

Funeral services were held Nov. 25, by Amos Y. Beiler and Alvin G. Fisher. Jonas Stoltzfus read script. Burial in Georgetown cemetary.

Smucker, Rachel A. 67, Narvon, Pa

died Mon., Nov. 30th at the home of her sister, Mrs. Jospeh Beiler. After lingering 9 days after a stroke. Born on Sept. 2, 1920 in Carnavon Twp. Lancaster, County. to the later David B. and Rachel (Stoltzfus) Smucker. Her home was with brothers and sisters and close relatives for the last 27 years.

Surviving are 3 brothers, David and Elmer both of Narvon and Jacob of New Holland. And one sister Sadie, Mrs. Joseph Beiler of Gordonville. 86 nieces & nephews, 5 Uncles & Aunts and 348 great-niecs and nephews.

Serv. were held at the home of Elmer Smucker on Dec. 2. Aufang by Bish. Benuel Stoltzfus, Honey Brook and main sermon by Joseph Smucker. Lied at the house by Christ Smucker. Graveside servs. by Benuel Lapp and Jonas E. Stoltzfus. Pallbearers were Benuel King, Benuel Smucker Jr. Mose Smucker and Christian Beiler. Burial at Mast cemtery.

Wagler, Norman Jay, 1 mo. 17 days, Montgomery

died Mon. Nov. 16 at home.

He had been ill since birth. He was born Sept. 30 to Leroy and Keturah (Wagler) Wagler. Besides his parents he is survived by 2 brothers Garry and Darrell and 2 sisters Linda and Verna Darlene all at home. Maternal grand-parents: Harry and Lydia Wagler, paternal grand-parents: Mahlon and Rachel Wagler, a great grandmother Verna Wagler of Stark Co. Ohio. One sister and one brother preceeded him in death.

Funeral services. were held at the home on Nov. 18 by Eli Wagler.

Burial was in the Wagler Cemetery.

Wickey, Katie, 3.D.3 R1, Monroe, Ind.

died Oct. 23, at the home of her grandparents Solomon J. Wickeys. She had never been healthy and also blind. She had been suffering from flu for several days. Death was unexpected. She is the dau. of David S. and Sylvia (Schwartz) Wickey and was born Sept. 6, 1984. Surviving are the parents and 2 brothers, David D. and Solomon D. both at home. Grandparents Atlee M. and Katie Schwartz and Solomon J. and Anna Mae Wickey. Great-grandparents Jacob E. & Mary Schwartz of Berne and Levi J. & Edith Graber of Quincy, Mich.

Funeral services. were held Oct 25th at the Solomon J. Wickey house. Burial was in the Schwartz cementry.

Yoder, Crist M. 3 mo. of Bundysburg Rd., Middlefield.

Died Sun. morn. Nov. 15 at his home a crib death. Born Aug. 17, 1987, he was the son of Melvin M. and Marie A. (Kurtz) Yoder.

Survivors include his parents, and sisters Katie and Rachel at home. Paternal grandparents Mose and Martha Yoder of Middlefield. Paternal great grandpartents Levi and Katie Yoder of Middlefield. Maternal grandparents Albert D. and Lydia Kurtz, Middlefield. Maternal great-grandparents Joe P. and Katie Miller, Huntsburg Township.

Servs. held at the residence. Burial in the Wilcox Rd. Amish Cemetery in Mesopotamia Township.

Yoder, Inez M. 4-month, Yoder, Rt. 3, Shipshewana, daughter of Mervin D. and Edna M. (Helmuth) died at 7:10 p.m. Sat. in LaGrange Hosp. She had been ill since birth.

She was born July 9.

Surviving in addition to her parents are 2 sisters, Carrie and Lea, both at home; grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Helmuth, Nappanee, and Mr. and Mrs. Dan M. Yoder, Shipshewana; great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Helmuth, Mappanee, and Mr. and Mrs. Noah Hochstedler, Kokomo. A sister, Mandy, preceded her in death.

Services. held at the home of Edward Hostetler. The Rev. Olen Wingard officated. Burial in East Barren Cemetery.

Yoder, Jonas V., 84, of Etna Green, In.

died at his home Tues. Nov. 3. Death was very sudden and unexpected.

The son of Valentine and Sarah (Troyer) Yoder. He was born in Newton County on Oct. 24, 1903. Married in Milford on Dec. 26, 1926 to Nancy Slabough. She preceded him in death on Oct. 11, 1986.

Survivors include 4 sons, Edwin and Ivan of Etna Green, Melvin of Nappanee, and Elmer of New Paris. Four dau. Mrs. Edwin (Edna) Helmuth of /Bremen. Mrs. Levi S. (Mary) Chupp of Etna Green. Mrs. Walter D. (Martha) Miller and Mrs. Lamar (Elizabeth) Hochstetler both of Nappanee, 49 grandchildren, 5 step-grandchildren, 4 great-grandchildren and 5 step-great-grandchildren. One brother, Ivan of Nappanee, 4 sisters Mrs. Fannie Stull, Mrs. Edna Miller, Mrs. Erwin (Iva) Burkholder of Nappanee, and Mrs. Alma Miller of Malford.

Services by Bish. Walter Schwartz, Wayne Helmuth and William Chupp.

Pallbearers Isaac Mullet, Melvin Miller, Melvin Schmucker, Melvin Stutzman, Ura Hochstetler and Menno Schwartz. Burial in Graber Cemetary.

COMMUNITY NOTES

Etna Green, IN- Senior Minister Expires

Jonas V. Yoder, 84, of Etna Green, In. died at his home Tues. Nov. 3. Death was very sudden and unexpected. The son of Valentine and Sarah (Troyer) Yoder. He was born in Newton County on Oct. 24, 1903. Married in Milford on Dec. 26, 1926 to Nancy Slabough. She preceded him in death on Oct. 11, 1986.

He was ordained to the call in 1929.

Gordonville Pa. - Youth 's Fall Fatal

Joseph L. Zook, 25, 3916 Old Phila. Pike. Died in a fall. He fell on a mon. morn. from the roof of a chicken house while working under construction in Warwick Township. He was working at the Roger Moyer property, 33 Litiz Run Rd. He fell about 20 ft. onto concrete and hit a wire on the way down, which swung him around. A board broke causing Zook to fall and he died from head injuries. He was working for his brother-in-law, Aaron Esh. Zook was born in Lancaster, son of Daniel B. and Ruth (Lantz) Zook.

Granton, Wis. - Youth dies after field Accident

William A.Borntrager, 18, of Rt. 1 Granton Wis. died Nov. 5 in the Marshfield Hospital after a mishap in the corn field. William and his brother David were ready to load their second load of corn fodder for that day . William wanted to tighten the rope along the side of the wagon and tore the rope, falling back against the horses. The horse kicked him back against the wagon and he got underneath the wagon. It appeared as if both side wheels went over his head. They got the ambulance and rushed him to Neillsville hospital and then on to Marshfield where he died around 4:30.

Conewango Valley NY- Tot dies in Accident

Johnny Hochstetler, 5 months & 6 days of Conewango Valley N.Y. died on Nov. 11, from a pickup truck and buggy accident

Hartly Del. - Tot Sufficates in Manure Pit

Mark E Coblentz, 1yr, R.1 Hartly Del. son of Pre. Ervin F. and Dora Coblentz..

Mark crawled in through a washed out or caved in hole and suffocated in the manure pit.

Dewittvile (Mayville), NY - Salome J. Byler

It snowed the first of Nov. then got nice by 5th. We had enough snow for a light cover . Snowed some the 6th and 7th was nice. 8th and 9th drab and rainy . Ten degrees was clear and cold with 29 the highest warmed up and was nice till 17th we had some rain. The 20th it snowed some. On the 21st it was 10 degrees with high of 19. Was nice again till last few days were damp. Lots of deer shot even though not much snow. Still a bit around.

Mr.s Eli J. Yoder (Ella), 36 of Dewittville had a large tumor which turned out to be cancer. Removed on 20th. Doctor says radium treatments will help. She returned home yesterday, the 30th, and is doing as good as expected.

Saloma D. Byler, 68 of Dewittville, lingers on. Is in bedfast now 9 weeks. Seems not too good this morning although she slept well.

Chris H. Byler and son Dan Stockton were both laid up . Chris with back trouble and Dan stepped on a spike in the barn. Both on the go again.

Renesselaer Falls, NY - M.E. Shetler

We had quite a few nice days the past month until the last few days we had freezing rain. The coldest morning was 5 above zero. We live 13 miles from the Canadian border which is the St. Lawrence Seaway. There is always a U.S. or Canadian navigator on board when the ships travel the seaway. As of November 27 our dollar was worth $1.27 1/4 against the Canadian dollar at our bank. In Canada it would be worth more. The U.S. and Canada are working on an equal trade agreement and some thought our money is now equal in value. Equal trade might be better understood if called duty free trade. Some visitors in this area ask about the "bullet" train across the border. Although it was shaped like a bullet it was called the Turbo and was taken out of service in about 1981. New LRC trains now give more frequent service. After leaving Brockville, Ont on the LRC we made 4 stops and rolled into Union Station, Toronto 2 hours and 45 minutes later having covered 208 miles. Same trip by bus takes 5 hr. 10 minutes. Union Station need not take a back seat in the industry with 97 Via Rail and Go Train departures daily, Monday to Friday. Subway trains also arrive there at 90 second intervals during rush hour.

Norfolk, New York. - Sue Wickey

We are having winter, our first snow of several inches came November 7, left the next day when it rained. Our coldest so far was 7 above on the 21st.

On the day of the 25th, it snowed most of the day, then rained on top so we've been having icy since, with more drizzles adding to it with the temperature going into the twenties up to freezing.

Not much a going up North here, but travel sickness seems it's catching as many have been going.

November 30 - ice is melting . Thermometer is at 40 degrees this morning.

Fort Plains, New York - Mrs. Levi E. Hostetler

Nov. 5th we had a fast snowfall, in a few hours it was 6 inches deep at our farm. This was a Friday eve, by the 1st of the next week it was gone. November. 10th we again had snow enough to have a white cover, soon melted and was warm during mid-month and sunshiny some days. Mostly cloudy and damp the rest of Nov.

Roman Millers shop-house is getting near to the finishing point and have hopes to be moved into it the forepart of Dec.

Deer seem to be plentiful as a good many of the ones hunting have had venison to eat.

Clyde New York - Mrs. Noah S. Byler

December 2nd November started in partly dreab and chilly with some sunshine part of the time. By the 5th it started raining, then turned to snow in the evening. Then it snowed again on the 6st but quit by noon and the snow left as fast as it came. It seems we had more dreab and rainy weather in November than sunshine.

The 21st we had a snow and wind storm with temperatures down to 10 degrees in some places. By the 24th it was up in to 50 again and raining. The highest tempature for November was 70 degrees.

LeRaysville, Pa. - Mrs. Jacob Yoder

Seasons Greetings to all! The weather thru Nov. has been rather mild. We got an unexpected snow storm on the 10th, around 4 inches of snow. On the 21st the temp. dropped down to 12 degrees.

Buck season opened on Monday Nov. 30th. We had communion church. on Nov. 22nd at Emanuel Girods.

Watsontown, Penna.- Mrs. Reuben Byler

Nov. started in warm. On the 6th we had our first snow flurries. On the 10th and 11th, it snowed and we got 4 inches altogether. Through mid Nov. we had some very nice sunny days, and towards the end it was mostly dreary and chilly.

Our deer season opened on the 30th. A few hunters were privileged to get one the first day. Two of them got their bucks in the LeRaysville area.

Allenwood, Penna., - John K. Fisher

October was mostly cloudy, some with cold, some with warm. A few days were cold with wind and some flurries at times. The first snow fell on the 10th and 11th with about 7 inches. Was all melted in a couple of days.

Still some corn to pick yet and some fodder was put up, too.

Bellefonte, Penna., - Benjamin B. Stoltzfus

Nov. was mostly mild, with a cold spell on the 6th and 21st.. The 22nd had the coldest temperature reading of 14 degrees. The 6th and 10th we had snow flurries and the 11th an all day snow, but was gone in a few days. Rain for the month was 2 1/2 inches. Henry Glick, Howard was in the hospital for a week due to twisted bowels. He had an operation and is on the road to recovery. Elmer Stoltzfus, Mill Hall, was attacked by a bull. A dog and a son came to his rescue and he had only cracked ribs. The barn floor at Stevie Beilers, Mill Hall, broke down from the weight of corn on the floor. It came down in one end of the cow stable and killed one cow, but the rest came out alright. It happened around 4:00, a lot of help arrived and a lot of corn was shoveled and had it ready to milk by 9:00 in eve.

Rebersburg, Penna. - David B. Stoltzfus

November was the month for attending weddings as there were 10 weddings in October and Nov. and two more for Dec. in these valleys, seven of them in the 2 Brush Valley dist.

Corn picking was off to an early start this year with many farmers done by mid-November. We had a fruitful year with lots of corn, and other crops.

Myerstown., Penna. - Levi S. King

We had a lot of good weather for corn picking thru Oct. and Nov., with only about one good rain in each of these months.

Our first snow came on Nov. 10th. Which was first rain then colder and sloppy snow with a cold north wind. Some of the snow stayed with us for almost a week. Some farmers had alfalfa hay laying and got nice hay yet after the snow was gone again.

Grain and feed products are higher in price, while most livestock prices are down from what they had been.

Grain prices were low for the last 2 or 3 years and as a result of this ground rent is very cheap in this area.

LANCASTER COUNTY Reports

Mascot Area - Bertha Miller

Fannie Riehl is seemingly enjoying a good sense of mind and her health permits her to attend church and weddings also has a hobby of piecing quilts at the age of 90 since Nov. 8.

Nov. 11 - Brought us a snowy blustery winter - like day with 3 to 4 inches and finishing off with sleet which left Mother Nature to spread its splendors and decking all the giant trees to the tiniest weeds with sparkling jewels on the following morn.

Nov. 21 - We will recall as a very cold and windy day with a chill factor of zero, mixed with snow flurries in a.m.

Nov. 16 - Finds Mother (Bertha) needing Lanc. General Hosp.

Out grateful thanks to Higher Powers and the hosp. staff. Also the many prayers sent heavenward are appreciated.

(Ephraim) David King is also a patient in the same hosp. for 7 days and is still on the blood thinner machine to dissolve blood clots that he had on his lungs. The cause an operation of a torn muscle at his knee cap from a chimney block falling on his knee while on a carpenter job.

The blood clot dislodged from the knee - passed thru the heart into the lungs causing great pain.

Bird-In-Hand, Area, - David B. King

Nov. started in nice and warm but didn't' stay very long. Nov. 11 ground was white and snowed a little most of the day, then it was cold for a couple days. The last days of Nov. were mostly cloudy and not so cold. Farmers baled a lot of corn fodder in the beginning of Nov. but it is too wet now even to haul manure.

Strasburg Area - Rebecca Glick

We have had mild weather throughout Nov. except a few days. Nov. 10th was a rainy day, in eve it turned colder and by the next morning the ground was covered with a nice white coat of snow and it snowed most of the day. Rather early in the season to have 7 inches of snow, but it disappeared in a few days. Nov. 20th was blustery and cold. It made short work of the leaves in our yard. Saved us the task to rake them up. We had nice weather on most of the wedding days. We have one to attend yet on Thurs. in Nittany Valley at Bro. Sam Glicks. Which puts an end to the 11 we had.

Christiana, Area - Mrs. John S. Stoltzfus Jr.

We've had nice weather for November with all the weddings going.

It wasn't as rainy this year in November, as it was the last two years but we did have a surprise snow on the 11th. The 10th was a rainy day turning to sleet and ice toward evening and snow later in the night. The next day it snowed all day. Thanksgiving Day was a mild sunny day. The next day was cloudy and rainy and rained for two more days, sometimes heavy. As this month ends, it is again sunny and colder with the wind from the north.

Nine Points Area - Mrs. Ben S. Beiler

November has it's share of rainy days. Had snow and ice the 10th and 11th amounting to about 6 inches snow. An all day soaking rain, Sunday the 29th. Weddings still in full swing. Alot of plowing was done this last week, ground in good shape.

Noah Beiler wasn't in church through Nov., also missed his son. Stephen's wedding at Levi Kinsingers Nov. 5. Due to his asthma condition. He did attend one wedding on Nov. 19, we understood. Nov. 30th warmer weather and grass looks greener after the rain yesterday

Peach Bottom, Area, - Mrs. Mike Fisher

We've had 2 1/2 inches rain in the last 2 days, is also warm. Beginning of month we had cold, some snow and ice. Wedding season is almost history for another year. Today is the first day of Buck season, lots of excited hunters out this morn.

Chester County, Penna. - J. Elmer Lapp

We had some nice weather in Nov. Latter part was rather wet with 3 inches of rain on the 29th. Five inches snow on the 11th. but was all gone by next day. Corn picking is finished. A lot of corn fodder was baled for bedding. Fall plowing is also begun. Weddings are about over for this season. Six women were married in our district this fall being quite a challenge for the young deacon on the day that they were published.

Mt. Pleasant Mills, Penna. - Sam M. Troyer

We had a cold spell over the weekend of the 22nd. It was down to 14 degrees. Around the 12th we had about a foot of snow. Which didn't stay long. We had around 3 inches of rain this month. We had a lot of cloudy weather.

We had a load of company from N Y in church on the 8th and a load from Ind. over the 29th.

This Nov. was warmer than Nov. of last Year.

The 30th is starting out clear, makes it nice for the hunters.

This month we found a balloon that was lunched in Boone County, Mo. Here in Snyder County, Pa.

Beaver Springs, PA - Mrs. Emery Weaver

We had 4 inches of snow November 11th and cold. Another blanket of snow November 21st and 20 degrees. Also had nice clear sunny days. Lots of rain the last of month.

Son Mel shot a 250 lb black bear north of his home on Jack's Mt. Took 2-5 gallon buckets of fat off when they butchered him. This is first day of deer season and am hearing lots of shooting going on.

Mifflintown, Penna - David Y. Renno

Nov. was on the dry and cool side. Many cloudy days with only light showers until the 29th we had 1 1/2 inches of rain. We had our first snow the 10th and had 6 inches stayed with us a few days. Cattle were on pastures about all month yet.

Nov. diary was very interesting to me with the story in of Abe S. Yoder's life and travels in his youth. I have known Abe for 60 years and have never met a finer man to visit and associate with and his sons are naturally the same way. I also knew many of the people he wrote about. Abe died March 20th, 1968, aged 90 yrs. 1 month and 13 days.

Belleville, Penna. - Catherine Swarey

Nov. started in warm, sunny. Snow flurries Nov. 6 then sunny and warmer again till Nov. 10, and all day snow fall, not much that night, but again most all day Nov. 11 a total of 6 to 8 inches lasted till Sat. Nov. 14. Warmer and sunny again till Sat. Nov. 21. Very changeable and blustry temps. dropping to 16 degrees being the lowest for the month. This only lasted till Nov. 24 warmer and 30 degrees again. Before that it had been 40 degrees and 50. Nov. 29 rainy again nearly an inch. Annie Peachey had sale of her late husband, Rufus A. Peachey's tools Nov. 28.

Gettysburg, Penna. - Elizabeth A. Stoltzfus

Nov. came in with beautiful Indian Summer weather and thirty-six in the morn. The last day had 42 deg. in the morn and clear, cloudy and chilly in p.m. We had around 6 inches of snow on the 11th, which didn't stay long. Also had a rainy day on the 17. Snow flurries on the 20th Very cold and storming on the 21. It was reported that the wind chill factor was below zero. We had 22 on the 22nd and didn't get higher than 25 all day. Next day pleasant again. Thanksgiving Day, cool and cloudy stayed so the remaining part of week. Sat and Sun. rainy days which got to flood stage. Creeks overflowed and people had water in basements. Report was 3.14 inches. Mon. morn clear, but cloudy in p.m.

We had church services in the basement of the home of John A. Beiler Jr. Sun Nov. 29. Before church was over water started to come in. Fannie had everything prepared before to serve lunch in basement, but everything had to be carried back upstairs to eat lunch there. People got out of there in a hurry after services was over.

Our son Stephen M. got his deer a 6 point as soon as season opened Nov. 30. The deer came right in under his tree stand. Son David M. got one later in the a.m. John A. Beiler Jr. also had one before the boys went to school.

Smicksburg, Penna. - Mrs. David E. Schlabach

Paul S. Weaver, 25, fell 22 ft. off a barn where he was doing carpenter work on Nov. 19. Broke 1 leg in 3 places, tore 1 arm out of the socket, broke jaw bone, nose and received a concussion. They put him to the nearest hosp. from where he was working. I can't recall the name of the hosp. They did surgery on his jaw bone. And on the 30th they did surgery on his forehead. He is coming along as well as can be expected. Home address is: R.D.1, Box 303, Dayton, Pa 16222.

Mr.s Simon (Emma) Byler fell on her face from worktable while painting walls and ceiling on Nov. 19. She received a black and blue face and a broken arm, which has to be in a cast for a while.

John and Ada Byler buried their tiny son Albert on Nov. 21, was born Nov. 6 and weighed 1 lb. 9 ozs. was 12 inches long. See obits.

We got snow and cold weather the week of the 8th. Then Indian Summer soon after. Now the ground is covered with snow again on the 2nd Dec. Buck season opened the 30th of Nov. Heard of a couple that we shot.

Meyersdale, Penna. - Mary A. Kinsinger

Our weather for November has been more or less still on the dry side till the 29th we had around 2 inches of rain. The 10 & 11th we got around 6 to 10" of snow but was soon all gone again with 50 degree weather. Then on the 20 & 21st. it snowed again but not so much, but it again has gone.Also had lots of cloudy weather. Quite a bit of smokey haze was had 7,8 & 9th due the numerous forest fires in other states.

Men are hauling manure and getting ready for winter. Women are sewing and quilting.

Nov. 5 Joe E. Mast spent about 23 hrs. in the hospital due to possible skull fractures and concussion as a ladder that was blown over causing him to hit his head. He went in the eve of the 5th and returned home the 6th. He still isn't at work. He is the son of Elizabeth & Enos Mast, who later that month was sent to the hospital due to a heart attack. He was in from the 12th to the 16th.

The following week his wife, Elizabeth, had surgery for two hernias and a hysterectomy. She was hospitalized from the 19th to the 23rd. She seems to be recovering but has a long ways to go yet. There address is Enos D. Mast, R.D. 1., Meyersdale, Penn. 15552

Meyersdale/Greenville PA - J. Henry Mast

November brought us some wintery weather with snow squalls two different times. But there is very little snow left now. We have been having rainy and foggy weather the last few days. Saturday morning it was freezing and nearly everything had a coat of ice. Some trees etc. had 1/2 an inch or more.

Services were held in the new church house for the first time on Thanksgiving Day, and again on the 29th, our regular church Sunday. Out of state visitors on Thanksgiving Day were the Elmer Zook family from Oakland, Maryland. Mrs. Elmer (Susie) Zook stayed with Grandmother Nissley so all the others could attend services.

Our visitors for dinner yesterday were David Swareys and Benny Summys and families.

Deer season opened this morning (Nov. 30) in Penna. I have not heard yet who the successful ones were among the Amish.

We are in the process of building a small lean-to onto the shop which will serve as our barn for this winter.

Oakland, MD - Atlee J. Hershberger

The weather was real nice yet the first of the week of the 16th Nov. but turned colder and snowed Fri. and is still snowing today. Yesterday it was blizzard like at times. A few wks ago we experienced a very smoky atmosphere for about 3 days of forest fires. Then it rained and turned to snow which cleared the air again.

Pre. Eli Beachy has not been able to attend services regular and was to the hospital a few days for tests this week.

Richard, son of Jr. Kauffman's broke his foot in a skid loader accident.

St. Mary's County MD - Amos R. Stoltzfus

The weather in November was mostly nice for weddings. The 10th however was rainy and the next day (Wed.) we got 6 inches of snow! The wedding on the 12th (Thursday) was wet underfoot but nice overhead. Three van loads from Pa. were late that morning due to slippery roads and roads closed from stalled cars etc. Washington D C had 14 inches. The coldest for the month was 20 degrees on Saturday Morning, the 21st.

Sol Yoder, 81, was admitted to St. Mary's Hospital on Saturday, Nov. 7th with chest pains from a heart condition and arthritis. He spent about a week there but is now back to fixing shoes and he was in church on Sunday.

Dover, Del. - Neil N. Hershberger

Nov. was a pleasant month, maybe a bit on the cool side, or maybe we are a bit spoiled from our beautiful Oct. We had only 2.2 inches of rain all month and a light covering of snow. High temp. for the month was 73 degrees on the 17th and a low of 22 degrees on the 22nd.

It has ben a most pleasant fall to get corn in, wood cut and fall work caught up. Only 4 weddings so far this fall among our 8 church districts.

Deer hunting season was a good success for the majority of hunters with a high percent of the deer taken were bucks. The main part is that no accidents were reported.

Sarasota Florida - Noah Stutzman

About time fo get this started again as this is Thanksgiving and are not working Sunday p.m. Tobe Yoder and wife from Garnett, KS knocked on the door and was I ever surprised. We did expect them here for the wedding but it slipped my mind. I hadn't thought of it for quite a while but anyhow I was surprised till I thought of the wedding again. But we were so good to them that they just stayed nights. Now the bed wasn't the reason, it was the eats at Yoders restaurant. It wasn't far from here or that is what I put the blame on. Jonas Weaver came over and first thing we knew he had a wall tore cut so we had to fix that which took a while but it's better now than it was as we had a too narrow dining room now it's fine so don't feel too sorry for us. We have the David Bakers here for week end now and will have more here for supper like Bro Andy's Rhoda, Alvin Stutzman Family and nephew Noah Chupp's, so will have to try the new diner tonight and the floor isn't finished but we should feed the hungry even if not everything is in place.

A lot of tourists came in this week again. Meeting houses are filing up pretty fast but that makes it interesting and am glad for all of them. Last Sunday we had church and here two ministers came in and here was Alvin and Jake Beachy from Ohio. We enjoyed them very much. They will be leaving again Saturday which we regret. And also Davy Miller and can't name the other one and they all had their wives with them. Beings we had Jake Yoders from KS with us we all went to Eli and Sarah's Restaurant in Venus. We had a good meal and they have a nice place. Also that evening we were to Jonas and Lizzie Yoders for supper .

That is about how things run all week. Weather wise it was real nice to go visiting. The temperature was around 75 high down to 50 in the morning with showers now and then.

Ethridge, Tenn - Daniel M. Gingerich

The Jacob J. Gingerich family has got smaller. Since 3 of their children got married recently. Ben works on Danny D. Gingerichs Sawmill. He married Amanda D. Gingerich. They plan to move in a house owned by Danny D.G. Joe married Lydian Gingerich. They plan to move onto one of her parent's farms. Elizabeth married Ura A. Gingerich. They plan to move onto his dad's second farm. For more information see marriages.

Enos S. Yoder is having problems with his leg that he broke back in the summer. It does not seem to be healing properly. Mahlon D. Gingerichs have moved a house onto a farm on Marcella Falls Road and are living in it now. It is on the same farm that Danny Troyers are living. (Danny) Amanda and (Mahlon)Katie are sisters.

Weather wise we are being blessed with drought breaking rains. We have had probably about 4" already this month and as far as I know I wouldn't mind if it rained for one month off and on. The weather men are predicting rain for one month , of course that does not say that we will get it.

Nunnelly, Tenn - Lester F. Graber

Tanglewoods school opened on Sept. 8 with Polly D. Borntrager as teacher with 16 pupils.

Mose Borntregers of Canton, Mo arrived here with their belongings on Sep.11. They live in a rented house south of Bates crossing. However, by the last of Oct. , they had a house moved onto the farm they bought at Bates Crossing, have constructed several other buildings, bough a sawmill, and hope to be ready to move there before too long.

Those coming with Moses when they moved were Mr. and Mrs. Jake Hochstetler and several children and John D. Yutzy. Jakes left with the driver the following morning, but John stayed here till the following day when his son Erwin of Iowa came through after picking up a load of flooring in Ark. We had special services at our house on Wed. morning in honor of John.

Harry and Mary Yoder of Jamesport, Mo, and Leroy Yoders and baby of Windsor, Mo. arrived here on the 17th and left again on the 22nd. They spent most of their time with their daughter and sister Martha, the Truman Borntragers, and attended church at LaVerne Schmuckers on Sunday.

Samuel and Edna Girod spent several weeks in Bowling Green, Mo with his parents during Sept.

On Sept. 27 Truman and Martha Borntrager and writer and wife attended baptismal services at the Samuel Mast home in theHuntington TN settlement.

Ella, Jonas and Becky Bontrager left of Ind. on Sept. 23 where they attended several weddings among the cousins. They came home on Oct 2 after Amos Bontrager went after them with a driver and also spent a day there.

On Oct. 25 several of here attended council meeting in the Huntingdon, Tn. community, including Truman and Martha Borntrager, LeRoy and Katie Bontrager, Samuel Borntrager and writer and wife.

On Oct. 28 several attended the State Steering Meeting in Gradyville, Ky including Truman, Rudy and Sadie, David and Polly, and Samuel Borntrager, Amos Bontrager, Noah Hochstetler and the writer and wife. Those who accompanied the load to and spent the day in Glasgow, Ky. were Katie Bontrager and children Kathryn Borntrager and children and Miriam Hochstetler and dau.

Word was received here of the death of Mose Borntrager Jr.'s father of Canton Mo. Mose Jr.'s and family left here on the 24th and attended the funeral on the 26th and came back the 27th. Others accompanying them were David and Polly Borntrager, Noah and Miriam Hochstetler and Rudy and Sadie Borntrager and baby.

On the 29th we had our communion serv. here with many visitors where Noah Hochstetler was ordained as our Bishop. Visitors were bish. and Mrs Henry Detweiler, Min. and Mrs. Amos Nissley and dea. Atlee Miller of Gradyville, Ky,; Mattie King of Dover, Del. who is staying with children in the Gradyville area at present; bish. John Detweiler and min. and Mrs. Andy Mast of Marion, Kentucky; bish. and Mrs. Samuel Mast, min. and Mrs. Freeman Mat, Harvey and Fannie Mae Hochstetler, Tobias A. and Fannie Borntreger, William and Barbara Miller, Freeman and Ida Borntreger and Attaway Davis of Huntingdon, Tenn. dea. and Mrs. Sam Borntreger of Mr. Elgin, Ontario, Canada who are currently visiting with the Mrs. sister and family, Truman Borntrager.

Those from here who attended Communion serv. at Huntingdon, Tn. on the 22nd where Freeman Mast was ordained minister were Truman and Martha Borntrager, Becky A. Bontrager and the writer and his wife. Other visitors there were min. and Mrs. Amos Nissley, Eli and Sarah Ann Mast, Vernon and Susie Nissley, all of Gradyville, Ky and Mattie King of Dover, Del.

Marion, Kentucky - Samuel Hertzler

The weather for the month has been warmer on the average than Oct. Very dry has continued until the last week of the month. Since then there has been no sunshine, except for one day. In that time we have had 4 inches of rain. It came slowly and soaked in as it came, with very little run-off. The fields ar not wet or soft to any extent.

We have not had so much as a few flakes of snow.

Daniel Yoder, from Buchanan Co, Iowa are expected here to make this theirs by Dec. 3.

Glasgow, KY - Martha and Sara Shetler

We had rain on every Monday in Nov. Rained Monday and Tuesday of this week. So a lot of tobbacco is being stripped. Tobacco market open the 23rd. Was up to 52 deg. this morn. The chickenpox is around a lot of little children had them already this fall.

Mom's Uncle Al and Amanda Helmuth from Ohio are here. They want to stop little on way to Florida.

Park City, KY - Enos A. Yoder

Got form 1 1/2 to 2 inches of rain Nov. 9, around 1/2 the 24th and 3/10 the 26th and 3/4 the 28th. Some nice clear days, some cloudy cool days.

Temp. ranged from 15 in mornings to in the high 70's a few days.

Still a little corn to be husked. Quite a bit tobacco to strip yet. Not much good tobacco stripping weather so far.

A minister was ordained here Nov. 15, the lot falling on Mosie Troyer.

Our neighbor Lowell Rennick fell off a house roof and broke one arm and fractured the other, making both arms helpless. This happened on a Tue. the following Sat. his father Thomas Rennick made a misstep off a tractor fender and broke both arms, also making both arms helpless. They both live in the same house, the son Lowell not married.

Mosie Troyers have started digging out for a new house.

Wood cutting is on the work list. We are still not finished with the stables in our barn.

Guthri, KY - Jesse D. Peachey

Weather was more normal for Nov. We had around 4 inches of rainfall this mo. the third week we had 3 inches and the last week several different showers.

Deer harvest was plentiful this year with the deer more plentiful than usual. We ended up with 7 in our family. Every hunter could shoot 2 deer, buck or doe, so it wasn't too hard to score.

Seems like winter is on the way. It's cooling off again with rain and cloudy weather.

Troutville, Penna. - Mrs. J. David Byler

Had a snow storm on the 6th in the evening it lasted about an half an hour. Had 20 deg. Dec. to 17 above the week of the 9th, also had lots of wind and snow on the 13th and 14th and cold. As far as I heard there were two bear shot by Amish men. There were quite a few bear hunter here from New Wilmington, Pa. Mrs. Enos Miller was admitted to Cantoning Hosp. on Nov. 10. Had surgery the next day she had one kidney remove, on account of cancer. She came home on Nov. 17.

Spartansburg, Penna. - Thomas B. Miller

November started in with pleasant days and some rain. We had some snow flurries on the 5th, 6th. Around the 10th we got some snow that stayed on the ground, but didn't last but a few days. To sum it all up, Nov. was a pretty decent month weatherwise. Not much snow, but sometimes cold winds. Farmers are busy cutting wood and getting everything ready for winter.

Linesville, Pa - Mrs. John Miller

Oct. 17, Reuben, son of Josiah & Lizzie Eicher was kicked by a horse while out in the pasture. He was kicked in the face doing the most damage to his mouth. His tongue was cut 3/4 of the way off about an inch back. He also lost 10 fo his teeth. Two were set back in with braces. He was in intensive care for 3 days and back home in 5. He is now back in school, and it's healed nicely. It will be awhile before his teeth are put in.

We are still having wet weather. The ground seems to be soaked well. Our coldest for Nov. was 12 . In Oct. we had a snow storm with some thunder and lightning. About a foot of snow fell then. And again Nov. 20 and 21 we had 1 to 1 1/2 ft. It didn't stay on the ground very long. Today, Nov. 30th, is the first day of deer hunting with rifle. Quite a bit of shooting can be heard.

Conneautville, Penna. - Anna Fisher

November as a whole was milder this year than sometimes. We had some very beautiful, sunshiny days the beginning of the month; very warm - seemed like summer. Then we had more November like weather - cloudy and cool, with an occasional shower or snowflurries.

Our first major snowfall arrived on the 20th and 21st. We had very heavy snowshowers, and winds, making for an early "blizzard." It seemed unusual for this time of year as often our blizzard condition don't arrive until Jan. and Feb. We had about 5 inches on the ground on Sat. morning, the 21st, and with the winds, chill factor was below zero. But Sunday was clear and calm, with sunshine, and by Monday mornings the snow had begun to melt, and was soon gone.

Total precip. was 2.33 in total snowfall 7 inches. Highest temp. 76 on the 3rd. Lowest temp. 8 degrees on the 21st.

Pennsylvania Whitetail season is in full swing. The hunters are wishing for snow. Weather forecasters are predicting some by the end of the week.

Middlefield, Ohio - Eli E. Miller Jr.

November was a mild month . Had some rain the 4th and 9th . The 23rd to 26th some just a little drizzle. Had snow the 6th, 10th and 11th then warmed up so some mowed 3rd crop of alfalfa hay and bailed it . Dried real nice. Then had snow and colder the 20th with a good wind the 21st about 15 above zero. Didn't warm up much all day, then warmed up again and had a rainy spell again but was nice again the last few days. Rained again the 29th.

Corn is all harvested that is hand picked with cribs full. Some had to make room for more. Was all nice and dry - some farmers are plowing other's cutting wood and filling wood shed. Hog butchering will start soon if weather gets cold enough. Hog prices came down to around .40 to .45/lb

HOLMES/WAYNE COUNTY Reports

Applecreek/Kidron Area - John L. Stutzman

November was overall a mild month. Had a spell of winter, with some snow and temperature around 12 above. Farmers are shredding corn fodder making firewood. This is first day of deer season. Aden Hostetler, a cripple, used a garden tractor to go to the woods to watch for deer. He got tangled in some grapevine with his helpless leg and some way broke his leg in two places.

Bishop Jacob J. Hershberger and wife of Canton, Minn had a mishap. They were supper guests with his sister Fannie. Jacob C. Hershberger, with a one horse surrey was taking Jacob's and Fannie went along to our place. When a speeding car came from behind going over a small hill. When an oncoming car came in the front the car from behind braked and made a 380 ft skid mark before it hit the surrey. Jacob and his wife and Fannie were taken to the doctor hospital. Jacob's wife and Fannie were released. Fannie has a cast on her ankle. Both have bumps and sore spots. Jacob stayed over night with pain in his neck. But x-rays showed no broken bones. He was released the next day. The driver had a California license. They were expired and had no insurance.

Barrs Mills Area - Jonas N. Borntrager

Live stock is still on pasture. Corn is nearly all harvested. Some of the big farmers have some to do yet. Lawns are nice and green from the recent rains.

Farmers had lots of nice weather to get the corn in which was a good crop. Very little frost so far. Had 1 little skif of snow which only lasted part of a day. Have not had enough rain to start the springs.

Hog prices are just at 40 cents per lb.

Benton Area - Levi S. Miller

On October 1st, Henry J. Weaver and son Eli, age 5, and daughter Lydia, age 2, with 6 cans of milk on a wagon started across a field to the road as the bridge on Henry's road was out, so the milk truck didn't come to the farm. As they came to the creek, Henry got off to put in a plank and a few stones so they can cross easier. As the plank dropped in, it scared the horses and they were gone. They ran in a stump 4 ft high which made a hard and sudden stop and slammed the milk cans against the children. The horses tore off and ran a little farther. Henry carried both children home at the same time with each a broken leg above the knee and Lydia also had her pelvic bone broken. They were in traction in the hospital one week, then at home in traction in hospital beds till October 31st.

Abe M. Troyer, age around 41, fell out of an apple tree when a branch broke off on October 27th and broke his back. He is paralyzed from the waist down. They live on a farm and have 2 girls, ages 14 and 3.

Farmerstown Berlin Area - Raymond Weaver

We notice the weather gradually turning colder, from 70 degrees., on the 4th, down to 17 the morning of the 21st. However, the cold weather stayed only 3 days and then it was back up in the 50's again. Many cloudy and overcast days, but not much rain. Some springs are very low and wells are giving out in some areas. Very little snow so far.

There were a few gas wells drilled again this fall and gas lines are being extended into several more towns. Much of the rural population has natural gas available now in this locality.

Farmerstown Area - John L. Yoder

November had its usual weather pattern. Some cold and chilly days with temperature about 16 degrees at its coldest.

Some snow the 20th of month but was gone again in a few days.

Some rainy days but more would be appreciated. People depending on springs are low in water. Cattle prices are strong. Pig prices a little lower, but still a strong demand.

Fredricksburg Area - Eli E. Hostetler

November started in cool and dry till the 9th dawned with 46 degrees and a cold damp N.W. wind with a misty rain. Subsoil is dry and springs are weak as we had no soaking rain all fall. Tall crops are mostly harvested although some schuck corn to put thru machine and fodder to shred yet. Cutting fire wood and getting ready for winter is keeping men folks busy. Occasional cold snaps and snow showers remind us that winter is almost here. November 30 - 34 degrees and raw and cold east wind, shower of rain over this past weekend. Barometer shows rain this morning. Deer hunting with shotgun opens at daybreak with plenty of action.

Abe M. Troyer, who fell while picking apples, is still in the hospital and seems paralyzed from the shoulders down. Doctors do no expect him to be able to walk again.

Holmesville Area - Monroe A. Weaver

November was dry, we had an inch of rain and an inch of snow.with some 70 degree weather. Beef prices are steady to stronger with holstein cows $53.50 down. Hogs are in the low $40.s which is sorta seasonal. Pigs are $45. to$55./$36.. to $46.. Hay and straw is higher. Top straw $100. and hay $200. Corn is stronger.

Deer season opened this morning at 9:30. My closest neighbor had heard over 100 shots. Next neighbor got one, he missed the first shot, the next shot he shot off part of his rack. He went down and right up again. Then his son hit him in his rear, then he sat down, they went up close, and shot him through the neck. The third neighbor also got a 6 pointer. The first 1987 deer stories.

Ashland, Ohio - Ammon A. Troyer

We had some rain and also some snow off and on through November, but lots of nice weather too, it is on the dry side for this time of the year.

Mrs. Ben H. (Esther Keim) Miller was admitted to the Ashland Samaritan Hospital twice recently with sugar and dehydrating but is taking insulin shots now. Lizzie S. Miller is helping out there.

Freeport, Ohio - Henry A.J. Miller

November started in extra nice with as high as 85 degrees the first 4 days. We had a light cover of snow on the 10th and again on the 21st. We also had a lot of cloudy weather. Measurable moisture was right around 2 inches of rain

Average Morning temperature was 39 degrees and evening ave. was 46 for the month, which is almost the same we had a year ago.

The main work for some men is out trying to get a deer this week. We had 2 deer brought in to the shed yesterday. One doe and a 9 point buck. So far only heard of 4 of the Amish being lucky to get a deer around here. Men mostly finished up with fall work and making wood.

Butler, Ohio - Alvin Yoder

November is on the dry side. Had a little rain the last part of the month. Coldest so far this fall was 10 deg. But otherwise very mild.

Crops are pretty well all in. Lots of building going on in this nice weather. Water supply is very low, some people depending on springs for water supply. Don't have enough water to be able to take church in turn.

Quite a few deer were shot with bow and arrow including Neal C. Miller, a 9 point with 23" spread.

Fredericktown, Ohio - Sarah Miller

We had a few spells of cold in this month of November. Rest of month was very nice and warm. Made you think summer is coming instead of winter. Was drizzly rain the last few days. Corn husking is about done and corn fodder shredding have started. Deer season with gun open this morning with a few hunters are lucky to get their first day. Levi Miller got a 12 pointer. Robert L. and Robert R. Yoder, Aden E. Schrock, Floyd Schlabach. Don't know what the others got.

New Haven, Ind. - Mrs. John Schmucker

William (Bill) Miller had a hip replacement and is coming along okay.

Jacob L. Graber was to doctor about his back when he also found the artery on side of his neck was about closed and had to have surgery.

Jason, 2 yr. old son of Louis Schmucker got bit in his face by an older dog. Had to go to the hosp. the 2nd time, as one place didn't heal right.

Victor Lengacher came back from Mexico the 24th. He had to spend a night at Kansas City Hosp. on account of low blood sugar.

Monroe, Ind. - Mary Ann Hilty

Oct. 1987 has been an ideal harvest month. Sunny, cool days. Not much rain. A good shower is welcome, as cisterns are begging, and ground is dry. Jack Frost was in this area, quite often throughout the month, reminding us of the cold winter months ahead. Giving everything a white frosty look, putting an end to our lovely summer flowers. Trees are bare and suddenly the sound of the lawn mowers aren't heard any more. We no longer hear the chaps gleeful laughing and playing outside so much anymore. Crops are harvested. Fall plowing is being done.

Joe M. Girod, R.1, Berne, Ind. 46711, age 50, remains in a critical and unconscious condition, 4 weeks now. On Oct. 6th he fell 24 feet from the peak of a structure, which had collapsed beneath him. He has a skull fracture, crushed jaw and cheekbone. He is married to Becky Wickey and a polio victim. The have 3 sons.

Mrs. Henry (Barbara) Schwartz, R2. Geneva, Ind. 46740, was visiting her dau., Susan, Mrs. Aaron King of Kinzer, Pa. While visiting she fell and broke her hip in four places. She had surgery in Lancaster General Hosp. and was a patient there a week. She is now recuperating at Aaron's and has hopes to return home in a few weeks.

Baby Lucinda Shetler, dau. of Jacob M. Shetler, R1, Monroe, Ind. 46772 is now 8 weeks old and weighs 7 lbs. 14ozs. Still remains hospitalized since Sept. 9. She was in Parkview Hosp. till Oct. 28 and then they transferred her to Indianapolis Hosp. She's been in the hospital most of her life. A poor baby and can't seem to find her trouble.

Miss Emma Hilty, R1, Berne, Ind. 46711, is in the hospital now over a week. She had surgery and is slowly gaining. She's the owner of Hiltys Dry Goods Store, north of Berne.

Noah R. Schwartz, R1, Monroe, Ind. 46772, is not well. Needs to go on the kidney machine 3 times a week and will need surgery sometime.

Elizabeth N. Schwartz, R2, Geneva, Ind. Box 251, 46740, still remains bedfast now for 22 months. She gets severe headaches at times. She's a muscular dystrophy victim.

I'm sure mail would be a great pasttime to all these "shut-ins".

Shipshewana, Ind - Anna Eash

November was about average in temperatures. Some sunny days but also rainy and cloudy days. We had over 2 inches of snow around the 15th. Had quite a bit of rain. About all the corn is in and was a fair crop.

Women are sewing, dressing and canning chickens or hens. We had no weddings here in November which is somewhat unusual.

Health has been good. Mrs. William Mattie Bontrager, 92, still lingers.

Mattie Raber, Topeka, Ind., is not well. Mrs. Wilbur Mary Beth Eash holds her own, seems slightly stronger.

We had a cloudy day weatherwise on Thanksgiving but not cloudy in material and spiritual blessings.

May youns all have a blessed Christmas time and a prosperous New Year. Nappanne, Ind. - Joni D. Gingerich

Nov. has been a very pleasant month, the ground was a little dry until the last week we had several inches of rain which put it in good shape for the winter, we had quite a few sunshiny days and not very cold at any time.

As far as I know the crops are all gathered and taken care of, some were taking advantage of the nice weather by repairing buildings and fences and some new buildings are being built. Delbert Burkholder is in the process of building a complete set of new buildings on a tract of land he bought recently. Daniel Otto, who would have been 86, Dec. 18th, suddenly became very sick with pain last week. He was rushed to the hospital where they operated on him and found gangrene in his bowels and they removed over half of his intestines, he died Monday morning, Nov. 30th.

Montgomery, Ind. - Elizabeth Mae Raber

Nov. was a nice fall month with some days of 70 deg. and over had a high of 79 deg. on the 2nd. and a low of 16 deg. on the 21st. We didn't have much rain till the last week it rained about every day and had nearly 4 inches with the most in one day on the 28th. We had 1.2 inches. Total rainfall 3.62 inches.

Mrs. Catherine Wittmer is in the Hosp. after receiving a broken pelvis and shoulder or collar bone, she though she had a blackout and fell while going after the mail.

Joel 6 yr. old son of Mart Stolls received a skull fracture after he fell down the hay mow. He was in the Hosp. in Indianapolis, is home now and improving.

John Yoder was in the Hosp. with a broken leg and had surgery to put a plate in. They had a big trench dug to bury junk and he somehow was pulled or thrown in it while trying to get the junk in.

Melvin Wagler had surgery for a tumor in his colon and was thinking about going to Texas for cancer treatments.

Lovington, Ill. - Henry R. Yoder

Nov. was mostly warm and mild for the season. On the last 4 days we had rain light rains and heavy rains, the rest of the mo. was dry with very little rain, several light rains. The last 4 days and now on the 1st It is wet not much accumulation but about 4 inches or so the last days of Nov.

Grass is green and wheat looks real well also the grass such as Alfalfa and clover.

Crops all harvested and plowing mostly done. Several farm closing out sales of machinery and livestock. Also several household sales, a sale every Sat. in Nov. close by. Personal property still selling at a good price.

Land prices come down to about 1/2 of what they were 3 or 4 yrs. ago then also several bankrupt sales in Central Ill.

Land mostly between $1500 and $2000- per acre. That is where its all crop land where there is rough land, it would be less.

Mkts. grain have creeped up some with beans around $6.00 per bushel and corn $1.80 per 56#bush. not much change in livestock however meat across the counter is up from 6 mo. ago.

Cured ham double to what they were a year ago. About the cheapest at present is $1.89 for a whole ham, cured and boneless.

Clark, Mo - Samuel D. Beachy

The month for Oct. and Nov. were both more on the dry side, Our mid Oct. freezes were harder then normal, and the average temp. in Nov. was higher then normal, the last week of Nov. was rainy then, giving us nearly 3 inches of rain. it came slow and didn't give much run off, to fill the low ponds, but it helped some. Not much plowing was done, being too dry. The crops are pretty well harvested, with full cribs, the hay prices are higher then a year ago and will be harder to find till spring, the way it looks.

Bishop Jonas S. Bontrager, 76, wasn't very well the past month. He missed church several times, but to reports he is better again. Eli J. Gingerich, 81 also wasn't well lately, but is also some better since.

Several from here attended the funeral of Mose M. Borntreger in Canton, Mo area, which was on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26.

The Committee meeting for the state was held at the Levi N. Hochstetler resident on Oct. 5, which was well attended.

Prairie Home, Mo - Phineas A. Mast

Nov. has been mild winter weather with hardly any snow, still has not been cold enough to freeze turnips and spinach in the garden. Quite a bit of building has been started this fall. Jerry Yoder's house is underway, Chris and Simon Burkholder have basements poured, Eli Lee has started building all on houses.

John Burkholder had a mishap when his horse he was riding slipped and fell on his leg, breaking the big bone under the knee he has a cast on it and is going with crutches, several from here attended the funeral of my Great Uncle Mose Borntreger at Canton, Mo on Thanksgiving Day. Mose Burkholder planned to attend the funeral of Mrs. Jacob P. Schwartz at Seymour today.

Dixon, Mo - Aquilla Mark Yoder

Nov.23 tep. is around 30 deg. more or less. During the day it goes up to the 50's or 40's. Also had some rain and little snow first part of the month.

We came home from our 2 wks. and 4 days vacation on Mon. eve Nov. 16. We were all glad to be at home again. Though I would still have enjoyed more of it. Sylvan is still a little stiff and sore from the operation he had. We had several sick cows when we were gone. They're o.k. now except the one that had a blood disease and died. When we came home they were working up some venison. As Jonathan got a 4 point buck first morn. of the season, Nov. 14.

John Martins of Aylmer, Ontario, Canada were here visiting in our community over the weekend of the 15th. Martha Yoder of Wilton, Wis. was also here over that weekend.

We're having a beautiful rain this morn. again. Its almost an inch in the rain gauge already.

Canton, MO - Jacob P. Hochstetler

Nov. was warmer than average. Also dry for the first half. Had a rainy week through Thanksgiving week. So our moisture level is up again. The coldest we had in Nov. was 12 above zero the 20th. It got up to 75 a couple days. Most of the crops are harvested. Quite a few nice wheat fields this fall.

Still some building being done in the community.

Kahoko, Mo - Jacob A. Mast

Nov. brought us a lot of nice weather, except the last week has been cloudy with several all day slow rains.

Most of the crops are harvested except corn on shock that is to be shredded yet. Deer season was open 14-22 a record amount were taken in the county, also among the Amish with around a dozen killed mostly n their own farms.

The building projects are underway except John Burkholders barn, a lot of inside work yet, on the four new houses that were built this year.

The funeral of Mose M. Borntreger of Canton on Thanksgiving Day was attended by some of us, this was the first funeral for their community.

The Burkholders received word that their uncle Bish. Jacob P. Schwartz's wife passed away in Seymour, Mo. they plan to attend the funeral Dec. 1.

Marshfield, Mo - Ruben Yoder

Nov. was quite consistent in temp. and quite a bit of sunshine for Nov. until this last week when we haven't had any sun at all and lots of rain with 6 1/2 inches falling on the 24th. There hasn't been much rain since just a little drizzle and sprinkle off and on and even a few snow flurries on the 28th and 29.

Deer season was quite active with a record number being shot. Five were shot by the Amish in this area of 10 families.

John Raber got kicked by a horse and bruised his leg so that he is laid up and can't work at all. The doctor feared a blood clot and told him to stay in bed. He was in church today but layed part of the time.

Migrations

The Lester Kuhns family is in the process of moving to a new location in Polk Co. Mo. Their address will be Dunnegan, Mo. We hope to move also in the same area next week. Our new address will be R.R.1 Box 470 Humanville, Mo 65674

Pickton, Tx - Andrew Beiler

It has been wet through Nov. Total of 6.3 inches. Winter sowed grain that was pasture drilled is really coming through. Had several frosts with temp. upper twenties. It didn't bother frost hardy fall garden veg. varieties.

Also had some nice sunny fall days. Hunting season is open. There aren't very many deer or turkey in this particular area.

Although there are a lot at some more wooded areas. Texas has more deer then any other state. Also the largest area to cover.

Also known for a lot of mule deer in some areas. They are slightly larger then whitetail.

Good dairy cows and heifers are selling good for the seller. Higher then they've been in awhile. Decent type and udder, going over $1000 to $1400 or more. Our barn has 6 milker units, swinging from side to side in parlor. Overhead pipeline. Milking time for 300 cows is 6 hrs. plus. It takes 7500 lbs. dairy feed and 3 1/2 tons of alfalfa daily to keep these cows going. Presently they'll get winter pasture during day. And alfalfa at night.

Visitors here over past week end were the Jake Weavers from Ohio.

John Stutzman's are expected home tomorrow after a two week trip east and north to relatives.

Clarita, Ok - Kathryn Miller

Nov. started in with real nice fall days. But we had some dreary, chilly, rainy days too. On the 15th it rained almost all day had 2 1/10 inches that day. On the 18th it was rainy with some sleet and snow at places.

On the 7th Bishop Noah Coblentz, Min. Mart Hochstetler, Min. Ben J. Troyers, Andy Miller, Melvin Hershberger and Elmer Yoder went to the Pickton, TX area and had church services for them.

Bruce Troyer was to Ohio to attend a wedding and returned home in time to go along to Stephensville, TX for another one. Others on the road were Vernon and Norman Miller, Noah Coblentz, Ben Troyer, Rose Anna Mast and Kathryn L. Miller.

Andrew Miller (Andy's) is in Pickton choring for John Henry Stutzman's while they went to Ohio and Indiana to visit homefolks. He will then still help out at Alva Mast until he is back on his feet.

On the 11th, Joe Shutte, (friend of the Amish), had a hog roast at Herman Stutzman's. Was kind of chilly, but they had several big bonfires going.

Haven, Kansas - Mrs. Enos E. Schrock

Fall crops are all gathered , wheat fields look nice and green. Didn't have much moisture in November. Friday the 27th, day after Thanksgiving, we had an all day of snow flurries and again on Saturday. Sunday the 29th the sun came out and most of snow is gone. Had enough snow that we seen some snow men in the yards.

Bish David E. Schrock from Jamesport and son Christys were in church Sunday, also Jonas A. Borntragers and 3 girls from Garnett, Kansas.

Partridge, Kansas - Edward A. Mast

We had a lot of nice fall days during November. Several windy ones but mostly sunny. The last week was cloudy and a wet snow started falling on the 27th.

Milo was a very good crop but was slow in drying down. Our first killing frost was about two weeks late.

Wheat has plenty of fall growth. Some green bugs are at work.

Buchanan County, Iowa - Clara S. Nisley

We have had a very nice month of November. Had a few good showers of rain and hardly any snow or cold weather. At the end of the month we have a light sprinkle of snow on the ground. Think the coldest we had was around 16 one morning in mid-November.

John and Laurie Yoder's infant Susie (their 1st) was taken to Iowa City Hospital soon after birth where they did surgery as she didn't have any lining under the skin of her tummy, which caused something like a big rupture. She is home now and seems to be a strong, healthy baby otherwise. Baby was in hospital around two weeks. Their address is Rt. 4 Independence, Iowa 50644.

David and Dora Masts infant baby Robert (also their 1st) was also in Iowa City a day to take tests as they had discovered he has P.K.U. Don't know much about it, except he has to be on a very strict diet for quite a while. Their address is Rt. 1 Fairbanks, Iowa 50629.

Fred Gingerich was going backwards quite fast, so they took him to the hospital where they put him on I.V.. The doctors sent him home again when they saw he wasn't gaining and he died on November 17. (See obituary)

Marvin, small son on Noah Hershberger's had an appendicitis operation a few weeks ago so he had a few days of hospital experience.

Lorene, 3 yr old daughter of Freddie and Mary Miller, was admitted to Iowa City hospitals with what they thought was leukemia, but after taking tests the Drs. couldn't find anything but a virus of some kind. She was only there for a few days, than they sent her home again.

Ervin C. Lambright was taken to the Olwein hospital Saturday evening around 6. He was riding home from work and couldn't slow down his horse at the corner. The horse slipped on the pavement, fell and threw Ervin, causing a brain concussion and a broken collarbone. By the looks of his pants and shoes, it looked as if the horse might have fallen on him. He was discharged from the hospital again Sunday evening. His wife Verna, daughter of Dan Kauffman's. Their address is Rt. 1, Hazleton, Iowa

Iowa City, Iowa - Duane Bontrager

We have had an average amount of sunshine and rain during the first 20 days of Nov., but the last ten days has been rainy weather with 30 deg. temp. The coldest it got was 20 deg. this month with the average in the thirties. The corn has been all harvested this year with average yields. Field work has been done as we had a very nice autumn to do it.

On Sun. Nov. 8th Edwin Ray Millers had the church. In the aft. when the last buggy had gone down the road for about 15 min. there was an explosion near the diesel which set the barn immediately on fire. The 20 cows which were in the barn were taken out and divided among the neighbors. The fire spread fast and the barn was soon flat. Firemen were there to keep the fire from spreading to the other buildings surrounding it. One silo had to be thrown down because of the heat the blocks had been in. Plans are to build another barn as the weather permits it. An old barn has been torn down northeast of Iowa City, for material for the new one.

My Grandfather, Eli S. Bontrager, has a touch of pneumonia the last several weeks and has not been very well.

Riceville, Iowa - Dan C. Borntrager

Being the last day of Nov. and as I didn't get any report given for Oct. I'll try it Oct was a good month for gathering crops. Corn and beans were a good crop although some corn was hurt some on the lighter soil on account of the dry weather we had. Fall was rather dry with a few light showers. It was hard plowing . Most of the corn was gathered in Oct. and is pretty well completed. We had a few snow flurries in Oct. but not enough to cover the ground. Also had a few flurries in Nov. But not that covered the ground until the morning of the 18th the ground was covered with snow just a thin layer was nearly gone by noon. We had a lot of nice weather in Nov. but also a colder spell a few days around 20 degrees. But warmed up again and also got rain the last part of Nov. so it helped plowing. Have a little shift of snow this morning, not enough to cover the ground.

Pine City, Minn - Phineas C. Borntreger

November was a fairly nice month with a few exceptions. Eight above was our coldest on November 20. Had a snow on November 17 but was all melted again. Saturday the 28th we had another rain and started to snow in the morning of the 29th. Snowed most of the day. I'd say we have around 7 or 8 inches on the level makes everything look so nice and clean.

Most of the crops are gathered in the neighborhood. The snow plows are busy this morning cleaning the roads. Had a few very foggy mornings last week.

Work among the farmers is mostly choring.

Some hunting deer.

Utica,Minn. - Atlee J. Shetler

Nov. was on a average a mild. Had very little snow so far. Had rain on the 1st during the night on the 17 and on the 27th. Also had a few foggy days. Temperatures had been up to the 40's and also 50's.

On the 25th David A. Yoder moved a house on the farm they bought in the spring for their home.

Joe A. Yoder came home from St. Marys Hosp. on Nov. 10th . They put in a pin in his leg and gets around on crutches and a wheelchair. He is the boy that got hurt while buzzing wood.

Bishop Ed J. Stutzman and Pre. Perry Lambright attended the North Grass Gma. at John Stutzman's on Nov. 8th. They were from Blaine, Wis.

Cashton, Wisconsin - Joe C. Bontrager

The weather through November was very mild but had a few snow flurries and some rain, it is snowing this morning.

Deer season is over, quite a few missed getting a buck. Not so many doe permits were granted this year. We didn't have enough snow to track them. The ground was frozen a few days, but it is thawed out again Corn is all picked and most of the people have a fair supply of wood on hand, as many expected an early winter.

Amherst, WI - Mrs. L.J. Borntrager

Elmer Yoder met with an accident on November 13, which could have been a lot worse, while he and 2 of the boys were sawing wood with the buzz saw. The arbor tore loose and jumped up with the saw blade hitting Elmer, cutting, resulting a wound in his upper chest and neck, but being it cut his collar bone, the wound was not so deep but 13" long. He was rushed by ambulance to Stevens Point Hospital. But was only a patient a few days. He seems to be coming along fairly well.

We had ideal fall weather in November. Had a lot of nice days and also quite a few cloudy days. Temperature ranging from 18 to above 40. The week of Thanksgiving we had a light snow, and also was cloudy, damp and rainy all week. We had extra mild weather during November which we appreciated for doing our fall work plus the building that was being done throughout the neighborhood.

Deer season is over with now, with quite a few Amishmen getting their deer.

Evansville, WI - Mrs. Ivan Bontrager

November has been a bleak month - mostly cloudy and no snow to speak of.

We had council meeting and communion in November. Both had to be postponed for a week because of funerals that interfered, although neither funeral was here. The first one was in Illinois and when our communion had been planned, Noah Kramer of New Glarus died. That settlement is about 20-30 miles from here and it has only 3 families, so our community helped out there.

Tonight and tomorrow several van loads will be leaving for Fredericksburg, Ohio to attend the wedding of David, son of Wallace Millers of here, and Emma, daughter of Crist Gingerichs.

Vernon Detweiler (Lester) and Cindy Schwartz (Dan) are published to be married December 10.

There were some Clare, Mich. and some Bloomfield, Iowa people in this area a couple of times recently. They were land-shopping for a new location some 20-30 miles east of here.

Lonnie, Christy, Rachel and Allen Bontrager, Mary Anna, Norma and Alvin Schwartz, David Otto, and Homer Schlabach of Kingston are visiting us this weekend.

Alton and Henry Mast of Milton, Iowa are visiting their brother and sisters about four days.

Augusta, Wisc. - Joseph Schrock

Nov. was nicer than Oct. we had enough snow to cover the ground several times but the ground is bare again. The ground is frozen a few inches. We had a nice fall to get the crops out a few have a little corn to husk yet. And some shredding to do yet. Deer season is past and there were alot of deer shot even though the weather wasn't the nicest. The last few days were rainy on the average the deer were smaller than most years probably because most of the corn was harvested early. The Wisconsin State Report said that by Nov. 1st ninety percent of the corn was harvested compared to last year it was 35 percent respectively.

Wilton Wiscon-Ben C. Borntragr

October was a fairly nice month weatherwise. We had a few freezing mornings, also had three layers of snow around the 20th, a few inches at a time. But all melted by noon.

Fall plowing and corn picking were the main work for the men folks and chicken butchering and quiltings was the work for the women.

November was also exceptionally nice for this time of the year. Most corn is in the cribs with a good yield. The sun didn't shine the last 8 days in November, it was foggy some days and also had a few good rains. The ground is pretty well soaked.

Chili, Wis - Ed D. Stutzman

Oct. was a nice month for husking corn. There were a few rains, but not more than was needed for moisture. Most of corn in this area was husked by the last of Oct. which was the day we finished ours. I didn't do any plowing until Nov. 8th on account of having church, dressing broilers etc. On Nov. 9th the temp. was down to 15 degrees and the next morn. was about the same if I remember right, but still could plow in PM on account of having a thin blanket of snow on the ground.

On the 19th we had a small bee to make some more church benches which we needed now since the community was split in 2 church districts (which are now east and west districts), now making 15 families in each district. But with 2 new families moving in by spring, if plans hold out, namely Elmer Miller and (deacon) Dan Mast, both of Del., will make it one more family in each dist.

Felty, son of Joh D. Borntrager, fell down hay hole causing a brain concussion, which make them absent from church Sunday. He missed a couple of days of school, but is coming in Canton Mo. of his brother-in-law Mose Borntreger and expect to come home today.

Pig prices on the farm this week were $33.00 for 40 lb. pigs. Fat hogs on market were $39.75 live wt. Holstein bull and heifer calves are over $1.00 lb. and beef is higher yet. I sold a cull cow direct to slaughter house for 92 cents a lb. over scales dressed wt. which is also good for who's it was. Milk prices for 3.5 test dropped from 11.15 to 11.10 but still got $12.38 (2wt) with butterfat and protein premium et.

Temp this morn is 32 degrees so must go plow.

Clare Mich. - Abe M. Hostetler

Nov. is leaving us under a low pressure system, with some rain fog, and also the familiar white stuff, snow. The ground is quite wet now. Too much so, for plowing. Did have a few cold snaps. With 7 close to zero on the 21st. More recent temp. 30 deg. to 40.

Deer season closed on the 30th with fair amount of deer taken.

Hog prices have come down some recently. A cheese factory is being built in the area by a local English fellow, Bob Herrick.

Our church as been divided to East and West Districts, since fall communion.

Scottsville, Mich. - Marvin Yoder

Nov. was fair. Had 2 or 3 cold days. also had some rain and snow, in fact we probably had 3 or 4 inches the day before Thanksgiving. Deer hunter would have liked to had more.

Delbert Schmuckers are the only ones as of yet to get several deer.

Hog prices are still around 40 cents while feeder pigs are in the $20. range.

Th Richard Troyer scholars upset their buggy when the one side of the shaft came loose.

The Lester Lambrights, Daniel and Elsie Beachy, Mary Sue and Kathryn Ann Miller and our dau., Mary left for Iowa to attend a wedding on Thanksgiving.

Stanwood, Mich - John Y. Schwartz

We had very lovely weather in Nov. to get corn in. Had very little precipitation in Nov. but the last week we had cloudy weather and temp. is in the lower 30's.

Corn is mostly in, and is a very good crop considering the dry summer we had.

We still have an over abundance of deer, though many deer were shot in the last 2 weeks.

Quincy, Mich. - Catherine Schmucker

The coldest we had in Nov. was 12 degrees. But it warmed up to 40 again. Had snow the 19th and 20th, which lasted for two days. Then had rain. It's raining today, the 30th, is a really cold rain.

Branch Co., Mich - Katie Eicher

I have no report of Mich weather for Oct. as I left for Conneautville, Pa Oct. 6th to visit my two children. Josiah, and Fannie Marie the Mrs. John C. Miller, while I was in Pa, my Grandson Ruben Eicher was kicked in the face by the driving horse. His tongue was cut 3/4 off from the side about 1 inch back, also part ways length wise, and 6 teeth knocked out on bottom. 4 on top . Wired to front upper teeth back in. In hopes they will grow fast to fit a partial plate, in about 8 or 9 mos. he was in Meadville Hosp. 6 days in I.C.U. 4 days. It healed fast. And heard he is back to school. His former school in Norfolk, NY had a sunshine box for him. He is 10 years old. I came home Nov. 4.

Jacob N. and Amos N. Schwartz were coming home from work a couple weeks ago. And was hit in the back of there buggy by a car. Were both thrown on the pavement. Buggy in splinters. Horse hurt. But they have hopes of being alright. Men were hospitalized and released. Amos had back problems before, vehicle does not help matters. Jake was sore and bruised.

Our Bishop Samuel M. Schwartz who is a cancer victim, isn't improving as we would like to see, he has continued pain and is on strong pain pills, on Nov. 5., they left for Mexico in hopes of getting more relief. They left in a mobile home. So Sammie has a bed to lay down all the way. Had two drivers so it can be a non stop trip. There daughters Katie, Mrs. David N.J. Schwartz of Metz, Ind,., and Sammies sisters the Levi christners of Berne, Ind. went along. Intentions were to stay 3 weeks. The mobele home came back a couple days later. They left Thurs eve. intend to be in Mexico by Sat. Eve.

On Dec. 2 the mobile home started for Mexico with 3 of their children, Levi S. and wife, and Jacob S. to bring them home if Sammie is able to leave the Hosp.

On Nov. 20 had heavy showers all day and temp in 20's coldest for the month was 16. Corn is about all husk. Men are cutting wood. While women are doing custom quilting. First week in Nov. was mild in 40's one day 54 deg. Changed over night, morn. of 15th make up with a heavy snow and 28 deg. ground was not froze and about all gone by eve. Ground is now froze by end of month. And had another day of snow showers. Over Thanksgiving was in 40.'s.

St. Mary's Ont.- David S. Graber

November brought a mixture of weather and temperatures. The high of 68 degrees and a low of 4 above. The first week it was warmer and by the 20th it got colder and we had about 4 to 5 inches of snow. Thirty miles northwest of here they had 2 feet of snow. By now the snow is all gone, this morning, the 25th the wind is from the east and it is raining. This is the time of year mink ranches are skinning and pelting their mink. There are about seven mink ranches within a few miles in and around St. Mary's. I understand that they supply the biggest portion of Canada. They find problems to get enough help for this job, it is not the pleasantest order to work about.

It may be of some interest to people that used to live here, that Hubert Uren in our neighborhood suddenly died with a heart attact. He was feeling well till the day he was hospitalized.

Mt. Elgin Dist. Ontario , CAN - L. Hershberger

Weather for November was just like nice fall weather. Had some real nice warm days also rainy and cool and had 2 snows but didn't stay long. Low temperature was 6 above morning of November 21. High morning was 56 on November 17.

People are done husking corn, some had a very good crop others not so good depending on the type of soil. Account of dry weather. Plowing mostly done.

Enos J. Yoder had a hip replacement on November 0. Is up and around some.

Enos S. Swarey has heart trouble so that he was in the hospital a few days and isn't able to be out since. Doctors suggest open heart surgery. His address is Mossley, Ont. RR22 Zip NOLIVO.

Desboro Ont. Canada - Noah J. Stutzman

The month of Nov. is more mild and less snow than some years. This gives people more chance to get fall plowing. done. Ont he 3rd temp. hit 60 in shade at noon, but since its cooler. One the 16th and 17h it was up to 51 and 53 deg. but by the 21st it was 2 in the morn., 17 at noon., and 1 below in the eve. Ever since it's been more mild with temp. at noon around freezing or above. Today, the 29th, it was 37 degs. and the wet snow that we got on Wed., the 25th, is all gone except where deep banks were. The snow plows were out for the first time. Sleighs were out, buy by Thur. noon roads were again for wheels.

Mrs. Emery Weaver had a gal and appendix operation on Mon. the 23rd and is recovering fairly well. She went in Sun and was released Thur. She had between 20 and 30 stones, some fair sized ones.

Jacob D. Zooks are back from Knox Co. Ohio. Sam L. Swartz's left for Ohio, Thur morn. Jonathan J. Stutzman was in Ethridge, Tenn area and is now in Medina Co. Ohio. David A. Hostetler's plan to leave for same area on Tue. Dec.1.

MIGRATIONS

Jacob & Verna Byler and family moved from Verona Missouri to Clare Mich. on Oct. 7th.

Amos and Martha (Borntrager) Yoder from Mt. Elgin Ont. Can. moved to Granton Wis. on Sept. 24th.

Chris N. Bylers and 11 children moved from Dewittville N.Y. to Amberson Rd. Spring Run Pa.

John S. Troyer Family Moved From Dover Delaware to Gradyville Ky. Oct. 26.

Andy M. Millers moved from Cashton to Blair Wis. Nov. 16.

Aden Jr. Yoders are moving to Pine City Minn. today Nov. 30. from Cashton Wis.

Bish Jonas D. Yoders and 3 children moved from LeRaysville Pa. to the new settlement in Gradyville Kentucky on Nov. 24th.

Lizzie and Katie J. Yoder moved from Holmes County Ohio to Knox County Ohio.

CHRISTMAS HAS ONLY BEGUN

When the Baby is gone from the manger,
And the shepherds are back on the hill,
When the hosts have returned to the heavens,
And the grand hallelujahs are still,
And the Wise Men gone back to Orient,
When the Star of the midnight is gone,
And when Bethlehem's streets are all silent,
Christmas has only begun.

The New must be told from the housetops,
The Gospel of Christ must be spread,
The blind and the lame must be lifted,
The poor and hungry be fed;
The power of death must be broken,
The will of the Father be done,
When Bethlehem's streets are all silent,
Christmas has only begun.

O follow the Lord from the manger
To Galilee's beautiful shore:
Climb with Him the mountain of glory
In wonder to kneel and adore;
For Christmas is just a beginning
Of a joy that awaits those who come;
For when Bethlehem's streets are all silent.
Christmas has only begun.

Widows List

Note! The Widow List remains as it was on our file of last year unless we were informed otherwise by our reporters.

Conewango Valley N Y Death date age
Susan, Conewango Valley W/O Sam S. Troyer 1963-09-14 55
Susie, Conewango Valley W/O Emanuel D. Wengerd 1967-05-08
Ada, Conewango Valley W/O Lewis S. Shetler 1978-03-16 66
Elizabeth, Conewango Valley W/O Abraham P. Miller 1981-01-08 67
Emma, Conewango Valley W/O Henry J. Miller 1981-04-13 71
Katie, Conewango Valley W/O Ben L. Hostetler 1982-05-13 39
Verna Conewango Valley W/O Ammon H. Miller 1985-02-16 65
Sarah, Cattaraugus W/O Yost H. Miller 1986-08-22 75

Somerset County Pennsylvania
Katie, Meyersdale, W/O Paul N. Beachey
Sadie, Salisbury, W/O Eli G. Brenneman
Amelia, Springs, W/O Floyd G. Brenneman
Effie, salisbury, W/O Menno G. Brenneman
Edna, Salisbury, W/O Levi D. Christner
Lizzie, Meyersdale, W/O John N. Kinsinger
Mary, Meyersdale, W/O John Y. Summy
Susanna, Meyersdale, W/O Albert J. Yoder
Sadie, Salisbury, W/O Albert U. Yoder
Lizzie, Meyersdale, W/O Noah B. Yoder
Effie, Salisbury, W/O Pete E. Yoder

Mifflin County Pennsylvania
Emma, Belleville, W/O Soloman Wengard 1966-05-16 62
Mary, Belleville, W/O Samuel Swarey 1971-05-25 67
Rebecca, Belleville, W/O David Swarey 1973-01-30 64
Annie, Allensville, W/O David Swarey 1973-10-05 76
Molly, Belleville, W/O Levi Peachey 1975-08-18 39
Lena, Belleville, W/O Chris Swarey 1977-05-08 79
Rachel, Belleville, W/O Chris Swarey 1979-06-14 35
Leah, Belleville, W/O Daniel Hostetler 1982-01-09 62
Mattie, Allensville, W/O Bish. Emanuel Peachey 1982-10-23 73
Barbara, Belleville, W/O Dea. Joseph Peachey 1982-12-27 85
Arie, Belleville, W/O Daniel Bender 1983-08-03 78
Salina, Allensville, W/O Isaac Yoder 1984-01-28 73
Katie, Belleville, W/O Bish. Joshua Renno 1984-02-11 69
Barbara, Belleville, W/O Joseph Zook 1984-04-30 78
Katie, Belleville, W/O Stephen Kanagy 1985-06-16 74
Mary, Belleville, W/O Samuel Sharp 1985-08-29 98
Alta, Allensville, W/O Chris Swarey 1985-10-11 53
Linda, Belleville, W/O Leroy Yoder 1986-09-13 38
Mary, Belleville, W/O Jessie Byler !984-04-14 64
Annie, Belleville, W/O Rufas A. Peachey 1987-09-5 83
Lizzie, Belleville, W/O Enos D. Peachey 1987-09-5 73

Lancaster County, Penna. Death date Age
Rebecca, Myerstown, W/O Daniel M. Fisher 1942-11-09 55
Leah, Leola, W/O Amos Fisher 1943-11-01 30
Mary, Morgantown, W/O John K. Stoltzfus 1950-06-09 35
Lizzie, Coatesville, W/O Amos Lapp 1954-05-18 47
Hannah, Maryland, W/O John Stoltzfus 1954-07-04 54
Mary, Narvon, W/O John F. Stoltzfus 1954-08-18 58
Fannie, Ronks, Daniel Stoltzfus 1955-06-30 62
Rebecca, Ronks, W/O Amos M. Fisher 1955-08-03 47
Sarah, Path Valley, W/O Daniel Zook 1957-08-23 74
Sadie, Gap, W/O Soloman Stoltzfus 1958-11-10 51
Sadie, Ronks, W/O Elmer Esh 1959-04-11 43
Mary, Gordonville, W/O Samuel Fisher 1959-11-06 53
Sarah, Gap, W/O John Blank 1962-07-14 47
Lizzie, Strasburg, W/O Daniel King 1962-09-25 59
Katie, Gap, W/O Samuel Fisher 1962-11-06 45
Annie, Gap, W/O Ephraim Stoltzfus 1963-07-08 54
Malinda, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Isaac Petersheim 1963-07-19 54
Leah, Intercourse, W/O Amos Esh 1963-08-06 48
Annie, Ronks, W/O Menno King 1963-10-03 48
Sarah, Myerstown, W/O Moses Lantz 1964-09-13 52
Lizzie, Gap, W/O Levi Fisher 1965-10-05 63
Mary, Leola, W/O Stephen Stoltzfus 1966-02-20 68
Fannie, Bird-in-Hand, W/O David Flaud 1966-06-11 68
Elizabeth, Ronks, W/O Levi Fisher 1966-07-16 69
Fannie, Ronks, W/O Moses Riehl 1967-02-04 68
Fannie, Kinzer, W/O Samuel Fisher 1967-03-25 79
Annie, Myerstown, W/O Isaac Lapp 1967-12-20 35
Mary, Christiana, W/O John Esh 1968-02-06 65
Katie, Gordonville, W/O Elias Esh 1968-04-24 68
Lydia, Morgantown, W/O Daniel B. Stoltzfus 1968-05-17 6
Sarah, Gordonville, W/O David King 1968-06-11 54
Emma, Paradise, W/O Christ Petersheim 1968-08-26 45
Sarah, Christiana, W/O Ephraim Lapp 1969-01-01 38
Sadie, Leola, W/O John King 1969-01-19 63
Lizzie, Gordonville, W/O Daniel King 1969-04-08 78
Mary, Gap, W/O Samuel Lantz 1969-05-04 67
Rachel, Ronks, W/O John Smoker 1969-12-22 54
Sylvia, Ronks, W/O Benjamin Beiler 1933-07-02 31
2nd husband John S. Lapp 1970-01-09 83
Barbara, Paradise, W/O Jacob Stoltzfus 1949-04-01 63
2nd husband Christ King 1970-04-17 83
Sadie, Christiana, W/O Jacob Stoltzfus 1970-04-26 54
Mary, Ronks, W/O Daniel Petersheim 1949-05-21 45
2nd husband Jacob Stoltzfus 1970-05-30 69
Sarah, Bird-in-Hand, W/O David J. Beiler 1970-06-01 57
Sadie, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Eli Ebersol 1970-07-01 69
Annie, Gordonville, W/O Amos Esh 1970-08-27 68
Lydia, Parkesburg, W/O John King 1970-11-23 67
Sarah, Gordonville, W/O Isaac Smoker 1971-04-27 64
Rachel, Gordonville, W/O Jacob Esh 1971-05-10 66
Katie, Myerstown, W/O Mose Lapp 1971-05-21 80
Mary, Gordonville, W/O Christ Stoltzfus 1971-06-30 54
Sarah, Lebanon, W/O John Hershberger 1971-07-14 24
Malinda, Talmage, W/O Samuel Stoltzfus 1971-08-15 64
Katie, Paradise, W/O Christ King 1971-11-19 64
Katie, Ronks, W/O Aaron Allgyer 1957-04-18 58
2nd husband Jonathan Esh 1972-02-25 77
Sarah, Christiana, W/O Samuel Kauffman 1972-06-22 22
Sarah, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Jacob Flaud 1972-09-10 76
Lizzie, Gap, W/O John Allgyer 1972-12-12 70
Elizabeth, Ronks, W/O Samuel Fisher 1973-02-01 60
Sadie, Strasburg, W/O Aaron Fisher 1973-04-07 45
Rebecca, Gordonville, W/O Menno Stoltzfus 1973-05-01 69
Katie, Narvon, W/O Levi Stoltzfus 1973-08-25 44
Rachel, Honey Brook, W/O John King 1973-10-31 62
Fannie, Strasburg, W/O Aaron Lantz 1974-01-17 55
Annie, Gordonville, W/O Abram Ebersol 1974-02-27 71
Sylvia, Gordonville, W/O John U. Lapp 1974-03-07 60
Salome, Strasburg, W/O Isaac Lapp 1974-04-05 59

Sylvia, Gordonville, W/O John U. Lapp 1974-03-07 60
Salome, Strasburg, W/O Isaac Lapp 1974-04-05 59
Sarah, Narvon, W/O John King 1974-04-19 75
Priscilla, Kirkwood, W/O Israel Stoltzfus 1974-05-15 73
Fannie, Kinzer, W/O Leroy Stoltzfoos 1974-06-13 71
Mary, Gap, W/O Abner Allgyer 1974-06-23 36
Annie, Quarryville, W/O Jephta Stoltzfus 1974-07-28 84
Sarah, Narvon, W/O Daniel Blank 1974-11-07 48
Rebecca, Christiana, W/O John E. Stoltzfus 1975-03-17 76
Sarah, Gap, W/O Christ A. Glick 1975-10-05 70
Sarah, Paradise, W/O Stephen Esh 1976-01-14 48
Miriam, Gap, W/O Christ Petersheim 1976-01-27 55
Mary, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Jacob Beiler 1976-02-02 60
Anna, Lancaster, W/O Daniel King 1976-04-08 65
Katie, Strasburg, W/O Jacob Stoltzfus 1976-04-14 48
Annie, Leola, W/O Jesse Stoltzfus 1976-05-22 58
Mima, Gordonville, W/O Sylvan Stoltzfus 1976-06-18 58
Rachel, New Holland, W/O Christ Lapp 1976-06-26 87
Mary, Myerstown, W/O Thomas Peachey 1976-08-13 75
Fannie, Ronks, W/O Simeon Stoltzfus 1976-11-10 52
Katie, Kinzer, W/O Jacob Blank 1976-12-14 55
Suvilla, Christiana, W/O Isaac King 1976-12-24 51
Rebecca, Oxford, W/O David B. Fisher 1977-01-01 87
Katie, Narvon, W/O Gideon Stoltzfus 1977-01-06 78
Emma, Kinzer, W/O Christ Stoltzfus 1977-02-17 59
Mary, Intercourse, W/O John Lapp 1977-03-13 60
Mary, Ronks, W/O Samuel King 1977-03-16 71
Sadie, Lancaster, W/O Benuel Smucker 1977-06-29 68
Emma, Gap, W/O Noah Esh 1977-10 67
Annie, Leola, W/O John Stoltzfus 1978-02-05 74
Mary, Maryland, W/O Elam Stoltzfus 1978-03-03 68
Aary, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Eli Miller 1978-05-03 62
Sarah, Kinzer, W/O Henry Blank 1978-06-14 66
Naomi, Narvon, W/O Daniel King 1978-07-24 66
Sarah, Paradise, W/O Stephen Fisher 1978-10-13 74
Annie, Bird-in-Hand, W/O John Stoltzfus 1978-11-24 88
Lydia, Loganton, W/O Stephen Stoltzfus 1979-03-02 50
Lizzie, Honey Brook, W/O Jonas Beiler 1979-03-11 71
Katie, Myerstown, W/O Andy Peachey 1979-05-12 57
Suvilla, Lancaster, W/O Elias Stoltzfus 1979-05-20 68
Lizzie, Ronks, W/O Amos Lantz 1979-06-09 79
Bena, New Holland, W/O David Beiler 1979-08-07 59
Lizzie, Lancaster, W/O Christ King 1979-08-13 72
Lydia, Narvon, W/O Amos Ebersol 1979-08-28 76
Sarah, Newburg, W/O Amos L. Stoltzfus 1979-08-28 74
Annie, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Jonas Stoltzfus 1979-11-08 53
Emma, Maryland, W/O Jacob Kurtz 1980-04-23 59
Fannie, Christiana, W/O Samuel Stoltzfus 1980-05-05 58
Naomi, Quarryville, W/O Benjamin Beiler 1980-05-06 61
Emma, Gordonville, W/O Stephen Stoltzfus 1980-05-27 60
Gertrude, Maryland, W/O Israel Swarey 1980-06-25 84
Rebecca, Paradise, W/O Samuel Blank 1980-07-11 74
Rachel, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Moses Petersheim 1980-07-31 47
Hannah, Ronks, W/O Abram Stoltzfus 1980-08-09 52
Edna, Paradise, W/O Jacob King 1980-09-26 52
Katie, Lancaster, W/O Jonathon Zook 1980-09-27 88
Barbara, Honey Brook, W/O Jonathan Stoltzfus 1975-12-11 52
2nd husband Benuel Stoltzfus 1980-11-21 53
Sarah, Gordonville, W/O Moses Zook 1980-11-21 69
Emma, Ronks, W/O Christ M. Fisher 1980-11-27 78
Katie, Leola, W/O Amos Stoltzfus 1980-12-13 70
Emma, New Holland, W/O Jesse Riehl 1980-12-15 85
Sadie, Christiana, W/O Enos Petersheim 1980-12-26 66
Annie, Ronks, W/O Moses Y. Beiler 1980-12-26 83
Lydia, Ronks, W/O Christ F. King 1981-01-26 82
Mary, Gordonville, W/O Samuel Fisher 1981-02-16 75
Nancy, Narvon, W/O Eli Smucker 1981-03-17 68
Fannie, Leola, W/O Melvin Stoltzfus 1981-04-28 72
Rebecca, Christiana, W/O Christian King 1981-05-14 29
Sadie, Narvon, W/O John Zook 1981-06-11 67
Mary, Ronks, W/O Jonas Beiler 1981-07-08 66
Katie, New Holland, W/O Henry Blank 1981-08-01 71
Suvilla, Ronks, W/O Moses King 1981-08-28 90
Mary, Ronks, W/O Jacob Lapp 1981-09-18 58
Rachel, Gordonville, W/O Isaac Lantz 1981-10-11 76
Katie, Kinzer, W/O Jacob Stoltzfoos 1981-11-27 74
Fannie, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Christian King 1982-01-13 84
Sarah, Kirkwood, W/O Levi Stoltzfus 1982-03-10 51
Lydia, Gap, W/O B.John Stoltzfus 1982-04-02 65
Barbara, Christiana, W/O John Blank 1982-05-14 51
Katie, Honey Brook, W/O Gideon Stoltzfus 1982-05-25 70
Rachel, Gordonville, W/O David King 1982-05-30 78
Barbara, New York, W/O Levi Beiler 1982-07-05 60
Katie, Leola, W/O Eli Stoltzfus 1982-07-20 66
Lydia, Gap, W/O Moses D. Stoltzfus 1982-08-08 70
Sarah, New Holland, W/O John Fisher 1982-11-16 77
Lizzie, Gap, W/O Elias Bawell 1982-11-16 65
Malinda, Leola, W/O Ammon Stoltzfoos 1983-02-21 72
Leah, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Jacob Riehl 1983-04-30 60
Emma, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Christ Stoltzfus 1983-05-16 76
Katie, Ronks, W/O Samuel E. Fisher 1983-05-28 65
Malinda, Gordonville, W/O Stephen Lapp 1983-06-18 77
Elizabeth, Bird-in-Hand, W/O John Stoltzfoos 1983-07-04 52
Katie, Gordonville, W/O Samuel E. Stoltzfus 1983-10-16 77
Eva, Newburg, W/O Samuel Kauffman 1983-11-08 70
Malinda, Honey Brook, W/O Stephen Stoltzfus 1983-12-23 69
Barbara, Gordonville, W/O Christ Stoltzfus 1984-04-30 56
Rachel, Narvon, W/O Jonas King 1984-05-09 73
Naomi, Gap, W/O Christian Lapp 1984-05-20 72
Rachel, Kirkwood, W/O Levi Beiler 1984-08-19 66
Lydia, Gettsyburg, W/O Stephen Hostetler 1984-10-10
Ruth, Strasburg, W/O Aaron K. Fisher 1984-10-18 70
Lena, Leola, W/O Amos B. Stoltzfus 1984-12-11 74
Sarah, Narvon, W/O Daniel Fisher 1984-12-25 68
Hannah, Paradise, W/O John Beiler 1984-12-27 71
Rebecca, Witmer W/O Samuel D. Hostetler 1985-01-01 62
Susie, Paradise, W/O Levi Miller 1985-03-07 68
Sadie, Leola, W/O Leroy Ebersol 1985-05-26 78
Lydia, Lancaster, W/O Elam Esch 1985-05-28 75
Malinda, Kirkwood, W/O Benjamin King 1985-06-05 76
Lizzie, Leola, W/O Moses M. Beiler 1985-07-17 64
Rebecca, Ronks, W/O Phares N. Fisher 1985-08-21 76
Mary, New Holland, W/O John Ebersol 1985-09-09 44
Emma, Bart, W/O Jacob Petersheim 1985-10-15 74
Rachel, Loganton, W/O John E. Fisher 1985-11-02 64
Sarah, Gordonville, W/O Elam Fisher 1985-11-14 88
Mattie New Holland, W/O Elam B. Zook 1985-12-17 78
Fannie, Gordonville, W/O Ephraim J. Glick 1986-01-17 65
Susie, Gordonville, W/O Amos L. Fisher 1986-01-24 65
Barbara, Ronks, W/O Christ B. Lapp 1986-04-27 67
Lizzie, Leola, W/O Jonathon Beiler 1972-12-12 59
2nd husband Aaron D. Riehl 1986-05-03 78

Lizzie, Bird-in-Hand, W/O Abram Z. King 1986-05-12 51
Sadie, Gordonville, W/O Isaac Z. Lapp 1986-06-20 76
Lizzie, New Holland, W/O Emanuel B. Lapp 1986-06-24 33
Sarah, Gordonville, W/O Ephraim J. Esch 1986-07-02 59
Susie, Kinzer, W/O Benjamin S. Beiler 1986-09-01 73
Amanda Gap, W/O John P. Stoltzfus 1986-10-30 89
Anna Mary, Kirkwood, W/O Benjamin F. Stoltzfus 1986-11-30 68
Aarie, Gap, W/O Elam S. Riehl 1986-12-13 83
Rebecca, Kirkwood, W/O Melvin E. Lapp 1987-5-18 54
Lizzie, Leola, W/O Aaron E. Beiler 1987-12-28 67
Fannie. Gordonville, W/O Jonas Z. King 1987-7-6 29
Sadie, Honey Brook, W/O Elam P. Kauffman 1987-7-30 58
Susie, Gordonville, W/O Daniel L. Zook 1987-8-9 76
Mary, Gordonville, W/O Eli S. Beiler 1987-9-8 59
Mary, Leola, W/O Henry B. Fisher 1987-10-10 85

Dover Delaware

Fannie, #2 Dover W/O John J. Byler
1st Marriage John Nissley
Katie, #1 Wyoming W/O Joe D. Byler
Lizzie, Kenton, W/O Bish. Simon Byler
Lydia, #1 Hartley W/O Bish. Jonas Coblentz
Anna, #2 Dover W/O Henry J. Detweiler
Mattie, #2 Dover W/O John M. King
Rosie, #2 Dover W/O Pre. Jake Kurtz
Cassie, #2 Dover W/O David B. Miller
Lydia, #5 Dover W/O Joni D. Miller
Lydia, #1 Wyoming W/O Andy J. D. Miller
Mary Jane #2 Dover W/O Pre. Simon N. Swartzentruber

Ethridge Tennessee Death date

Lydiann, W/O Shem Yoder
Mattie, W/O John B. Zook
Iva, W/O Moses E. Troyer 1938-10-05
2nd husband Daniel J. Hershberger 1982-00-00
Susie, W/O Andrew M. Yoder 1979-12-00
Deliah, W/O Emanuel P. Gingerich 1980-04-19
Lizzie, W/O Jacob P. Gingerich 1986-06-20
Amanda, W/O Ura P. Gingerich 1986-11-28

Geauga County Ohio

Mattie Middlefield, W/O Elmer Yoder 1838-05-05
Emma, Middlefield, W/O Elmer Hostetler 1944-03-24
Emma, Middlefield, W/O Jonas G. Byler 1955-02-28
Barbara, Burton, W/O Dan Kauffman 1963-09-29
Amanda Middlefield, W/O Abe Gingerich 1964-06-01
Ella Middlefield, W/O Sam Fisher 1964-07-12
Katie, Middlefield, W/O Eli Hershberger 1965-03-25
Mattie Middlefield, W/O Reuben Byler 1966-10-04
Rosa Middlefield, W/O Levi M. Miller 1968-05-17
Lizzie, Middlefield, W/O Harvey Frey 1968-12-11
Elma Middlefield, W/O Pete Schrock 1968-12-14
Mary, Middlefield, W/O David C. Miller 1969-04-07
Dorothy Middlefield, W/O Reuben R. Byler 1969-05-17
Mary Ellen Burton, W/O Jake Miller 1969-08-23
Gertrude, Burton, W/O Mahlon Byler 1970-06-10
Anna, Middlefield, W/O Henry Schrock 1972-03-09
Ada Middlefield, W/O Jeremiah J. Miller 1972-04-29
Anna, Middlefield, W/O Joe A. Gingerich 1972-06-01
Sarah, Middlefield, W/O Jonathan Miller 1972-07-12
Mary Middlefield, W/O John Miller 1973-02-07
Alma, Middlefield, W/O John Byler 1973-04-07
Anna, Middlefield, W/O John Weaver 1973-10-27
Sarah, Middlefield, W/O Joe J. C. Miller 1973-11-30
Emma, Middlefield, W/O Dan A. Byler 1974-05-27
Betty, Middlefield, W/O Erwin A. Hershberger 1974-06-15
Katie, Middlefield, W/O Sam Farmwald 1974-09-11
Malinda, Middlefield, W/O Valentine Miller 1974-11-24
Mintie, N. Bloomfield W/O Andy M. Miller 1975-02-23
Lizzie, Middlefield, W/O David Miller 1975-04-15
Ida, Middlefield, W/O Melvin M. Miller 1976-02-01
Anna, Middlefield, W/O Levi Weaver 1976-07-23
Sarah, Burton W/O Elmer Byler 1976-12-07
Mattie, Middlefield, W/O Henry Kuhns 1977-03-20
Fannie, Middlefield, W/O Stephen Yoder 1977-03-29
Sarah, Middlefield, W/O Crist Detweiler 1977-04-10
Lizzie ann N.Bloomfield W/O Jake Byler 1977-04-20
Mary, Middlefield, W/O Henry Schrock 1977-10-30
Fannie, Middlefield, W/O Sam Gingerich 1978-01-01
Iva, Middlefield, W/O Nevin Byler 1978-01-22
Lizzie Ann Middlefield, W/O Eli Hostetler 1978-03-26
Elva, Middlefield, W/O Sam Hostetler 1978-05-08
Lizzie, Middlefield, W/O Levi S. Yoder 1978-06-08
Sadie, Middlefield, W/O John Hershberger 1978-07-26
Katie, Middlefield, W/O Owen Mullet 1978-08-26
Ada, Burton W/O Allen J. Miller 1978-11-17
Lydia, Middlefield, W/O Milo J. Miller 1978-12-17
Sadie, Middlefield, W/O Dan J. Miller 1979-03-15
Edna, Windsor, W/O Erwin J. Miller 1979-08-08
Lovina, Middlefield, W/O Menno P. Miller 1979-12-30
Emma, Middlefield, W/O Andy E. Miller 1980-01-10
Emma, Middlefield, W/O Sam Erb 1980-02-16
Nannie, Middlefield, W/O Homer Yoder 1980-05-21
Sarah, Middlefield, W/O Enos L. Miller 1980-06-26
Katie, Middlefield, W/O John D. Miller 1980-07-30
Sarah, Middlefield, W/O Andy C. Miller 1980-09-15
Savilla, Middlefield, W/O Chris E. Byler 1980-10-17
Mary, Middlefield, W/O Allan A. Byler 1981-01-07
Mary Ann, Middlefield, W/O Erwin P. Weaver 1981-02-11
Elizabeth, Middlefield, W/O Menno Byler 1981-02-15
Barbara, Huntsburg, W/O Lester Mullet 1981-02-26
Ida, Garretsville, W/O Erwin Schmucker 1981-03-28
Mary, Middlefield, W/O Alvin Troyer 1981-05-03
Mary Ann, Middlefield, W/O Jerry E. Byler 1981-06-19
Mary, Middlefield, W/O Elmer A. Miller 1981-06-28
Sarah, Middlefield, W/O Allan J. G. Byler 1981-12-04
Mary, Middlefield, W/O Andy J. Mast 1982-01-09
Fannie, Middlefield, W/O Eli J. Byler 1982-01-23
Elizabeth, Middlefield, W/O Uria J. Byler 1982-06-28
Lizzie, Middlefield, W/O John S. Byler 1982-12-04
Emma, Middlefield, W/O Henry A. Miller 1982-12-12
Lizzie, Middlefield, W/O Allan Hershberger 1983-02-14
Katie, Middlefield, W/O Melvin Miller 1983-08-26
Lizzie, Middlefield, W/O Nevin Troyer 1984-01-08
Fannie, Middlefield, W/O Eli Hostetler 1984-02-07
Sarah, Middlefield, W/O Noah Miller 1984-02-15
Lydia Ann, Middlefield, W/O Jerry Weaver 1984-02-29
Sovilla, Middlefield, W/O Harvey A. Miller 1984-05-08
Sarah, N. Bloomfield W/O John N. Byler 1984-05-08
Fannie, Middlefield, W/O Uria Miller 1984-06-27
Sarah, Middlefield, W/O John S. Fisher 1984-07-31
Elizabeth, Middlefield, W/O Jake O. C. Miller 1984-11-15
Mattie, Middlefield, W/O Henry Fisher 1985-01-29
Mary, N. Bloomfield W/O Henry Kempf 1985-03-18
Lovina, Middlefield, W/O Joas Troyer 1985-12-21
Anna, Middlefield, W/O Monroe Miller 1986-03-20

Katie, Middlefield, W/O Sam J. Weaver 1986-04-18
Lizzie, Middlefield, W/O Dan A. Miller 1986-04-29
Lydia Ann, Middlefield, W/O Andy Q. Miller 1986-05-03
Mattie, Middlefield, W/O Andy S. Byler 1986-07-31
Nancy, Middlefield, W/O Andy J. Yoder 1986-09-02
Malinda, Middlefield, W/O Ervin A. Gingerich 1087-3-25
Barbara, Middlefield, W/O John J.S. Mast 1987-5-8
Fannie, Middlefield, W/O John Weaver 1987-5-17
Mary, Middlefield, W/O John Kurtz 1987-6-5
Barbara, Garretsville, W/O Andy C. Byler 1987-7-6
Elizabeth, W. Farmington W/O John J.E. Miller 1987-8-9
Sarah, Middlefield, W/O John Henry Kurtz 1987-8-11
Mary Ann, Middlefield, W/O Jacob M. Miller 1987-9-26
Agnes, Middlefield, W/O Joseph J. Schmucker 1987-9-26
Mary, Middlefield, W/O Elmer J. Mullet 1987-10-11

Adams County Indiana

Veronica, W/O Menno E. Eicher
Elizabeth, W/O Amos E. Eicher
Margaret, W/O Jonas Graber
Lydia, W/O John S. Hilty
Elizabeth, W/O Peter Hilty
Ida, W/O Samuel Miller
Anna, W/O Andrew D. Mast
Rosa, W/O Levi L. Miller
Viola, W/O Daniel B. Schwartz
Lizzie Ann W/O Daniel L. Schwartz
Amanda, W/O Jacob L. Shetler
Lovina, W/O Samuel J. Shetler
Magdalena, W/O Samuel D. Wickey
Lovina, W/O Eli Zook
Barbara, W/O Henry Schwartz
Anna, W/O Levi R. Wickey
Kate, W/O Daniel D. Schwartz
Elizabeth, W/O Nate A. Wickey

Kokomo Indiana

Clara, Kokomo W/O Andy Swartztruber
Annie, kokomo W/O Oba Miller
Mattie, Kokomo W/O Joas Gingerich
Viola, Kokomo W/O Alvin Miller

Daviess County Indiana Death date age

Verda (Wagler) W/O Herman Wagler 1948-07-15 35
Adel (Graber) W/O Fred Wagler 1959-06-28 44
Mary (Wagler) W/O Will Knepp 1959-11-20 54
Fannie (Yoder) W/O Joe Raber 1964-04-11 76
Lydia (Graber) W/O Joe Graber 1970-04-07 55
Mary (Graber) W/O Louis Knepp 1970-09-15 45
Rose (Wittmer) W/O Mart Knepp 1973-05-15 74
Fannie (Lengacher) W/O France Wagler 1973-07-04 59
Clara (Stoll) W/O Cletus Swartztruber 1974-06-23 47
Magdalena (Wagler) W/O Joe Wagler 1977-01-03 56
Martha (Knepp) W/O John Wagler 1977-02-02 29
Mary (Eicher) W/O Jake Marner 1978-04-30 89
Sarah (Wagler) W/O Henry Lengacher 1979-01-23 69
Katie (Stoll) W/O Dave Wittmer 1979-02-12 75
Mary Ann (Graber) W/O Aaron Steury 1980-10-27 79
Ida (Wagler) W/O Will Graber 1981-05-18 69
Katie (Wagler) W/O Dave Stoll 1982-05-05 71
Katie (Knepp) W/O Fred Miller 1982-05-24 63
Edith (Graber) W/O Ben Wittmer 1983-09-26 68
Elizabeth (Graber) W/O John Weaver 1983-11-15 47
Mary (Lengacher) W/O David E. Wagler 1984-03-13 72
Sarah (Graber) W/O Noah Graber 1984-11-02 73
Katie (Leighty) W/O Henry Yoder 1985-01-26 77
Beulah (Graber) W/O Glen Graber 1986-06-27 40
Mary (Graber) W/O Lewis Graber 1986-11-22 78
Lydia (Schrock) W/O Albert Knepp 1987-2-18 64
Lydia, (Schrock) W/O Albert Knepp 1987-2-18 64

Cashton Wisconsin

Lizzie, #3 Cashton Miller
Anna, #3 Cashton Schmucker
Ella, #3 Cashton W/O Amos U. Gingerich

Jamesport W/O Missouri

Esther (Mast) W/O Amos U. Mast
Fannie (Yutzi) W/O Will Yutzi
Susie (Swartz) W/O Sam Schwartz
Mattie (Miller) W/O Levi C. Miller
Sarah (Bontrager) W/O Enos Bontrager
Anna (Kramer) W/O Abe N. Kramer
Katie (Hostetler) W/O Henry D. Hostetler

Clark Missouri

Katie W/O Mose Yoder
Katie W/O Ben N. Bontrager

Haven, Kansas Birth date age

Lydia, Haven, W/O Sam Schrock 9-25-1901 86
Katie, Haven, W/O Sam Plank 6-28-1904 83
Anna, Haven, W/O Tobe R. Schrock 3-5-1907 80
Edna, Haven, W/O Albert Miller 7-11-1909 78
Anna Haven, W/O Albert Eash 3-8-1911 76
Polly, Haven, W/O John Keim 11-1-1917 76
Susie, Haven, W/O Eli Bontrager 10-15-1920 67
Ida, Haven, W/O Merlin Bontrager 11-26-1941 46
Esther, Haven, W/O Menno Keim 9-30-1921 46

Allen County Indiana Death date

Saloma, W/O Enos Brandnberger 1984-9-28
Sarah, W/O Levi Miller 1972-7-14
Margaret, W/O Henry Graber 1980-4-4
Anna, W/O Henry Schmucker 1980-6-16
Elizabeth, W/O Joseph Jr. Schwartz 1979-7-7
Lydia, W/O Joseph Schwartz 1974-1230
Emma, W/O Benjamin Wittmer 1980-10-22
Anna, W/O Peter Graber 1969-7-7
Margaret, W/O Harvey Graber 1980-9-10
Ida, W/O Noah Schmucker 1979-2-8
Ida, W/O John Lengacher 1978-9-27
Ida, W/O Victor Graber 1980-2-9
Rosa, W/O Menno Steury 1971-5-3
Clara, W/O Amos Miller 1960-5-27
Sarah Mae, W/O Noah Schmucker 1973-2-14
Emma, W/O Samuel Schwartz 1978-7-24
Martha, W/O Elmer Graber 1985-12-26
Mary Alice W/O Menno Hilty 1982-7-29

Partridge Kansas Birth date

Mrs. Annie Stutzman 1896-2-19
Mrs. Sam Beachey 1898-5-19
Mattie, Nissley 1911-6-27
Amanda, Yoder 1917-9-1

Kahoka Missouri death date

Katie, Alexandria W/O John Yoder 1987-1-27
Sarah, Revere W/O Dave R. Eicher 1987-5-3-

Amherst Wisconsin

Anna, W/O Joe Miller
Mary, W/O Reuben Bontrager

Riceville Iowa

Mary, Miller 87

Spartansburg Penna.
Amanda, Spartansburg W/O Jake E. Byler 1959 62
2nd husband Moses E. Hochstetler 1978 82
Emma, Spartansburg W/O William N. Byler 1987 77
Barbara, Spartansburg W/O Monroe J. Hostetler 1981 75
2nd husband Dan J. Hershberger 1987 69
Emma, Spartansburg W/O Dan D. Jr. Byler 1987 54
Marie, Spartansburg W/O Edward 1984 80
Sarah, Spartansburg W/O William J. Miller 1980 74

Mifflintown Penna.
Sarah M. Mifflintown 90
1st Marriage Samuel M. Peachey 1946-2-10 52
Buried in Virginia
2nd Marriage Amos D. Zook 1976-2-19 78
Buried in Lancaster County
Rachel, (Stoltzfus) W/O Dea. Moses R. Kanagy 1968-8-30 31
Moses 1st Marriage to Annie M. Hostetler 1963-2-22 30

Ashland Ohio Birth date
Annie, W/O Noah J, Schwartz 1917-6-28
Laura, W/O William J. Keim 1910-6-30
Emma, W/O Emanuel E. Schrock 1922-2-10
Fannie, W/O Floyd A. Yoder 1951-6-19

Holmes County Ohio
Saloma, W/O David M. Miller
Martha, W/O Melvin J.D. Yoder
Emma, W/O Andrew N. Coblentz
Susie, W/O Mose J, Coblentz
Lydian W/O Mose J. Weaver
Anna, W/O Andy J. Weaver
Mary, W/O Jacob J. Beachey
Anna, W/O Andy S. Miller
Ella, W/O Aden J, Miller
Franey W/O Aden J. Keim
Lovina, W/O Levi J. Miller Death date Age
Mary, Baltic W/O Dan M. Troyer 1953-9 50
Mattie, Millersburg W/O Simon P. Troyer 1966-3- 39
Malinda, Baltic W/O Joe L. Miller 1966-8 53
Elizabeth, Fresno W/O Albert Barkman 1974-5 687
Mary, Sugar Creek W/O Eli S. Miller 1974 5 74
Katie Ann, Millersburg W/O Dan J, Raber 1977-2 49
Susie, Baltic W/O John S. Troyer 1976-9 49
Edna, Baltic W/O Jonas D. Troyer 1979-6 75
Emma, Sugar Creek W/O Mose J.B. Miller 1979-11 70
Katie Ann, Millersburg W/O Albert L. Yoder 1980-1 78
Susie, Baltic W/O Reuben Erb 1980-4 58
Ella, Sugar Creek W/O Sam J. Yoder 1980-5 77
Mary, Sugar Creek W/O Eli E. Hershberger 1981-4 78
Katie, Baltic W/O Henry E. Yoder 1981-8 66
Lizzie, Baltic W/O Amos J. Raber 1981-12 66
Amanda, Baltic W/O Jeff N. Miller 1982-6 84
Ada, Millersburg W/O Phineas Yoder
Mattie, Baltic W/O Raymond Troyer 1983-1 68
Lizzie, Baltic W/O Sam C. Beachey 1983-7 82
Lydia, Baltic W/O John M. Raber 1983-7 82
Tillie, Baltic W/O Simon Schlabach 1983-9 74
Edna, Baltic W/O Eli P. Hershberger 1983-12 75
Lizziann Baltic W/O Dan E. Miller 1983-10 72
Fannie, Fresno W/O Abe A. Troyer 1984-4 65
Mary, Sugar Creek W/O John A. Schlabach 1984-7 81
Katie Ann, Baltic W/O Dan N. Yoder 1986-5 81
Mattie, Baltic W/O Em. A. Troyer 1987-6 84
Mary, Sugar Creek W/O Melvin A. Miller 1987-9 76

Widowers List

Conawango Valley New York
Joseph Yoder Randolph, H/W Mary Shetler 1963-09-10
Harvey E. Miller, Conawango Valley H/W Lizzie Yoder 1979-09-26
Atlee J. Byler Randolph, H/W Susie Wengerd 1981-03-08

Somerset County Pennsylvania
Daniel N. Beachey Salisbury, H/W
Homer I. Coblentz Meyersdale, H/W
Noah D. Wengerd Meyersdale, H/W

Mifflin County Pennsylvania
Noah Peachey Allensville, H/W Hettie Yoder 1963-03-11 65
Jonathan Byler Belleville, H/W Elsie Byler 1965-12-14 66
Iddo Bender Belleville, H/W Mima Peachey 1973-08-14 80
Isreal Zook, Belleville, H/W Mattie Yoder 1979-09-02 66
Samuel Yoder Belleville, H/W Rachel Peachey 1979-10-25 63
Jonathan Zook, Belleville, H/W Mary Yoder 1983-03-11 56
Levi Kanagy Belleville, H/W Lydia Peachey 1983-04-19 75
2nd Wife Belleville, Rachel Peachey 1986-10-25 85

Lancaster County Penna. Death date age
Amos S. Kauffman, Ronks, H/W Priscilla Stoltzfus 1946-11-14 41
Aaron Esh, Leola, H/W Katie Stoltzfus 1961-09-16 73
Jacob Zook, Gap, H/W Anna Zook 1962-07-13 66
Amos H. Fisher, Ronks, H/W Naomi Fisher 1964-02-01 64
Solomon K. Beiler, Bird-in-Hand, H/W Lizzie Speicher, 1967-12-03 62
Levi Beiler, Narvon, H/W Annie Stoltzfus 1969-01-10 59
Omar Fisher, Bart, H/W Emma Petersheim, 1971-08-30 42
Jonas S. Zook, New Holland, H/W Mary Fisher 1974-07-25 69
Gideon B. Lapp, Ronks, H/W Elizabeth Fisher 1974-09-26 64
Daniel P. Stoltzfus, Lebanon, H/W Nancy King, 1975-10-04 66
Benjamin B. Lapp, Paradise, H/W Mattie Lapp, 1976-04-04 63
Daniel S. Esh, Bart, H/W Rebecca Stoltzfus 1976-07-17 25
Daniel A. Lapp, Gordonville, H/W Miriam Beiler, 1976-11-05 55
David Y. Lapp, Gordonville, H/W Ada Stoltzfus 1977-02-14 70
Amos K. Zook, Bird-in-Hand, H/W Mary Smucker, 1947-09-14 48
2nd wife Mary Lapp, 1977-02-19 77
Samuel R. Beiler, Gordonville, H/W Naomi Fisher 1979-03-08 73
John K. Lapp, Kinzer, H/W Annie Smucker, 1979-03-10 59
Stephen S. Stoltzfus, Kirkwood, H/W Rachel Stoltzfus 1979-09-15 81
Mose Hostetler, Dry Run, H/W Mary Stoltzfus 1980-05-05 57
Christ F. Esh, Quarryville, H/W Sarah Fisher 1981-08-14 70
Daniel King, Leola, H/W Jemima Zook 1981-10-04 59
John S. Lapp, Leola, H/W Leah King, 1981-11-17 79
Abner Beiler, Gordonville, H/W Katie Fisher 1981-12-10 67
Jacob C. King, Narvon, H/W Mary Smucker, 1981-12-26 71
2nd wife H/W Rachel Petersheim, 1982-02-20 67
Paul Fisher, Gordonville, H/W Annie Zook 1982-06-14 53
John M. Glick, Lancaster, H/W Fannie Stoltzfus, 1967-10-29 52
2nd wife Rachel Petersheim, 1982-02-26 67
Paul Fisher, Gordonville, W/O Annie Zook 1982-6-14 53

David Allgyer, Witmer, H/W Susan Stoltzfoos, 1982-11-02 86
Jacob E. King, Gordonville, H/W Rebecca Stoltzfus 1982-11-06 76
Elam A.' Stoltzfus, Kinzer, H/W Sadie Beiler, 1983-03-04 83
Elam S. Stoltzfus, Gap, H/W Sallie Allgyer, 1983-04-06 77
Stephen Stoltzfus, Honey Brook, H/W Sarah Smoker, 1983-07-29 85
Aaron Glick, Bird-in-Hand, H/W Katie Speicher, 1983-08-17 67
Henry King, Lebanon, H/W Sarah Stoltzfus 1983-12-06 80
John Glick, Madisonburg, H/W Sadie Zook 1984-04-10 72
David F. Esh, Gordonville, H/W Sylvia Smucker, 1984-08-13 84
David S. Glick, Leola, H/W Bena Stoltzfus, 1985-03-17 74
Levi F. Esh, Quarryville, H/W Annie Smucker, 1985-04-19 79
Gideon K. Stoltzfus, Strasburg, H/W Miriam Fisher 1985-05-10 72
Joshua L. Stoltzfus, Churchtown, H/W Annie Petersheim, 1985-06-18 77
Solomon M. Beiler, Leola, H/W Leah Glick, 1985-07-10 75
Levi E. Stoltzfus, Bird-in-Hand, H/W Fannie King, 1985-10-27 86
Enos K. Zook, Ronks, H/W Rebecca Stoltzfus, 1986-01-05 75
Jonas F. Beiler, Ronks, H/W Katie Lapp, 1986-07-10 66
Joseph B. King, Lancaster, H/W Lydia Zook 1986-07-23 65
Jacob K. Beiler, Holtwood, H/W Katie Beiler, 1986-09-18 61
Samuel M. Esch, Ronks, H/W Sylvia Glick, 1986-10-13 83
Elam Miller, Leola, H/W Rachel Stoltzfus, 1986-10-13 66
John Miller, Bird-in-Hand, H/W Annie Lapp, 1986-11-30 68
Ezra E. Beiler, Loganton, H/W Mattie Fisher 1987-1-1 36
Amos L. Stoltzfus, Gap, H/W Susie E. Stoltzfus 1987-1-25 55
Christ S. Stoltzfus, Gap, H/W Priscilla P. Lapp, 1987-3-10 36
Elmer King, Gap, H/W Verna Mae Lapp, 1987-3-29 34
Sam S. Zook, Christina H/W Lizzie Fisher 1976-10-31 61
2nd marriage Barbara King, 1987-4-14 71
Henry K. Beiler, Kinzer, H/W Sarah Stoltzfus 1987-5-5 88
Omar B. King, Lancaster, H/W Anna Zook 1987-5-12 33
Daniel F. Stoltzfus, Leola, H/W Leah Stoltzfus 1987-5-22 68
Daniel M. Stoltzfus, Christina H/W Mary Lapp, 1987-8-19 78
Jacob B. Zook, Lancaster, H/W Miriam Stoltzfus 1987-11-13 81
Elmer L. Lapp, Narvon, H/W Aarie Esh 1987-11-28 67

Dover Deleware

Enos J. Mast #5 Dover H/W Lydia Miller
Noah D. Mast #5 Dover H/W Anna Eash
Harry A. Miller, #1 Wyoming H/W Lizzie Yoder
Daniel Plank #5 Dover H/W Polly Miller
Pre. Norman Swartzentruber #2 Dover H/W Esther Schlabach

Geauga County Ohio

Noah Gingerich Burton, H/W Saloma Schmucker 1960-05-01
John N. Byler Middlefield, H/W Sarah Byler 1964-09-15
Jerry P. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Mary Detweiler 1965-04-15
Erwin M. p. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Sarah Kurtz 1971-07-16
Andy S. Miller, Burton, H/W Susan Troyer 1973-07-09
Gid P. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Emma Byler 1975-12-13
Dan D. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Saloma Weaver 1976-02-01
Noah J. Detweiler, Burton, H/W Fannie Schrock 1979-07-25
Melvin A. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Barbara Shetler 1980-08-31
Melvin R. Detweiler, Middlefield, H/W Sarah Byler 1982-03-26
Freeman Gingerich Middlefield, H/W Mary Miller 1982-12-23
Jonas A. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Sarah Troyer 1983-02-27
Jonathan P. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Nannie Detweiler 1983-05-05
Sol Bontrager Middlefield, H/W Anna Byler 1984-09-09
Levi Wengerd Middlefield, H/W Mattie Yoder 1984-09-14
Andy D. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Amanda P. Miller 1984-10-03
Melvin Wengerd Middlefield, H/W Agnes R. Byler 1984-11-30
John S. C. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Ida Byler 1985-03-20
Albert D. Miller, Middlefield, H/W Lizzie Ann Miller 1986-3-2
Noah N. Detweiler, Middlefield, H/W Mattie Shetler 1987-3-2
Andy A. Gingerich Middlefield, H/W Anna Schrock 1987-8-15
Eli R. Burkholder Middlefield, H/W Nancy Detweiler 1987-10-6
Joni Hershberger Middlefield, H/W Mary Raber 1987-11-3

Butler Ohio

John J. Miller, Danville, H/W Lydia Shetler 1984-00-00

Adams County Indiana

Samuel L. Schwartz
Cornelius C. Troyer
Reuben Sr. Graber
Reuben S. Hilty

Allen County Indiana **Death date age**

Joseph C. Lengacher H/W Sarah Wittmer 1949-03-23
Joseph C. Lengacher H/W Sarah Witmer 1949-03-23
Lena Miller, W/O John Lengacher 1969-04-04
Anna Delagrange W/O Peter Graber 1969-07-07
Rosanna Schmucker W/O Menno Steurey 1971-05-03
Sarah Eicher W/O Levi Miller 1972-07-14
Sarah Mae Miller, W/O Noah Schmucker 1973-02-14
David Schmucker H/W Anna Graber 1973-03-18
David Schmucker H/W Anna Graber 1973-03-18
Lydia Schmucker W/O Joseph Schwartz 1974-12-30
Joseph Graber H/W Lillie Miller 1977-01-19
Emma Hostetler, W/O Samuel E. Schwartz 1978-07-27
Ida Christner W/O John Lengacher 1978-11-27
Elizabeth Miller, W/O Joseph Schwartz 1979-07-07
Ida Miller, W/O Victor Graber 1980-02-09
Margaret Schmucker W/O Harvey Graber 1980-04-04
Anna Zehr W/O Henry Schmucker 1980-06-16
Emma Schwartz W/O Ben Witmer 1980-10-27
Victor Lengacher H/W Dena Delegrange 1980-11-15
Henry Schwartz H/W Martha Graber 1980-12-17
Daniel G. Eicher H/W Barbara Graber 1981-06-06
Mary Alice Miller, W/O Menno Hilty 1982-07-29
Noah L. Schwartz H/W Lavina Schmucker 1984-10-05
Salome Schwartz W/O Enos Brandenberge 1984-10-28
David E. Wickey H/W Leah Eicher 1985-06-15
David E. Wickey H/W Leah Eicher 1985-06-15
Reter D. Yoder H/W Hannah Gerig 1985-09-02
Peter D. Miller, H/W Hannah Gerig 1985-09-02
Menno Schwartz H/W Rosa 1986-03-18
Amos Schwartz H/W Sylvia 1986-09-21
Joseph Schmucker H/W Mary 1986-11-24
Ida Miller, W/O Noah Schmucker 1979-02-11

Kokoma Indiana
Joe E. Hershberger
Abe J. Gingerich
Albert H. Miller,
Daviess County Indiana Deathdate age
Noah Wittmer H/W Rosa Wagler 1978-09-04 67
Lester K. Wagler H/W Ida Mae Knepp 1981-01-09 33
Jacob Miller, H/W Lucy Stoll 1983-08-15 83
Amos R. Graber H/W Mary Raber 1983-11-24 70
Pete Kemp H/W Mary Richer 1986-07-25 71
Amos Stoll H/W Elizabeth Graber 1987-4-9 79
Clark Missouri
Pre. Levi S. Miller,
John Hostetler,
Haven Kansas Birth date age
David K. Bontrager
Rudy M. Bontrager
Sam J. Yoder 1919-11-10 68
Ashland Ohio Birth date
Abe J. Troyer 1921-12-28
John A. Hershberger 1921
Riceville Iowa
Ben L. Petersheim McIntire 73
Kahoka Missouri Death date
Pre. P.M. Bontrager Kahoka H/W Annie Nisly 1954-4-26 56
Mifflintown Penna.
Amos H. Peachey Mifflintown H/W Leah Swarey 1984-2-28 75
Pre. Seth Yoder McAlisterville H/W Emma Swarey 1985-3-19 75
Holmes County Ohio
John S. Miller,
Eli D. Schlabach
Andy D. Miller,
William A.J. Miller,
Jonas W. Miller,
Ervin L. Sn. Weaer
Perry A. Stutzman
Levi Y. Raber Baltic H/W Amanda Troyer 1976-5-28 59
Noah L. Yoder Baltic H/W Saloma Miller 1977-6-16 75
Henry Erb Baltic H/W Katie Ann Troyer 1980-1-29 60
Levi T. Yoder Sugarcreek H/W Katie Troyer 1983-8-8 53
Joe J. Yoder Baltic H/W Anna Troyer 1983-9-6 71
Ray D. Miller, Baltic H/W Mattie Troyer 1984-10-14 77
Levi A. Troyer Fresno H/W Ada Troyer 1985-2-2 74
Melvin D. Miller, Baltic H/W Mary Raber 1985-3-14 76
Em. Beachey Sugarcreek H/W Susie Wengerd 1985-7-13 80
Levi L. Yoder Baltic H/W Susie Raber 1986-12-6 69
Abe J. Mast Baltic H/W Emma Erb 1987-7-23 85
Mose A. Troyer Baltic H/W Susie Raber 1987-4-26 79

The lambs will follow the sheep you know
Wherever the sheep may stray
If the sheep go wrong, it will not be long,
Till the lambs are as wrong as they.
So with the sheep we earnestly plead
For the sake of the lambs today,
If the lambs are lost, what a terrible cost
Some sheep will have to pay.

HENRY and the GREAT SOCIETY

By H. L. Roush Sn.- CHAPTER 17

Henry Goes Home to Shilow

I guess the story of Henry and the great society could go on indefinitely, but I feel that I must tell you what happened. I thought at first I wouldn't; but it's only fair that the reader know for himself the end of the whole matter.

One day, as Henry stood at the drill press drilling holes in the little black bakelite boxes, he began to cough and, after calling for relief, went back to the infirmary to lie down for a few minutes. He had been doing this a lot recently and was always tired. While he lay there with his eyes closed, he could hear the continual hum of the plant, and it suddenly reminded him of the hum of his house and how he had discovered that night that he was a slave to an inhuman machine that would destroy him eventually. Now the hum of the plant confirmed what he already knew and would not admit: *he was hopelessly trapped !* Living in a silent world of desperation, Henry knew now that he would *never* go back to Whispering Pines. The unchecked panic of a caged animal seized him, and he turned his face to the wall and sobbed. Oh, if Esther could only know. If he could only tell her . . . . or somebody. But no one was listening. How could they? The hum of society around him drowned out every plea for help. Esther could not know, for the gap was too great between them. For her the new world of convenience had indeed been good in some ways, and for the children it was a fairyland of excitement. For Henry, though, it was a dreary, desolate prison to which he was forever consigned. He somehow knew how the goose that laid the golden egg must have felt. He saw himself as only a means to the end of the lfe they enjoyed. He felt crushed . . . lonely, unloved, and above all, misunderstood. Suddenly he saw himself engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the great, affuent society around him. It was the intangible, undefinable, invisable power that sought to destroy him in his nightmare so long ago; and the hot tears streaming down his face told him how close that destruction was.

The infimary nurse looked in on him and asked, "Mr. Morgan, are you all right?'' Henry meekly answered, "Would it matter if I wasn't?'' "Why of course it would,'' replied the nurse. "You're important to us here, Mr. Morgan. The department couldn't make it without you.'' And somehow, she had told the story of Henry's life. She gave him a shot to help him rest, and when he awakened it was dark. Henry was groggy from the shot, but he told the nurse he thought he could make it. She wanted to call Esther to come for him, but he told her not to bother anyone—that he'd make it alone. He stopped by the lunchroom for a drink of water and took two of the tranquilizers Dr. Manson had given him to "quiet his nerves,'' and headed for the parking lot. As he was about to get into his car, he looked up (something he had not done for a long time); the moon was full and bright, and the stars were spattered across the sky. He stood there for a moment thinking of that moon and how it would look from Shiloh, flickering its silver beams off the corn shocks in his field.

While he stood there looking at the moon, it seemed he could hear the children laughing again, and he could smell the open fire and freshly popped corn, and he could hear Esther say, "Come, Henry, let's take a moonlight stroll in the cornfield and you can tell the children a story before bedtime." And then it seemed like Esther was in his arms and they were together again, laughing, loving and living. Henry got in his car, longing for the deep rest he had known in those days and for Shiloh. As the engine of his new car came to life, he flicked on his headlights and roared off into the night. Henry was on his way home at last, to Whispering Pines and Shiloh.

Fred Danner said he heard the crash about 10:00 p.m. and thought it was an explosion. Later he thought it might have been a wreck, so he pulled on his pants and grabbed his jacket and flashlight and stepped out into the clear crisp night. The moon was full and bright, and he did not see or hear anything that alarmed him until his dog began to bark at the bridge that crossed the deepest part of Sycamore Creek. Running to see what it could be, he saw the twisted guard rail and broken glass. When he looked down into the moonlit waters of Sycamore Creek, he saw Henry's car, upside down, its wheels still spinning. Fred listened for some sound of life, but the only sound that broke the stillness of the night was the plaintive call of a whippoorwill and the steady hum of those wheels. Fred later told and retold how he went to the car, but it was too late. Henry was dead and the had a peaceful smile that Fred said he hadn't remembered seeing on Henry's face for a long time. The sherriff came of course, and he was puzzled as to why there were no skid marks found on the pavement to indicate an effort to stop, and how the accelerator was not stuck, but the speedometer was . . . . at 60 miles per hour. No signs of mechanical failure were discovered on the car. He finally said he guessed it was an accident. When the nurse told her story of how groggy Henry had been when he left the infirmary, and the lunch room waitress told how she had given him a glass of water as he left the plant, and she saw him take two capsules of some kind, and Dr. Manson told the sheriff what they were; everybody seemed sure that they knew the full story.

Esther was on the phone arranging some last minute details for the cancer fund drive. She was terribly upset over the way cancer was destroying innocent people and no one seemed to care. She heard the noise too but thought it was a sonic boom. The children didn't hear it at all becaus they were watching the late movie that was about a psychopathic killer on the loose and how all the society sought to destroy him. Since there was a lot of shooting, the crash was never noticed. Of course Esther went to pieces when she heard what happened and Dr. Manson had to put her on the same green and white tranquilizers that Henry had been on. He gave her some of the little white pills to help her got a good night's sleep. Some of the neighbors came, but most of them called on the phone to express their sympathy. The union sent appropriate flowers, and the lodge brothers all called at the funeral home in Chamberstown and had a little ritual. The plant sent a huge bouquet of flowers with a note saying Henry would be sadly missed in Production #2. The funeral director said he had never remembered so many flowers sent for one man with such kind words of sympathy.

Everyone was so kind; and when the day of the funeral arrived, they loaded Henry into a new Cadillac hearse, banked his coffin with flowers and brought him to Salem Pike M.E. Church. The church choir sang and the minister told everyone that Henry was born and raised there, and how he was a good husband and father and had given his family all the good things in life. He told them how he could remember coming there 20 years ago when Henry didn't have a thing, not even electricity or a car. Then he told some things about Henry's life, how he used to drive an old pair of old grey mares, and that he sure had come a long way. He ended by saying what a tragedy his untimely death was, for, he concluded, Henry had everything to live for. He also told how Henry's desire was to be buried at Shiloh, and a grave had been prepared there for him. As it turned out they had quite a time getting up to Shiloh for the burial. They searched far and near but could not find a team of horses to pull a sled to the top of the hill. At last, they found a man with a small dozer to pull the sled up the hill for the funeral director; and Henry was, as many said, finally at rest at his beloved Shiloh.

There was a lot of talk among the people after the funeral. Some still wondered how the accident happened, and others said no one will ever know whether it was an accident or not. Fred Danner recounted his story to an eager audience in the church yard and said it sure was ironic that Henry was so close home when it happened. "So close," Fred pressed upon them, "that if he could have looked through that shattered windshield he could have seen the fodder in the shock in his own corn field. That's getting pretty close to home, not to make it," Fred mournfully concluded. My observation is that Henry was farther from home than anyone will ever know; for distance is no longer measured in this society by miles.

There's one more thing you should know. After the funeral was over and Henry was laid to rest, the funeral director brought his personal possessions to Esther and of course, she broke up again upon seeing the few personal belongings that were in his possession. There was his lodge ring, his billfold with pictures of the children and Esther, and a picture of those two grey mares. It wasn't very clear for it was yellowed and faded some. There were nine credit cards and the usual things like drivers license, car registration, lodge card, union card, insurance cards, and $3.30. In his coat pocket were there payment books, a roll of Tums and his pocket notebook that he doodled in when he was thinking, or planning, or dreaming. There were the usual notes about remembering to have his car serviced, the TV checked, stopping at the store on the way home, and under that was more doodling and the lines of Robert Frost's beautiful poem. But Henry had reworded it to read:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have *no more* promises to keep,
Nor miles to go before I sleep."

The funeral director also had some insurance papers to sign in order that Esther might collect Henry's life insurance, and that he might get his money. She signed them in triplicate in her fine, but uncertain hand, "Esther A. Morgan," and she noticed that there was no appropriate line for Henry to sign.

LIFE HISTORY of Abraham Yoder

Continued from last month

CHAPTER 4- Investments and war

On January fourteenth, 1908 Salome Zook, was twenty one years old and agreed to accompany me through life as long as we both lived. And to favor her grandma, with whom she had lived since five years old, we had announcement of our marriage made a week before the end of school. John J. Miller took me to West Jefferson, Friday afternoon, after the last day of school, 5 1/2 miles distance and just in time for a trolley car. The trolley took me 25 miles to Columbus with no time to squander for a railroad train to Lewistown. Arriving at Lewistown I was too late for the morning train to Belleville. With no cars and trucks to hitch hike on and plenty of time, I walked up the K.V. railroad track to Union Mills, and out to brother J.Z. Peacheys place. It was a beautiful day with plenty of snow and water, and from him I borrowed a horse and rode to the Zook home, arriving by one o'clock. We borrowed a horse and buggy to go see Squire Henry Lantz and secured a marriage license for one dollar. The following February 20, 1908, we were married at the David Detweiler home, which is now the Jesse Sharp home. The bride's father John P. Zook, united us in marriage. There was plenty of snow blowing that day, and the roads were closed. However the fields were open to sleds, which were used extensively in those days. As my wife Salome's grandparents were still living and needed her help, we did not think of a honey-moon trip. Jonathan Kurtz's health failed, and I was obliged to have my own carpenter crew from then on. I had one or two men to help me most of the time. Jonathan Hartzler helped several years. The brick house along Greenwood Road where Samuel Glick, Jr. now lives, was the last project I helped to build, which was built for David H.(Shorty) Yoder in 1914. By then the Lord had blessed us with three sons and a daughter. My wife's folks, the John P. Zooks wished to retire from farming. My wife's grandfather, Jonathan Zook passed on in October of 1910. We then furnished the house and grandmother lived with us. So in the spring of 1915, Daddy Zook sold out and we started farming on his farm. Grandmother Zook did not wish my wife to leave the place as long as she (grandmother) lived.

On April 9th our son Abe was born. Spring had opened up quite early and we had quite a bit of plowing done by then. Sam Zook, (Shorty Sam) and his cousin Rebecca Zook, both helped us two years as hired hands. our thanks to them, regardless of pay. Luke 17:9.

In July 1914, only 75 cents a bushel was offered for wheat. The first World War broke out that fall. Woodrow Wilson was president and things gradually moved up in price. By December, one dollar was offered for wheat. Daddy Zook said he had never sold wheat for a dollar a bushel, and was ready to sell. Farmers were not ready to sell corn yet. I bought a few hundred of Dad's wheat. By the time farmers were ready to sell corn at 85 cents, I sold the wheat at $1.50 a bushel and bought corn to produce horse power, and so on.

As I stated earlier of working for $13.00 a month, and carpentering at $1.25 a day, it didn't look to me as though I'd ever be able to own a farm home in this fine neighborhood. There were indications of an Amish settlement being started in the early years of 1900, near Pierre, South Dakota, and I decided to investigate, and probably invest what I had saved by 1909, and gain some income that I would not be obliged to earn. I thought by this method, I might still be able to buy a farm home in Big Valley sometime. So after exchanging a few letters with land agents of that locality, I took a train ride out in March of 1909. The land was nice level prairie country, with a few artesian wells and producing both water and gas. So the agent and I drew up a contract for 160 acres at $3200. I paid half of this in cash and signed a mortgage for the other half. But the good Lord saw fit to visit that western country with repeated drought and dust storms for several years. The enthusiasm of settling there soon died out. That section was also visited with some hail storms at that time. Some years later, to avoid a law suit, the mortgage-holder offered my wife and I each a hundred dollars to sign off, which of course, we accepted. Then we were really at the bottom with a growing family coming on. But we fully trust the Lord knew what was best for us. So we still praise Him and feel so content to have the assurance that the earth belongs to the Lord, and the fulness thereof.

The mentioned war that had started in the fall of 1914 had quite an effect of farm produce. The stock of wheat was so well used up that the government asked that some rye and barley be mixed in the wheat rations of flour for baked foods. This seems like quite a contrast to the enormous surplus we are now asked to pay storage on. Nevertheless, this is much more to be coveted than starvation. Praise the Lord for His gifts of abundance. Toward the end of 1918, church bells rang and steam whistles were blown, proclaiming the joy of the populace that the war had ended. But of course many thousands of young soldiers had lost their lives thereby. I might have mentioned that much food had been rationed so that only small quantities could be bought at a time. Sugar was 28 dollars per 100 pounds for a short time. Prior to this war, fluid milk was sold or peddled on the streets of Belleville for 5 cents a quart. But during and after this war, the demand for fluid milk had increased and gradually became quite a source of income for farmers. The price of wheat had advanced to $3.00 per bushel for a short time. But if I remember correctly the price had come as low as 45 cents. This was quite another note.

I failed to mention that father-in-law had taken over the home farm after his father's death in 1910 at the age of 81 years, 8 months and 10 days. Then on May 11, 1916, his mother passed on at the age of 84 years, 1 month and 18 days. They, the Jonathan S. Zooks, built their grandpa pasture land I might buy to pasture heifers and dry cows. "Oh yes," said Gib, "I'll sell you pasture land." I sensed at once he meant a 161 acre farm and I was not ready for a chunk of that size. However I inquired about the price and so on. Since Mother Yoder had an abnormal brother Jonathan who was now 27 years old and did not always approve of the confusion our children supplied, of which there were now 7, and although Jonathan had his home with his parents most of the time, we decided to buy Mr. Brindles farm and make room for my wife's brother Ezra to move onto the home place. This is what Father Zook had in mind, too, but as mentioned before, for his mother's sake we had lived on the farm. Brother Ezras had but two nice quiet children. Brother Jonathan had also expressed the wishes that his brother Ezras were living on the home place. We had good hopes that it was time for us to vacate. So we arranged for an 8 thousand dollar first mortgage and a second mortgage of 4 thousand for the Brindle farm. We moved on March 18th, 1920, with quite a few snow banks sticking around. After 5 years, brother Ezras wished to move to Lancaster, or Chester County. So it fell to our lot to move back to the home place. In Feb of 1923, it became necessary to have brother Jonathan placed in a mental institution where he still has his home, and is now 72 years old. The authorities tell us he is calm and well-behaved. Praise the good Lord.

We agreed to sign off to the party having the first mortgage as soon as he made settlement with Mrs. Brindle who held the second mortgage. Mr. Brindle had died in the flu epidemic of 1919 and 1920, just shortly before we had moved on to his farm. But by 1925 when we moved back home with four more children added, and the money situation such that the party holding first mortgage did not see his way clear to satisfy the second mortgage and take over and to which we had agreed to sign off on request. So we rented to the Brindle farm to Ezra T. Yoders two years and then stocked it ourselves and hired Jonathan F. Peachey and wife two years. Then the Levi Esh family lived there for two years. After this our son Moses and our daughter Rachel farmed two years. The next two years our son-in-law Jonas Speicher and daughter Rachel lived there. We paid the Peacheys fifty dollars per month and probably the Eshes the same. But the money situation got so tense that by the time the Speichers took over, we could only pay twenty dollars per month and arranged so they could have a sideline of some laying hens. But praise Him once more, we had not yet met starvation, and the armies of war had not invaded. Would the good Lord still prevail. We kept taxes paid up on the Brindle farm and the interest on the second mortgage. I'm not sure of always having the interest paid up on first mortgage, as we had debts enough besides to take care of. Again we say, "Praise the Lord for continued blessings for the necessities of life." Time now registered 1935. The first mortgage changed hands a few times and was now held by a brother-in-law, Isaac J. Yoder, who had a son Solomon, recently married or soon to be, needing a place to live. We made satisfactory settlement with the second mortgage and arrangements were soon made and so Mother and I signed off. So that was that.

To be more exact, some back tracking may be in order. Daughter Rachel was married Dec. 15th, 1932, and our son John on Dec. 20, 1936, son Moses on Sept. 19, 1937. On March 11, 1937, my wife's father, John P. Zook had a stroke in the morning before breakfast. He was up and had dressed, and apparently had built fire in the kitchen stove. He returned to the bedroom and leaned over on the bed and needed help to go back to bed. His right side, speech and throat were affected. He was able to understand when he was spoken to for a few days, then he became unconscious and passed on, on the 20th at the age of 81 years, 6 months, 29 days. Mother Zook then used the living room of the small house for the bedroom, while Mother Yoder and I used their bedroom to be near to her at night. This saintly mother would get her own breakfast and supper, and when she chose she ate noon meal with us in the farm house until Dec. 26, 1942. She passed on at the age of 85 years, 5 months, and 5 days. And due to a small pox epidemic just having been introduced to our Valley, we could have only a rather private funeral. And even so, two of the pallbearers, Joseph Sharp and Rufus A. Peachey were sick with the epidemic in less than a week after. But praise the good Lord, no one passed away from the effect. And we were not quarantined.

Our son Samuel was married to Mattie Kanagy on Nov. 28, 1940 in the state of Iowa, although they were both natives of Mifflin County, Pa. Our son Abraham was married to Hannah Byler, Feb. 16, 1939, daughter Annie to Jesse D. Speicher, Jan. 1, 1942, and son Stephen to Sadie Riehl, June 22, 1946. Son Kore was married to Emma Speicher, Dec. 2, 1943, daughter Fronie to Louie E. Yoder, Jan. 1, 1946, and son Noah A. to Amanda Kurtz, on Nov. 20, 1947. Our daughter Mary married Alvin J. Peachey Feb. 20, 1958, who had been a widower. Our son David S. married Helen Garber on May 29, 1954, and son Benjamin married Elsie Yoder on May 26, 1955.

About three weeks after attending Stephen's wedding in Lancaster County, I became ill. I had no pain but could not lift my head up. A doctor's rigid examination caused vomiting of blood. An ambulance was called and I was placed in Lewistown Hospital on July 16th, 1946. The diagnosis showed an ulcer at the outlet of my stomach which caused the blood to flow into my stomach and bowels. I was given a transfusion at once (about six o'clock p.m.) and I was so nearly out of blood that I slept all night without being aware of the transfusion. Ice was applied to my abdomen to help in thickening the blood and prevent leakage. Ice by mouth was also given to relieve thirst. All of this plus the shots of penicillin all proved very effective, so that after 18 days and so many transfusions I was sent home with a diet sheet and a drugstore prescription. I have not experienced any recurrence of this ailment since.

I was quite anxious to take a trip to the middle west to house in the year which was also my birth year.

Their only son John P. Zook, had married at the age of 22 to Rachel Detweiler, 20, and had taken over the farming, and by 1900 had acquired a family of 4 living and one deceased son, and 5 daughters. On May 13th 1900, John P. Zook was ordained to the ministry, and on the following day May 14, (Monday) a retarded son, Jonathan, 8 years old, amused himself by playing with matches in a straw shed. This of course set things on fire. It was a dry windy day, and his youngest sister, Annie was 4 years old on the previous Jan. 24, was playing with some chicks close by and fell victim to the flames and perished. But no doubt she is now occupying the mansions the Lord has prepared for His saints.

However, this incident was a very hard stroke for the family and also aroused the utmost sympathy of the community, who very generously helped to erect a new barn. So that by June 21st, hay could be placed in the new barn. Then mentioned brother Jonathan helped us on the farm a few years, but being of an abnormal condition, he didn't like children. Seemingly there was too much confusion, which caused him to be nervous. He sometimes said he wanted his older brother, Ezras to live here. They only had 2 children who were of rather quiet disposition. So wife and I resolved to vacate should an opportunity present itself.

Soon after the 1st World War had ended in the fall of 1918, the Asiatic flu epidemic came along and many useful people, especially mothers, were placed in their graves. Son John, a boy of almost 10 became sick over a weekend. Then little Moses in the mood of exploring crawled up some scaffold of an unfinished silo chute and fell and fractured a collarbone. Dr Getter, then the best known bone specialist, was called. This being taken care of we also called his attention to Johnny's ailment which he pronounced flu. He left him some pills, and in a few days he was quite alright. And by that time a few others were ailing and later others and so on. When my turn came to stay in, neighbor John E. Yoder and wife would come up twice a day and do our milking. This was in late October. Father Zook kept well and saw that the chores were taken care of. By the time Mother (my wife) took sick I had recovered to the extent that I could do the cooking for the rest of the family. Upon feeling quite strong one afternoon, I went out to the barn, and put feed and straw down for the cattle and milked four cows. As I was on my way to the house the John E. Yoders drove in, and sensing the seriousness of conditions they remarked, "Now Abe you go to the house and care for the sick folks. We will take care of your milking." Mother was now sick in bed, and that night I took a real chill . I feared pneumonia. So I got up and took hot water and all the medicine I could think of, placed another comforter on my bed which caused sweating and by morning I felt quite all right. And was I ever grateful! As I stated we had kept on with Dr. Getter's medicine which seemed all right, until it came to Mother. This seemed too strong for her, causing a choking and shortage of breath. The next morning father suggested she needed another doctor. So he stopped at the office of Dr. and Mrs. Smith who were homopathics. Mrs. Smith was very reluctant to accept another doctors' patients and almost refused to come. However her husband said that the lady had quite a family and she had better help. So she did and that brought results. At one time when mother seemed so near to going on, the children and I kneeled together in the cow stable and had prayer in her behalf. His wonderful name be praised for ever. How shall we recompense for all the good He has done for us. The Lord having lifted the flu epidemic, we again proceeded with the cares of farm life, which had been quite neglected.

Good hearted brother-in-law, Jacob Z. Peache gave of his able help to store cornfodder in the barn. This was hauled by 4 horses abreast to quite a heavy wagon with a 22 foot ladder. This was of the John P. Zook (wife's father's equipment). The ground was moist and the doubletree did not have too much room to come and go. Some mud on the wheels would accumulate and slow down the wagon. Brother Jake (inlaw) remarked that it was rather new to him to have brakes on the front wheels. Thank you Jake.

Then on Dec. 29th son Stephen came along which called for an additional helper for a season. As we recall, Mary and Naomi, daughters of the previously mentioned Jonas C. Peachey took turns to help out. Thank you girls. This Mary is now a polio victim, and Naomi is a widow. Naomi was Rudy Yoders third wife and lives in the village of Belleville.

The following fall my wife's father had a tile silo put up which was very much to our liking. Jacob R. Byler then lived on the lot next to the mountain and helped out on the farm, but also fell victim to the flu and passed on in December, after helping other flu families.

In the spring of 1919 the Zook parents felt at leisure to take a much coveted trip to the mid western states. Their youngest son Kore had been to Hesston, Kansas in school a few years by then and had married Ruth Cooprider, a short while before his parents came out, which was most probably in June. And by some time in August, they had visited quite extensively in other parts of Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado and North Dakota. By that time Mother Yoder became so seriously ill that we sent them a message to Surry, North Dakota on a Sunday afternoon. They were at an evening service of the Mennonite Church there. Some one helped them to a train at once. They arrived home by 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning. By this time Mother Yoder was quite on the mend again. We still praise the good Lord for this. The same Doctor, Mrs. Annie Smith was instrumental in helping in the recovery this time also. Although I feel that a little more alertness on her part might have saved sending the telegram and afforded the Zook parents a more complete vacation tour.

By this time, the fluid milk market had become quite attractive. Our local cow dealers, Sol Peachey and Gib Brindle drove in one day, and so I asked them about some have Mother Yoder see where I had spent my days as a youth. So in the spring of 1947, we had public sale. We had Jesse Speichers (one of our daughters) who had a family of three little girls at that time, move on the farm which we had bought from the Zook heirs. Our youngest son Benjamin was then 15 years old and helped Jesse on the farm several years. The good Lord gave us an abundance of rain in the spring of 1947, and so not much corn was planted until May 28. And on this date mother and I looked for a train for Kalona, Iowa, and arrived there twenty-four hours later. We stopped with three cousins. One was Mrs. David Yoder, eleven months older than I and somewhat crippled. I had not met her since leaving Nebraska, 47 years earlier. After spending six days in the area of Kalona, Iowa, we moved on to Hutchinson, Kansas, to be present at a Yoder reunion on June 7th, which was held two miles north of the village of Yoder, Kansas. After experiencing a ten hour layover in Missouri until a railroad washout could be repaired, and of course depending on the good management of the train crew, we stopped at a village (for this layover, where we could get something to eat. Arriving at Hutchinson at twelve o'clock on Friday night instead of twelve o'clock Friday noon, June 6th, a fine taxi helped us find a good hotel for ample rest and breakfast. Then we again called a taxi to deliver us on the camp ground for the reunion just as people were starting to assemble. Having been absent for over 46 years, I did not meet very many familiar faces. But we enjoyed it all very much. The good Lord be praised for all His benefits. In company with Ananias Beachey of Iowa, we enjoyed Saturday night's rest with Bishop Leander Keim and family. The next day we went to church at the Harvey Fry home which was a fraction of a mile east of the Keims. Thus Sunday night we stayed with Eli Schrock and wife, who about six years later passed on as a cancer victim. The following Sunday, we attended church services in Center township, at the Levi D. Miller home, several miles north of Partridge. At that time Levi was a patient in a Hutchinson hospital with an injured foot. He had come in contact with some hay machinery. We did not meet him at all at that time.

The following Monday we enjoyed a trip to Oklahoma with our friends, Jacob E. Yoder and wife, and arrived at the Rudolph Detweiler home in Mayes County for Monday night. And praise the good Lord for the fellowship with these good old friends. The next day, Tuesday, about June 16th, we traveled west through Oklahoma City, where there were quite a few oil wells right in the city. We went on to Custer County, and stopped with an old acquaintance, Moses Mast, who had also worked at the Schrock Brothers Creamery in 1901, at the same time I had worked there. Moses now had his second wife. Farmers in this section had just started combining wheat, and had a good crop of 30 to 35 bushels per acre, and oceans of acres. Praise Him.

After very pleasantly spending three nights and two days among Amish friends near Thomas, Oklahoma, we must make special mention of a night spent with the Deacon Joel Beachey family where crippled Malinda Yoder (a cousin of mothers) made her home at that time. She was a daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth (Yoder) Yoder, who were of our group of Pioneers to Nebraska from Juniata County, Pa., in 1880 and was about number 9 in the family. She has since passed on to the great beyond, and was the last one of that family to go.

To be continued

Mr. Edwards Hidden Treasure

Chapter 8 - Continued from last month

As Jerry knelt beside Black Face, the strong odor of medicine filled the calf pen. Her wounds were healing splendidly under such watchfull eyes as Jerry's. White Face stood nearby, trying to lick his face while he in turn was trying to keep her away.

"You've had supper!" He groaned pushing her away roughly. "Now get so I can dress Black Face's sores. How's your leg doing, Blackie?" Jerry pulled her to standing position, wondering how long he'd have to force her to stand and remembering his Dad's sage advice. 'Keep her a-moving,' he had said. 'Or she'll be too stiff to move if she does get over this.'

It was a twice-a-day routine; trying to make her stand, walk about and dressing her wounds.

"I guess, that if you ever make it to being a cow, Blackie," Jerry said, rubbing her neck. "I'll always have a story to tell about you. It's you and me, we're both cripples." Then remembering, he added. "There's one difference, you'll soon get better, but me, I'll only get worse."

Turning, he looked outside through the open window at his side. Far off he could hear a crow caw. A little nearer a Martin sang. But he didn't really seem to notice these Spring-like sounds. He kept thinking of a wheelchair with his own tiny, crooked form filling it's seat. And everyone that walked past him would turn to stare at the crippled boy that was him. Jerry shuddered, the image seeming so real to him and he wondered just how long he would have until the image became reality.

Suddenly, his eyes focused on a grey spot far off in the field. At a glance he knew it was Henry. A feeling of excitement passed through him in inspite of his anger of only a few hours ago.

Jerry got up and brushed the straw from his pants. Bolting the calf pen door securely, he went to stand by the door.

The chores were all finished, and Dad was in the kitchen preparing supper. Jerry's stomach growled at just the thought and he wondered if maybe Henry was here to join them for supper.

Henry's smile widened as he noticed Jerry standing by the barn door.

"What are you doing over here so early in the evening?"

Asked Jerry returning Henry's smile.

Henry shrugged. "I just thought maybe we could hitch up Whitie to the cart."

Jerry's eyes widened. "Whitie? Oh, no. I've seen your calves hitched up already," he said laughing. He knew the real reason for Henry's unusual visit. He just wanted to make friends again.

"Well... then maybe we could go for a walk. Dad gave me the whole evening off."

"How does that happen? Are the others still busy?"

"Uh-uh." Henry nodded. "But I hurried with my work as fast as I could and- well, I never even asked to have off. He just said I could, 'cause I hurried so."

"But what about your supper?"

"We already ate. That's why we were so early 'cause I did most of the chores. I had about half of them done when Dad and the boys came home from the field."

"Oh, I see. Well, come in for supper with us too. Then maybe we can persuade my Dad to let me have off too."

Their supper was an unusually hurried one. Jerry was as excited as Henry to get going with whatever fun Henry had waiting for them tonight.

"Now you boys don't go too far." His Dad said after the dishes had been put away. "It's seven o'clock now and it'll soon be dark."

"We won't," they chorused, already half way out the door.

"Don't you think it would be fun to hitch up Whitie to your cart?"

"I think she's too young yet."

"I wish you had a pony." Henry frowned. "If you had a brother, you'd have a pony. Say," he said suddenly excited. "Why don't we go talk to Reuben and Ben."

"My Dad said not to go too far," Jerry reminded him. "And anyhow I don't think they like me."

"Come on, Jerry. They couldn't have decided one way or another in such a short time."

"It's just the way they looked so hard at me today in school."

"I didn't notice anything like that. Come on let's go. Please!"

In a way Jerry wanted to go too. He couldn't help but be curious about Mr. Edward's treasure. And he had almost wished Henry would suggest going but..."I can't Henry, my Dad said not to go too far."

"It's not far. Only about three quarters of a mile across the fields."

"O.k, but this time let's watch out for that black dog."

"Let's take a club along this time," Henry suggested. "We're not going to snoop or anything. Just to visit. So he couldn't get us if Mr. Edward's is there."

A club in each of their hands they trudged through the woods. It was a cool evening and Jerry almost wished he'd have put on his coat. But it had been so warm today. Who'd have thought to wear a coat! But he enjoyed the sound of the frogs in the swamp away to their side and the goodnights of the birds as they sang their evening songs.

"I like the woods." He declared suddenly.

"So do I," agreed Henry, then "I'll bet Ben and Rueben will be surprised to see us."

Jerry nodded, but inside he hadn't been thinking of the upcoming visit with the two new boys, he had been thinking of the treasure.

As they neared Mr. Edward's place they saw the boys working beside the barn. Jerry looked about expectantly wondering where the black dog was lurking. Surely any moment that creature would come out of no where.

Sensing Jerry's reluctance Henry said, "Come on, we'll make sure they know we're here."

And with that he shouted a big 'hello'. The boys whirled about surprised.

"Well, look who it is," they chorused.

"Is Mr. Edwards home?" Jerry couldn't help but ask.

"No," Ben answered. "He's gone for a walk with his dog."

"Good," replied Henry enthusiastically. "We don't care too much for his dog."

"Oh, well I guess he's a little protective of Mr. Edwards," commented Rueben. "But as long as we stay away from him, the dog's o.k."

"So what are you doing?" Asked Henry.

"We want to fix up this old barn for our horses and cows when they come," replied Rueben as a man came around the corner of the barn. Rueben turned toward the man and introduced him to the two visiting boys. "Dad," he said. "These boys are our neighbors."

Jerry remembered seeing Mr. Gerig at church. He had such bushy eyebrows. Now they rose in a questioning way. "Not brothers though?"

Henry shook his head and said, "No, Jerry here, lives that way," Henry pointed. "And I live that way."

"I see," nodded Mr. Gerig. "I guess we'll all have to get together sometime when we're all moved in."

Henry nodded politely. "Well why don't we just help you all a while. What do you want me to do?"

Jerry stood silently to the side as the three boys got busy. Ben looked over at him once a bit curiously, but when Jerry turned away so did he.

A lump began slowly to form in his throat. Now Henry had already forgotten him.

"I know what I'll do," he said suddenly brightening. "I'll go around the house and see if I can find any dug up ground in the yard."

Still holding his club, he started away. "I'll look in the place where Mr. Edwards was patting the ground so strangely the other evening." His brow creased with a puzzled look as he recalled the strange actions of Mr. Edwards. Was he making sure that it was snug and tight? A garden to the left of him close beside the outside fence drew his attention suddenly. Tiny rows of vegetables were just beginning to show up through the dirt and everything was perfect and neat. A few fruit trees bordered the garden's edge on the side nearest to the house. It was beside this garden somewhere that Mr. Edwards had knelt that day.

"Well, if it's in the garden, I won't be able to see if it's dug up anyhow," thought Jerry to himself. He was walking slowly when something hit his foot. The obstacle startled him into losing his balance. His arms pinwheeled wildly in a vain effort to catch himself. The club he had held went flying and he fell face forward onto the neatly mowed lawn.

"Whoof, whoof, whoof!"

Jerry's heart beat a crazy tattoo as he tried to scramble for club.

"Whoof, whoof, whoof!" The dog had flying feet.

"Mr. Edwards is home, the dog-, the dog-, he'll-."

"Chippy! Chippy, come here!"

Hearing this the dog halted and contented himself with staring angrily at Jerry. Jerry backed slowly away. Then remembering where he had tripped he backed to the side just in time to see a little mound of dirt aground and new just beside the garden, but still in the garden.

"Come on. Come back here Chippy, " Mr. Edwards commanded of his dog.

Jerry felt relieved as the dog went loping back to his master. Slowly Jerry turned. There stood three boys and one man wide-eyed and wondering.

"What happened?" Asked Henry.

Jerry blushed, "I-I was looking at Mr. Edwards garden and tripped on something when the dog saw me."

"I don't think he'd have done anything." Ben reassured him. "His bark is worse than his bite."

But Henry was eyeing Jerry knowingly. Those boys did not know what they did.

"But, I'd have been scared too. Especially if I couldn't have run away."

Ben looked at Jerry's back then added. "Maybe you should have stayed with us."

Chapter 9

Jerry and Henry were far too busy hurrying home to even think about discussing Mr. Edwards. In fact they barely even spoke at all.

"I can go on alone now," Jerry spoke as they neared the place where Henry would turn off to go home.

At any other time Henry would have disagreed. 'I'm not afraid of the dark,' he'd say. 'I'd better walk home with you.'

But tonight he accepted, relieved. "If you think you can." He sighed. "I'll go on home. Dad said to be sure and be back before dark tonight." He paused by the gate. "But are you sure. You're Dad won't like it."

"He won't know." Jerry laughed, and hurried on waving good-bye.

It was completely dark as Jerry walked up nervously to the door. He kept thinking of his own words concerning his father as he had parted from Henry, 'He won't know.' In a way, it made him feel guilty. There had been so much of late that he had been keeping from his father. So much he tried to keep secret.

Voices coming from the living room startled him to a halt in the doorway. Who was here with Dad?

A soft, girlish laugh floated on the air, startling him even more. And then she spoke and the voice he heard could not be mistaken. It was teacher Mary.

Had Dad known she would come tonight? And is that why he had agreed so readily to let him leave? So he wouldn't be there to disturb them?

"Are you home, Jerry?" Dad's form moved out into the darkness of the porch. "I thought I heard a door squeak."

"Yes, I'm home."

"It's dark, Jerry," his father's voice reminded him sternly.

Jerry shrugged.

"Where were you?"

Jerry looked up at his father's unusually stern tone and replied, "I- we went to-to see Ben and Rueben Gerig."

The silence was heavy as Dad eyed him unsmiling. "Didn't I say not to go that far?"

Jerry look away speechless. He knew better than to talk back, but inside he was full of rebellion. Which was worse? His keeping secrets, or his Dad?

Dad's voice softened suddenly as he said, "Jerry do you think that now because you're older you can disobey me? Or lie to me?"

Jerry look up sharply. How did his Dad know he had lied to him?

"Jerry, answer me."

"I-I," Jerry stopped. What could he say?

"The other evening, when we were at the Mast's for dinner, where did you and Henry go?"

"I- we-"

"Tell me Jerry," Dad's hand lay gently, yet firmly on his shoulder.

"T-to Mr. Edwards."

"Mr. Edwards? Why?"

"I don't know, just to look around, I guess. He's got a big dog and-and he's so different."

"Jerry, Jerry. Of course he's different. So are you. I wouldn't think you'd say that of another person who is even less fortunate than you are."

Less fortunate? What did Dad mean? And how had he found this out? Had Mary found out someway? Not from Henry he knew. Henry was talkative, but he was sly when it came to keeping secrets.

"It hurts me to think that you would deliberately disobey me, Jerry." He turned and motioned Jerry inside. "Mary's made some popcorn and we've been waiting to eat it until you came back." He tried to speak cheerily. "Wash yourself and bring in a few bowls would you?"

It was dark here in the kitchen. Confused thoughts were racing through his mind. They had not really lied that evening. How could he make Dad see that?

He lingered longer than necessary in the kitchen trying to make the redness in his cheeks go away. Then slowly he opened the cupboard and took out three bowls and headed for the living room.

Teacher Mary smiled as he entered. "My you look hungry," she teased. "Or let's hope you are." Then gesturing towards the popcorn on the table she said, "I popped a lot of it because I knew you liked popcorn."

After a bit, Jerry relaxed and joined in the conversation with his usual boisterous way. It was so easy to forget one's troubles, in-between the happenings.

"How did you come Mary?" Jerry asked suddenly. "Did you walk?"

Mary nodded blushing just a bit.

"Guess what Jerry, she even helped me finish planting our garden. Mary must have known how you dreaded that job."

Jerry laughed "Well, I always have to put in the seeds. It would be more fun to rake and make holes."

Dad laughed, "Yes, and remember how excited you were the first day we planted?"

Jerry blushed, "Well..."

"More exciting to begin with?" Mary finished as he was searching for the correct words to explain it.

"I guess." Jerry nodded laughingly. "Are you going to stay here overnight or walk home again?"

"My aren't you full of questions," Dad laughed. "I just thought that maybe we would hitch up a wagon and take Mary home. Anyways, It's my fault she's here. I asked her to come help."

"Oh, you didn't tell me."

"Well it was suppose to be a surprise. I thought you would be home earlier and be able to spend more time with us."

Jerry didn't know what to say. He didn't want to think that what his father said was really true. That they had wanted him with them. In fact it gave him a slightly satisfied feeling to take this as a new way of proving Dad cared for Mary more than himself. It helped him feel better about his own secrets he'd been keeping. In fact it made him feel grown up to be able to keep secrets to himself.

It was on the way home from Mary's place that Dad cleared his throat and asked, "Don't you like school anymore, Jerry?"

Jerry looked at his father surprised. "Why?" He hadn't really thought about it before. It was just a place that boys his age were suppose to go.

"Mary says you're slipping in your grades."

Jerry shrugged as if to say 'so what'. But aloud he said nothing.

"There's something bothering you, isn't there my boy?"

Dad's voice was so gentle. he used the term 'my boy' only on very special occasions, and in a way it pricked Jerry's conscience, but still he shook his head.

"I know you must feel different from your friends." Dad began again. "But you seemed contented at first when it began. But of course it's not quite six months, yet since we've known of your handicap so maybe...maybe I've taken too much for granted."

Dad was staring far away, as if he'd forgotten who was listening. "Your Mother treasured you dearly." Dad's voice choked. "I only hope I can teach you to always be a good boy as she so wanted you to be."

Jerry felt touched by Dad's words. It was seldom Dad ever talked about the past. Oh, he told Jerry a lot of his Mother, how kind she had always been, but it was seldom that he showed his emotions or loneliness. He had always spoken cheerily about Mom to Jerry. Really Jerry had never realized how lonesome his Dad might be. He was happy with Dad. But Dad-had loved and known Mom-Jerry hadn't been old enough. For Jerry, Dad seemed suddenly a different man. He had feelings too. He was lonesome. Lonesome for Mom.

The stars shone down upon them as they turned into the drive. Jerry studied them wonderingly. They were so very far above. He looked at Dad. For some reason Dad didn't seem so very big anymore. He wasn't too much bigger than Jerry compared to the wide heavens.

"Maybe Dad gets afraid too, thought Jerry. Doesn't he feel as big as he has always looked to me? Jerry forgot suddenly that there had ever been anything he had kept from his Dad. Right now his heart felt a deep longing of love, as if he felt Dad needed someone to make him happy or protected against life's tragedies, just as Dad had so often protected him.

Together they unhitched and Jerry offered to lead the horse away. Dad smiled and gave him the rope. Jerry smiled back reassuringly at the question in his eyes. "I can Dad." was all he said.

Dad was standing by the barn yard fence when Jerry returned. "D-Dad," he stammered. "I-I tried to unharness her but..." Jerry bit his lip.

Dad turned suddenly as if he'd just remembered that the horse needed to be unharnessed. "Oh, I forgot, Jerry. I guess I was just dreaming too much."

Dad did not expect to find the harness half way off and halfway on. He stopped short and suddenly understood Jerry's trembling lips.

Taking hold of the harness he pulled it off and untangled it, talking calmly to the baffled horse. "Thats o.k., Tracy, just hold still. Oh, wait a minute till I loosen the crooper. There now it's off." Dad hung it on the wall and patted Tracy's neck. "Why don't we let you out to pasture. I see you've given her oats. Jerry."

It was 9:30 when Dad and Jerry stepped into the house. Dad hadn't said a word about the tangled harness, but for some reason Jerry felt he was pleased- and surprised.

For the first time in a long time Jerry had told himself 'I can ' and really tried.

Jerry was tired but he lay a long time staring into the darkness. He kept remembering Dad's lonely look and choking voice. He kept remembering how small Dad had looked beneath the skies so far and wide. He kept remembering Dad saying 'maybe I have failed.'

Failed? That meant doing something wrong. Did Dad do things wrong at times too. And were there times that he felt tiny and small and afraid, beneath the great world just like he did?

Then he remembered his smile when Jerry had said 'I can'.

Was he slipping in his grades because he thought he can't at school?

Then there were certain things he could do if he wanted to, like taking long walks with Henry.

Then there were the twin calves. Dad had said 'they're yours 'and they may do you good.' Did they?

Well, for one thing he could take care of them. Some evenings he got tired of medicine and patience, but he knew Dad would expect him to care for them and so he did.

Maybe they were good for him.

I must try and do my chores always willingly, he thought and fell into a peaceful sleep.

By Mrs. Tobie Schmucker *to be continued*

Animal Salvage

Editors Note! It is a known fact that a great percent of America's greatest industries were started by poor German Immigrants. This story is a good example.

I recently read a few issues of the Diary and found them far more interesting then they were at the time that I wrote or reported to it at the beginning, I am enclosing a story, (true) that may be of some interest to some readers since we are approaching the time when people will be killing hogs and beef for their winters supply, we have probably all heard the remark that nothing is wasted except the (squeal) which is a lot truer then we might think.

Back in 1839 a boy by the name of Nelson Morris immigrated to the U.S. from the Black Forest's in Germany at the age of 12. He first found work in the east, but later made his way to chicago where he found work for $5.00 per month plus room and board, later on he got a raise to $15.00 per month.

Chicago had a slaughter place for many years where people drove cattle to, from as far away as Texas to sell for slaughtering, they were driven by cow boys, sometimes several weeks on the way, that is where the word drover's originates from.

Later about 1852, when rail roads were built, pigs and cattle were being shipped by rail to Chicago and the above mentioned Nelson Morris decided to start up his own business, he started a rendering plant to use up the bones and other waste from the slaughter house, he also picked up the dead animals from the train cars that came in when ever there were any. His business was a success and he ended up being a millionaire. That is quite a contrast of todays conditions where people get up to $25.00 per hour, and can't make ends meet.

Nelsons business kept expanding until his business expanded all over, even in Canada, he of course is long gone, but Darling & Co. as it was named is going stronger then ever. I'm not quite sure how many plants they have in Canada and the United States. But they also have a plant in California that processes whale oil. Whaling ships 100 miles off shore catch the whales and tow them in to the plant where they are processed, most of the whale oil is exported to Japan they prefer that, instead of animal fats, like what is used in our country.

At present the U.S. slaughters about 90 million hogs, 35 million cattle and more then 13 billion pound of broilers and turkeys yearly and out of the wastes (about 30 billion lbs.) of hoof's, bone's, entrails and dead animals they make about 8 billion lbs. of tallow, 6 billion lbs. pet food, plus bone meal, tankage and feather meal, tallow is a fattening agent mixed into concentrate (sprayed on hot) this then serves as a fattening ration to feed to cattle and hog, tallow also has an almost endless list of uses in North America, but approximately half of our animal production is exported all over the world. Our biggest purchaser is Egypt, followed by Korea, USSR, Japan and the Netherlands.

Wastes and bones from cattle today are made into tallow, margarine, candles, chewing gum, fertilizer, animal feed, lard, salves, cosmetics, grease, oil, cutting oil, gelatine, soap, glycerine and gun powder also contain tallow and is also used when tanning leather to keep it soft and pliable, it is also sprayed on hot, on nails, bolts, wire, staples etc. to keep from rusting while in storage until bought by the consumer.

Our rendering industry produces about 8 billion lbs. of tallow per year and we only consume about 1 1/4 billion lbs. The rest is exported.

Glue is another product made from hides and bones etc. first it is simmered down to a real thick soup'y stage and dried into powder or pellets, In the early 1900's this was the main glue in furniture factories etc. It was also used in rubber shop's to put elasticity into rubber products, such as car or tractor tires etc., rubber shoe sales, gummed tape, cardboard boxes etc.

Tallow is also made into oleic acid by first running it through a splitter tower which operates at 500 degrees hot and under 800 lbs. pressure and then run through a still afterwards to refine it.

As a finish product it is sold by the train car loads to petroleum co's where it is used to make non lead gasoline.

Tallow is shipped by rail to New Orleans where it is loaded onto tanker ships that carry about 2 million lbs, one ship load has a value of about $250,000 and we have exported as many as 40 ship loads in one year.

Another thing is hair from hides etc. those are used in mattress, upholstered chairs, gloves, horse collars and pads, also the fine hair from inside cattle ears are said to be made into brushes used by water sets etc. used by artiest etc. So you can see there isn't much more wasted then the squeal and we have come a long way to our present time to what it was back before Nelson Morris started up the rendering business, at that time bones and other wastes were buried by men with teams and slip scrapers to get rid of them, that was before the days of the bulldozer. Chicago used to just slaughter in the winter time as they had no rail service or refrigeration. As soon as it was cool enough in the fall they would ship meat to New York city by boats before a freeze up on the lakes.

Farmers were paid $2.75 per hundred dressed wt., and had to wait until the meat was sold in the east before they got their pay.

In about 1852 when rail roads began to appear things started booming because meat could be shipped fast by rail any time, with a good market for cattle in Chicago stock yards, people began coming from all over and a hotel was needed for cow boys to rest up before returning home, a 300 room hotel was built for that purpose, it was called the transit house, they used the finest linens and served the best of meals with lots of beef to revive tired cow boys who had been on the road a couple weeks driving cattle.

They charged up to $2.50 per day for a room and meals, today that would not even pay the taxes on a good room for one night. The hotel sat on the corner of 43st and Halsted Ave. and is still used today by rich merchants or business men from all over who go there to relax and while away their idle time.

Getting back to rendering, the old method was one batch at a time, something like we would render lard but in a much bigger way. Today a lot of plants have gone to continuous flow method where the bones come through a chopper that cuts everything up fine and from there they go into huge vats and by the time it simmers and flows to the other end it is a finished product. When the Toronto plant was changed to continuous flow they got engineers from Japan to set it up. They had to open the end of the building and lay a rail way track inside where the vats were to set. The trolleys were set on the track and the tank lowered onto it by cranes and then rolled into the building on the track. After they had it were they wanted it, it was jacked up, trolleys and track taken away, then the furnace was built and the tank or vat was lowered into it's place. The new plant is all computerized and runs around the clock. It takes a whole fleet of trucks gathering up bones etc. just to keep this one plant in operation.

They aim to be clean and the rules are strict. Any driver who comes in with soiled clothes will loose his days pay. The company furnishes the uniforms that they are to wear and they have to appear clean and neat. Our local trucker says they give him more suits than he can wear out.

Where do all the bones come from? Any sizable town has a butcher shop or store where they cut up meat all over the country, not to mention bigger cities like Toronto etc. They have 3 million people to feed there so just imagine the amount of scraps for just one day.

Owen Sound also has a plant where they kill horses, approx. 85 per day. On their heavy days they kill as many as 125 and all the meat is boned out before it is shipped to France, Holland etc. so all in all there must be a huge pile of bones every day and we are lucky to have a means to consume their products.

Blood is another thing that is not wasted.It is picked up by bulk Semi trucks at the Slaughter houses and taken to a drying plant where it is dried into powder form and then bagged into 50 pound paper bags, this is then sold to big milling co's where it is mixed into concentrate for cattle and hogs. Blood is very high in protein.

A local man had the job of driving one of these blood trucks but I guess it was pretty dirty work, especially in the summertime. He does other trucking now.

Now we have come over everything except the squeal, and until they find some use for it, it will have to be wasted.
Submitted by Noah Stutzman

THAD and CHARLIE DICK

Burning Prairie and Robbing the Crows.

In every pecan tree crows were cawing loudly. And crow after crow flew down and disappeared in the grass. Later they would flutter upward, then fly back to the tree tops for more pecans.

"They must be hiding lots of pecans there," the girl remarked, as the two, buckets between them, moved on toward the haw tree.

"They are. That's what they're all so busy about all along the creek here. This is harvest time in the crow settlement. They'll keep on gathering pecans and hiding pecans as long as there's one left on the trees to gather."

On coming to the haw trees, Thad and the girl found the children still eating haws. But they all stopped eating long enough to drink. A little later the whole party went on to the wagons. While the thirsty people there were drinking, Thad and Marzee told what they had seen the crows doing.

"They must have bushels of pecans hid there in that patch of grass," the boy remarked, in conclusion.

"Couldn't they be found, all the pecans the crows have hid away there?" Mrs. Wilkins wanted to know.

Her husband laughed. "Hard time you'd have findin' anything that a crow's put away. I know, for I've tried that—time and ag'in. I've watched a crow fly up out of a bunch of grass, where I jest as good as knowed the thing had been hidin' somethin'. But never was I able to find what was hid there. A paterge's nest is believed to be a hard thing to discover; but a paterge's nest is easy compared to a crow's hidin's."

"There is a way to find a crow's hidin's," Mr. Dayberry remarked. "I've knowed it to be used, too. But I've never yit tried it myself."

"What's that—how's that?" Mr. Wilkins wanted to know.

"Why, by burnin' off the grass. Then all you've got to do is to kick the ashes away and help yourself to the pecans. But you'd better grab 'em up forthwith. Crows will have 'em and gone with 'em if you give 'em half a chance."

"But—but won't the prarie fire burn up the pecans?" questioned Mrs. Wilkins.

"Oh, no! Grass don't make a hot enough fire for that. Jest smokes 'em a little bit—that's all. Don't hurt 'em inside." "If that patch of praire grass down yonder was burnt off, I just know we could pick up scads of pecans," Thad remarked.

"But it wouldn't be fair to rob the poor crows, after they've gone to the tròuble to gather the pecans and hide 'em,'' protested Marzee.

Charley Dick laughed at her—laughed scornfully. "Anythin's fair with them black, thievin' boogers! All they're good fur is to pull up corn, anyhow!''

And Marzee's father said: "If we could starve 'em every one to death, or starve 'em out of the country, so much the better for all of us. Then a body could plant his corn in peace next corn-plantin' time. And maybe we could raise a watermelon or two next year.'' After a redskin and a horse theif, there was nothing that these settlers hated worse than they hated a crow.

All the nut hunters had rested by this time, and they were soon busy threshing the trees and picking up pecans again. During the afternoon the two boys gathered a bucketful of red haws, and then a basketful of wild grapes. And thus they busied themselves till the sinking of the sun behind the high ridge to the west warned them that it was time to return to the fort. Then the teams were brought back and put to the wagons, and all the party drove away.

When the wagons had passed the Dayberry farm and crossed the creek, Thad looked ahead and saw something that interested him. At once he called the others' attention to it.

Crow after crow was flying across the valley, westward, and disappearing over the ridge. Usually they were about fifty yards apart, and they were flying one behind another.

"They've been out on the praire streams getherin' pecans and sich like and hidin' 'em. And now that their day's work's ended, they're scootin' back to the Cross Timber to roost,'' Mr. Dayberry remarked.

"Yes, I've seen 'em flying across there before,'' Thad said. "Just about sunset every day they cross the valley on their way toward the timbered country. They cross at the same place every time. I've watched 'em flying by for a good while. Must be hundreds and hundreds of 'em.''

"And so've I watched 'em,'' spoke up Charley Dick, "They've got a flyin' road right acrosst yander.''

"So they've made a wing path through the air, have they?'' Mrs. Dayberry remarked. "Well, now, that's—that's something new, isn't it? One would suppose that every crow would fly home to roost by his own way. But the wild things have strange ways.''

"Yes. And them wild things yander has got mighty mean, sneaking ways, too,'' commented her husband. "They'll make a sight of trouble for us pore settlers about nest corn-plantin' time, I'll betchy. When it ain't the red boogers pesterin' and tormentin' and robbin' us, why, then it's the black boogers.''

"Still, they have interesting ways,'' his wife insisted, thoughtfully.

"That they have—too all-fired interestin' to suit me, speshly when I have to stand guard over my cornfield. Consarn their ugly pickchers, I say!''

From their first nut-gathering trip the Dayberry's and the Wilkinses had nearly two bushels of pecans for each family. But even that quantity would not last all of them a great while when the long winter nights came, and they had little or nothing to do but to sit around great, roaring log fires, chatting and joking and cracking nuts. So it was not long till they were planning another day in the woods.

Again, when the morning agreed upon came, the two families drove out of the fort in their two wagons. This time they passed out at the northeast corner, then followed up the prarie divide between Blocker Creek and Williams Creek. They were on their way to the Wilkins farm.

Again while the whole party spent the day, or most of it, in the woods along the creek, threshing pecan trees and picking up the brown nuts that showered down. They rested long at dinner time; and it was while resting and chatting that somebody proposed that they try burning over a patch of grassland somewhere and robbing the crows of what they had hidden.

All agreed to the suggestion as soon as it was made, partly because that would be a novel way of gathering nuts, and party because of their hatred for the whole crow family. There were now hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of those noisy black fellows gathered along the prairie streams.

"Won't be worth while for any of us to plant a hill of corn nest spring, as long as all them there sly boogers keeps on hangin' around here,'' Mr. Wilkins grumbled. "They won't leave us a mess of roas'n'-years to our name. And watermelons and mushmelons—we could plant a whole field full and never git a good smell!''

"If we're going to burn off the grass to find pecans, let's go over and fire that patch of valley land close to our place,'' Thad proposed. "I've never seen as many crows hiding pecans anywhere as we noticed over there. The grass is very thick in that little valley, and it makes the best hiding places.''

"Yes, that's as good a patch to fire as any, I'm thinkin','' was Mr. Wilkins opinion. "With the creek on one side and a gravelly ridge on the other, it won't be much trouble to burn that without lettin' the fire get away from us, even if a wind does start up.''

And Thad's father remarked: "That'll come handy anyhow. We can drive by and burn it on our way home.''

"But we mustn't wait till too late. We'll need a good light to find pecans in the ashes and on burnt-over land,'' the other man said.

After gathering where they were till the middle of the afternoon, the nut hunters put the teams to their wagons, and the whole party drove across the ridge till they were on a hill overlooking the little Blocker Creek valley thay had in mind to burn. There they left their wagons and all walked down into the valley.

By making use of his flintlock and some lint cotton, Thad soon had a bunch of grass blazing. Then he and Charley Dick ran along the foot of the hill, in opposite directions, trailing blazing wisps of grass, and thus firing the prairie valley. When that part was done, they broke dorn bushes and ran back as they had come, whipping out the fire on the side toward the hill. There being not much breeze, the fire burnt slowly, even in the direction they wanted it to burn. But it flamed high.

While it was burning, the two boys ran hither and thither, each with his bush, keeping it within bounds. When all of the little valley had been burnt over and the fire failed out, three or four acres of black, smoking ground lay spread out before the pecan hunters.

As soon as the burnt-over ground was cool enough not to crisp the shoe soles of those who wore shoes, or blister the feet of those who went barefooted, all began to explore the ashes to see what they could find. Each had armed himself with a stick.

Where the grass had been thickest there now remained a clump of charred grass which party retained its shape, just as burnt paper often retains its shape. But when the charred grass was knocked aside, it usually disclosed a little nest of pecan nuts. Commonly there were four or five in a place, all lying snugly together. Only a bird whose nature is to conceal things could have managed the hiding so skillfully.

Now that the grass had been burnt, it was surprising how many of those nut nests could be discovered. With a bucket or a basket in one hand and a stick in the other, each pecan hunter moved here and there over the black ground. And under nearly every clump of charred grass was found a handful of nuts.

"Thad, this is more fun than picking up pecan under the trees! Don't you think so?" cried Marzee.

"Yes, believe it is. Anyhow it's different—it's a change. But the crows don't like it."

"Don't like it! Well, I'd say they don't from the noise they make! They've been scolding us ever since you first set fire to the grass."

In every tree close by were flocks of crows; and as many more were flying to and fro overhead. And every crow was cawing his indignation at the high-handed way in which they were being robbed. Indeed, the whole air roundabout was noisy with them.

"They don't think it's fair, and they're not mealy-mouthed about saying so. And they're right. It's not even half-way fair," the girl declared.

Charley Dick laughed scornfully. "Anything's fair with them nonesunces!" Then he began to sing:

"Says the blackbird to the crows,
"What makes white folks hate us so?"
"Ever since old Adam's been gone,
It's been our trade to pull up corn."

Rapidly the people robbing the crows worked. It had taken an hour and more for the fire to burn over the prarie valley, and night was now not far away. Not a little time would be needed for the nut hunters to search all the burnt-over land.

Once, while knocking ashes away with his stick, Thad struck something hard. On stopping to examine it, the thing proved to be a good-sized iron ring, partly buried under the turf. And when he pulled the ring out of the ground, there was much more than a ring.

"What in the world have you got there?" demanded Marzee, when she saw him holding it up. The girl was not far away.

"More than I can tell, that is. Looks to me like some kind of a bridle bit." "Yes, that's jest what the thing is—a bridle bit!" called out Charley Dick. The three kept not far apart in their pecan hunting.

"Strangest-looking bridle bit I ever set eyes on," declared the girl.

"Oh, it's not our kind of a bit," Charley Dick told them. "I know, for I've seed 'em like that before—one like it before."

"Not our kind of bridle bit? Then what kind is it?"

"Why, hits—hits a Spanish bridle bit. That's what kind."

"A Spanish bridle bit? And what's this big ring for?" Thad questioned.

"That slips over the horses's under jaw. With that on a nag, you can mighty nigh break his jaw if he don't do what you want 'im to. Must ha' been death on horses, them there Spanish felers."

Hangin the ring on his basket arm, Thad went on knocking away charred grass and picking up pecans. When the last of the burnt-over land had been searched, in spite of the loudly cawed protests of the pecan's rightful owners, all the nut hunters returned to their wagons. Everybody had black hands, and several of them smutty faces. Each family had obtained, all together, about a bushel of the grass pecans, and Charley Dick a gallon or two more.

Thad still had his bridle bit on his arm, and the whole party were soon examing the thing curiously.

"Yes, this is a Spanish bridle bit, or a Mexican bridle bit, whichever you want to call it," Mr. Dayberry told them. "I recollect seein' one or two of the things before. Good many years ago that was, when I first moved to Texas. Savage creechers, them there Spaniards must ha' been; and the Mexicans ain't a great sight better, I 'low. With sech a bit as this on a nag, they could make 'im squeal for mercy. Plague-takin' little feelin' them boogrs had for a pore dumb brute!"

"How do you reckon that there concern come to be where Thad found it, Mr. Dayberry?"

"Hard tellin' for certain as to that, Charley Dick. Was a time, you know, when the Spanish had control of this whole country. That is, on the south side of Red River. They done some minin' up there in Montague county, not fur from the river. Place we now call the Spanish Diggin's. In them days, so I've heared tell, it was death or a Mexican dungeon for anybody but a Spaniard to set foot this side of Red river, for any purpose whatever. Of course the' was men venchersome enough to brave the danger, 'specially when they wanted to ketch wild horses. But this country along the line here was patrolled by Spanish troops, and most of the fellers that crossed to the Mexican side got nabbed before they could cross back to the American side. Red river was the dividin' line between the two countries here. And all that did git ketched, they either lost their lives or got drug off to Mexico and shut up in dungeons for the balance of their days.''

"And the dungeons must ha' been worse than death,'' Mr. Wilkins remarked. "Yes, a long shot worse. Or at least it would be to me.''

"But how did the bit happen to be where I pulled it up, pa? Did some Spaniard lose it there?''

"Chances air that's the way, Thad. As I just said, Spanish soldiers used to ride a mounted patrol of this country close to the line, to keep furriners from trespassin'. My guess would be that a bunch of their troops camped here in this valley some night, and a bridle of theirs got lost in the grass and left behind. Of course that was a long time ago—more than forty years ago, I guess; and the rest of the bridle rotted and disappeared long before a white settler ever set sole leather on this country.''

"The bit ain't rusted as much as a body would ha' thught it would rust in all them forty or fifty years,'' Mr. Wilkins observed.

"The Mexicans owned this country a good many years after the Spaniards left it,'' suggested Mrs. Dayberry. "If they patrolled the country, some of them might have left the bit behind.''

"Yes, the Mexicans claimed Texas till General Houston knocked the props out from under their claims at the battle of San Jacinto,'' Mr. Wilkins answered.

And Thad's father said, "I know they did. But I've never yit heard tell that the Mexicans kep' troops along the line. Come to think of it, b'lieve they did keep a little army down along the Sabine river. But that was to shet fillibusters out. The fillibusterin' parties all tried to cross over from Loozyanny. They kep' down close to the coast, where the' was some few settlements, even before Austin and others planted their colonies. I don't 'low the Mexicans had any soldiers as high up as this.''

"Then you think my bridle bit was lost down there by the Spaniards, do you, pa?''

"Not much doubt about that, I guess, Thad. At least not to my way of thinkin'. That valley down there would be a bully place to camp in the winter time; and 'specially when a norther was whoopin' acrosst these high ridges. After ridin' all day in the cold, the Spanish troops may ha' been glad to run acrosst sech a sheltered spot as that to spend the night in. The timber along the creek would pertect 'em from the norther—shelter 'im on the north and west. Be plenty of wood and water right clost by; and under that thick grass the horses could find green grass a plenty, by nosin' for it.''

"And the horses them fellers rode them days knowed how to nose for it, you may be shore,'' Mr. Wilkins remarked:

"Ought to, I guess. They'd been wild horses—mustangs—before they'd been captured and broke to ride. I can jest about see them Spanish troops ridin' along here, and then turnin' down into the valley and unsaddlin'. They'd kindle their camp fire back somewhere under the trees, where the' wasn't much grass growin' for the shade. They wouldn't want to set the prarie afire. And then—''

"We'd better be traveling—unless we want to camp where the Spaniards camped, or somewhere else,'' Thad's mother interrupted the conversation to say.

"That's a fact,'' Mrs. Wilkins agreed. "Night will be on us now before we can reach Fort Blocker.''

"Oh well, our teams know the way, even in the dark,'' Mr. Wilkins answered.

"Yes, it's little we care about night comin' onto us. It's red boogers comin' onto us that I dread,'' Thad's father told them.

"And red boogers will have a better chance to surprise us in the dark than they would in daylight,'' said Mrs. Dayberry.

The two wagons were soon rattling along toward the fort. Night had come on before they drove into the square, and some of the smallest children were asleep. It was late, for these people, when, after milking their cows and eating their supper, they betook themselves to their beds.

Robbing the crows—gathering the grass pecans—had detained the nut hunters longer than they had expected to remain out. But the pecans found there had been worth the delay.

Only a day or two after the Wilkinses and the Dayberrys had taken their last nutting excursion, the heads of the families had to ride away west for ten days of scouting. After their return, Thad's father and Thad had more than a week of farm work to do. At the end of that time, there being little to keep them busy, Charley Dick and Thad decided upon another hunting and fishing trip.

As they had done earlier in the season, they would go down Blocker, to the unsettled country between Doss's Ranch and the mouth of the creek. Not being needed at home, they informed their friends that they would be gone at least a few days; and they might even spend a week in the woods.

Very early one morning—it was before sunrise—the two passed out of the fort and tramped away southward. This time they left the creek for the higher grounds and followed a ridge road till they came to the ranch. Each had a not very large bundle hanging on his gun barrel. In each bundle were some cold biscuits and a little piece of bacon and also a blanket. The nights were rather too cool now for them to depend wholly upon grass and leaves for bedding. To his pack Thad had added a light frying pan of his mother's. Both could have been riding; but they preferred to walk rather than be bothered with caring for horses.

A few miles brought them to Doss's Ranch. The ranch house stood on top of a high, steep hill, and the branding pen was at the foot of the hill, with a much trampled road winding down to it.

As the two pedestrians neared the ranch, they heard shouting—the well-known cries of cowboys. Pausing a minute or two, they caught sight of a drove of cattle coming up the road. There proved to be three or four hundred head in the drove, every one a great horned steer;

and several cowboys were in charge of them.

"Wonder what the boys are goin' to do with all them big fellers. Powerful sight of good eatin' there," Charley Dick remarked. After those miles of tramping, hunger was beginning to assert itself.

"Guess they're going to drive east to market. To Memphis, or somewhere in that direction, maybe. Yes, a steak from one of those fat longhorns would be mighty nice to broil."

An Adventure with a Wild Cow.

"Yander's the cowboy's camp," Charley Dick was pointing toward a canvas-topped wagon coming among some trees. "That's where they do their cookin' and eatin'."

"I wonder if they're Doss's hands."

"No tellin' for certain, Thad. Chances air they ain't, though. Doss's hands wouldn't be camped out. You see, every gang of cowboys that passes through this country stops here, no matter whether they're on a calf-brandin' round-up or a beef-getherin' round-up. They penned that big bunch of steers here last night, because it's less trouble to pen than it is to herd. That is, when they're here close to the ranch. Anywhere else they'd have to herd."

"Do you s'pose they're on their way east with 'em now?"

"Not this minute, I guess. More likely they're drivin' 'em out to water and grass. Yes; don't you see the cook a-settin' on his wagon tongue and a-smokin' his pipe? No travelin' ahead this mornin,' or he'd be drivin' up his oxens and throwin' the yoke on 'em. When the hands git the herd to grazin', they'll leave a man or two to hold the cattle, while the others rides off to round up some more beef steers from the range."

Both nodded to the cowboys, but kept at a safe distance till the drove had passed. Afterwads they stood watching till cattle and drivers were far out on the waving prairie. Then the hunters moved on. Several minutes they stopped at the wagon to chat with the cook. Having learned that their surmise as to what would be done with the cattle was correct, they passed on. A few hundred yards beyond the ranch house they turned and went down into the valley. Through the woods below the little farm they trudged, till the came to the creek. Though both tired and hungry, they tramped on, with only a brief rest, for a mile or two. That was farther than they had gone before. Here they put down their packs, guns and other things; and here, by the side of a huge log, they established their camp. It was now a good while past noon, and both boys were desperately hungry. They had shot a squirrel while passing through the woods, but they had not yet done any fishing. After setting out their hooks, they cooked the squirrel and ate it. Now they were tired enough to lie on the leaves and rest for an hour or two.

When rested they went back to their hooks, from each of which they took a fair-sized fish. Later they moved a hundred yards up stream to a good swimmin hole. The water was pretty cold, but they stood it for a quarter of an hour before coming out. Finally they returned to their hooks and went to fishing again.

At first they met with fair success, and each of them soon had a few fish strung on a dogwood switch. One end of the dogwood was stuck in the bank, so that the fish were in the water. At last Charley Dick became impatient and said:

"Fish ain't hungry any more. This is not their meal time, seems like. let's set out our hooks and try for some game before night comes on us. What do you say, Thad?"

"I say here goes, Charley Dick boy!"

After putting their few things on top of the log, to make sure that hogs did not bother them, they took up their guns and moved away.

About sunset they returned to camp. Charley Dick was carrying another squirrel and his companion a half-grown turkey. They also had their pockets crammed with pecans, and some more pecans, and burr-oak acorns in their ammunition pouches. Though not edible when raw, the acrons would be excellent when roasted. Each boy found a fish on his hook. Soon their fire had been rekindled, and the young campers proceeded to prepare their supper. Two fish were fried, and part of the turkey was broiled. They also roasted their acorns. Those were almost as large as pullet eggs, and made a fairly good substitue for bread. After eating all they wanted of their other things, the boys sat down, each with two stones, and cracked and ate most of their pecans. By this time even their boyish, out-of-doors appetites were fully satisfied.

After sitting by the big campfire for perhaps an hour, they raked together a bed of leaves, not far from the fire, spread one of their blankets on it and, with the other blanket for a cover, they were soon asleep. Not a great while later they were rudely awakened. In some manner the blaze from their campfire had spread, creeping from leaf to leaf, till it finally ignited their bed of leaves. The heat against their bare feet had promptly awakened the sleepers. They saved their blankets, which were only slightly scorched; but before they could put out the fire their whole bed of leaves was in flames. After most of it had burnt up, they whipped out the rest. Then they went round to the other side of the fire and raked together another bed of leaves, on which they were soon asleep again. This time they had been very careful to scrape the ground bare between their bed and the fire.

Every time one of them awoke during the night, his ears were greeted by the dismal hooting of owls, and by the cries of other night-flying birds and of wild animals. Most of the animal cries came from wildcats and wolves. Once also the two young hunters were somewhat frightened by the grunting of wild hogs. The grunts came from some place not far back in the darkness. Up For a good while the grunting swine lingered in the vicinty. Doubtless they were gazing at the fire; but, being back in the dark, they themselves could not be seen.

At last, afraid to go to sleep while the hogs were near, and being weary of waiting for them to go away, the boys tried yelling loudly. At that the wild drove could be heard scampering off through the woods, each one uttering his loud woof! woof! as he ran. Soon they were beyond hearing.

However, there was danger that they might return, and the campers did not sleep quite so soundly after that. When morning came, the hooks set out the night before had more fish on them. Those the fisher boys put on their strings and kept in the water. They were hoping to keep them alive till the time to start for home, whenever that might be. There were other things, plenty of them, to cook for breakfast.

After eating, the boys fished for an hour or two. Then they set out their hooks, put their camp things upon the log, and started off through the woods. They were out partly for game and partly to explore this wild valley. Before tramping far, they heard the sounds made by turkeys when feeding. Turning in that direction, they soon came in sight of a numerous flock. The wild fowls were under a haw tree, making a breakfast of red haws. While the boys were trying to steal up close enough for a shot, there was suddenly a wild scampering of the flock. A hungry wolf had dashed in among them and seizzed one. The others ran a few yards, then took to flight, with much noisy flapping of their big wings. Being disappointed in their effort to kill some turkeys, the hunters tried to shoot the wolf. But that cunning beast of prey darted off with his game and they saw him no more.

Doubly disappointed now, they consoled themselves by stooping under the haw tree and eating all the red haws they wanted. After that they wandered on.

Each of the hunters was eager to kill a deer. They could use the meat, but what they wanted most was the skins. Both needed some new buckskin clothes. Also they could sell such dressed deerskins as they did not care to use themselves.

After rambling about for an hour or two, the pair climbed the high, steep bluff which walled in this valley on the east. When on the bluff, they sat down to rest, while they took a look over the valley from this elevated position. After a few minutes they moved on again, through a bushy, thickety country. Coming to some black haw bushes, they put down their guns and went to eating haws.

Not many of the haws were ripe yet, most of them being only red. But there were black ones on every bush, and the boys moved here and there, seeking for those that could be eaten. There were a few haw bushes in almost every thicket, but it took not a little looking to find them. While the boys were still busy, bending down bushes with one hand and gathering the big-seeded, purple berries with the other, they were startled by a crashing of the brush close by. And before they had time to think, a not very large but very vicious looking cow burst out of a thicket and charged straight at them!

Scarcely a second was given them to decide what to do. Indeed, there was but one thing they could do; and that was to turn and flee for their lives. Both had wandered away from their guns. Having passed from thicket to thicket since laying the weapons down, they scarcely knew where they had left them; and just now they dared not take time to find them.

With one accord the two fugitives headed back toward the bluff. There being no trees here, but only thickets of brush and briers, that seemed the most hopeful thing to do. Down in the valley was plenty of timber.

A hundred or two hundred yards the fugitives ran, as only badly frightened boys can run. Close behind them charged the cow, with her head lowered and with fury in his eyes. She was of the wild cattle—the unbranded, ownerless wild cattle, which had been here when the first settler came, and perhaps a century or two longer. At first both boys fled side by side. But gradually they drew apart, though not many yards. Both kept running, however, and in the same direction. Their one object now was to escape that infuriated wild beast. Suddenly Thad, dashing through a fringe of bushes, which had shut off his view ahead, found himself at the top of the bluff, and also at the very edge of a rocky ledge! Indeed, so close was he to the falling-off place that he checked himself not a moment too soon to keep from plunging over. The ledge was perhaps ten feet thick. And the bluff side below the ledge was so steep that if he jumped or fell he would strike the ground thirty or forty feet down. But about fifteen feet below was a vine-covered tree top. One glance downward showed the fugitive all that. And another glace behind showed him the furious cow bursting through the bushes and almost upon him!

Turning quickly, he made a wild, half-despairing leap for the tree top! As the frightened boy dropped downward from the top of the cliff, he spread out his arms, hoping by that means to save himself from crashing through the tree top. But, as it happened, that was not necessary. The whole tree top proved to be tied together with a tangle of grapevines. When Thad struck, his feet tore through the vines, and the tree top swayed and bent far over under his weight. But, his feet and legs excepted, his whole body lodged on top of the vines.

When the tree had ceased to rock and sway, the boy turned his gaze to the top of the rocky ledge. And the first thing he saw up there was the cow, looking down at him with wild eyes. So close had she been behind him, and so furiously had she been pursuing, that he had half expected her to plunge over the cliff after him. Now she stood glaring down, as if astonished at the way her intended victim had escaped her.

While Thad was gazing about him and wondering how to get down from his loftly perch, he heard a whoop not far away. Raising his eyes again, he discovered the other fugitive, who was also perched in a tree top. While fleeing for life, Charley Dick, like his friend, had suddenly found himself on the edge of the cliff. But, where he came to it, a stunted, scrubby blackjack was growing out of a crack in the rocky ledge. He made haste to climb it. The tree leaned outward; and by the time he had reached a safe perch in it scraggy top, he was out over empty space.

“Air you hurt, Thad?” the boy in the leaning tree called down. "Not a bit! Jarred me a little, but not to speak of. Scared me out of a year's growth, though, when I had to jump to keep that old rip from horning me off. Can you get down, Charley Dick?"

"That's just what I can—the easiest kind. But I'm not goin' to. Not badI ain't! Not while that skeery-eyed wench keeps hangin' around here. Risk Charley Dick Sheegog not to know when he's well off."

"I don't blame you. Neither would I if I was where you are. Don't know whether I can get down from here or not. I'm so deep in these vines—up to my middle in these vines. But I'm going to try. The cow can't get to me down here. That is, unless she jumps, or moves along to a sloping place. And she's not apt to do either."

"Jest as soon as you're down, Thad find a place where you can climb up, then sneak around to our guns and shoot this old she varmint. That's what she deserves for makin' us nearly break our fool necks runnin'." "Guess that's about what I'll do, Charley Dick. I mean, after I get down. No telling how long it'll take me to crawl out of this tangle."

Having first got his legs up till he was wholly on top of the vines, Thad opened a hole in the network and squeezed himself down through it. After that he lowered himself from limb to limb till he could slide down the trunk to the ground.

From there he climbed the steep bluff side till almost under the rocky ledge. Being out of sight of the cow here, he walked along a few yards and paused beneath the leaning blackjack. After talking with Charley Dick for a minute or two, he moved on a hundred yards or more, to where the ledge gave way to a sloping bluff side. There he climbed to the top again. Before venturing up, however, he assured himself that the cow could not see him for some bushes. At once he made his way among the thickets, till he came to where he and Charley Dick had been eating haws when the wild cow put them to flight. Further searching soon brought him to where they had left their guns. Eagerly he caught up both weapons.

Being afraid of the cow no longer, he had the curiosity, before going to his friend's rescue, to take a look into the brush-encircled spot from which she had come rushing forth. There, as he had expected, he soon discovred a very young calf. It was lying half concealed among the weeds and grass. The cow had hidden it there, much as a doe would conceal her fawn.

Thad did not disturb the calf. After noticing how much it resembled its mammy, he turned and moved away toward the treed Charley Dick. Following a roundabout course, he soon found himself where he could catch sight of the boy in the tree top. Now he took refuge in a thicket, where the cow could not see him. Nor could he see the cow. "Is she still there, Charley Dick?" he inquired, in cautious tones. "That she is, the ugly old booger! She's moved over, till now she's here close to my tree. Why don't you walk right out, Thad, and when she makes at you pop lead to her? I mean if you've got your gun."

"Oh, I've got my gun all right, and yours too. But I don't want to shoot her—not it I can help it. She's got a young calf back yonder. I saw it. The poor little fellow would be sure to starve. Maybe the cow will go back to it before long."

"Ye-es, maybe so—maybe so not. But I'm mightily afeard I'll tire out and tumber down from this roost before she makes up her mind to go back." There was silence for a minute or two. "Believe I know how to get her away," the boy in the thicket called out.

"How's that?"

"Wait a minute or two and I'll show you!"

Putting down Charley Dick's musket, Thad slipped out of the thicket, then stole back toward where he had seen the calf. When almost there he stopped, put his hand to his mouth, and uttered a noise that resembled a young calf bleating for help. After producing several such imitation bleats, he stopped to listen.

At once he heard hoof beats, quickly followed by Charley Dick's shouted warning:

"Look out there, Thad! She's comin' a-tearin'!"

Now the boy near the calf ran round and concealed himself behind a thicket. After listening till the cow had dashed by, he hurried away toward the cliff. On coming near, he found his friend crawling backwards, and very slowly and cautiously, down the leaning blackjack.

"My! but I'm glad to be down from there! Mighty big tumble for a feller to take if he happened to let go!" "Your musket's right around yonder. Let's get it and make tracks from here while the going's good. This is no place for you and me."

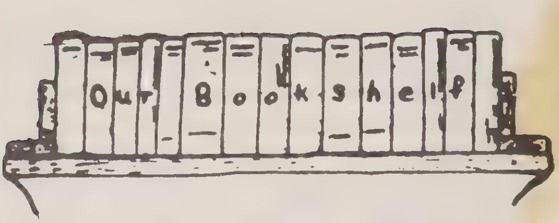
"Jest what I say. This is that wilds brute's stampin' ground. Unless we want to fight her for it, we'd better fight shy of this neck of country hereafter." *To be continued*

* * * *

BEWARE of SNARES!

Someone suggested that something should be published in writing about people being misled or trapped in a snare to invest money into programs that are practically worthless. Or which is predicted to be a quick rich deal, such as investing money into programs that offer high interest rates. There are agents with a smooth tongue who are trying to convince those who fall for any new gadget that comes on the market and asking them to sign papers. When they fail to read the fine print of a contract and pay in advance for items to be shipped later that the agent has no intention of having delivered. The artichoke and the Rex Rabbit deal of 1984 and 1985 are only a few of the raw deals that have been pulled over a number of farmers. We are not mentioning names of the agents or the farmers who were caught in the deals.

This publication is only to give a warning to keep in mind that there are people out there who make a living by offering a quick rich deal. It is best to take plenty of time to weigh the true facts of the agreement before paying anything into the deal.. *Gideon L. Fisher*



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* * * * *

O WORLD AWAKE!

Outside the inn, in Bethlehem,
In days long, long ago,
The blessed Son of God was born;
"No room" inside, you know.

Outside the town of Nazareth,
In days long, long ago,
They sought to push Him o'er the brink,
To crush His life below!

Outside His own Jerusalem
They led this Holy One
To Calvary's hill; and there He died—
God's well beloved Son!

"No room" on earth for Him—but lo!
He's risen from the tomb;
Above, a place for Him is found
In Heaven's highest room!

But still He seeks a room below,
So now, O World! awake!
And open hearts and lives to Him
His blessings to partake.

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For Christ—the Prince of Peace!

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